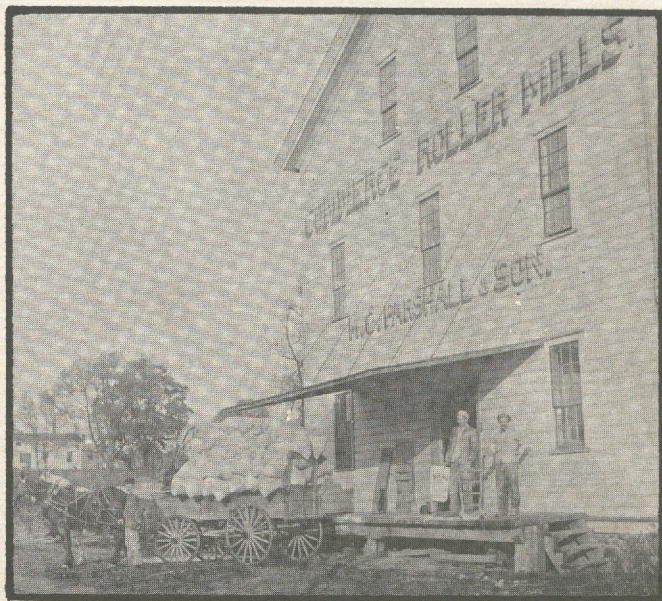


THE BOOK ON COMMERCE

By Glenn Ruggles



**“When people know
and preserve their
history they know
and preserve their
pride.”**

----- Harrison Salisbury

ACKNOWLEDGE- MENTS

The bit of history you are about to read was culled from many sources. We relied heavily on such documents as Durant's Oakland County history of 1877, Seeley's 1912 History of Oakland County, Don Donigan's history of Commerce Township in the 1970 Oakland County Book of History, and several private collections including those of Pauline Skarritt, the Commerce Methodist Church, and the pleasant recollections of E.L. Kennedy.

We are indebted to Marie Lutz, Pauline Skarritt, and Bob Long for their good memories in helping us to piece together Commerce of old. To both Pauline, Bob, the Rev. John Park, June Byers, Gerald Sundberg, Pearl Parshall Terzia and Ruth Tuttle, our thanks for saving those old photos and sharing them with us. A special thanks to Barbara Barker for her many hours of research on the Commerce Roller Mill. Determining the facts about the ruins of a building that burned to the ground forty years ago is a difficult task. Barbara's many trips to pour over county records was invaluable.

Our gratitude to Donna Rickabaugh and the Walled Lake City Library for recognizing a good idea when they see it, and offering to finance this publication.

Finally, our thanks to the government of Commerce Township for having the wisdom to purchase the property where the ruins of the old roller mill lay. Perhaps we wouldn't have written this book if they hadn't.

Glenn Ruggles
T2N, R8E, Michigan
1984

PREFACE

The purpose of a local history is varied. Often it is done for sentimental reasons, to commemorate an event, or a particular historic point in time. But there is a greater value.

Traditional histories concentrate on national or international events that quite often lose or confuse the average individual. Most events are too distant or abstract to hold our interest or to offer any real meaning. If events are personalized, when an individual can relate them to personal experiences, they become much more significant. Thus the value of local history. Noted historian Ray Allen Billington put it this way: "Local history is not a microscope that narrows our vision, but a telescope that allows a clearer view of man's place in the universe of time."

Following is an example of local history. It is not complete, but more a collection of sketches and views of early Commerce. It was written to help commemorate the Commerce Roller Mill as a historic site, and to complement the marker that identifies the ruins of the mill.

THE ERIE CANAL REALLY?

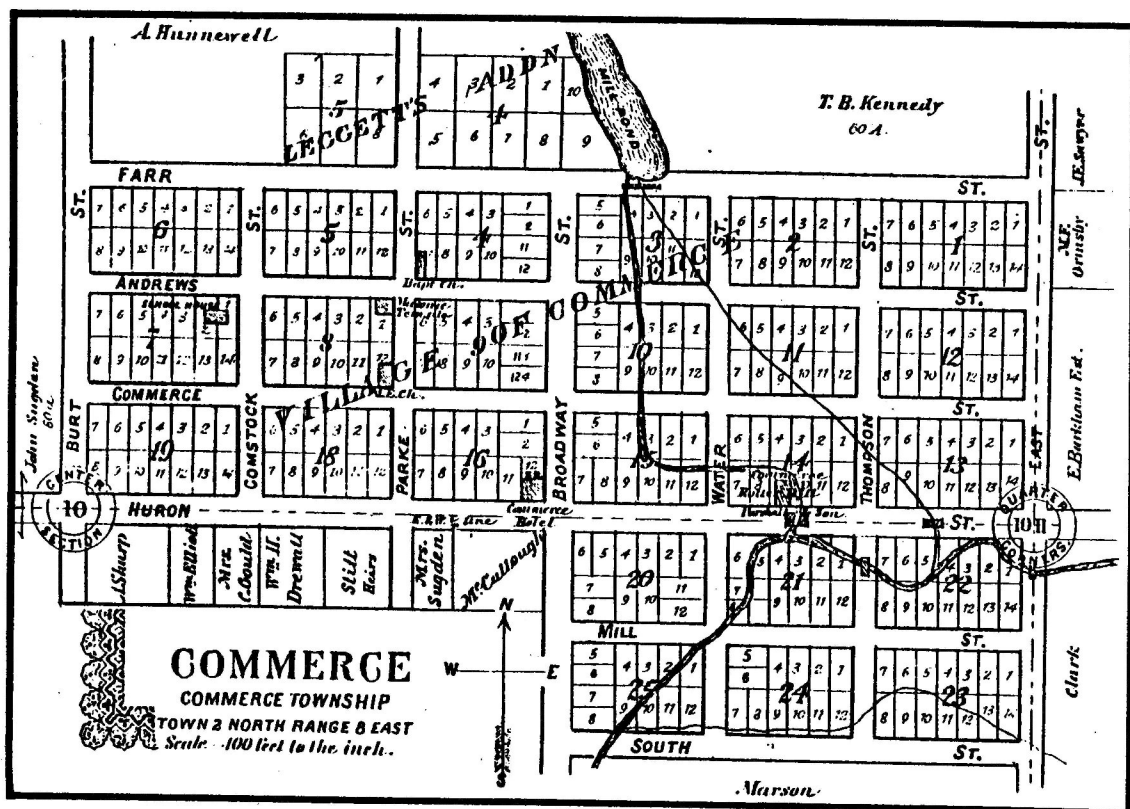
A popular myth in the midwest was the thought that all the early settlers got here by way of the Erie Canal.

