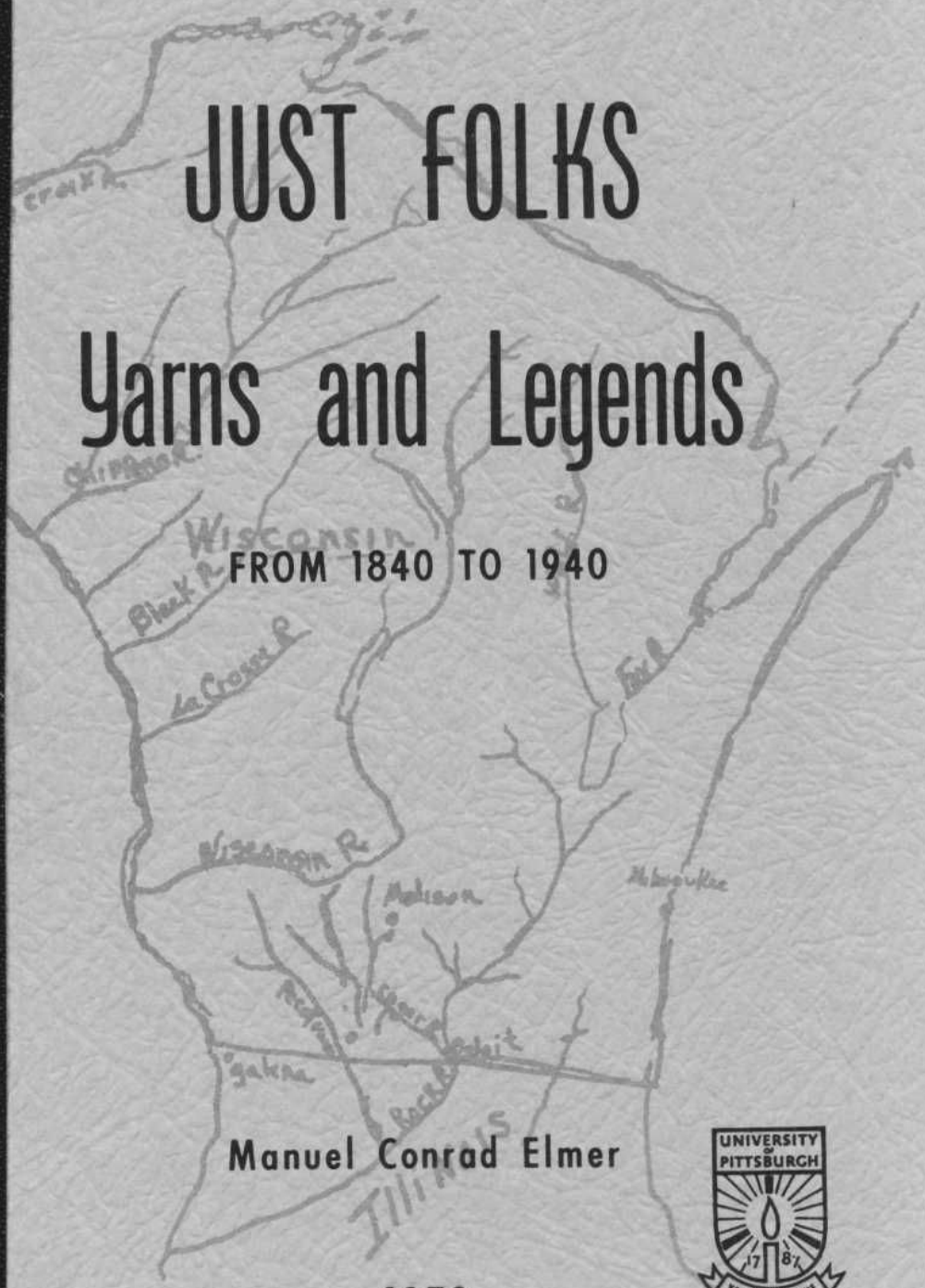
JUST FOLKS

Yarns and Legends

FROM 1840 TO 1940



Manuel Conrad Elmer

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH
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VERITAS ET VIRTUS

—1970—

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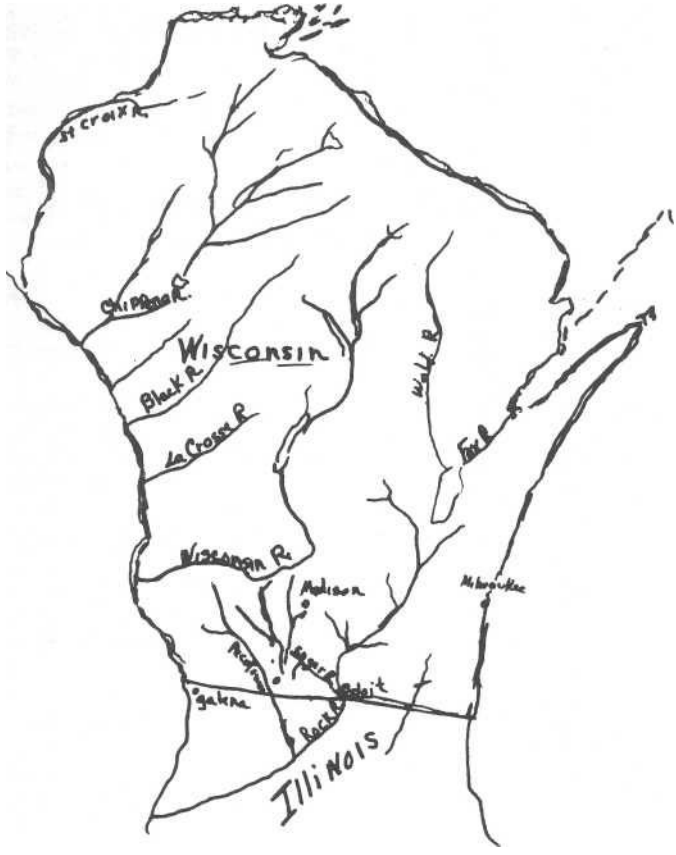

Manuel Conrad Elmer - 1970 -

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Grandfather 1814-1892.

INTRODUCTION

The yarns one hears in each community are often found repeated in many other communities. Sometimes there are minor differences and modifications which are in line with the people, the activities, and social life of the different areas. In part, this is true because the same story is made to fit into different situations, but it is equally true that human beings living together react to each other in much the same way and consequently humorous situations, ludicrous reactions, and pathetic events are reiterated wherever groups of people live together. The result is that a person may hear a story told which sounds familiar to him. You have known of a similar occurrence. The story you heard was not one that had been handed down but was the occurrence of a situation which was duplicated, by people living together. It is because we have a feeling of familiarity with certain parts of a story that we like it. It brings to our mind a situation or event that was almost forgotten and our emotional reaction towards the new variation adds something to it which would be lacking if all aspects of it were entirely new. Many of the stories told are based upon historical

events, but this is not a series of historical facts. The stories repeated in a community, and told as belonging to the community may also be heard and attributed to other communities and persons, but in their general essence, they are true to the particular area, if not to the specific person and locale. Many of the yarns told about Abraham Lincoln, may never have occurred to the man Lincoln, however, they do represent the period of Lincoln. They had the homely philosophy of the prairie country, and the manner of thinking found in the early - woodsman, farmer, hunter - corner store commentator of the period.

The same general facts will be repeated when people gather time and again. Even the story of Faust was not only repeated many times but actually written and published a score of times. I recently read Alexander Dumas' account of Journeys through Switzerland, in which he repeats the often told story of the Devil's Bridge, and the price the Mayor of the town had to pay for it, was the first soul crossing it when finished. Because of the swift current all attempt to build the bridge failed. Finally the Mayor of the town took the offer from the Devil to build the bridge. The story varied in its details, but the end was how the Mayor tricked the Devil. Dumas gives the version of a dog with a pan tied to his tail being chased across the finished bridge to furnish the Soul to the waiting Devil.

I like my grandfathers version better, instead of a dog, it was a long whiskered goat, with a tasseled knitted cap (zittle koeppli) on his head, a coat over his shoulders, and buttoned down in front under his chin, to hide his legs, and to add to the deception, a Buntner Knoppfli (a fancy pipe) in his mouth. To this was added the anger and eruption of the Devil when he was aware of how he had been fooled. In short, the form the story takes depends on the artistry of the teller and the audience. The same story will vary from one telling and the next, depending on the atmosphere and the occasion. An artist will paint the same mountain peak again and again, each picture varying as the light, shadows, cloud effects and atmosphere varied. I have heard a story, with all of the essential items the same, told to four groups: a group of men drinking together, a group of older men at a club, a cocktail party and a formal dinner party. The teller was an artist at story telling, and each time it was a perfect story with the details modified for the time, place and company.

My Grandfather would sometimes take a trip of several days, on which he would take me along. He had an open buggy, called a Road Wagon, and drove a beautiful black horse called Nancy. In his big satchel, he would put extra clothes for me, and some crackers and Swiss cheese for an emergency lunch. Usually we did not need the lunch, as we were generally at some farmhouse where we got a good meal, but he never failed to be prepared. He would tell how, when hunting Chamois in the Alps, it was always well to be on the safe side. Then he would tell of disasters which happened when travelers, failed to carry emergency food, -forgot their Alpine Stock, wore a shoe that rubbed a blister, forgot to check the hobnails on their shoes, neglected to properly pack and fasten their "rucksack", and a multitude of other things, each one illustrated by an example of a story he had lived, or had heard repeated. Most of the happenings he related have long been forgotten, but some of them come to mind when the situation re-occurs.

There was one part of those trips, that remains very clearly in mind. Perhaps because of being repeated again and again, by different persons, varying in each case to some degree, but with the same general plot. As a consequence, when I repeat these stories, they will not be attributed to any person. They are yarns, told to illustrate a point of view, get a laugh, shock the audience or merely pass the time in quiet leisure. Sometimes a story is the end product of half a dozen stories, partly legend, partly historical fact with an adequate amount of embroidery to deaden the monotony of bare utility. Just like the fictitious old Aunt, who surrounded by her little nephews and nieces, anxiously waiting for a forthcoming story, "took out her tatting and began to tatt", so, after one more little background explanation we will be ready to begin telling our stories and start to talk.

On these trips, there were a number of old regulars. Each had his own characteristics, and gave his own interpretation to each event, story, argument or wisdom. For example, there was old Antone Baumgartner. A very dignified man, who never made a quick decision, and even if asked which direction was north, would hesitate, and then profoundly inform one, the generally accepted direction of north was in a direction toward which he indicated, and that it was approximately in the direction of the North Star, or the location of the Sun at exactly its highest mid-day point. But, the true north varied somewhat, and there was a slight variation from year to year, but that for any purpose which the inquirer might be called upon to need the position of North, the direction was as he had indicated. Because of his quiet dignity, one usually felt he had given a good and correct answer.

Then there was Martin Zum Brunnen. I remember him chiefly as a jolly old man in over sized trousers. He was, however, also a keen thinker. Whenever a rather tense situation arose, where difference of opinion ran toward a fever pitch, grandfather would get old Martin Zum Brunnen in on the discussion, because he could make fun of the extreme views on both sides, and then suddenly pop up a compromise procedure which would end the tension, save face of both sides, and get something done.

Another of the old regulars, was George Legler. He was a rather small man, highly respected by everyone, but before whose sharp often critical tongue, most people winced. He was a "Conservative Revolutionist". He was not afraid to go against the majority, and return to what had been done successfully before. For example, when the Swiss colony was started in New Glarus, it had been greatly influenced by the cooperative ideas of the period, such as those of Robert Owens, the Harmonites and numerous others. The colony started out in mutual effort to meet the needs of the group. George Legler, as told elsewhere, however, was one of the first to look for work outside of the community, and worked in the lead 'diggings' near Exeter, about ten miles from home. George Legler did not restrain his opinions to save hurt feelings, if he felt you were wrong. We regularly called on him.

Then there was John Marti, a brother-in-law of my Grandfather. He had come to America a few years later, and brought with him a very substantial amount of Swiss money. Its gold value was twice that of American currency, hence he was able to buy $4.. government land for $2. of the Swiss money he brought with him. He had been a High Sheriff in Switzerland, and was generally spoken of as Tagwen-Vogt Marti.

When legal, inter-state, or international matters were to be discussed, his opinion was always valued. Two older brothers had come earlier - and had gone to Kansas City, where they became an important part in the growth of that city. Sometimes we would take a round about trip and stop at a place always spoken of as Long Diedrich Stauffacher. He was a very tall and well proportioned man, who spoke with a low toned voice, never got excited but would make his comments in a concise manner. They talked generally about things I did not understand. Kaiser William II, and what would now happen to the program of Bismarck, for whom Long Diedrich seemed to have great respect. They spoke of the President, Grover Cleveland, and nodded approval of his attitude toward "Sude America". I did not know whether it referred to a man, or something to eat. I was always glad when we left and went over to Jose Voegeli's. Here they talked about things I could understand. They talked about different kinds of cows. Voegeli seemed to think that the cows in Switzerland were better than the cattle that had been brought to the country by some of the people from the south and east,-the Cheonoweths, Treats, Simmons, and others who brought horses and Durham cattle. He explained why he plowed in a way which amused his neighbors. He followed the slope of the land to prevent the soil from washing away, and then seeded the depressions to keep ditches from forming. Later this was accepted as "contour plowing".

