

There have been many men and women who, when tempted to stoop to a business practice below the level of ethics, have refused—even though the action meant considerable loss of monetary profit. Such ethical practitioners, however, have concluded that business offers something besides the clanging of the cash register. They know that a pillow is softest when upon it rests a clear conscience.

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SECTION
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History Lives On in Tiny Bloomfield Log Cabin

Lone Pine Landmark Withstands the Years

By VIRGINIA COLE

"Listen, Duane Pequignot and John VanderVeen. While we turn back the pages of your log cabin scene . . . Imagine yourselves brothers among the 13 children of Mr. and Mrs. William Craig, the pioneer couple which built your cabin more than a hundred years ago.

You would have lived in the one-room dwelling—the 16 by 22-foot room which is now your living room—and you would have worn clothes made by your mother from yarn she had spun herself. And you would have slept in the loft and awakened to find your home-spun covers bearing a light blanket of snow on crisp winter mornings.

In the woods across the road lived a tribe of Indians. Your father walked to work in Pontiac, Royal Oak and Birmingham and would be gone for days at a time. During his absence your mother was paralyzed with fear of the Indians—until one day when two white men, marauders, appeared at her door and demanded her money.

TREMBLING, she turned to get it for them. Then she looked up and saw, peering through the window, two Indians who had come to protect her. They promptly frightened the white men away and proved themselves ever her friends and protectors. She had earned the friendship of the Indians the hard way, however, when many nights after she had tucked her brood into slumber, and she would take up a fearful vigil to guard their safety while the Indians pushed open the cabin door and, without a word, went to sleep for the night on the floor.

When you were 12, or at most 13, your father would insist you leave to make your own living. Thus the family became separated, some never to be heard from again.

THE PERSON who can furnish these and many other fascinating stories about the log cabin on Lone Pine road, between Franklin and Wing Lake roads, is 73-year-old Mrs. Bessie M. Bogardus of Pontiac. She and a brother are the only remaining grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Craig.

Craig came to America from Dublin, Ireland, and claimed the property as a land grant. He then went to Boston where he met and married Sarah Barden Craig. She was born Sept. 17, 1829, and died Jan. 17, 1905.

Mrs. Andrew Quick, mother of Mrs. Bogardus, was one of the 13 children, including two sets of twins, raised by Sara and William Craig in the log cabin. She was born in 1861, the year of Lincoln's inaugural, and died at the age of 89 in 1951.

WHEN MRS. QUICK was 12 she went to work for the George H. Mitchell family in Birmingham. Mitchell then ran a store where Shan's drug store now stands. Later, in 1878, he and Almeron A. Whitehead purchased a printing press, installed it in the rear of their store and began printing the local newspaper which is now The Birmingham Eccentric.

George R. Averill, present owner of The Eccentric, purchased the paper Feb. 14, 1920, from Mitchell.

The Mitchells were very kind to this young girl and more or less reared her as their own until her marriage to Andrew Quick of Pontiac. She lived in Pontiac the remainder of her life.

WILLIAM CRAIG died, his children had gone their separate ways and Mrs. Craig moved to Pontiac where she married again and lived out her years. The cabin and land became a part of the Pope estate and for many years stood boarded up until, during the depression, it was rented by Mr. and Mrs. Lea F. Brown. They, too, have a son, now 26, who was born in the cabin's small living room. The Browns now live on Elizabeth Lake road near Pontiac.

Four years ago the cabin and two acres of ground were purchased by the present owners, Duane Pequignot and John VanderVeen, from the Pope estate. Purchase agreement was granted only after the men's solemn promise to preserve the cabin always in its original state. This they have done and reverently intend to continue to do.

THE ORIGINAL CABIN stands today exactly as it was built. Around 1900 pine panelling was added to the interior. Through the years this has mellowed to a warm shade of brown and serves as excellent insulation.

During the 1930's a back porch was added. This extends fully across the back of the cabin and has since been enclosed and divided into two rooms, the kitchen and a bedroom.

The log cabin's present owners have added a spacious canopied patio at the back. This makes the cabin, in modern functional terms, completely adequate for entertaining, from the large stone fireplace in the living room to the patio in the rear.

SINCE THEY have lived there Duane and John have once accommodated a friend for her wedding before the fireplace, with some 50 guests attending, and another time held a reception for more than 300 by using cabin, yard and patio.