Completed in 1825 and connecting Albany with Buffalo, the Erie Canal created a continuous waterway from the Atlantic to Chicago. But many pioneers came before, and many came from other regions. In Commerce Township, while many did come from New York and probably made use of the Erie Canal, others like Ephraim Burch came from Canada, and Jesse Tuttle and Abraham Taylor left Pennsylvania to make Michigan their home.

Regardless of the route, the first purchase of land in Oakland County was in Avon township. It was 1817 and the new landowner was James Graham. In that second decade of the 19th century, it could take 30 days from the New England area to Michigan. The quickest route was by way of stage to Buffalo, then a schooner to Detroit. While there were improvements like the Erie Canal, travel and communication remained, at best, an arduous undertaking. As late as 1841, it took 12 days to get news from Washington to Pontiac. This recalls William Henry Harrison who caught pneumonia at his inauguration in that year, and died one month later. It's most likely that he was dead and buried and the United States had a new president before the citizens of Michigan knew it had happened.

While many of the newcomers had failed in the East, many were professionals in their chosen field: doctors, lawyers, and skilled craftsmen like the millers who searched out the streams and rivers of Michigan to create a source of power for new industries.

While the government offered inducements such as a congressional act setting aside 2 million acres of land in Michigan for veterans of the War of 1812, growth was slow. In 1820, Oakland County's population was a mere 330 and Commerce Township had yet to be settled. By 1830, Oakland County had less than 5000 people.



T2N, R8E

Though it lacks the romance and sophistication of a more poetic name, T2N, R8E as a practical and legal description of Commerce Township is appreciated by anyone who has ever purchased property. The imaginary lines that identify the township and all its sections, rid property owners of much guesswork and confusion. All property divided and sold within the township is measured from these lines. Since they are imaginary, they can't be moved.

T2N, R8E is the result of the Grayson Land Ordinance of 1785 which authorized a survey of all lands in the Northwest territory, containing the future states of Wisconsin, Ohio Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan.

It wasn't until 1815 that the lower peninsula of Michigan was surveyed. To conduct an orderly survey, a vertical line known as the Principal Meridian was established. Running through the center of the state crossing the Ohio line about 50 miles west of Toledo, the line terminates on the north at the eastern end of Bois Blanc Island in Lake Huron.

Bisecting the Principal Meridian is a horizontal Base Line running along the north side of the counties of Wayne, Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, and Van Buren.

The ranges (vertical rows of townships) are numbered east and west from the Principal Meridian and the townships are numbered north and south from the Base Line. Commerce Township is the second township north of the Base Line (township two north or T2N) and it is in the 8th range east of the Principal Meridian (range eight east or R8E).

While the system contains many imperfections---picture a surveyor in the Michigan wilderness of the 1820s and '30s stumbling, fumbling and guessing---theoretically, the State is cut into townships six miles square and each containing 36 square sections, or square miles. Each section contained 640 acres, which was generally divided into smaller parcels. But there is scarcely a section in which the lines and corners do not vary from the mathematical precision which was supposed to exist in the original system.

Nevertheless, T2N, R8E has existed for 150 years as part of a system that helped to shape a civilized society.

The Commerce Lake House



THE COMMERCE ROAD

One of the greatest drawbacks to settlement in Oakland County was the lack of good roads. The Indian trail from Detroit to Saginaw was the closest facsimile of a road leading into the Oakland County region. It was impassable most of the year, and even during the driest seasons, it was practical only on foot.

About 1817 or 1818, a military road, starting from Detroit and following the Saginaw Trail was begun, and became a major thoroughfare when developed by order of Lewis Cass, Governor of the Michigan Territory. By the time it reached a few miles north of Flint in 1834, it measured 100 feet its entire course and was graded to a width of eighty feet.

But Abram Walrod, Commerce Township's first white settler, found nothing but primitive Indian trails when he settled on the shores of the Huron River in 1825.

The first road through Commerce Township was laid out in 1833 or 1834. It was a territorial road known sometimes as the Romeo and Ann Arbor Road, but identified by most local residents as the Pontiac and Walled Lake Road. It ran from Pontiac along the north side of Pine Lake, the east side of Orchard Lake, and the north side of Walled Lake and on to Ann Arbor. Today, it is known as Pontiac Trail.

But the road that seemed to tie the Township together and spanned it from east to west was Commerce Road. Stretching from Orchard Lake on the East to Milford and beyond on the West, it provided the residents of Commerce with the rail and marketing resources of Milford, and the political and educational resources of Pontiac. But it did not create for Commerce the economic activity indicated in the Township's name.

