



Welcome to the Rochester/Avon Historical Society

'PIONEERING'

(A short story by John Dahlman)

This story is dedicated to the commendation of an old timer whose pioneer spirit undaunted by suffering and servitude helped blaze the paths we now tread.

Let us step out of the beaten paths of today – into the trails of yesterday. Back to the time our country attained its freedom from England.

We find a soldier who came over with the King's army to help put down the rebellion impressed by America, decided to settle in Vermont. Jeremiah Frank, this soldier, picked lovely Hanna Chadsey for his bride. They resided in Middlebury.

Three children came from this union. One girl and two boys. The death of Jeremiah, at an early age, was the cause of the children being bound out.

John Frank, one of the children, not satisfied with the fare he received from Eli Bump, to whom he was bound to, ran away.

Working his way cross country he traveled through Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He procured a job on a river scow and worked his way to Cincinnati. From there he walked to Michigan Territory.

Locating a friend of his parents, Dr. C.A. Chipman, who had taken up land in Oakland, on the corner of what is now Rochester and Auburn Roads, west corner of Ferry Morse Seed Farm. John Frank worked two days a week on the doctor's place for his board and lodging. The desire came to him to take up some land. He thought of locating in Detroit, but was advised against this. Heavily timbered land was considered better.

Homesteading eighty acres on the corner of what is now John R and Auburn Roads, John Frank built a log house on the southeast corner of the present Ferry Morse Seed Farm. Here Arabella Chipman held reign as his wife on the newly acquired property.

Work was plentiful – especially for John Frank who carried a certificate dated March 26th, 1823, from the Middlebury Academy in Vermont that he was a surveyor of land.

Titles for homesteaded land at that time came direct from the Congress of the United States. That is where John Frank's original title came from.

Some sort of dispute between the State of Ohio and Territory of Michigan arose. John Frank was made a Colonel. No actual fighting took place. The controversy was settled and the Toledo Secession was history.

Eleven children were born to Arabella and the Colonel, four of whom died in infancy. Lucius L. Frank was the tenth child. He was fortunate enough to arrive in the new frame story and a

half house that had been built in 1840.

L. L. Frank is the sole survivor of the family. Born on March 9th, year of 1843. He is the father of seven children, all living. Married in 1867 he spent fifty-six happily married years to mourn the loss of his wife in 1923.

L. L. Frank received his education and religious training in the Frank School, District No. 3, now known as Brooklands School. His education was completed when he went one year to Professor Allen in the Rochester High School. Leaving school because the lure of the woods held adventure and charm. His childhood was spent mostly in clearing land and breaking horses and steers.

Mr. Frank spent three years in the Civil War. He enlisted at Pontiac on August 14th, 1862, and was paid off in Detroit in July 1865, after receiving his order for discharge in Nashville in May of 1865.

A bounty of \$100 was to be paid to each soldier. Mr. Frank spent fifteen dollars trying to collect and the eighty-five was soon gone. Greenbacks and script were only worth 35 cents on a dollar. Wheat sold for three dollars a bushel.

Mr. Frank served his three years in the War without a wound. He saw lots of active service and has many stories to tell.

Mr. Frank worked for his father after the termination of the War one year for \$200. This money was all spent to outfit himself with civilian wearing apparel.

Mr. Frank now resides at his farm home on Auburn Road one half mile east of John R. Road. Celebrating his 94th birthday Tuesday last he was hale and hearty.

Mr. Frank, a fine honest man and a brave soldier, our hats off to you. We wish you many more birthdays. You hold our respect and gratitude.

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