We drove along the road past a small tidy cottage. This was where Florian Autrehauser lived. He lived alone, and people learned to avoid him. Young people would sometimes drive or walk past his place and begin to sing. He would come dashing out, throw stones and yell at them until they were around the bend in the road. The comment was that he had planned to marry a beautiful girl, back in Alsace. A day before the wedding day, she ran away, and became a singer in a Music Hall. People teased him about this until he became violent whenever anyone began to sing. Perhaps the story was true in part, perhaps in no sense whatever, but it did add on an interesting diversion to the lives of the area.

All of these contacts, and the repeated references and retold stories began to take form into sets of tales. The ones which made the most lasting impression however, were those which were associated with the persons I knew. Some dealt with the Little Valley (Chlytal) in the Canton of Glarus Switzerland, and events dealing with my Grandfather and his family and their coming to America. The scattered accounts and stories of my grandfathers old cronies, began to take form - as he began to give me a geographical setting. These were later added to by many other persons through the coming years.

These old men never seemed in much of a hurry. They would sit under a tree around a small table all afternoon. Some would nod and seem to be asleep, but the occasional puff of smoke from their pipes, a

grunt, or even a few answering words showed that they were awake. After a minute or two of silence, one would perk up and start a yarn that matched one previously told. The others would in turn relapse into a comfortable quiet, perhaps take a sip of wine, and a nibble of a cookie or a piece of cheese. Most of their stories and conversations were centered around the same area. It was usually very tiring to a little boy; but on our way home or on the walks I took with my grandfather, various items of their conversations would come back to me. Then I would ask him about them. He would tell and retell those yarns, descriptions, and events to me until they were fixed in my mind. Many of these are still remembered. It also encouraged a tendency to listen and put together the yarns I heard through the years. Many of them, as well as some told in later pages, are far removed from these early stories, and they were repeated by persons far different from the old Swiss companions of my grandfather. Sometimes an event occurred or a story was told which was unfinished, and the next episode or explanation did not occur for many years. This was the case in the stories of The Lime Kiln, The Lost Shoe, The Empty Barrel, and Gold. Even in those stories, the ending is entirely circumstantial and it is up to the reader to decide. That is why those yarns are repeated and become a part of the folklore of an area. After one hundred years, no one has the real answer to The Big White Wolf.

The stories and accounts which follow are not arranged chronologically but are grouped together on the basis of their subject matter. They sometimes cover a spread of fifty years. In some cases the parts of a story covered a period of many years for its completion. The talks of these old men, grandfathers stories, two trips to Switzerland and letters which were written to relatives about 1850, and still treasured, together with yarns told and retold are pulled together into the general setting of this book.

II Background Stories

There was no discussion of plans but it was evident to anyone that the old man and the young boy were going on a trip of exploration and adventure. "Ask your mother for two empty flour sacks." These were brought, and a ball of heavy twine produced. A sizable chunk of Swiss cheese, half a loaf of bread, two bottles of water, and some apples, were on the table. On another pile was a small pair of field glasses, a pack ax, and sundry items. A flour sack was taken, and a few of the lighter items placed in it. It was tied at the top, with a long piece of twine, the two ends of which were about two feet long. These ends were pulled over the shoulders of the little boy, around under his arms and each end tied to a corner of the sack. This made a firm, secure pack on his back, and left his arms free.

The day and details were long remembered since it was the first of a long series of trips into the woods and hills. It was on these trips that many of the yarns were told which form the background for this series.

The trip took them up on some of the higher hills of southern Wisconsin. From its top looking to the Northwest, the Blue Mounds were visible about 40 miles away. Places of interest could be seen - the smoke from a milk condensing factory 8 miles southwest. A range of wooded hills several miles to the west beyond which was the valley of the Pecatonica. The widening valley toward the north beyond which was Monticello, New Glarus, and on 35 miles to Madison. To the east there were hills and prairies leading to Albany, Brodhead, and far beyond, Chicago. They could see in the distance the hills bordering on the streams leading to the Pecatonica, the Sugar and the Rock River valleys. It was a wonderful adventure — the world was so big.

Many such trips were made before the question was asked - what lies beyond these distant places. There were so many things which needed to be learned, before the boy began to be interested in the events and lives of the people living in the hills and valleys. On one of the first trips, he saw a little snake, and following an example observed before, he quickly threw a stone at it. The old man stopped him and said, *"Lass, si, - s'tierli het neima g'tschada g'tue"* (Let it alone, the little animal has harmed no one.)

Then for some time interesting things were told about insects and plants along the path. The boy was interested to know why shells were to be found on the very top of Rudi's hill and were solidly embedded in the hard limestone? Why the stones were found in layers on the ledges of hills, white sandstone, green sandstone, brown sandstone with iron nuggets; big flat limestone, smaller broken limestone; why some stones had big fossils, others small shells. All this information was of interest, but soon another field opened up which remained of even greater interest. The people

who lived among the hills and valleys. Did they always live here? Where had they lived before? Why do they speak different languages? Do they have the same feelings, likes and dislikes ? These questions and the answers did not come in any sequence or planned fashion. Today, when the questions which arose have been made available through scientific and systematic study, the stories, the events, the traditions which make up the day by day life of a people are still remembered. Many of them might be duplicated in other groups. They are not the same stories, but they are the repetition of similar events, colored, embroidered, revamped, which occur when people live together.

Among the first were the ones which told of the early coming of these old men we visited and who had come to America and especially of my grandfather John Ulric Elmer. Some of the stories are actual occurrences. Some are retold tales which have been modified to suit the personality of the teller or to fit into the occasion. Some are often repeated pieces of fiction attached to a location or a person and retold in many communities. They do all, however, help to build up a picture of the life within a community, rather than an analysis of a community.

The yarns which were centered around people, horses and cattle in any rural area may take up hours of time. Usually someone starts off with a fairly interesting tale. This is quickly met with another by someone who is sure his own experience was better. It seems better to him because he remembers the setting of the story, even when he is not able to tell it effectively. As the hours drag on, the tales become bigger and better, until they are obviously absurd. Then, as everyone is getting ready to leave, the climax is reached by one so extreme that with a general laugh, all leave.

That is the way such yarns as Paul Bunyan and his Blue Ox Babe gained circulation and unending additions. When the talk session started the stories told were usually based on verifiable facts, made interesting by the trimming added for effect. Here are recorded, some of the basic tales which actually occurred and the type that were used as starters for a chain of others which might be verified, but were more often simply good stories. The embroidery and details of a legend is the art of the story teller, - the legend itself is the true story.

Brumbach

BRUMBACH

The new house on Brumbach was built in 1807. Hans Ulric's father built it. Brumbach was at the height of its prosperity. To this day the dwellers in Sernftal speak of the owners wealth and generosity. They tell how he would butcher a heifer or a steer each week, use certain select portions for his family, and distribute the remainder to the villagers. The house, called the big house, is a typical Swiss chalet of logs and stone. First, there is the cellar with a 10 foot ceiling, divided up into a wine cellar, cheese cellar, potato, fruit and vegetable cellar, and a storage cellar for canned or preserved fruits. Above this cellar is a basement level. This is approached from one side by going down three or four steps. On the other, it is on the level of the ground. Thus on the side toward the mountain there are partially dark rooms with very small windows which are used as meat, ham, and other food storage places, a room where there are small tools, harness, cow bells, and general repair shop equipment. On the side where there are large windows are the servant quarters and laundry rooms. The ceiling has heavy hand-hewn oak beams. On the back side is a small room in which may be stored equipment like scythes, barrels of seed grain or other bulky material such as wood. Going up about four steps one passes on to the main floor. On the south side is a door leading out to a balcony porch. On this main floor is a large kitchen with a big oven stove built of slate. Beyond the kitchen (with a door leading out to the porch or balcony) is the living room. This is a large well-lighted room with a remarkable inlaid floor of oak, maple and walnut. The floor is new, having been put in about 1860. It is in perfect condition. Extending from the stove in the kitchen is a tile stove on the north wall. The outside is covered with beautiful Flemish blue and white tile. This is the big square stove which Hans Ulric Mentioned.* There are two other large rooms on this floor built for parlors or drawing rooms. Leading up from the main living room is a heavy dark wood staircase. On this floor are four large bedrooms. One of the bedrooms contain a dull polychrome wardrobe chest on which is inscribed near the top "Heirats Kiste Casper Elmer and Barbara Stauffacher, 1766." In another bedroom is a heavy, hand carved, brown stained oak chest about the size of a cedar chest which is reputed to have been brought from Italy in the 17th century. There are other pieces of old, well-preserved walnut furniture. From this floor a less imposing stairway leads up to the next floor. The railing and staircase are of lighter colored wood. On this floor are several smaller children's bedrooms. On the north side toward the mountains is a sort

of balcony running the entire length of the house. This is the library. Shelves filled with books and records. It was here I obtained the old Bible, the Book of Instruction to Young Women, song books, and certain papers and records of Hans Ulric before he left for America in 1849. These include the accounts of the slate quarry, where 40 years later, the great Bergstoss (mountain slide) took place.

From this floor there is a simple staircase leading to the attic in which there are two or three rather dark, poorly lighted rooms, which might be used occasionally or in emergencies. Because the house is built on the mountain side, its appearance and size are dwarfed and it is not until one gets inside of it that one appreciates its local designation in the village of Matt as the big house.

FIRST TRIP TO THE ALPS

When the grass begins to look green in the high pastures above the Sernf Valley, an air of restlessness is evident. It is a bright May morning in 1823. Men are busy getting ready for the summer in the mountains. Women are helping assemble the necessary items to be taken up to the high cattle pastures. First the cattle are moved up to the little alps or elms;* then as the snow recedes before the increasing green grass and flowers, the cattle are moved up to the second pasture and by midsummer up to the third or fourth pastures. Little Ulrich longed for the time when he would be old enough to go with the cattle for the summer. He was only nine years old. Restlessly he wandered around the barns of Brumbach. He picked up a goat whip and tried to make it snap with the report of a pistol as the goat herder did. Instead the end whirled around his neck like a snake and he received a lash across his cheek. He glanced about to see whether his sister Marie had seen what had happened. He was her big brother, fully two years older, and it would have embarrassed him to have her see his feeble attempt to snap the whip. He tried again and again. At last a feeble "pfud" resulted. His eyes began to glow. He was learning to snap the goat whip. His imagination was carrying him away, so that the little "pfud" of the whip began to sound like the sharp crack of glacier ice.

He was brought to earth suddenly. *"Nei, Nei, Hans Uli, du mus nu mi mehl suppe esse, "* (no, no Hans Uli, you will need to eat more flour soup) said a voice behind him. Turning he saw the maid-servant sitting on his father's cavalry horse. She was going to ride down the valley to Engi to get some of the "Geiger-Hof" Marti boys to help take the cattle up to the pasture. It was not pleasant to be brought back so suddenly from the realm of his imaginings.

He did not like to be reminded of the flour soup he must eat before he would be considered big enough to go to the mountains with the cattle. He had wanted to ride the horse yesterday, but his father said he was too small. In a flash he had picked up a small stone, and with force and aim which surprised even himself, it whirled through the air and hit the horse. A sudden plunge and a cloud of dust, and the horse was speeding down the gravel paths of Brumbach toward the village. The maid lay with a broken leg while servants rushed up to help her. When Conrad (his father) heard of what had happened he was angry. He stood for a moment deciding what

to do. The silence was interrupted by the melodious sound of the bells of over 100 cows and the tinkling and tapping of the little bells on the goats, the excited "Hoaai" of the cattle men, and the sharp cracking of the goat ships. He remembered that the maid had started off to get extra help from "Geiger Hof." Turning he said sharply, "Hans Uli, you are going to the mountains this summer. Hurry!"

With unaccustomed speed Ulrich dashed to the house. Seeing little Marie, he slowed to a swaggering stride and casually said, "Well, is my Rucksack packed? We men folks have to be on the move." It did not overawe her as much as he had expected. To Marie, Hans Ulrich was almost grown up, but as she hopped about while he was getting his rucksack, a choking sensation seemed to fill her throat. It began to seem strange to have her big brother getting ready to leave. It seemed that she was being left alone. The confusion, however, of the cattle, the man, the maid's accident, kept her from noticing it until later that evening. When she looked out of her open bedroom window, she could hear far above her the faint tinkling of the many cowbells. Climbing into bed and pulling the thick quilt of feathers over her, she wept until she fell asleep. It was the first night her big brother had not slept under the same roof.

