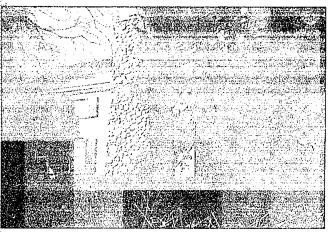
Vintage from page B1

bone family who had farms along what is today 12 Mile Road. One what is today 12 Mile Road. On

Halsted Road about 1830. It replaced an earlier log house that stood on approximately the same spot.



This old house: A side view of the house built by the Boorn family around 1830. It replaced a log cabin originally built on the site. The stone chimney was a later addition.

James and Olive Boorn's daughter married William Halat-ed. They lived in Plymouth, Mich., then Bavaria, N. Y. Their son, Harvey, and his wife, Mary, came back to Farmington in 1863 to help out Harvey's grand-father.

Harvey Halsted inherited the 80 acres of the Boorn farm in

After the Civil War, fruit growing became popular in Michigan. Harvey Helsted plant-ed orchards on the farm. The appies that were grown on Har-vey Halsted's farm were taken by horse and wagon to the rail-road in Novi where they were

by horse and wagen to the railroad in Novi where they were shipped out.

Horvey Halsted and his wife, Mary, had two sons, Charles and James. As the Halsted farm prospered, various farm buildings were constructed.

Among the buildings on the farm were a brick apple storage building. It was built close to the road that ran down the center of the farm. A horse and wagen could be driven through the doom into the storage area.

The brick storage area.

The brick storage area.

When Churles Halsted married Grace Green in 1891, living quarters were built over the storage bern.

Eventually Charles and James Halsted operated a successful apple growing business on their great-grandfather's 80 acres.

They added 180 additional acres of apples. The Halsteds special-

ized in steel red apples.
By this time farming had become more apectalized. A wholesaler, Tommy Smith from Chicago, purchased the apples. His company sent in their own men to pick the apples and place the apples in barrels, according to size.

Apple pickers

Apple pickers

The apples were shipped out by rail from the station in Novi and sold all over the world. The apples that the "commission men" didn't take were picked by the Halsteds and taken by horse and wagon over the Grand River toll road to be sold in the farmers markeds in Detroit.

Trucks later replaced the horse and wagons and Grand River was no longer a toll road. It had a gravel surface and was later paved.

The late Dr. Lee Halsted was born in the apartment above the apple barn in 1908. He commented in numerous interviews how he didn't like picking apples. He became a doctor instead of a farmer.

After World War II, the family farm was no longer profitable. It was divided into 10-acre plots and sold.

Dr. Halsted was a family doctor whe made house calls Some

and sold.

Dr. Halsted was a family doctor who made house calls. Sometimes in the early practice, he delivered babies at home. In 1981, he told the Farmington Historical Society how on one occasion he was delivering a breach baby in the bedroom of a

Big barn: This Halsted family structure is across the street from the Boorn residence.

farmhouse. The father of the child walked into the room. This

child walked into the room. This was when the doctor was turning the buby. The father walked over to an incubator filled with eggs in a corner of the room and turned over the eggs.

In rural Farmington and vicinity, Dr. Heisted got to his patients through good and barroads. As Farmington grew, Dr. Halsted continued to serve the community. In later years, he even cared for the children of his original patients.

Farmington was lucky that Lee Halsted didn't like picking apples.

apples.

Ruth Mochiman is a local his-torian and author of "Heritage Homes of Farmington."

Chat room from page B1

processor, I apparently hit a know what the kid did, wrong key. Immediately the acreen flashed several hostile, in-your-face error measages presulting from the confounded unit acting up and causing me to do the same. In desperation I bellowed for my humband, a man of superier exceptor skills. Brow driefly furnweed, he stood there measaing the citumian when my clear ten seamtweed past, case-ally inquiring, 'What's the problem?'

Computer wixardry

Then, through a lightning-quick series of moves, completely reatured my acreen. I was in my find (also known as arranging for a second mouth. We still don't achieved mouth. We still don't allowed mouth. We still don't linking was made the interest we are being cruel, a closed mouth. We still don't

Then, through a lightning-quick series of moves, completely restored my acreen. I was in awe. My husband gaped through a closed mouth. We still don't

seifish(!), and perhaps even abu-

sive, forcing him to take lessons and practice, now against his will. But as we told him, you never can tell. If the economy ever takes a severe nosedive, an aboe player just may be in demand...

choe player just may be in demand...

And then there was the child who pleaded for piano lessons for at least two years, promising dramatically he would practice every day and that we would never have to bug him. Thinking he was not serious and a bit too young to start, we waited. They lost in the serious as we did, he lost interest and insisted, "I never wanted to play." He liked the stickers the teacher used as incentives, though.

Instruments and pets

Instruments and pets

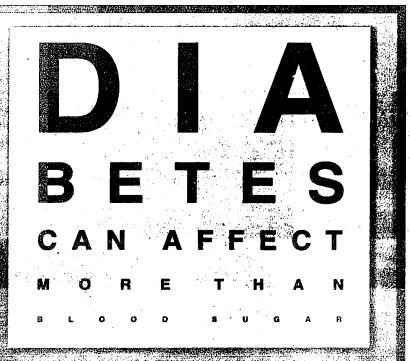
From my experience, musical instruments are accorded about as much enthusiasm as a 6-month-old pet. But that's a tepic I must save for a lengthy book. If the shoo fits ... For a long time I would restrict sharing this story with only my most intimate confidantes. Yet I discovered after a while that other moms were willing to hare their soles as well. Some time ago, I decided my son's gyrn shoes were starting to look shabby even though he had never complained. I took him to a shoe store, and strolling through the aisles eyeing all the beckening footwear, he found a couple of styles he liked.

I have decided that perhaps it Farmington Hills.

While measuring his foot, he asked me if we could buy a bit bigger aboe, as the old once were a little tight. His foot measured to be a size 10. I looked at the old pair and they were size 7!! How could this happen?! If I How could this happen?! If I ward and go with the flow. Children Landberr ethis kid was wearing Cinderells-size shoes for months. And bere this kid was wearing Cinderells-size shoes for months. Talk about feeling like a heel!

Another of my children seems to go through a pair of shoes every month. He's the same one whose lacea are always untied. I have threatened to buy and make him wear Big Bird bowbiters if he doesn't keep them tied, but to no avail. He still plays each and every basketball game with laces traiting.

I have decided that perhaps it



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Foot Extino