After Walrod settled in 1825, Walter Hewitt settled on the north shore of Walled Lake. Following was Bela Armstrong and Cornelius Austin. Reuben Wright and Jonas Higley settled in what is now Commerce Village. The 1830s saw Farr, Andrews, Henry Paddock, Richard Burt, who operated the first post office in his tavern, and Fanny Tuttle became the first schoolteacher in 1833. Others followed, and with them came the work ethic and values that made America famous. Nevertheless, Commerce remained a quiet place; a pleasant farm area with a sleepy little village on the road to Milford or Pontiac.

The village and the farming area of Commerce Township remained silent as the 20th century roared in with the automobile, airplane, and Teddy Roosevelt. It was little affected by national and international events, and it remained a sleepy farm community, making its contributions in a quiet and unassuming manner.

EARLY COMMERCE

Commerce village was reminiscent of most small towns with its mill, and tavern, and hotel and the usual assortment of memorable characters. William Foster, sexton and janitor of the Methodist Episcopal Church is one who is remembered fondly as he paraded up and down the aisles of the church "apparently just to see whether or not proper decorum was being strictly observed." It was in the Centennial year of 1876 that he established a delicatessen where he would dispense "a motley collection of hot dog sandwiches and other delicacies of uncertain origin, including ripe hard-boiled eggs and, as was rumored occasionally, a liberal supply of lubrication of the pre-Volstead variety."

This delicatessen was in the front part of Foster's carpenter shop, on the south side of Huron Street just across from the Hotel Kittle.

Abel Smitherman was a prominent farmer who entertained young boys with tales of his pioneer days; digging ditches, clearing away stumps, and breaking young colts. He was prominent in more ways than one. While only about five feet seven, he weighed in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. E.L. Kennedy remembers him "sporting a flaming circle of whiskers. . . which, at times, gave him the appearance of a partial eclipse." Aside from being a good farmer, Smitherman was a great baseball fan and he never missed a local game. As Kennedy recalls:

"At one time he agreed to officiate as umpire in a scrub game between two local nines, and which later developed some close decisions, much to his embarrassment, but to the intense delight of the spectators who had gathered from far and near. It was on this occasion that one of the players, "Skip" King, wishing to tie the score, made a terrific slide into the home plate, carrying the umpire with him, and the reverberations of that clash are still being felt through that neighborhood after a lapse of nearly half a century."

The Commerce Nine.



It seems that those most memorable characters in one village resemble those in another. Wilson Stroud, an old Commerce Village resident, seemed strangely familiar to those visitors from somewhere else. During the 1870s he lived on a small piece of land just a half mile east of the village near the cemetery. He was "sort of a jack-farmer, thresher, inventor, horse-doctor, hotel proprietor, and all-round-dispenser-of-anything-and-everything--that-was-in-anyway-mysterious-or-past-finding-out-through-the-intervention-of-natural-agencies."

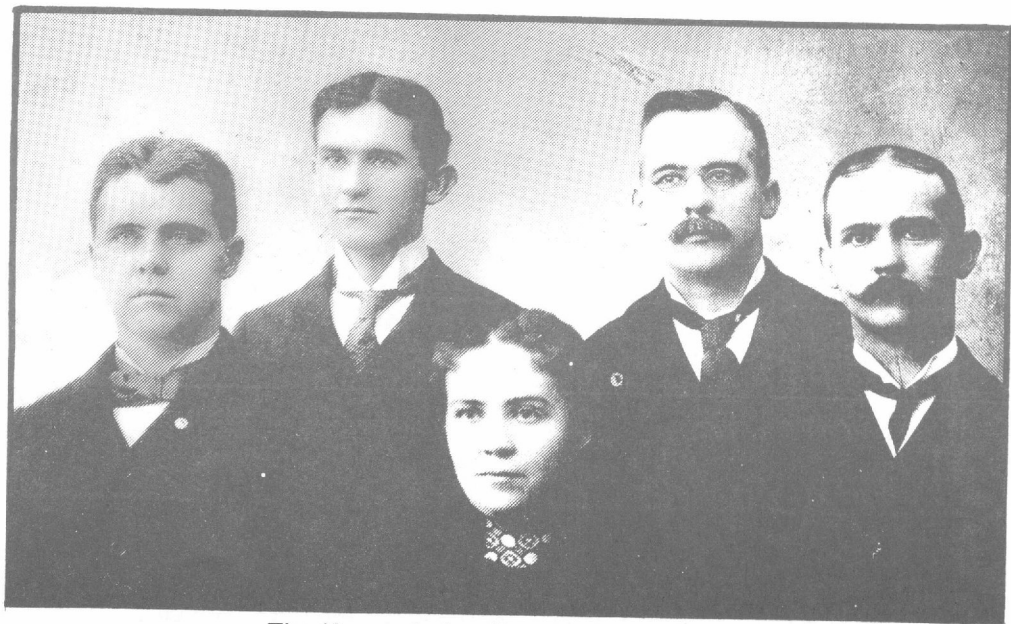
He was an ingenious person who at one time invented an apple-picker, a potato-sprayer, a potato-digger, and a side-hill plow," all of which are in time to be operated by means of springs, pulleys, or something akin to perpetual motion."

It's difficult to reminisce about the early days without pausing to dwell on the values that gave shape and substance to a simpler and less complicated time, or at least, what appeared to be a simpler and less complicated time. Some are able to commentate in a clearer and understandable fashion than others. They have kept in touch and their sense of perspective is evident as they look back. It was this way with old Commerce resident, E.L. Kennedy, as he recalled, in 1921, his childhood of fifty years before.