The first day on the mountain pasture was filled with many interesting things for the little nine-year old boy. The cattle were allowed to drift along slowly. This gave him time to see the budding "Alpine rose" and the little blue and yellow gentian, from the roots of which he knew the village folk made a liquor known as Enzian, and of which his mother gave him a few drops if he had stomach ache. He was shown a cave which was said to have been the hiding place for brigands in years gone by. One of the Zentner boys who was helping drive the cattle climbed a cliff and brought back some edelweiss. He gave a flower to Ulrich. This was carefully placed in the fold of his "zittle cap" to save for his sister Marie. Everyone seemed joyous as they rose above the little valley (Chlytal) their spirits seemed to rise. The cows, filled with the fresh new grass, became quieter and some lay down to chew their cud. Rudy Zentner made a flute from a small branch of a tree, the sap filled bark being removed by tapping it gently until the stick slipped out. Then cutting a nick and making an opening in the mouth piece. The stick was cut in two; the lower part moved back and forth enabling him to play a tune. My grandfather taught me how to make an Alpine Stom flute from a willow twig. Some others gathered together and yodeled.

By nightfall they had reached the Hutte, after nearly a nine-mile climb up and around the mountain. By the time the cows were milked, the milk taken care of by the cheese makers, the camp put into at least temporary order, and a hasty meal of bread, cheese, and milk eaten, little Uli was so tired he fell asleep on a canvas bag filled with dry grass without even thinking of Brumbach or his little sister in the valley far below him.

THE LITTLE COW BOY

Before Hans Ulric could realize it he was awakened by what in his dreams made him believe he was listening to a great chorus of harps and voices. What he heard was the scores of cowbells ranging from tiny bells two inches in diameter to great silver-toned bells weighing 12 pounds each, and the tiny tapper bells on goats to great jug-shaped gong bells on the enormous brown Swiss lead cows. This great chorus of bells combined with the sound of lowing cattle, the cries of the cattle men, the cracking of goat whips, made a symphony of the Mountains which beggars all description. He jumped from his bed, but before he had time to collect his thoughts a cowhand yelled, "Uli, hurry, the cows are heading south. Swing them back and stay with them." Since this was his first morning, he had not yet learned to take food along for the day. Later he would sometimes dip a copper cup full of "fance" from the kettle on the stove, grab some bread and dash off for the day. This with milk from the cows he was with, served to keep him satisfied. This first day, however, he took no food and before the sun had reached the zenith the novelty began to wear off. He was tired, hungry, and lonely. He started toward a high ridge toward the northeast hoping he might be able to look down into Chlytal. He had hardly left his post, when some calves drifted toward the precipice. An eagle nesting high on the cliff overlooking the valley below screamed and flapped close to them. They dashed back but one calf becoming panicky rushed toward the drop-off. A herdsman seeing this came to the rescue. Reaching over and catching the calf back of its head with the crook of his "Alpine stock, " he pulled it to safety. Little Uli came back. The herdsman went to him and pinched the flesh of his arm between the knuckles of his first and second fingers. The boy was frightened and wanted to scream with pain. The tears rolled from his big blue eyes and his lips quivered but he made no sound. Then the herdsman, Shang (John) Kubli, said, "You must never leave your cattle for a minute." He spoke kindly and Uli sensed the presence of a friend. Most of the men and boys seemed to take delight in torturing the little Brumbach boy, but Shang Kubli seemed to realize the hardship of this sudden catapult into a new and strenuous life. Uli soon learned to go to Shang for help and guidance.

There were days when the cattle were quiet and needed little attention. On other days, which the herdsmen called 'weather breeders' the cattle were very restless. The calves and young goats jumped about and kept little Ulrich busy trying to keep them together.

One day he was near the 'birche loch', a clump of young birch trees surrounding a rock formation above the village of Matt. It was less than a mile, directly down, but several miles by way of the mountains trails. In the evening the young men would gather here, and sing and yodel. This could be heard in the Village below. Uli saw a funeral procession at the Church, he had learned some new words from the herdsmen which they used

to impress rambunctious cows. His nine year old voice rang down the mountain, -shouting all the unsavory words he had learned. His voice was heard, but not the words, - at the funeral of a little baby sister.

The old men recounted many stories, but the little boy could understand only a few, and those mainly concerning members of his immediate family. A few left a deep impression, such as the one which happened when it was time to return to the Valley after the summer pasturing and cheese-making. The late summer snow was beginning to fall. A little less of it thawing each day. The summer camp began to be broken up, and the place put in order for the long winter ahead. Loads of equipment and utensils were tied on the backs of steady cows. Uli's shoes had long since worn out. The wooden soles (holz-bode) had become detached from the uppers. John (Shang) Kubli took some coarse canvas and made cloth coverings for the little boy's feet. Each man carried a 'ladder frame' on his back, on which was tied a load of cheese, Uli walked behind the herd of goats and cows, with a small pack fastened to his back.

It was necessary to cross a rushing stream, now much increased by the melting snow. Shang came back and told Uli to grab the tail of a cow, and to hang no matter what happened, to help him across the rushing mountain stream. He did. The cow he had selected was young and lively, not old and sedate. Instead of slowly wading through, she gave a series of jumps and bellows, but Uli hung on. He was swung off his feet and landed on his belly on her back. He hung on to her tail till they were across and was tipped off, safely.

Each of the old men told about their experiences, but one told by Martin Zum Brunnen is remembered because it explained why grand-father always used a cane. John Ulrich liked to hunt. There were seasons when people were not permitted to shoot chamois. One day Ulrich took his gun, wrapped in a large canvas, and carried an ax, as though he was going after a load of wood. He shot a chamois. Gathered dry wood and branches, wrapped his gun, chamois, wood and ax into a big bundle and started for home. It was a clumsy pack. The ax slipped out, and cut the Achilles tendon above his heel. The reason he limped was never discussed, and perhaps unknown to his grandchildren. No-one cared to recall the fact the Grandfather had been a Law-breaker and received a life long punishment.

THE BOX OF LETTERS

The old men were sitting in the shade of a Maple tree, about 4 o'clock one hot afternoon. They were quietly enjoying their 'Vespers lunch'. Jose Voegeli was telling about a trip he had recently taken over to the Kickapoo Valley, west of New Glarus. Driving became bad on the narrow roads twisting around the rugged hills. When he was almost discouraged, there appeared before him a beautiful high meadow with a nice head of cows grazing, or lying about chewing their cud. The rugged country around, and then the beautiful high meadow, he said, reminded him of the Argen Boden in Switzerland. No one responded. After a period of silence, a new topic was brought up. It was clear to the little boy, that something had stopped the conversation, but nothing was remembered, not anything that left any impression. Sometime later a remark was heard which had a familiar sound. Grandfather said to my father, "If all of you boys will join with me, we will have enough to buy back the Argen Boden which we lost when we drove the cattle on that trip across the Panixer. " He continued, —"For $80, 000 we can buy it back. " After a minute of silence, Father asked, --"How many cattle will it pasture", -Oh, about 100, was the reply. Then, -"For $80, 000 we can go west of Waterloo, Iowa, and buy enough land to keep 400 head of cattle. " Grandfather looked for a moment over his spectacles, then turned, and walked out of the room. That was the last I heard of Argen Boden for several years, except once when Antone Baumgartner said, -"If your Father had not taken those cattle over the Panixer, and got in that game of Jassi, you would not have come to America. " The trip over the mountain pass, the cattle and the game of Jassi soon became associated in a somewhat indefinite way with the loss of the Argen Boden. It was not until 1936, forty five years later, that the casual references, began to take more definite form.

I was in a shop in Zurich. I asked for a deck of cards used in playing "Jassi". The saleslady said, -"You are an American, but you speak Swiss as they do in Glarus, what is your name ?" I told her and said my grandfather had gone to America in 1849. She laughed and said "So you are an Elmer. Have you made enough money in America so you can come back to Switzerland and play Jassi?"

This brought together - a series of half remembered conversations beginning back about 1890, with the discussion of the old men, and later hearing my father and grandfather talk about the Argen Boden.

I often wondered what the little locked box in the house in Chlytal contained. It was only occasionally that one saw it. Aunt Barbara kept the key to the cupboard in her possession. When her younger brother got married, she stayed on in his home. It was taken for granted because she had always managed the home and looked after the finances. Even after all these years, it was she who planned the meals and the household expenditures.

When special company came it was she who produced the key for the cupboard and got out the special wine glasses. It was on such occasions that (one saw on an upper shelf a small box made of walnut with brass hinges carefully covered with a silk handkerchief. One day she asked me what had ever become of little Verena. She said that her father had received a letter from Hans Ulrich, three years after he had gone to America in 1849 in which little Verena had been mentioned as being frail and not well. Then she proceeded to tell me that the box had been in the possession of her father, and before his death, about 1889, he had given her the box and told her to keep it carefully. An entire forenoon spent in going over its contents only began to show all that it contained. The first item of interest was a sheet of paper covered with figures. It was a score and balance sheet for a card game, "Jassi", played by a group of men about 1836. Conrad Elmer, Hans Ulric's father, was the owner of Brumbach. He also owned Argen Boden, a small alp, where the young men took about 100 head of cattle each summer to make cheese. (*"Wo die yunge manne heid gange zu kase', -mitem vieh. "*) Late one summer he took a large herd of cattle from the valley and drove them over "Panixer Pass" to sell them in "Welshaland. " Many of the cattle became ill and many died. What remained were sold at a terrific loss. He had hoped to return with a good profit but had lost instead. In the course of events he got into a game of "Jassi", a fast card game played with 36 special cards. The stakes rose into great heights and Conrad lost on the cattle deal. The final reckoning showed a loss of 82,000 gulden. The little alp was lost as well as some parts of Brumbach. The record of the game is still kept in the little box. The game was complicated by the fact that a prominent Swiss from Glarus sat in the game and that a looking glass was hung back of Conrad's chair. The family was greatly humiliated, but no action was taken. The battle had been lost and won. The salvage for the family was an almost rabid feeling against any form of gambling. This was carried to America and in the attitudes of the upper valley in Southern Wisconsin.

There was another letter in the box. It was dated 1853 and came from America. Barbara asked as she took it out of the box, "What is an 'Achstke' (an eighty)?" I replied that perhaps it meant eighty acres of land, and then translated, eighty acres into hectares. She read the letter. Because the letters were so old, she did not approve of others handling them. It was a letter from Ulrich. On arriving in America he had taken a homestead on "Shocks" prairie, built a house of sod and timbers, and done some work in Madison, about 35 miles away. He had saved up two hundred dollars with which he had purchased an "eighty" in a beautiful valley twelve miles east of the Prairie. America was a wonderful land. If a man was not willing to work hard, he should remain at home where a more meager, but still satisfactory living was assured. America offered freedom and opportunity, but not security. A man must choose what he prefers. Barbara was much interested in that part of the letter. She said most of the people she knows want <u>security</u> in place of opportunity.

"Security is all right for old people, but it is bad for young people, .was her conclusion.

Reference was often made to a card game, and the loss of a small alp, as being a reason for coming to America. I never was able to get the full story of this until forty years after my grandfather died, when I visited some of his relatives in Switzerland before World War II - Later verification and additional material was obtained in 1966 when I met a woman whose great-grandfather had been on the trip with my great-grandfather and whose family still have the letter about the trip to America. (See picture)

THE BERG-STOSS

Whenever the old men came together, their conversation drifted to a topic which for a long time meant nothing to the little boy. Gradually, however, by its frequent repetition it took the form of a story. There were long and excited discussions about a "Scheifer-Bruch", which after some time was understood to be a Slate-quarry. There was so much excited talk, interruptions, the mention of names, mixed up with comments about cracks, slides, under cuts and other terms and mournful *"Ja, Ja, dass isch en furchtig leide Sunntig gsi.",* that understanding of what it was all about grew slowly. The repetition , however, eventually brought out the story. It was briefly this.