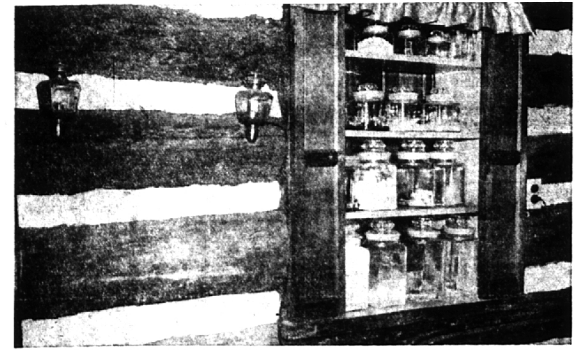
Mellowed by years the little cabin now stands, symbolic of an era not labored with missiles and satellites, but rather exudes an air of peace and serenity and wears its frills of modern furnishings with dignified grace, much as a little old lady might top her time-furrowed brow with a modern Easter bonnet.



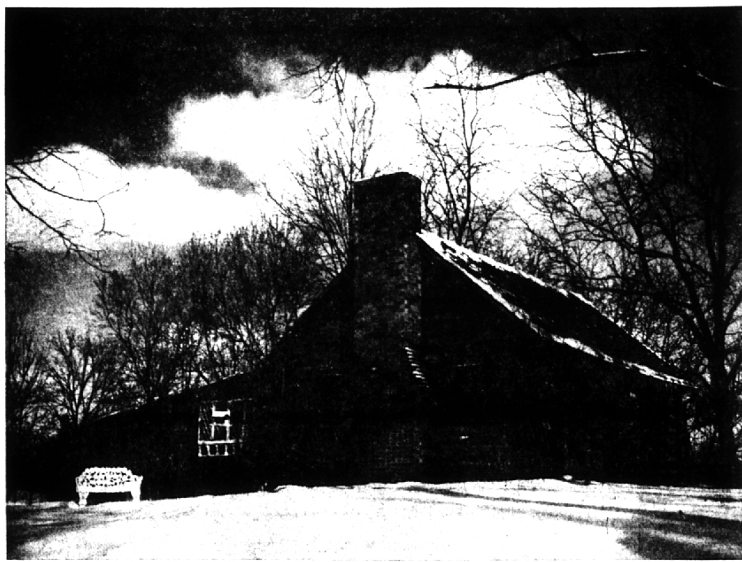
William and Sarah Craig (top left and right) were the Bloomfield township pioneer couple who built Lone Pine road's log cabin landmark more than 100 years ago. Mrs. Bessie M. Bogardus (lower right), 73-year-old Pontiac resident, is one of two surviving grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Craig. Mrs. Bogardus' mother, Mrs. Andrew Quick (lower left) was one of the 13 Craig children born and raised in the one-room cabin.



This ladder leads to the loft where the 13 children of William and Sarah Craig slept. Many times the youngsters awoke on crisp winter mornings to find their covers blanketed with snow.



This closeup from what is now the kitchen shows the original log structure of the Craig cabin, sold four years ago to the two businessmen who are now its occupants.

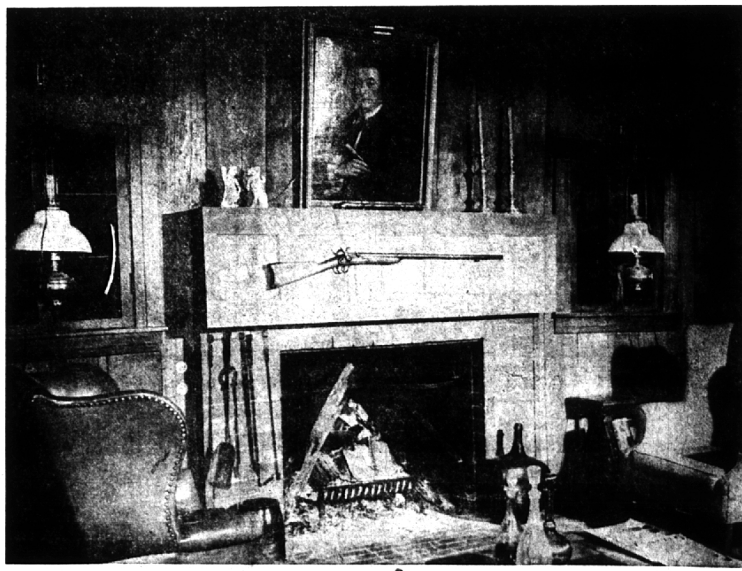


Take a crisp, clear night, plenty of moonlight and a moderate amount of snow, then drop a century-old log cabin into the scene and you come up with a startlingly beautiful picture seemingly out of the pages of history.

—Eccentric photos by Les Line



Duane Pequignot (left) and John VanderVeen, bachelor businessmen who are the log cabin's present owners, examine the percussion muzzle-loader which hangs over the fireplace of the Lone Pine road landmark.



Except for modern furnishings, the log cabin has changed little since it was built by the Craigs more than 100 years ago. Until the 1930's, this one 16 by 22-foot room, now the living room, was the entire home. Since then a porch and patio have been added.