"I would be willing to turn back the clock", thought Kennedy, "I would turn it back to the very time --- fifty years ago, when we all use to sing right in this same village, "Tell me pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" Back when even the theatre linked up girlhood with home life. Back to the day, prior to the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, when women were virtuous because it was right, and when men told the truth for the same reason; when a young man could be a genuine sport with a fairly good horse and buggy and a silk handkerchief. Back to the time when wages were not very high, but a half shekel in silver would buy more than a dollar would buy today; when everybody knew the Lord's Prayer and could

repeat the Twenty-Third Psalm without looking in the book. Back to the time when twelve year old boys and girls knew less than their parents did; when women raised more babies and less h--l and lived and died without hearing of such things as the modern trial-marriages. I would turn back the clock to the time when real statesmen, unhamp-ered by the influences of the Wayne B. Wheelers and allied kleagles conducted the country's political affairs, and when preachers were content to tell the Sweetest story that ever graced the scrolls of song or poetry, "The birth, life, death, and resurrection of that greatest and best of all men that ever lived and dwelt among us."

Of course, others might argue that one can't go back, and, quite often, what we want to go back to never existed in the first place. Memory plays tricks, and the reliability of fifty years passing is questionable.



The Kennedy family. E.L. is on the left.

THE NO GOODERS

Regardless of why they came west to Michigan, the urge to do so was evident. It affected not only settlers along the East coast, but those immigrants from various nations as they reached ports along the Atlantic shore.

While most were motivated by hard work, there were those who didn't meet the test. Why else is our language saturated with names like bamboozler, film-flammer, hornswoggler, trickster, and wimpler? Throughout history and in most towns and villages there have been no-good persons. Scamp, rascalion, rogue, snoozer, and vagabond were a few memorable tags. A person running from trouble, or the law, was known as a runagate, skedaddler, or just plain runaway.

A mean, worthless scoundrel, commonly known as a wretch or jerk often had the names of animals attached to him. He was a buzzard, dog, rat, skunk, snake, varmint, or worm. If these didn't seem to fit, he could be labeled a bugger, crumb, rotter, scab, scum, or snot. A group of no-good persons could be called raff, riff-raff or trash.

So not all the early settlers were guided by a noble set of values and a lasting work ethic. Though we think most were. But, then why else do we have hooligans, ruffians, bulldozers, plug-uglies, and yaps?

While most of these unpleasant names were given to men, women perhaps had more unpleasant categories. A silly girl was a goose. An unkept one was a frump, trollop, or walldrag. A woman of easy virtue was a floozie, chippy, gillyflower, or jezebel, or worse.

But while our language has been enriched by those who didn't fit in, or whose deficiencies made them outcasts, most of the early settlers had outstanding qualities: a disregard for comfort, tenacity of purpose, honesty and courage.

Whether they were rich or poor, man or woman, weak or strong, in general, they were a magnificent group of people.

The Commerce Lake House



THE COMMERCE LAKE HOUSE

It wasn't the only building in town, but it was the one that conjures up memories of good times more than most. It was the gathering place in days gone by for all fun-loving folks in the surrounding County. Located in Commerce village on the road between Milford and Pontiac, the Commerce Lake House would attract many from both those towns. As far back as the Civil War, the music of Tom Tremper and the Dewey brothers, Charley and Orville, would fill the old village hotel.

There is no longer anyone who can recall the excitement of New Year's Eve, 1875. But the following by an unknown author, recalls that evening at the Commerce Lake House:

SONG OF THE FIDDLE

That violin that's laid away
Back on the shelf for many a day
Could it but talk it would not fail
To tell a most entrancing tale
Of that sweet past when it had sung
For measured steps of old and young.
The "fiddler", he who wove the rhyme
Upon it strings, has served his time
On earth, and now enjoys the rest
Of those who gave to life their best.
So that old Fiddle's left behind,

A silent token to remind
Us of the joy there used to be
In rural, plain festivity.
The "ballroom" with its formal ways
Was quite unknown in those old days.
A generous barn served just as well
To hold their dance, where with sweet smell
Of new-crop hay in the air would teem,
While glimmering from every beam
Were lanterns swinging on the hook
And candles placed in every nook;
Fat pumpkins lying half asleep
Smiled over on a cheery heap
Of bright red apples twingling in
From where they filled a bursting bin
The rough board floor then echoed back
Each heel well placed with vig'rous crack.
Such laughter of the boys and girls
As 'round they danced in dizzy whirls:
Such shouts of everflowing glee
All mingled in the revelry:
With good cheer ringing loud a note
Of happiness from ev'ry throat
While far above the noisy din
Rang out the fiddler's violin.

That violin: Why, it could tell
Of one gay night the big snow fell:
And people came from nase and cavern
To have a dance at this old Tavern.
T'was on New Year's Night, in seventy-five,
But few, I know, are now alive,



Looking west on Commerce Road.