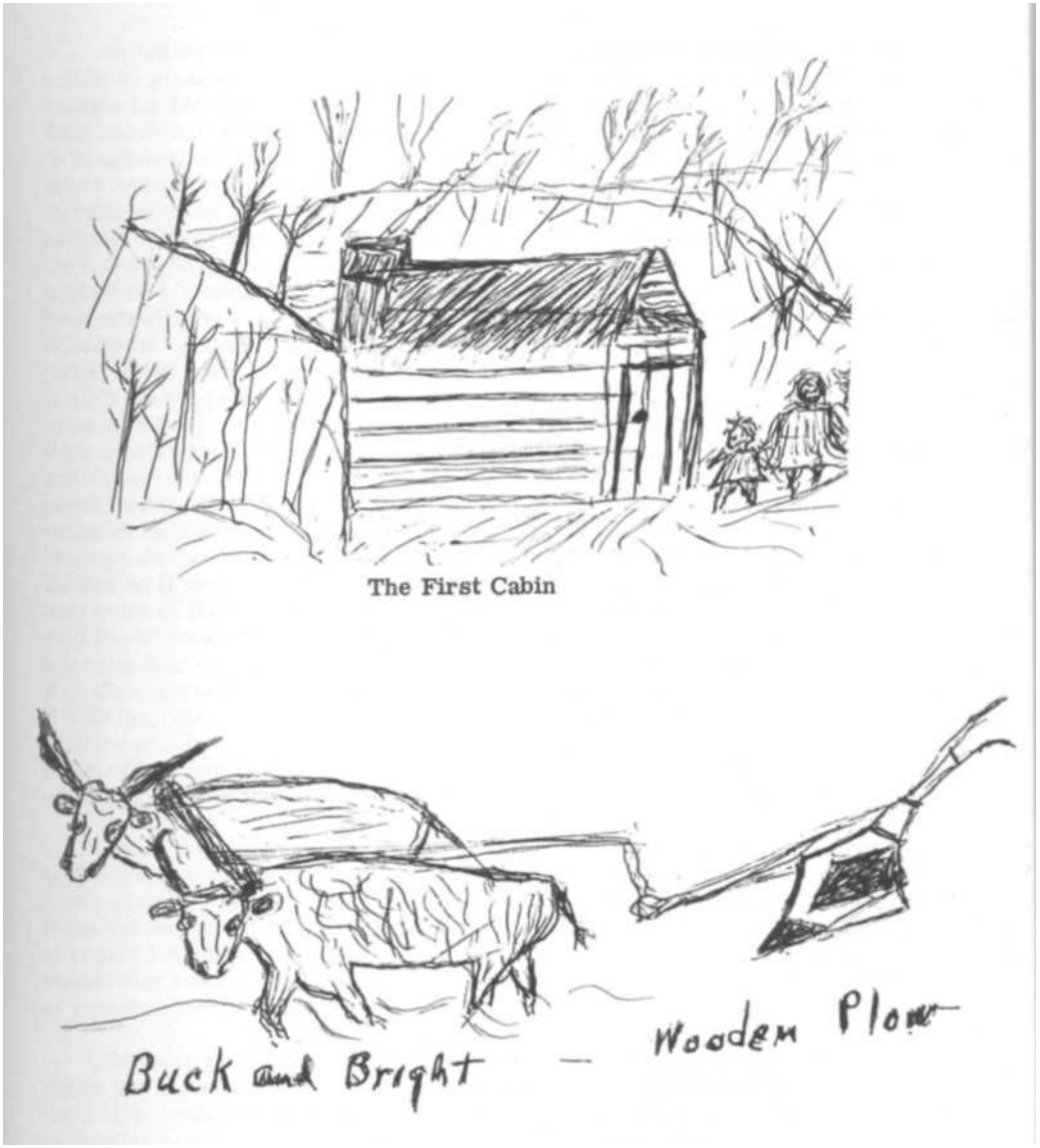
On September 11, 1881, there occurred a mountain slide at Elm, Canton Glarus, Switzerland, ten million cubic meters of stone and rubble crashed down the Tschingleberg. Already on the previous evening, it was reported that cracks had appeared on the path above the Slate mines. The base of the Mountain had been undercut in the process of mining the Slate, so that a slide had been suggested by several of the more cautious older Mountain dwellers.

On the morning of the catastrophe, it was reported that the size of the cracks, seen the day before had increased, and that a number of trees appeared to be tipping. That afternoon, the terrible slide took place. Today after nearly 90 years, the mountain slide has been covered with trees again. Life in the upper Valley is going on with new generations of people, -but the memory of the Bergstoss, and its human interest story continues among the descendants of the tragedy in Switzerland, the Valleys of Southern Wisconsin, and the third generation around the world.

There was much excitement in the upper end of Chlytal on Sept. 11, 1881. There was to be a baptism in the little church at Elm. This was an historic church built in the 15th century. The President, who was a member of the family whose crest with its Black Steinbok and a Red fox was found in the central window back of the chancel, was to be the godfather. Out in the cemetery was a bronze plaque in honor of a forebearer of his who had died in 1603. The day boded to be beautiful. The tops of the Tischinglen and the Camperdon pierced the blue sky, free from mists and other signs of a dark day. Due to the prominence of the persons concerned, a big crowd of people was sure to assemble in Elm on this day! Several families had left the valley that year for America. There had been more land slides and avalanches than usual, which had discouraged some of the small farmers who became tired of cleaning up the debris and stones. Some letters had been received from these families in America, and several families planned to come for a reunion and to hear the news from the United States.

The day met all expectations of both weather prophets and the persons interested in the ceremony, and the dinner which was held at the home of the eight-day old child. The morning services in the church lasted longer than usual. After the church services the people proceeded to the various homes to participate in the bounteous repasts prepared. After the noonday meal and the Baptismal ceremonies at about 4:00 p. m., the President took the baby in his arms for a walk. The air was chilly so the grandmother was greatly disturbed but dared not protest. He had left the main road and walked with the baby up the right hand ravine. Finally, the grandmother could wait no longer. Catching up a shawl, she started out in the direction taken by the godfather and baby. She had not been gone more than three minutes when a roaring, grinding, bellowing sound came from behind her. She stopped paralyzed. Without looking she knew a landslide, "A Bergstoss, " was taking place. She started to run in the direction taken by the President and child and met him coming swiftly back. Just as she met him the roar began again. Like a tidal wave the very mountain seemed to come toward them. Everyone had come out of their homes and was rushing to help. Just as about one hundred men had reached the scene, a third slide began, greater than any of the two preceding slides. The mountain seemed to be coming toward them and as it touched the bottom it seemed to roll on and on across the entire width of the valley. Scores of houses were in the path of the wave. Many were completely buried. Hundreds of people were injured, 150 buried and among them over half made up the bulk of the able-bodied men of the village who had rushed out after the second slide. The mother on her sick bed who had worried about her child would do so no more. The house and all within it was beneath the mountain. Of the family only the eight-day old baby who had been carried away so thoughtlessly by the President and the grandmother who rushed out to them with an extra shawl, remained.

The people who were the victims of the catastrophe were largely friends and relatives of many of the people in the little Wisconsin valley, since most of the older people had come from the little valley "Chlytal" in Glarus, Switzerland..



Buck And Bright - Wooden Plow

TO AMERICA

In 1844-45 Conrad Elmer had actively supported the move to send a colony to America. Glarus was overcrowded. There was a lack of opportunities for the young men. Glarus, Linthal. Bilten, Schwanden, Engi, Matt and Elm had sent colonists. With the loss of the little Alp and much of Brumbach in 1846, the holdings of the family were reduced. The slate mines and part of Brumbach remained. Hans Ulric, the oldest son, was married and had five children. He was in charge of slate hauling and bookkeeping. While this assured a livelihood, he did not see any opportunity for his two daughters and three sons. Then the loss of the Argen Boden weighed heavily on his mind. Two of his wife's brothers, the Marti boys, who had been attending school in London had gone to America and settled in Monticello, Wisconsin. Hans Ulric and Antone Baumgartner the husband of his wife's sister talked things over and left for America. Leaving Switzerland in the Spring of 1849, they set sail for the land of promise. The passengers were required to furnish their own bedding and prepare their own food. They brought with them quantities of cheese, smoked summer sausages, dried lentils and peas, and chicory for coffee. Additional food could be purchased from the ship's commissary. The trip seemed unending. Hans Ulric felt that the trip was extended in order to dispose of the ships surplus food, which, because the immigrants had taken so much with them, was spoiling in the ship stores. Be that as it may, the voyage took 63 days, and instead of arriving on the east coast of the U. S. A., they were in the Gulf of Mexico. The captain said the trip was extended because of stormy weather. Two days before reaching New Orleans, cholera broke out. United States Marines, which Han Ulric always spoke of as the "Matrosa", took charge of the ship, scrubbed it with lye, and brought fresh food, including milk for the children. Verena Elmer came down with cholera. She lived, however, and it was the firm belief of her family that her life was saved by the U. S. Marines. (She was expecting another baby, which was born on arrival in America, July 10, 1849.

Little John learned his first English at this time. One of the Marines taught him certain words and expressions which he said would come in handy when he was captain of a river boat, or boss of a crew of stevedores. When the marines left the ship, he came back to little John and asked him to repeat the "flow of language. " This was done expertly. The marine handed him a dime, ruffled his curly head and told him he had the makings of a good Sergeant of Marines.

The trip up the Mississippi from New Orleans provided enough new sights and activities and people that the tedious voyage of 63 days on the dirty ship crossing the Atlantic, and the fear and horror of the Cholera quarantine soon became a hazy memory. The wide river, with its floating trees, debris and colorful stern wheeler boats, the tiers of bales of cotton depicted an abundant new world. There were the dark wooded shores, where the boat pulled in for wood. Long lines of shirtless, barefooted

negroes, walked in step humming a sort of rhythmic tune, as they carried the cordwood logs, and stored them in the boat. There was no hurry, no confusion, just a steady, moving line up with a load, down empty, but no change of pace, up and down, moving steadily, like the River, brushing along the side to the tied up vessel. On a couple of occasions they stopped at the wharf of a city. There they unloaded some freight, and passengers, and took on other freight and passengers. There they saw many black workmen, and on some places, several negroes, tied together, and led off guided by one or two white men. There was one such group that got off their boat, although they had not seen them until they were unloaded. In this group there were three women.

Coming around a bend in the river, on a slight elevation, they often saw great white houses. They were different than anything ever seen before. It surprised them, since they knew they were coming to a new country, where everything had to be built up from bare beginnings. These houses were set back in beautiful areas, velvety grass, large trees, and many colored flowers along the borders.

There were fences made of boards and whitewashed. Across the front of the houses, were great pillars, that looked like the trunks of trees fifteen to twenty feet high. Groups of negro men, women and many children waved and shouted as the boat moved by. In the background, there were often white men and women, sitting on beautiful horses, who also waved as the boat went past. It was a wonderfully interesting trip, and since they had not planned it the whole trip was an adventure which they never forgot. Fifteen years later, when her sons were back in that same country in the war, the memory of that trip came back to Verena.

As the days passed, the scene changed. They stopped at St. Louis. This was the city where many of their friends had stopped three years before on their way to New Glarus. It made them feel less strange. They were now really on their way home. The other group of colonists had landed at Philadelphia, then by boat, down the Susquehanna and by train to Pittsburgh, down the Ohio, up the Mississippi. This new group, did not see as much of midwest America, but a different part entirely. Just a few days more, and they saw their real future appear. They reached Dubuque, and then the strange bustling town of Galena. Here they stayed a few days.

It was a noisy bustling town. Great loads of ore was coming in from the new diggings at Exeter. Loads were coming from the Mineral Point country. Loads of supplies were going out. In the streets, were roughly dressed miners and teamsters. The hotels were crowded. Everyone was busy and no one seemed interested in hauling a group of immigrants 60 miles to the Swiss settlement in New Glarus. They were sitting in the entrance room of the hotel. They were told to wait till the eating place was less crowded. While they sat there, a large man entered. He was

followed by eight or ten shabbily dressed miners. He said, "I am John Armstrong. I want a table set at once for me and my men." He was told that he must wait till the other guests were served. "Like Hell, nobody can tell John Armstrong he must wait. " He stomped out of the tavern, got on his horse and rode back into the tavern - into the dining room, smashed tables, whirled his horse, and rode out. Then he came back on foot and asked, "What's the Bill." He settled for $300, laughed, bought drinks for everybody and told everyone, "I am John Armstrong. I have the best diggings around. I do as I please, money don't mean anything to me." Ulric turned to Verena and said in mixed English, "Help your selbst ist da brouch in America." Now for the last part of their trip, Ulric was better off than some of the new comers. He still had $100 in gold. He found a man who would haul them to New Glarus for $25. But he also found where he could buy a yoke of Oxen, one with a broken horn for $30. He bought the team, then he made a deal to hitch his oxen to a big load being hauled to the Exeter mine. This was just beyond New Glarus. The heavy pulling would be over when they reached the Little Sugar River Valley, and the load could go on without the extra team. He bought a few used hand tools, a shovel, hammer, and even a crude wooden plow with an iron point and mold board covered with an iron plate. They got a good pair of Oxen for only $5 more than transportation. Ulric was also able to buy a Franklin Stove, with a broken door for $5. This proved to be a most valuable asset during the next three or four years. Much better than an open fireplace for the small cabin, and an important wood saver, in the sparsely wooded Shooks Prairie where he homesteaded.

For the first two weeks they stayed with friends in the settlement, then moved in with Antone Baumgartner, into a house owned by Mathias Marti, their brother-in-law. Marti later sold his holdings in Monticello and moved to Kansas City where his descendants still live. During that time, Ulric was able to go to Mineral Point, the Land Office, thirty miles northwest. He 'entered' on 80 acres, about 4 miles from the settlement. With the help of neighbors, he began a cabin. It was larger than most peoples first cabins. It was 24' x 14'. The back ten feet went like a cellar into the hill, the front part extended out into the open. The top was covered with willow and poplar poles, and these had Swamp and Prairie Grass on top. At first the floor was tramped clay, but soon was covered with split poles. The split side up and smoothed with an ax or adz. The door was more of a problem. First, merely a bag of ship sail, filled with dry grass, but as soon as possible, a door made of poles fastened together with pegs, and hung on wooded hinges, with a slide peg for fastening it when closed.

