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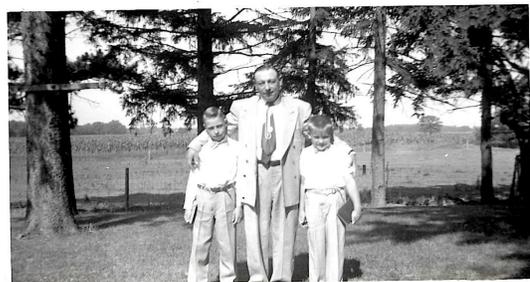
### **Maltby & Rickett Roads — Brighton, Michigan**

Not until long after I lived there did I realize that my early years were spent in one of the most beautiful parts of the nation. Several millennia ago receding glaciers blessed the future inhabitants of my mitten peninsula with a landscape and bodies of water so appealing that one would be in a quandary if asked to name a finer, more idyllic place. No accident, really, that a long ago committee charged with creating a motto for the State of Michigan came up with "*Si Quaeris Peninsulam Amoenam Circumspice*," ("If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look around you.") I still look around and I still see pleasant vistas. But even now not one can compare to the stretch of gently rolling, forested hills between Ann Arbor and my hometown, through which a body of water lazily flows that the French and Native Americans called the *River Huron*.

Ann Arbor is where I studied after high school and the *Huron* is where in our boyhood Eddie and I met kids like Duke Williams, Billy Sawyer and the Lanning Brothers from two neighborhoods to swim. They have as much or more richness in my imagination as the stunning places I have traveled to in my lifetime, including the red gorges and canyons of the American West or the southwestern Swedish shoreline and German *Vogelsberg* from which my ancestors emigrated. Only eighteen miles north of Ann Arbor and a mile to the west lies the intersection of two county roads called Maltby and Rickett. A person I do not remember once referred to that area as *Green Oak Plains*. Whether as a child I did not fully comprehend if he was talking about the lay of the land where I lived or the serene place where many of the township's early pioneers were buried I am still not sure. For me that is now inconsequential. What matters is that I spent the formative years of my life on a farm on "Green Oak Plains" and that is where my earliest memories were made.

My parents moved into our Old Colonial two-story frame house on the west side of Rickett Road between Lee and Maltby Roads as newlyweds in 1929. I have often wondered if the colorful history of Green Oak Township or that stately home itself was responsible for the keen interest my parents and I always shared in history. During the Black Hawk War with Native Americans in the early 1830s, the original settlers of the township moved away to areas protected by the army. When peace was restored the earliest settler, Stephen Lee, and later the Isaac Smith Family returned to their farms on the Huron River just south of Silver Lake. In 1850, Smith's son—Isaac Smith Jr.—bought 80 acres of land two miles south of Brighton Village and built the original one-story wing of the house. He situated it facing east and planted pine, black walnut and hard maple trees near it to shield it from the wind and sun. Like many homes of more well-to-do tradesman and farmers, it was Greek Revival in style with wide vertical end cornices and pediments placed above the second story horizontal lintels.

*(Above excerpt taken from Paul W. Weber's "Remarkably Brighton: Still in Touch," a soon to be released sequel to his novel "Con Weber's Brighton: Portrait of Family, Church and Nation, 1832—1942.")*



Father's Day, June 1951: Eddie, Ed Sr. and Paul Weber in their backyard on Rickett Road (Overlooking corn fields fronting Maltby Road).