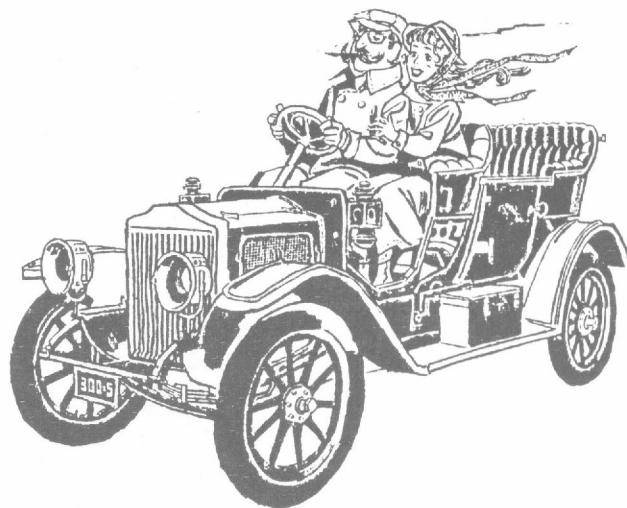
Who when, and there, in every call,
Took to the floor and forsook the "wall;"
They came in ev'ry different way
From horseback to a three-seat sleigh,
And laughed and danced the whole night through
Until the Hoarse-voiced roosters crew
For day, before the last tired load
Had turned their horses down the road.
The music of the jingling bells
Sounded away to Barkham's dells;
Ringing to the rythmic beat
Of mettled horses' flying feet.
It did not take them long to fill
The wagon she; they came until
The fence was gone, and by and by
There scarcely was a place to tie,

While in around the bar-room stove
Smiled brightly every frost-nipped nose
That now took on a reddened hue
From the glow the 'tamarack' threw.
All the "fine young bloods" were there
With their best girls, each one deem'd fair.
With Johnny McFarland two Milford girls
Came radiant in lace and curls,
But long before the night was through
Charlie McDowell stole one of the two,
While sly "Tip" Smith, just in fun,
The other beauty nearly won.
The Abrims girl came with one-Stout,
But Tillie Porter was just about
The prettiest there, unless it be
The girl that came with Frank McGee.
Bill Ormsbee let all know that he was there,
By putting on a city air,
While Allie Taylor left every room
Areek with some strong new perfume.
Sammy Stephens came there alone
But had a girl to see safe home,
Though Smithy Fields did drive away
Without a partner in his sleigh.

The fiddlers took their places soon
With scrape and screech to get in tune.
While the floor commenced to fill
With couples for the first quadrille;
And when these fiddlers of renown
Began to play they beat it down
Till you could hardly hear them call;
"Swing your partners," "balance all,"
Grand right and left," "all hands around,"
A saint could scarce resist that sound.

Just the song of those few strings
Had seemed to put new life in things
And how those tireless fiddlers played
"The Wild Hose" and "The Little Maid,"
"Old Gray Eagle," sharp and clear,
"Seven Mile" and "Forked Deer";
And how Tom Tremper made things hum:
He got his elbow joint undone
On "Monkey Musk" and "Devil's Dream,"
Til that house shook from beam to beam;
Thus the merry-making grew;
Thus the hours so swiftly flew;
While each heart was feasting there
Unmindful of tomorrow's care,
Owed all the pleasure it drank in
Just to a fiddler's violin;
The Violin is laid away;
Back on the shelf, and I dare say,
If it could talk it would not fail
To tell a most enchanting tale
Of that lost past that still must be
Sweetest of all in memory
For all the pleasure that has been
Due to the fiddler's violin.







Milton Parshall and Bill Fall on the porch of the Mill. Sam Kilpatrick with the team.

THE COMMERCE ROLLER MILL

Every town and village had a mill. A mill for cutting lumber grinding flour, processing woolen goods, or for anything that could be milled. Every stream in Michigan offered an opportunity. Divert the stream, build a dam, create a mill pond, dig the mill race, create the power, and the wheels would turn. It was an ingenious process, and the millers of Michigan were brilliant. They could foresee great opportunities that others would pass by. And, without the mill, it's doubtful that the farmer would have been as successful as he was. The local mill was similar to the local bank. Often working on a percentage basis, the miller not only processed the farmer's grain, he created a market for the surplus product, whether it was raw corn, feed grain, or whole-wheat flour.

The miller was often the first settler in the area. Oakland County's first mill was built in Pontiac by Colonel Stephen Mack in 1819. The second one was built on Paint Creek in the present city of Rochester during the same year. Both were sawmills. As the population moved west, so did the mills. It was 1832 when Elizur Ruggles built his mill in Milford. In 1837, three years after the formation of Commerce Township, the Commerce Roller Mill was constructed in Commerce village on the shores of the Huron River.

Joseph and Asa Farr, along with Amasa Andrews, were the builders of the grist mill. While its ruins today are commemorated as a historic site, during its ninety years of

commercial activity, it served the farmers and communities of Oakland County. Over the years the mill had many owners. After Andrews and Farr, there was Seymour, Crossman, and Hoover, and a variety of others. By the 1890s, one of Michigan's most famous milling families had purchased the mill and, today, many old-timers still recall Milton Parshall as the village miller.

The mill in Commerce was of the "undershot" type. Outside the mill, the water was usually harnessed by some kind of wheel. If the water was carried to the top of the Mill wheel, it was called an "overshot", if the water hit the wheel dead-center at the level of the wheel's axis, it was known as a "breastshot", and if the water was carried beneath the mill, it was known as the "undershot" kind. This was the Commerce Roller Mill.

From 1918 until its closing in 1926, the mill was operated by Isaac Lutz and his son, George. But selling flour wasn't what it used to be. More modern flouring processes and mass production techniques were winning the market away from the village miller. Naturally, many thought that anything made in a bigger mill was better, and maybe it was. But sometimes, it wasn't any better at all. And, the loss of farmland in west Oakland County tended to further diminish the value of the Roller Mill in Commerce.

As World War I ended and the Roaring Twenties captured the nation's attention, the Mill limped into its final stage, providing whole wheat and white flour, and even shucking farmers' corn. And, although its customers were as varied and distant as the Orchard Lake Seminary and the Clinton Valley Hospital in Pontiac, its difficulty in competing in a modern and mechanized society would

soon force its closing. Isaac's failing health and George's desire to explore new careers gave the Mill its final shove. In 1926, after 90 years of serving the village and western Oakland County, the mill closed.