They still had some money and were able to buy dried beans, a sack of cracked wheat, potatoes, which they cut and dried. They gathered quantities of wild crab-apples, wild cherries, wild grapes as well as lots of walnuts and butternuts from the woods a few miles nearer the River. They got wood for their stove from the willows and poplars in the coolies.

In those sheltered spots, where there was also a spring, and lush grass, the Oxen shifted for themselves. The family felt secure for the coming winter. Now it was time to begin to look for some means of support. It was well to have a piece of prairie land, but there were long months before any return would come from the land.

Men from the New Settlement had been able to get work at the New Diggins. These deposits of lead had been worked by the Indians long before the white man came, but there was special activity for a few years, at least till gold was discovered in California, when interest in lead collapsed. Ulric had had experience with slate quarries in Switzerland, but when he went to Exeter, he found it was entirely different than slate mining. Then he tried cutting mine posts and fence rails, but could not compete with the men there who were skilled woodsmen.

Madison seemed to offer more opportunities. His two years in London gave him some advantage, as well as his experience with the business of the slate quarries. He was able to get a job in a paper making shop. At first his job only sorting rags for papermaking. He received $12 a month. After a while, he was promoted to a sort of Bookkeeper and he received $20 a month. He walked home Saturday evening, and returned Sunday. It was about 35 miles each way. On his return trip he carried his weeks supply of food, although he was able to buy some in Madison. Food was cheap, and not out of proportion to the wages received. Some of this material is from letters he wrote to his family in Matt, Switzerland and which they still treasure.

In the winter of 1848 cattle feed was scarce along the Rock River Valley, where quite a few cattle were raised by the settlers who had come from farther south. Some bought Corn in Illinois for 25 cents a bushel delivered a Beloit and points north, and saved some of their cattle. Many were butchered. They were not choice. The meat was sold in Madison for 2 to 4 cents a pound. For $2 Ulric was able to buy a sizeable chunk of meat, which he carried home. A steer in the neighborhood broke a leg. The owner butchered it, kept 1/2 and the hide, and sold the other half for $5. The meat was cut up and smoked for later use.

When the snows left in late March the wind quickly dried the long prairie grass. One day, far to the south west was a haze which quickly grew into billows of smoke. Antone Baumgartner, a neighbor and relative came running to warn Verena. With the help of the children, they found the oxen down in a ravine, Buck and Bright had never been yoked since they helped pull the wagon from Galena. They were, however, old well broken oxen, and were quickly hitched to the old wooded plow with a metal point and share, which Ulric had bought when he came. He knew nothing about farming, but was told he needed a plow, and here was one for $2 so he took it. It was a fortunate purchase. Up and down the oxen pulled the plow on the south west side of the cabin until there was a strip about 60

feet wide. Then Antone Baumgartner, whom I heard relate the story, back-fired about 100 feet more and the prairie fire went by the place. He had protected his place earlier, expecting possible fires.

A week after the fire a warm rain came and the prairie took on a gorgeous green color. In the strip that had been plowed, Verena began planting potatoes, onions, lettuce, cabbage, beans, beets. Different friends and neighbors gave her seeds. She and the children worked hard to prepare for the following year, and the new baby. Nothing from the garden was wasted. When the first crops of vegetables were harvested, a second planting of turnips, rutabaga's and beans were put into the ground. The turnips and rutabaga's particularly produced an astounding crop.

Ulric had been selected by the family in Switzerland to go to America, because of his experience, and the fact that he already had his family. Five children. They did not see how the new country might be populated by its own native born. Ulric and Verena, who apparently had a completed family of five children when they left Switzerland, added to the family steadily at regular two year intervals until there was an even dozen - 5 girls and 7 boys.

When the first Swiss settlers came to New Glarus, they bought two cows to provide milk for the children. They also bought one yoke of oxen which was used in turn by different families on their assigned plots of land. George Legler, working at the mines in Exeter earned $12. He bought a cow of his own, and made Schab-Zigger. Present day trade-named Sap Sago, made from skimmed milk, coagulated with acid whey, -lac protein,-and mixed with powdered leaves of Aromatic clover, (Melilotus Corerulea) dried, used in grated form. He made a cart by sawing off the ends of an elm tree, inserting an axel, a box on top and in this cart pulled by his cow and an ox, a man from New England loaned him. This vehicle groaned and squalled its way to St. Louis where he sold his supply of Schab-Zigger for thirty cents a pound. He discarded his cart and walked home with his cow and the neighbors ox. In the bundle tied to the back of the ox were some clothes, buttons and knives for the man who had loaned him the ox. The cow carried provisions for his own family. The experience of George Legler was the first break in the joint colony efforts, and became the level for unexcelled individual effort.

Drovers from Ohio were bringing cattle to the New Diggins at Exeter. The going price was $12 and the Swiss eagerly bought them. Ulric bought two cows. He also bought 7 calves for C. J. Simmons for $20. They were very choice. Yearling were sold by Simmons by driving them 40 miles to Janesville, for $3. 50. So $20 for the calves assured the best.

At first letters were carried as an accommodation by travelers, hunters and traders, and left at a point where it was believed the addressee would appear within a few weeks or months. Words was passed on to persons

that a letter awaited them. In a short time, however, post-men took a contract to carry mail between given points. A Mr. Downer carried a mail packet between Janesville and Mineral Point in the early 1840's. There were trails but not bridges. Fording a river depended on the amount of rain. Winter was ending and the Sugar River was high and filled with debris and floating ice. A wagon came along with a load of supplies. Downer took off his outer clothes and boots. These were tied in a bundle and with the mail, put on top of the wagon load. The current was strong and swung the wagon down stream. A large part of the load was swept away with the mail, and all of the clothes if the mail carrier, except his under clothes. Barefooted and nearly frozen he finally reached a settlers house.

Money was scarce and so was any work paid in money. Jacob Stauffacher got work with some people who had come from New York State. They lived four miles east of his place, so he was able to walk back and forth each day. They paid him in supplies. He was thus able to get several chickens. He wanted a rooster. The Swiss word for rooster, 'Gulli', meant nothing to them. When he would shake his head at a chicken offered, they would pick another one. At last he jumped on a stump, waves his arms and crowed. He got his rooster, and learned another English word.

The yarns these old friends of my Grandfather told were often only partly understood, and unless they concerned someone I knew, and particularly my own family, they were soon forgotten. This accounts for the type of early stories I am telling. The ones remembered, were those which left a sharp impression.

The people Stauffacher worked for were Hill, Sutherland, Sylvesters, Pengras, Burts, Searles and Balls. These families reached across Jordan Prairie on toward the Rock River Valley. They knew more about farming and American life than the Swiss Settlers in the Upper Sugar River Valley. They were of great help to the Swiss, but they were also short of money.

For several days Stauffacher had a painful toothache. There was a man six miles from where he worked who had an instrument for pulling teeth. His price was 10c. This must be cash, no trade. Finally Stauffacher borrowed 10c from Sylvester Hill, and walked the six miles to the dentist. At times the tooth became so painful he had to lie down. When he got there he ran into the coming inflation. The price had been raised to 12c. No Credit. He walked back to Sylvester Hill, borrowed two more cents, returned to the dentist and had the offending tooth pulled.

Wheat could be sold in Milwaukee, but the haul of 90 miles and the cost of food for man and team cut into the returns. C. J. Simmons sold oats in Janesville for 6 1/2 cents a bushel, and by taking a small herd of yearlings which he sold for $3, 50 each, he was able to return with some

cash. Some men made a few extra dollars by hauling supplies to the Pineries along the Chippewa River, but it was a long hard trip. Their main profit was a load of lumber they brought back. Hauling it 200 miles over unopened country was a major operation, with often the loss of a wagon, load and team in the swamps they had to cross. One can see why lumber was shipped from Pittsburgh, Pa. down the Ohio to Cairo and up to Dubuque and Galena, and hauled 60 to 80 miles to the river valleys. It cost $60 per M. board feet. Later rafts were sent down the Mississippi and people could get lumber at a lower price. There was hard wood timber available, and the lumber used was usually hand hewed. I have seen large hay barns, of which the entire frame was hand hewed black walnut.

When work for money was available it was hard work. There was a Welshman named Richard Hamer. He came from Glauravon Wales. Perhaps this was remembered, because of the similarity to the name Glarus. Hamer received 50 cents an acre for cutting wheat with a cradle scythe. He cut 109 1/2 acres one season. A Dutchman named Shumaker cut 111 acres. The Welshman Hamer dug a cellar, 18 x 24 and 6 1/2 feet deep. It took him 4 1/2 days. He received five dollars. There were few such paying jobs and even less men who could shovel like Hamer. There were a few scarce jobs where a man was paid six dollars a month and board for farm work. So, Ulric was considered lucky to have the job in Madison.

In the new neighborhood was several families from the same old neighborhood in Switzerland. They had come from Matt and Elm in the canton of Glarus. Their names were Norder, Zentner, Stauffacher, Baebler, Marti and they were known as Chlytal, Little Valley, as the Sernf Valley was called.

When Ulric Elmer had been in this country for four years he had accumulated $200 with which he purchased 80 acres of land in Dutch Hollow. The following year he had an opportunity to sell his homestead on Shook's Prairie and buy an additional 80 acres of land in Dutch Hollow. As the season was advancing he and Verena decided that they would build a house on their new land. All of their savings were now invested in 160 acres of land. It would be necessary for them to secure a loan to pay for the lumber, windows and other materials for the house. During the summer months with the help of neighbors he excavated a basement and built a stone wall, burning his own lime. Toward the end of August he decided that he would have to find some place to borrow the money. A new town was being established about nine miles away. The community was named Monroe. It consisted of just a few buildings and a brick store which also served as post office and general place of exchange.

Arabut Ludlow, who also owned a considerable tract of land to the north of the settlement, owned the store. He had come to the community some years before and established himself financially by driving a wagon with supplies out among the new settlers and exchanging cloth, nail, needles

and sundries for supplies varying from eggs and smoked meat to furniture. His peddler route extended from Chicago to Madison, through Monroe, where he later located and by 1850 had a brick store building, and was acquiring much land north and west of Monroe.

Ulric Elmer decided to walk to Monroe and see if he could borrow some money. He went to the store. Mrs. Ludlow told him that Arabut had gone out to the farm to work in the hay field. Ulric walked out there about two miles and finally found Mr. Ludlow asleep against a haystack. He did not know what to do. Mr. Ludlow seemed awfully tired and he slept and slept. It was past four o'clock in the afternoon when he finally awoke. Ulric, with considerable hesitancy, told him of his needs. Mr. Ludlow knew him slightly as he had been up to his homestead at Shooks Prairie on one or two occasions when he was the community peddler. He asked Elmer how much he needed and in a most embarrassed way he was told about $400. This was a small fortune in that time. Ludlow pulled for a moment at his red whiskers, grunted, looked around, saw a piece of split shingle lying against the haystack, found a nail in his pocket and wrote a message on the shingle with the nail to his wife instructing her to give Ulric Elmer $400. This was the extent of the financial transaction between Ulric Elmer and the future president of the First National Bank of Monroe.

When the Elmer's had bought the 80 acres with their first $200, they began to take a very active interest in Dutch Hollow. They learned that there was to be a 4th of July picnic. They were now citizens of the United States and Ulric decided that it was time that his children began to participate in community life as the Elmers had always done in Switzerland. So they made preparations to attend the picnic in Howard's Grove. At first it was their plan to walk to the picnic but Verena said it wasn't fair for them to go unless all of them went and it would be impossible to carry the babies and it would be unfair to leave anyone at home to look after them, so it was decided to go in the sled and this 12-mile trip from Shook's Prairie to Dutch Hollow of Ulric and his wife and seven children was made in the bob sled, pulled by their 2 old oxen. Sliding over the smooth buffalo grass this was not as impossible a manner of traveling as it might sound. They left at 3 A. M. and arrived at the gathering before ten o'clock - each child received 3 cents to spend. John bought a chunk of comb honey from which each member got a small piece to eat on his bread.

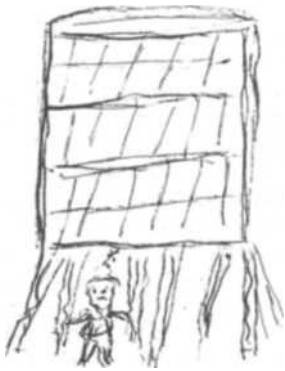
This first 4th of July celebration was held over in the little valley known as Dutch Hollow. It was held in Howard's Woods, afterwards owned by one of the boys, John, and actually where I was born about 40 years later. It was a long ride on the homemade sled. Old Buck and Bright were steady, but slow walkers. Most of them walked a good part of the way, except, the three smaller ones. They traveled about two miles an hour. It was past mid morning when they arrived. The three

cents given to each child was soon gone. It was actually their first time to do any shopping and permitted to buy anything they wanted. One bought a red ribbon. One bought some molasses candy, another a wooden whistle, but later was disappointed because he had made better ones from a green willow stick. John was the slowest to make up his mind but he finally invested the three cents in a 1/2 pound of comb honey. Everyone agreed that was the best, and all had a taste of it on the corn bread they had brought for lunch. There was speeches which they could not understand, but a good time was had, as they met some old friends from Switzerland, and also some new American friends. In fact, one of the men and his wife was the Mr. Howard, on whose land the picnic was held. About two years later, he and his wife called on the Elmers. They had no children, they wished to adopt little John. They would leave everything they had to him. He would be their boy. Ulric was almost persuaded, but Verena pulled John to her side, put her arms around him and said, "No", John is MY BOY.

John was nine years old by the time they were getting ready to move to the new home. Conrad who was 15 had to help farm, and whenever they had time, Ulric and Conrad would work on the new house. They would come for several days at a time. They built a shed to sleep in, the nights they stayed over. John stayed there the entire summer. They planted a garden which he was supposed to hoe and take care of in general. Also, they had ten head of young cattle he was supposed to herd. A corral was built, where he would put them at night. He also kept them in on the many forenoons when he went fishing. Sometimes he would get lonesome and spend the better part of the day at the Stauffachers, who lived about a mile away. Bread was brought to him. Some weeks, when they did not come, he would put the cattle in the Corral and go home on Sunday. A new road had been opened up, so it was only nine miles home, but today, an 18 mile trip in one day for a nine year old boy seems impossible. He cooked corn-meal mush, he had fried fish and one of the Heifers had calf. When he could beat the calf to the commissary, he had milk. That summer did much to mature him. He grew from a little boy to a young boy.

He had a small kettle and cooked young beet greens with a piece of meat, also cooked, poke weed, young cowslips, made tea from dried basswood blossoms and the Stauffachers gave him maple sugar and syrup, which the Americans taught them to make.

From this time on, the family began to think of America - as their home and Switzerland - became a memory of the past.



Soldier - Water tank 1864

Soldier On Wings 1863

IV War Touches The Little Valley

What We Remember
The Civil War
Camp Randall And The South
The Water Tank
Trenches
A Soldier On Wings
The Spanish-American War
Fort Riley – 1917

WAR TOUCHES THE VALLEY

One of the reasons for the early settlers leaving Europe was the continual threat of war. The 'old men' often spoke of their fear of an armed conflict between religious groups. They were concerned when Wilhelm II took control and when he finally in 1890, dismissed Bismarck. They dreaded war, yet they had hardly become a part of America Life, when their sons, brought with them as children, were involved in a terrific Civil War. -Later, their grandsons and great grandsons were in the Spanish war, World War I and World War II. -Some incidents and yarns, which concerned the Valley and the Wars follow:

This is not an account of the battles of the Civil War. Historians have adequately covered all aspects of that conflict. This is merely an account of some of the things talked about during relaxed leisure gatherings of the neighbors in the upper valley.

Persons without active army experience may like to hear about terrific battles, bitter hand-to-hand fighting, wounded men and general suffering for the vicarious thrill it gives them. The experienced army man prefers to remember the little occurrences, incidents and humorous situations which make up the whole picture and which helped tie up their army life with the civilian life from which they were separated and to which they expected to return.

What We Remember:

For thirty years after the Civil War, there was seldom a group of men together who did not drift to telling some yarn about that conflict. These were interspersed within the general fabric of how the people lived, talked, sang or danced in the South. They retold yarns about the South like the older group had talked about Switzerland, Each generation seems to get a few yarns which it likes to repeat, usually a small incident which sort of stood out from the general mass, which time had blended so that it is difficult to separate items. For example, this morning I was looking out of a window at the trees on the hillside, when a sort of flickering caught my eye. It was a leaf on a plant in the house, vibrating, when all the other leaves were still. The plant was a mass of green, the leaf was remembered.

THE CIVIL WAR TOUCHES THE VALLEY

On July 23, 1862, the feeling regarding the war became intense. The county authorities adopted General Pope's Order No. 3, which he had given to Command in the "Army of Virginia". This consisted of an oath of Loyalty to the Union. Most of the citizens made haste to sign it. A few refused, -"Tar and feathers and a ride on a rail" was meted out by unauthorized mobs. -Others, by legally appointed committees were marched to the town limits and told to "keep on walking south".

One hundred years ago there was the devastating Civil War. It was a war between neighbors and relatives as well as between the northern and southern sections of the country. The lives of the American people have never been as closely touched as by this war. Defenders of both sides of the conflict lived in every part of the country. Feelings were intense. The same type of fears, emotions, accusations, and hates found in all wars existed here, and since this had been a free country, people expressed their point of view with less inhibition than where people have always been compelled to speak with caution. The things which caused a rise of emotions were the same as one may find today in a corner store, a silo-filling, a faculty club, a coffee break, a street corner, or a cocktail lounge. The basic causes for difference remain unchanged; only the form of expression changes.

Sheldon Rust, a Justice of the Peace, was respected as a neighbor and as an official, but he refused to take a special oath of allegiance. "I took a satisfactory oath when I was inducted at the beginning of my term", he said. Feelings ran high. Some people defended and others accused him. A mob of approximately 200 to 300 men and boys gathered and took Rust from his home to hang him. Another group of about 200 men assembled. These were older men including many local officials, farmers, two ministers, and business men from Monroe. While the leaders argued and talked, the hanging was temporarily delayed. In the meantime, a messenger had dashed off to Madison, forty miles away and deputies arrived from Governor Harvey in time to stop the hanging, and release Mr. Rust. The two groups of civilians were dispersed. Neighbors and relatives had been ready to kill each other because of a difference of opinion as to what constituted an adequate oath of allegiance. The battle lines were not drawn on the question of disloyalty. Civilians hate; soldiers take orders. This event gives one facet of the many sided setting in the lower Sugar River Valley in 1861. It is found in life again and again. It was found a hundred years before, one hundred years after, and at periods in between. It may be expressed in refined or rough sentiment. It was expressed as "I am stifling, stifle then. When a nation's life is in danger, we've no time to think of man". Or simply, "Shoot the bastard; we don't need him". Hate is not based on reason.

TO CAMP RANDALL

The Civil War hit the valley very directly. Seventeen young men went to the army from the little neighborhood of Swiss families and a total of 98 from the upper valley. In 1862, eight had already gone to war. When the people came to church, the exchange of "war news" was of first importance. The Pastor was a young man by the name of Johann Michael Hammetter. (Born in Ausbach, Bavaria in 1836, he came to Wisconsin in 1856). In order to meet the needs of the people in the valley, he subscribed for the New York Tribune, a paper made famous by Horace Greeley. Outside of the church he constructed a wooden platform. Each Sunday after the services he stood on this platform and read the newspaper to the people assembled there, some of whom had come as far as twelve miles. Newspapers were a rarity. Even though the paper was often a month or two old it was considered, next to the Bible, the authentic written word. The stirring editorials of Greeley, read and commented upon by this vigorous young Evangelical preacher, stirred the young men of the community to active participation in the war to preserve the Union.

There was a draft system in vogue in Wisconsin. A person drafted was allowed to pay a bounty, usually $300 to $400, to a substitute and then was released from the draft. Young men under twenty-one usually were available. All men over 18 years, were already in the conflict. A group of young men 16 and 17 years of age left one day for Camp Randall at Madison. They were John Elmer, Henry Stauffacher, John-Antone Stauffacher, Casper and Dietrich Norder, Adam Schindler, Fred Zentner, Henry Rheiner, and Fridolin Streiff. They met in the evening to complete their plans and bolster each other's waning enthusiasm. In order to slip away early, they slept in Stauffacher's barn, and were off long before daylight on their 36 mile walk.

Before dark they arrived in Madison and were directed by eager "agents" to men who were "signing up" bounty volunteers. Any man who could secure one hundred men was made a captain. It was customary for persons who had been drafted and had bounty to offer to seek out a prospective captain who would find a substitute. The boys were taken to a rooming house and locked in a room so they would be on hand the next morning to enlist and receive their bounty money. The war had drained the area of volunteers; hence, the demand had increased. The boys received $400 each, a total of $3, 600. It was a tremendous amount. Gamblers were everywhere in evidence, but these Swiss Evangelical boys did not play cards and were quietly cautious of anyone not belonging to their group. The problem of caring for this money disturbed them. They had no duties to perform, nothing to do while the company was being filled up. Various impractical suggestions were made and argued about all afternoon. As dusk began to cast shadows upon the camp, John stood up.

"If one of you fellows will answer for my name at roll call tomorrow, I'll take the money home". No one had a better suggestion.

In a few minutes he was on his way. This was a dangerous thing to do for men everywhere were volunteering, securing the bounty, and disappearing with the money, only to re-enlist elsewhere under a different name. Communication between camps was slow. The best way to stop "bounty jumpers" was to shoot-to-kill anyone who sneaked out of the camp. The temptation was great and many tried it.

The life of the pioneer came to John's aid that night. Blending with the shadows, taking advantage of every turn of the guard on picket duty, and with almost unbelievable patience, John gradually got out of the bounds of Camp Randall. When at last he was out, he raised from a crouching position and dashed for a clump of trees. He had been too certain of his safety. The sentry called, then fired. It cut the leaves over his head as he dropped to the ground and wriggled his way to a ditch. By the time the sentry had come to see what had happened, John was picking his way through the brush and was soon out of rifle range.

All night long he traveled. The weight of the money was dragged on his shoulders, but even more on his mind. There was a considerable amount of traffic for the first ten miles. Fearful of being robbed, he kept to the fields and woods parallel to the road. By the time the sky in the east showed morning lights, he had reached the village of New Glarus. The remaining nine miles was familiar territory, but the drive of fear had gone and these last miles seemed almost too much. He was hungry, cold and tired but dared not stop.

The family was surprised, while having their morning prayers and Scripture reading, to hear a familiar "Y--a-hoo!" Rushing out, they saw John staggering up the road. Thirty-six miles, carrying his packet of money, stumbling through brush, swamp and fields, was tiring.

The story was told in short order while the family silently listened. John Ulric took the money and left to distribute it to the respective families. John went to bed. Verena wept bitterly all day long. "It is wrong, it is sinful to take this money. It is blood money. We are giving our boys' blood for money."

Late that afternoon, one of the younger boys hitched a team of horses to a wagon and started for Madison. It was still dark when within two miles of Camp Randall. From there John slipped back to camp on foot. He got past the outer picket and the second sentry, but he ran flat into another one. Acting quick as a flash, he tore his clothes open and asked direction to the latrine. He was back in camp. Eleven others tried to jump bounty, but were caught and sentenced to prison; a fate which the youthful John would have met, even though his objective had not been to attempt to defraud, but to save the money.

The days dragged slowly at Camp Randall. John carved some wooden blocks to stamp his name on his blankets. Others asked him to do it for them. He carved out the whole alphabet, and at the rate of 25? per blanket, he made $16. 00 marking blankets for the boys of Co. H, 48 Wisconsin Volunteers. After a few days, the companies were organized and basic drill began. John was called to headquarters and informed that he had been assigned to 'help the cook'. He was frankly pleased as he preferred kitchen work to marching around in the slush of a February thaw. One evening a wagon came to the cook's quarters. It was loaded with horse meat. This was unloaded and the wagon was filled with quarters of beef. The next day the soldiers had boiled horse meat instead of beef. This rankled the young Swiss farm boy and the following morning he told Henry Stauffacher that he would not work for that cook any more.

"He is a thief and I won't work with a thief. " He didn't report for duty.

The Sergeant had another idea, however. John was marched to the Captain's quarters. When asked what the matter was, he sullenly stated that the cook was a thief, and told his story. The Captain, a fat middle-aged man who had been a tavern keeper before he had rounded up 100 volunteers and became a captain, leaned back in his chair and laughed. Then, squinting at John said,

"You are too smart to be a cook. Come back tomorrow at this time".

The next day the Captain gave him a letter stating he should proceed to Albany, New York and report. Upon arriving in Albany, New York, he was sent to Nashville, Tennessee. From there to Athens, Alabama, where he was to meet a man named Timothy Morse, who would give him further instructions. He was now a Federal Scout, and this took him among the people where he mingled, attended their gatherings, weddings, funerals, danced and became a part of their life. His quiet disposition, together with his great distaste for the work he was called upon to do, prevented him from ever telling anything about this work other than how he carved breast pins from clam shells, made finger rings from 50-cent pieces, and general stories showing the war weariness of the broken families and convalescing soldiers. He was a young slender boy working to earn money. He would be given two half dollars, one for the work, the other to hammer and polish into a ring. He made shell carved pieces, and sold them for from ten cents to a dollar.