For 13 years the mill lay in a state of ruin and disrepair until it fell victim to fire in the early morning of September 6, 1939. The Pontiac Daily Press reported that the old structure, "a landmark of the village for more than 100 years", had caught fire at 1:30 a.m.



Another view of the Roller Mill.

"Located at the eastern edge of the village, on the right side of the Pontiac-Commerce Road, the three-story frame building had not been used for ten years. It was owned by the Leroy Pelletier estate and valued at between \$10,000.00 and \$15,000.00. Nothing could be done to save the structure as the fire spread rapidly through the old dry timbers. Walled Lake fire department was called and closed the highway as a precaution in case the walls fell outward. Sparks were scattered over a part of the village but because of the recent heavy rains, started no fires. The nearest buildings were about 250 feet away. The first mill was built in 1837, and replaced by the structure which burned this morning in 1843."

Throughout the 1940s and '50s the site of the mill and its ruins reverted to a more natural state. Overgrown with shrubbery and trees, the area developed into an unofficial nature trail that local residents enjoyed. Perhaps many wondered why there was such a huge dried-up ditch with large chunks of cement and steel jutting out of it. But it offered an unusual view of the Huron River as the shores of the river became overgrown and took on a wild appearance.

In 1980, Commerce Township purchased the mill property from the Boron Oil Company and is preserving it as a passive recreational park for Township residents. In 1983, the Michigan Youth Corps built two log bridges across the river to provide better access through the park.

On April 5, 1984, the Michigan Historical Commission designated the site as historic and, on September 22, 1984, with the erection of a two-posted historic marker, the State of Michigan formally dedicated the ruins of the Commerce Roller Mill.

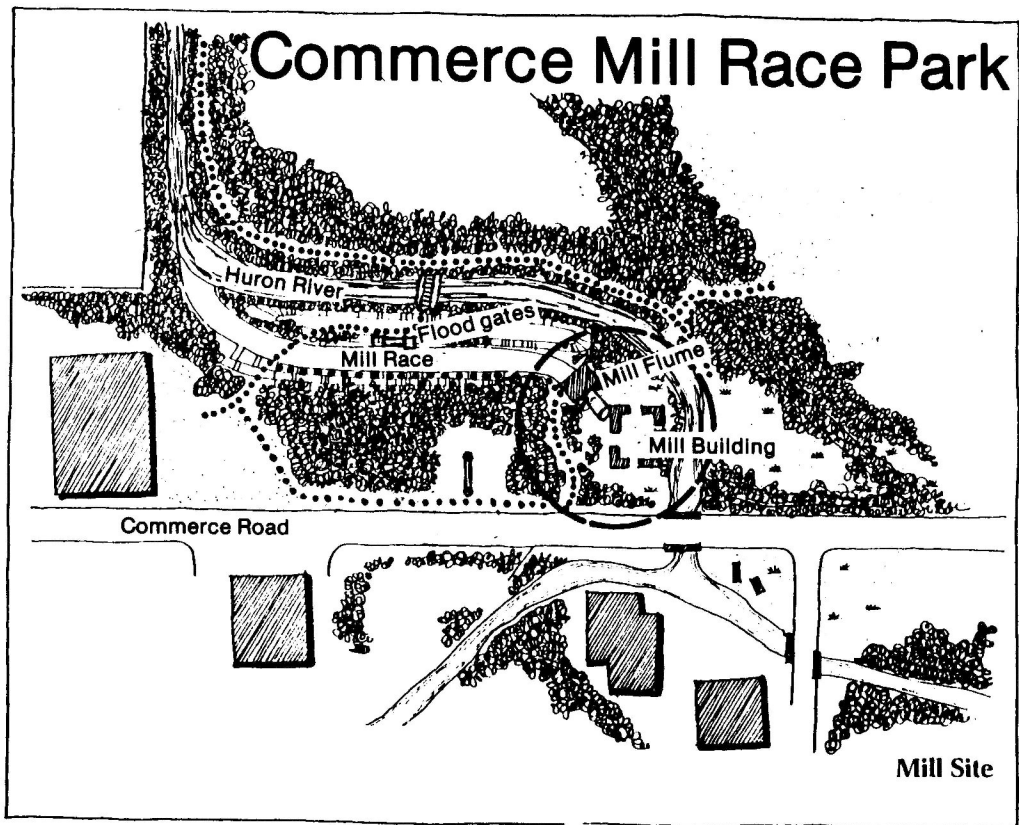
The marker reads:

THE COMMERCE ROLLER MILL

The Commerce Roller Mill, built in 1837 by Amasa Andrews and Joseph and Asa Farr, harnessed the water power of the Huron River. It served the farm communities of western Oakland County for ninety years, closing in 1927. The mill's owners included Milton Parshall (circa 1900) and Isaac Lutz (circa 1920). With its undershot water wheel, the Commerce mill was the center of commercial activity in the township throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The mill processed flour and ground feed for farmers' livestock. It was destroyed by fire in 1939. Only the excavations for the mill race, the mill flume and the stone foundations of the mill buildings remain. The site was developed as an interpretive historic area in 1984.

Michigan History Division,
Department of State
Registered Local Site No. 1155
Property of the State of Michigan
1984

Looking back at the more than forty years since the Commerce Roller Mill burned to the ground, only the most wishful thinking can conjure up thoughts of it being rebuilt. But there is a comfort in knowing that the ruins of the mill are preserved as a historic site; and a further comfort in knowing that through this preservation the lives and actions of early Commerce Township will be commemorated through the years.





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Walled Lake's main street in the 1920s.