His official duties were chiefly to locate provisions and mules and to report back to the proper persons. He refused a promotion in rank, because he felt he was in less danger if captured as a "stupid private" who had 'deserted' than if he had any rank. What actually took place, no one ever knew, except for his great fund of folk songs. Some of them seemed to have unlimited number of verses. Each verse having a couplet,

gradually telling the story with a repeated chorus such as "Fair Ellen", "Over the Mountain", as well as an unlimited number of plantation and field hand jig tunes, "lined" songs, where a line was sung by a leader and repeated by the group. He used to sing these with his children when they were working together.

Ike and Conrad had been together for over two years. Tennessee, Alabama, Atlanta, Georgia. They were tired, bored, sick of everything connected with the war. There were, however, little incidents which kept them going, and which were told repeatedly for days.

There was the incident of Hank. He was a quiet, serious boy who never took part in rough horseplay. Instead of going on a drunk or even taking part in general scuffling wrestling affair, he would sit on his bunk and read his Bible. The boys would drop a handful of sand down his neck. He would lift the collar of his shirt without lifting his eyes from the page and keep on reading. They would drag him off the bunk by his feet. He would sit on the floor and keep on reading. If it became too noisy, he would walk out and find a quiet corner. When someone poured some water on his plate of beans, he quietly poured off the water and kept on eating. He never reacted to any insult or pushing around. One day he was sitting as usual on his bunk reading his Bible. Dick was lying on the bunk above him. Dick decided to break the monotony by talking to him and making remarks, which kept the place in an uproar. Then he began to drop pieces of bark, dry beans, even pinches of dry tobacco on the open book below him. No response, just a quiet movement of the hand to brush the page clean. Then Dick let fly a stream of tobacco juice on the open book. Hank, with no change of expression, lay the open book on his bunk and walked out. The boys roared, almost in hysterics. When they had quieted down, Hank was back. He quietly walked to his bunk and, most unexpectedly, took hold of Dick's leg, jerked him off the top bunk to the floor. In his left hand, he had a short oak stick. Before anybody noticed what was happening and before Dick caught his breath, Hank was pounding the daylights out of Dick. Then he quietly lay his club on the floor, picked up his Bible, wiped the pages with his sleeve, and went on reading, never changing his expression. Dick, the camp Bully, lost prestige. Hank became the topic for breaking the monotony — the leaf that quivered on the general scene.

THE WATER TANK

The breaking of routine took various forms. It was autumn in 1864. Company B, of the 31st Wisconsin Volunteers, was assigned to an area which had been devastated. After a Battle, when the enemy had been defeated, picket duty was monotonous. Picket guards were placed for a mile or more out from the camp. All the boys dreaded the lonely assignment. The nights were getting chilly, rations were low, and their clothes were makeshift. Ike was selected for the out- Picket duty. He shrugged, grinned at Conrad, and left. He was able to take it better than most of the boys. There was always a reserve which helped him meet situations. As when he was invited to dinner at the home of a girl whose father, a strict New England Puritan, asked Ike to say grace before the meal. Surprised, he quickly responded in sonorous tones in German. *"Alle Katzen Augen Warten Auf Den Mausen Seele, "*Amen. (The eyes of all cats await the souls of mice.) The tone seemed satisfactory.

This night picket duty also came as a shock, but something usually happened. It was cold. Not even a cricket was chirping. Ike took in the desolate scene around him. Stumps of broken trees, holes where bombs had ripped the earth. A smashed wheel. Some ragged remnants of clothing. The rising moon throwing weird shadows. A tiny trail of smoke, rising from a pile of debris. The cold, the smoke, pieces of wood--suggested a little fire. Soon a little blaze disclosed some unexploded bomb shells which had gone dead, as the wick had hit the ground before it had ignited the powder. Ike began to roll a few of these into a little pile. It warmed him to move the heavy shells. He stood again looking around at the destruction. Acting on a half thought, he moved some of the burning sticks of wood to his pile of "Dud" Bombs. A fuse began to fizz. He ran back and dropped into a shell hole. He had been in many battles, but never had so many bombs exploded so fast and so near to him. If he was surprised, imagine the surprise at headquarters. The roar of conflicting commands. The rush to the dirt-bank redoubt, the final discovery of the cause of the bombing.

It took about an hour to allay the disturbance and to locate the culprit. The company officer was angry and humiliated. A court martial was in prospect. A Sergeant was ordered to take care of this impossible private of Company B, 31st Wisconsin Volunteers. There was no stockade in this temporary, after-battle stopping place. The Sergeant noted a water tank on posts. He took Ike and tied him securely--legs, arms, and neck--to a post. That will keep you for a while, said the sergeant as he left for a little shuteye. Ike couldn't move. The tank had a small leak. The drops hit Ike on the back of his head and cold water slithered down his back. Soon he began to shiver from the cold. Then the drops began to make louder and louder sounds as they hit the back of his head. Soon he heard the

sound of bombs, nearer, nearer, louder and louder. The sound was unbearable. He screamed. He thought Conrad was hitting him with a sledgehammer. Suddenly he awoke. He was on a cot in a tent. All was quiet. Finally he learned that the Army had been gone for three weeks. Men too sick to move had been left with a staff of attendants to take care of them. Ike slowly recovered and was able to join his Regiment when they were discharged in August, 1865.

THE TRENCHES

"Hello Yank!" "Hello Johnnie!" The half whispered calls went up and down the lines of trenches. It was raining; the weather was cold in the spring of 1865. For days it had been mud, cold rain, cold winds, few spurts of musketry, a cry of someone hit, a change of position by sliding toward the left. Cold and very scarce rations, scraping out mud that had slid down, --misery.

The bearded, mud covered boys calling to each other from the parallel trenches were deadly enemies, whose job it was to kill or get killed. They were in a life and death struggle of the bitterest period of the Civil War. It was the siege of Petersburg. Both armies knew it was a battle to determine whether the skill of General Lee could defeat the dogged side and forward movement of General Grant.

Conrad was feeling low. His best friend had been left in a Field Hospital in the deep south. Then, during a hot skirmish a few days ago he had lost the end of his right thumb. The overheated rifle had fired when he was setting the load with his ramrod. The ramrod had blown out and taken the end of this thumb. The shattered end was removed to the first joint, and after a day back of the lines, he was moved up to the fox holes again. Back to a waiting, shifting position, shivering, watching for a chance to shoot the confederate soldier opposite, and to gradually out flank the "Johnnie Rebs."

At the second call, "Hi Yank, " Conrad responded. He stuck his cap on his ramrod, and across from him a hat was similarly placed. The voice called, "Yank, let's bail out. " It was safe since the Corporal of the Guard has passed about five minutes ago. They hurriedly began slushing out the water filled trenches with their hands, and as much of the soupy mud as they could. Then, pulled what dry grass, dead weeds they could reach, which they put in the bottom of the fox hole. A low whistle moved along the line. They jumped back into the trench, took down their ramrods, and were ready to do what was expected of them. The Corporal of the guard came and went into the foggy darkness again. Silence. Then a low whistle along the opposite trenches. Again the half-whispered call. "Hello Yank." "Hello Johnnie." Got anything to trade? "Coffee and bacon." What you got? "Tobacco and corn meal. " The trade was finished with no haggling. They dropped back into their foxholes ready for the deadly business of killing. They never got to know their opposite because they were continually being shifted to out-flank the enemy. There were bursts of fierce fighting, and Conrad mentioned how shortly after being shifted and replaced a terrific explosion had ruined the attempt to undermine the Confederates. There was a great loss of lives.

Conrad had spent over three years in the war. Vicksburg, Atlanta, and the Petersburg campaign; but whenever anyone began talking about the war, he would change the subject or tell some story similar to the one above or tell some yarns with an unexpected humorous ending. Life is endurable because of what we remember. What we remember depends on our temperament and disposition.

A SOLDIER ON WINGS 1862-1864

"They are sneaking around to the right, watch out," yelled the Sergeant. He had been alerted by a warning cry from 1000 feet in the air. Company C, was edging through the scattered undergrowth of a hillside on the west side of the Mississippi River. It was a morning in February, 1862, and the alert came from the first air borne soldier of the American Army. The unusual warning came from Old Abe, the Mascot Eagle of Company C, 8th Wisconsin Volunteers.

When the eagle, from his vantage point, saw a group of men creeping up the ravine toward his perch carried on the shoulder of his Bearer, the innate instinct of the eagle protecting his nest gave vent to his defiant scream, and warned his company of the outsiders approaching. His fore-bearers had done this to other marauders for countless generations.

In the spring of 1861 Chief Sky, a young man called A-ge-mah-me-ge-zlug, a Chippewa Indian, captured a young eagle in the Flambeau country and sold it to Daniel McCann, of Eagle Point, just north of Jim Falls, Wisconsin, for a bushel of corn. McCann took it to Chippewa Falls hoping to sell it to the First Wisconsin Battery which was being organized there. They were not interested, so he went on 12 miles down the river to Eau Claire. Captain J. E. Perkins, of Company C, 8th Wisconsin Volunteers, raised five dollars by giving $2. 50 and collecting the rest. James McGinnis was appointed the Bearer. The Bearer, his perch, and gradually most of the men of the company became his fiercely to protect, as only an eagle will claim, fight and watch over his own. It was said of him, "he was spiteful as a scorpion, dangerous to his enemies, a Nemesis to small birds and small game, but gentle and receptive to those people he looked upon as friends."

For twenty years, until his death, he was the most famous flying soldier in America.

When he was formerly sworn into the service of the United States, along with the rest of his Regiment, he was a healthy youngster, weighing ten pounds. During the next three years, like his fellow soldiers, he matured and became as wise in the new form of warfare, as his ancestors had been down through the centuries.

For a few weeks he had to be tied to his perch, but by September he had accepted it as his own. When they came to the river town of La Crosse, the crowd angered him and he grabbed the ribbons on his perch and screamed.

(1) Green Co. History, 1884

From there to Camp Randall west of Madison. Again the big crowd stirred him. As they entered the gates to the entrance of the encampment, the young eagle, now formerly named Old Abe, screamed at the crowd, and showed his defiance by grabbing a corner of the United States flag carried beside him. Old Abe half lifted his wings, kept his beak grip on the corner of the flag and held that fighting position until they had reached the Colonel's Quarters. The crowd went hysterical. The Eagle Regiment was established.

In October the Regiment started for the western war theatre. The Eau Claire Free Press reported, "At Chicago, formed in platoons, we took our way through the city, our Colonel and Governor Alexander W. Randall leading us on horseback. Our progress was marked by many demonstrations of enthusiasm.... I fancied the eagle for once seemed to be of more importance than the Eagles, and received cheers and flattering comment enough to spoil any less sensible bird."

When the regiment got to St. Louis, troops for the western army paraded through the streets, but Old Abe disrupted the parade. Again stirred by the cheering and shouting, he rose up, broke his tether, and soared above the crowded streets, swooping and screaming his battle cry. The parade became a shambles, but near the end of the line of march, he quietly submitted to return and be tied to his perch. He had now established a pattern, which later he followed when the noise and excitement of battle arose. If he was kept chained, he would scream, claw and flap his wings in frustration and anger. The battles of Farmington, Mo., Shiloh, Corinth followed. He was now a seasoned soldier. He seemed to lead a charmed life. The Confederates offered a reward for his death. They never stopped trying to hit him, but he was never wounded, although he lost feathers. At the Battle of Corinth, he was fiercer than usual. He was in the thick of the fight, sailing out over the enemy lines screaming defiance. Swooping, sweeping back and forth, from his own regiment, out over the enemy and back again. When the fighting ended, and as dusk approached, he came back to his bearer and perch.

In camp Old Abe amused himself catching bugs, fishing in creeks and grabbing bullets rolled toward him along the ground. He also caused his share of trouble, tipping over water pails and sneaking into the sutler's tent to tear up soldier's clothes. The bird also became skilled at stealing chickens from the regimental cook, and on more than one occasion the furious cook wore himself out chasing Old Abe down the company streets, hurling threats of grim retribution after the thief.

Old Abe's keeper was the only soldier who could consistently approach the bird without fear of damage to clothes or person. The bird had several attendants during his campaigns, and with each of them he was on the best of terms. The eagle's keeper was responsible for feeding Old Abe when he failed to find his own food and, when the bird didn't feel like going after his own water, the soldier emptied a canteen down Old Abe's upturned beak.

Anyone who teased the eagle, and there were a few soldiers reckless enough to do so, lived to regret it. Old Abe had an elephantine memory and, watching his chance, usually repaid his tormentors with deep scratches from beak and claws.

Having carried Old Abe so far, members of the Eighth took no chances at losing him, even holding up an entire line of march on one occasion until he could be found. Captain A. G. Weissert of the regiment told that story after the war:

"The Eighth was not so fortunate as to remain long in camp on any occasion, and so it proved at Germantown. One morning the regiment unexpectedly received orders to forthwith break camp and report to the brigade commander on the Memphis road. It took the old regiment but a few minutes to strike tents and get itself into marching order, as it had often received similar orders before under like circumstances. Old Slack, the regimental bugler, had sounded the assembly and orders were given to 'fall in', and in less time than this incident can be told the boys were in line, ready to march. But they did not march. Again an aid-de-camp hurriedly delivered orders to the colonel commanding, directing him to report with his regiments as before ordered--still the regiment did not move. The rear companies asked the cause of the unusual delay, when their attention was directed to the eagle-bearer, out in a field near a great forest, looking skyward. There, soaring high above the bearer was Old Abe, the pet of the regiment."