Union Elementary School (circa 1920)





In front of the Commerce School about 1910. From left to right (rear): Earl Knapp, Christina McCallum, Gladys Knapp. Front: Lee Knapp, Leon Knapp, Willis Fields, Lucille Malcom (Fields), Pauline McCallum (Skarritt), Verna Smith.

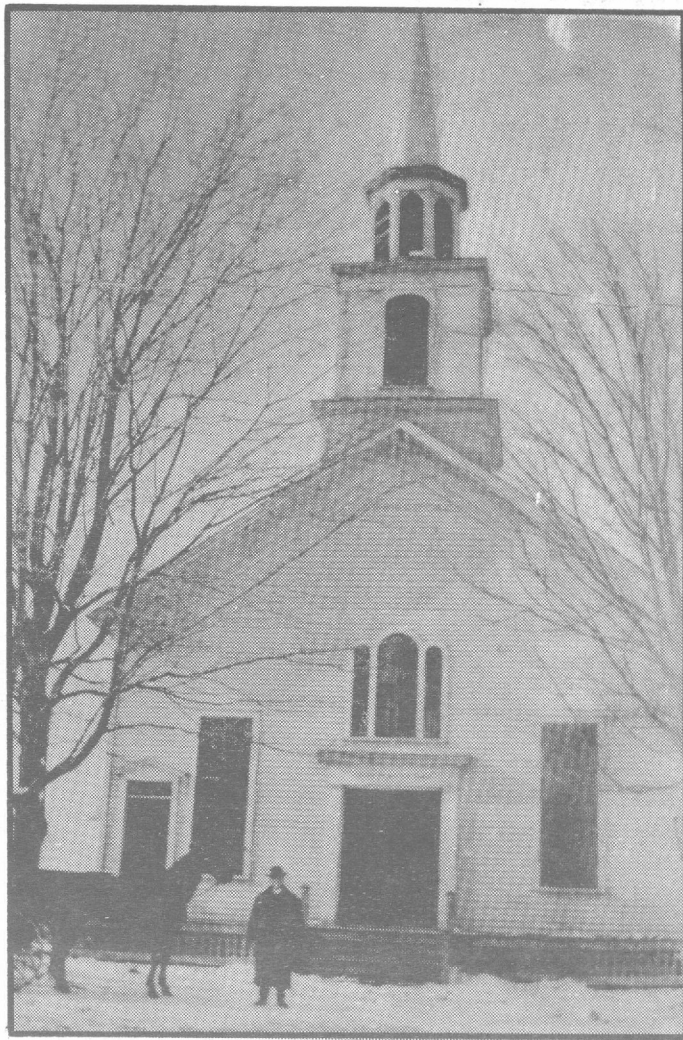
The Commerce School, now known as the Commerce Annex.



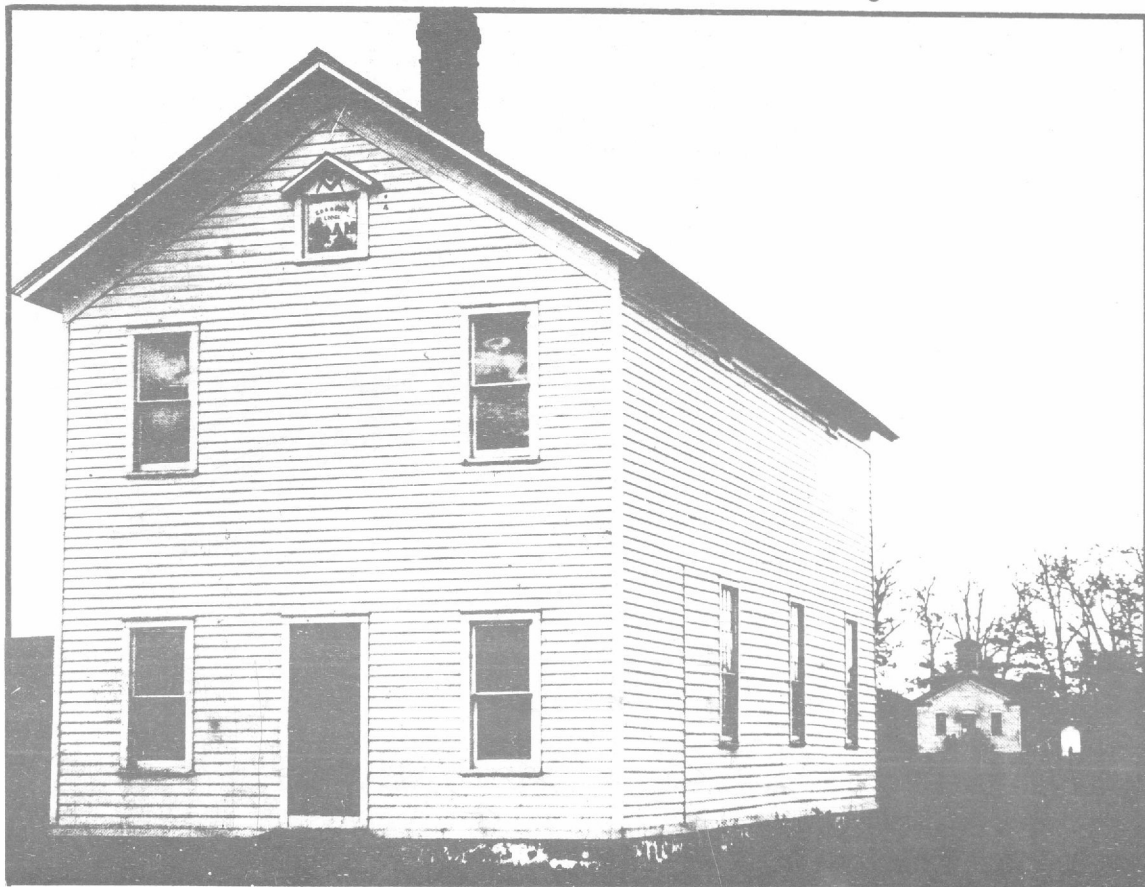


The 19th century Leggett Estate, known as the Field Home today.

The Presbyterian Church about 1910. Rev. Harry Garrett standing.



The Masonic Hall. Note Commerce School in the background.





Interior of Frank McCormick's Grocery Store and Restaurant about 1926. Bessie McCormick on the left, and Pauline McCallum Skarritt on the right.

THE TOWNSHIP TODAY

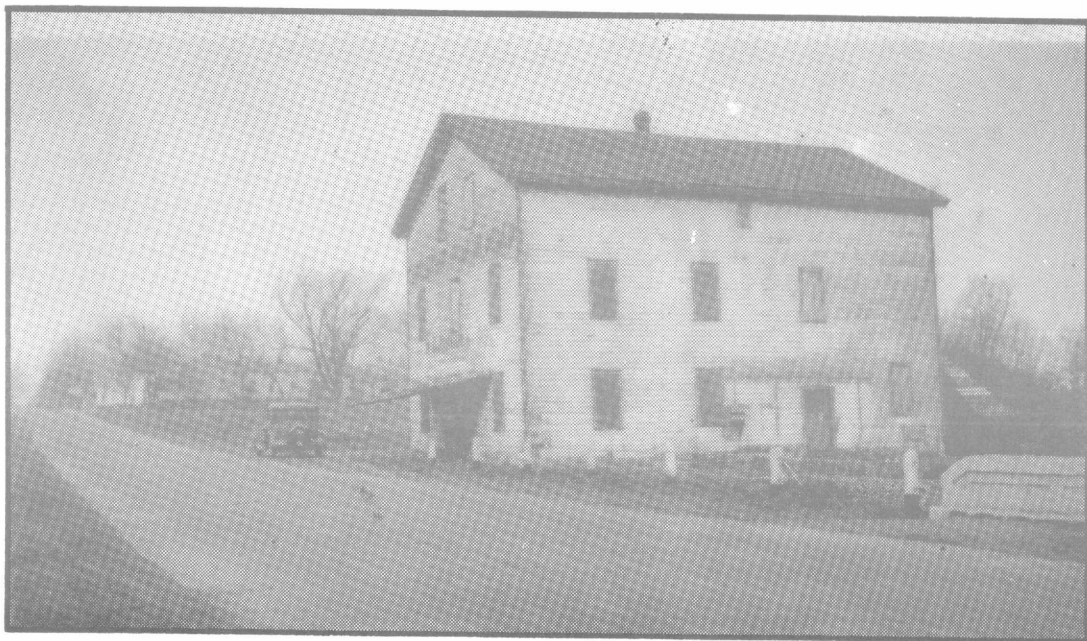
As an efficient and stable method of land division, the Grayson Land Ordinance of 1785 and the resulting T2N, R8E designation for Commerce Township was a brilliant idea; difficult to improve upon. But, generally speaking, a township is a political and geographical unit that is difficult to identify. Its boundaries are seldom known by its residents, and its land is often victim to the development of new and more powerful cities.

In Commerce Township, the confusion is increased by multiple school systems, postal zip codes, and public services such as police and fire protection. The cities of Walled Lake and Wixom have separated from the original township of 36 square miles leaving Commerce Township with 28.3 square miles and a population of 24,000.

The village of Wolverine Lake is legally a part of Commerce Township although it supports a village government. Its residents also remain township residents, paying township taxes, voting in township elections, and receiving township services. A government within a government, and very confusing to most observers.

In the northeast corner of the township, an unincorporated village of Union Lake is taking on the appearance of a full scale city. The result of four townships that had created a 19th century marketplace, the village is carved out of Commerce, White Lake, Waterford, and West Bloomfield Townships. Its boundaries are fuzzy and largely unknown by most residents. Most are unaware that they are bisecting four townships as they drive through the village. This condition further confuses the boundaries of Commerce.

As the boundaries and the history of Commerce begin to fade, it could be argued that such a change is inevitable. If there is an indelible mark to look for, perhaps it could be found in the ethics and values that the early settlers left us. Perhaps that is enough.



Edgewater Beach Park

New Bath House

BATHING
OATING

REFRESHMENTS
AND LUNCHES

GAS

OIL

TIRES

Bachelor Brothers, Proprs

1114 EAST LAKE DRIVE
COR. 14 MILE ROAD

WALLED
LAKE



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the Walled Lake City Library**

AUCTION SALE.

The subscriber will offer for sale on the Henry Nichols' Farm, two miles west of the Village of Commerce, on

Friday, February 25th, 1881, at 12 o'clock M.

the following described property:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Pair work Horses | 1 New pair Bob Sleigh |
| 1 Gelding four years old | 1 Cutter |
| 1 Mare three " " | 1 Top pheaton Buggy |
| 1 New double Harness | 1 Platform Wagon |
| 1 Double Harness almost new | 1 Single top Buggy |
| 1 Single Harness | 1 <u>New Fanning Mill</u> |
| 23 Sheep | 1 Gale Plow |
| 1 Grass Hopper | 1 Grain Drill |
| 1 Combined Johnston Reaper and Mower | |

TERMS OF SALE—All sums of \$5 and under cash, al over \$5 nine months credit with approved endorsed notes at 8 per cent. interest.

CHARLES HENDERSON.