"Gradually the eagle circled his way toward his keeper, who stood below with shield extended as a signal for him to return. This he did, and when the bearer with the eagle took his place near the colors, the regiment moved off with light hearts and soon reported to the brigade commander, but not until it had been ordered to do so for the third time. As the regiment came marching along with the long, swinging step so common with the Western soldiers, the colonel saluted Gen. Mower, who in an impetuous manner said:

" 'Colonel, did you not receive orders to report here with your command some time ago ?'

" 'Yes, sir,' replied the colonel.

" 'Then, why did you not report promptly—you have kept the column' waiting nearly an hour.'

" 'General,' said the colonel, 'Old Abe was off when your unexpected orders were received, and the boys of the Eighth would not march without their eagle.'

" 'I don't blame them. Under the circumstances,' said the old general, 'd--d if I would have marched, either."

The last battle in which this great flying soldier took part, was the Battle of Hurricane Creek, Mississippi, in the late summer of 1864.

After the war he was presented to the State of Wisconsin. His headquarters was the basement of the state capital. Visitors from far and near came to see him. Jane Adams spoke of her visit there as one of her greatest thrills.

"The live eagle, Old Abe, and the tattered and riddled colors of the regiment attracted all eyes. Since we first saw him at Camp Randall, in 1861, Old Abe has grown considerably, and has acquired dignity and ease of bearing. He sits on his perch undisturbed by any noise or tumult, the impersonation of haughty defiance. He has shared all the long marches of this regiment ... and passed through a great number of battles, in which he has once or twice had some of his feathers shot away, but has never received a scratch from a rebel bullet sufficient to draw blood...."

He became the great attraction at meetings throughout the country. Barnum offered $20, 000 for him. In March of 1881 a fire in the capital caused his death. He was skillfully preserved in the Museum, where I saw him in 1900. In 1904, a fire destroyed much of the museum, including OLD ABE. A marker commemorating this famous Civil War Aviator has been placed on State Highway 178 above Chippewa Falls.

The soldiers of the Civil War did not have the luxury of K Rations. Once a week, great barrels of salt pork were rolled in - A man - without a shirt on, reached into the salt brine and grease, and handed out great chunks of "sow belly". A weeks ration of meat - The soldiers could fill their 'knap sack', with "Hard tack", - cook their pork in a little pan over a fire. Sometimes they also had corn meal. -When rations were short, they did the best they could - even sneaking corn from the Captains horse.

-On being discharged at Madison, a group of the soldiers, with back pay in their pockets - drifted about town. Some got drunk in the taverns. Some lost their money by gambling. -Eight of the Dutch Hollow boys decided to have a good Hot dinner at a Hotel. -They walked into a Dining Room. The waiter looked them over and said, "Full up." They tried several other places, without luck. Passing a grocery store, they saw bushels of onions: -They bought a peck of onions and three loaves of white bread, - walked to the shore of Lake Monona, and really enjoyed a Hot dinner of onions and white bread. –

Data from State Historical Society, Madison, Wis.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

The Spanish - American war did not hit the little Valley directly. Company H went from Monroe, but only two young men went from the little Valley. Several more were planning to leave after the harvest was over, but the war ended on August 12, and Dewey's Manila victory occurred on August 13th. Three occurrences connected with that war still are remembered, or at least come into the general conversations. The first, which most people have heard of, is Chewing Gum. For 100 wrappers of a very special Fruit Flavored Yucatan chewing gum, the chewer could receive a celluloid button with a phrase on it. Five buttons would make a verse, which would give the lucky person a Dollar Watch. Several boys won a watch. The complete verse was,

The Queen of Spain
Blew up the Maine
The Rogues of Spain
Denied the Same.
Fight Spain.

While the purpose of the scheme was to counteract the claim that the Queen of Spain wished to call off a fighting war, and also to sell gum after all that Chewing those of us who had several buttons, but not the correct ones, were ready to fight anyone.

The second item, -another Chicago paper, in order to overcome the lead of its rival thru the Gum campaign, offered a daily paper for one dollar a month. Nearly all families responded. Hence, everyday one youngster from each family in a radius of three miles from the store and Post Office had to get the paper. That was a summer to remember.

The third event was when the two young men came home, unharmed and surprisedly in good health. The following Sunday, a big crowd of men and boys collected after church services to hear about the War first hand. One of them, who was a particular adapt story teller held forth. His account, as I remember it, was, —"It had rained steadily for ten days. It was a continual torrent. Everything was soaked, steaming hot and mouldy. The rain stopped. The sun came out like a hot blast of a furnace. We worked like dogs cleaning up the mess, drying out the camp, piling food and boxes of canned meat, pork and beans and other stuff out in the sun to dry. When night came, we were glad to get away from the mud, mosquitoes, and the heat. We crawled into the tents, closed them tight, threw ourselves on our bunk, - where in spite of the muggy heat, which was worse than the suns heat during the day, -and went into an exhausted sleep. Suddenly we were awakened by scattered shots. We jumped out, and pulled on our boots. The shots continued. Suddenly a terrific blast, then the rapid sputtering of Gatling Gun Fire. By the time we were out it was over. We were not in Cuba. We were in camp in Florida. The shots and blasts, were the cans of spoiled meat blowing up. The rotten food killed more of us than the Spaniards did. " Later his story was verified and Dr. Wiley fought

for a pure Food Law, which was adopted about 7 years later during the time Theodore Roosevelt was president. The story of that soldier became a legend in the Valley. This was retold in many and varied accounts and stories. The legend contains the truth, the accounts vary with the details to suit the occasion, history tries to give the explanation and the recorded facts.

FORT RILEY - 1917

"You are in the Army now!!" The monotony of army life has always been relieved by incidents which serve as topics of conversation when men who have survived get together. - In 1947 I stepped into a small bakery to get a loaf of bread. - To an older man, who had come in from the kitchen, I said, -"My wife asked me to come here for bread. I must admit she has good sense, this is the best bread I have tasted since I was with the Cavalry at Fort Riley in 1917." Then I learned that he had been the Baker there thirty years ago.

After that we often talked over past experiences. The yarns which we both remembered were the kind of experiences which get soldiers into trouble with the established order. In 1917 the Armed Forces were being pulled together fast. Young Officers were needed. Six weeks of intensive training was given to possible officer material, and the Army was soon flooded with smart young men, as Second Lieutenants. Most of these young Officers, who were keen enough to accept suggestions from experienced Sergeants, became very good officers. As a whole they were not too welcome among the older 'regulars' who had had extensive experience. They were spoken of as Six Week Wonders, or more briefly as 'Shave Tails'. Most were very good. Some few deserved the scorn of the old timers, such a man was the young son of a prominent government official, - the men hated him. Each trooper had his own pet horse among the remounts. One had a very fine chestnut sorrel, of which he was particularly fond. It received special care and grooming. Its hoofs were oiled and polished, mane and hocks carefully trimmed and tail brushed. He was a beauty. The young 'Shave-tail' decided to appropriate him.

An orderly brought it around. Someone had 'inadvertently' slipped a couple of cockleburs under the saddle. When the horse was mounted it reacted as it was supposed to do. The young 'spit an Polish' officer lay in the dust.

He rather suspected a certain trooper, and the next day walking along the line of men standing for inspection, he hit the suspected man across the stomach with the flat of his sword, and said "Pull in your belly". The Old Colonel saw what had happened. He walked over to the young Lieutenant, spoke to him quietly for a moment. The Troop was dismissed. We never saw that Young Lieutenant again. No one knew what had happened. The old Baker, after 30 years gave me the most plausible solution. - "The Old Colonel chewed him up, spit him out, and flushed the toilet."

The famous cavalry saddle was attributed to having been developed by the efficient - General Philip Henry Sheridan. It was a marvel of efficiency for fast moving, hard riding fighting men, light, strong, simple

with minimum comfort. It had brass rings attached for every type equipment needed for fighting. Nothing surplus. Strong as steel, and built for the comfort of the horse, more than the trooper. A special feature, however, was an oblong opening in the center of the seat. It was about three inches wide and 15 inches long. This reduced the weight of the saddle, and was some comfort to the riders on long hot sultry days. It was advisable to sit in a relaxed position, well centered in the saddle, and with relatively long stirrups,. Awkward sitting or off center wore raw spots on the riders thighs. - After 50 years, my saddle is still well oiled and in good condition.

In 1917, I was attached to one of the finest Cavalry regiments of all time. Most of the troopers were established and experienced cavalry-men. Some additional recruits were being accepted, to bring it up to full quota. A group of eight boys from New York City, assuming that the Cavalry would be interesting, and not likely to be sent to Europe, enlisted. They rather noisily let it be known, that they were not interested in slogging through the mud, digging trenches and building barb wire fences.

After they were checked in, their training began. Their experience had been limited to a little riding around a park in New York City. The 'remounts' experience with men had been a series of roping, fighting, saddling, a hard time with a skilled horseman, certification as a saddle-broke remount, and now the introduction to the Recruit. After the normal amount of confusion, the eight horses formed a circle. Each horse had a lead rope about 15 feet long attached to his hackamore and held by the man ahead. The rider sat at a slight angle, instead well centered, in order to maintain some sort of correlation between the green rider, and the restless horse behind. The first morning, they simply walked their horses for about an hour. Of course, the restless horses did the normal amount of fighting, hopping, twisting to be expected, which was enough to make the boys think a rugged experienced was had. In the afternoon, for an hour they bumped along at a slow trot. On the second day a few rails were laid across the track of the circle. At each one, the horse gave a little extra "up and down". During the following exercise periods, the rails were gradually lifted, until the horse learned to jump over the obstruction. On the fourth day. all eight reported to "Sickbay". The reaction of the commanding officer was. -'They're in the Cavalry now. When the blood soaks through their britches, give 'em sick leave".

The Troop as a whole was very happy. When the new "Cavalry" men from New York City, obtained permission for a transfer to another area of the armed forces, where they were more suited. The Quarter Masters Corps at Camp Funston.

While these Swiss Americans were opposed to war - they always responded to what was expected of them. Their background and culture,

included the idea that while opposed to foreign wars, -each young man, 19 years of age must give a year to Government Service - of a nature best suited to his ability. -And he was subject to call until he was 40. - After that until 60 he might be assigned special assignment if needed. They were instilled with the concept of following the established law. If you don't like it - then, since this is a Democracy, change the law.

V Mystery Tales And Legends

MYSTERIES

There are no stories which hold the attention as much as a mystery story which concerns ones own locality. When some unexplained event occurs, the echoes will be heard over a period of years. There was one such story, parts of which were repeated for over fifty years. Today it is practically forgotten, although the last episode occurred more than fifty years after the first. It is still a mystery although there is one person living who has a clue, brought about by that last episode. In fact, all of these stories grew over the years, as additional information came to light. In all cases, the readers conclusion may be the best. There is one series of occurrences that dates back farther than the others It began over 100 years ago, before the beginning of the Civil War and the last known episode was about the time of the Spanish American War. The conclusion will never be written. For want of another title, we will call it the "Lime Kiln. "

THE LIME KILN

"Too much cherry brandy, " was the reaction of the men at the Barn raising. Fred Zentner had just finished telling about his last night's experience. He had come home about midnight. It was pitch dark. A storm was gathering. He could keep on the road by feeling the gravel and an occasional flash of lightening. He came around a bend in the road on the edge of Thompson's woods. Something jumped out onto the road. It was big and at first he thought it was a bear. He heard a chain rattle. A flash of lightening showed it to be light colored. It must be a head of cattle dragging its tie chain. It sounded about thirty feet ahead of him, but the woods made the night even blacker. At least he could hear it ahead of him and he kept on the road more easily. His mind drifted back to what took place at Rheiners that evening. There was a sudden roll of thunder, a flash of lightning, and a terrific screeching yell. In front of him he saw the object. It was about seven or eight feet tall, misty white, hopping along the road, with chains rattling. For a minute he was scared stiff. Then the diabolical laugh ending in a screech was repeated. Impulsively he dashed ahead, and grabbed the object. "It felt like foam, " he said, "and seemed to melt away. " After standing breathless, and sweating in agony for a few seconds, he started for home running the remaining mile in terror. He didn't try to cover-up his actions. He was scared, and admitted it. The men, took it as a joke. "If it wasn't cherry brandy, it was a nightmare from eating all evening." He had told his story. The men had work to do and forgot his dream yarn.

About a month later Ulric was coming out of the house after break fast. It looked as if it would be a nice day to cut hay. It was annoying to

be stopped by Mrs. Babler who came running down the road calling, "Wait, Wait." When she got to him she was out of breath, and sobbing so she could not speak. Rather impatiently, Ulric told her to speak up, he was in a hurry. Her story was short. Jacob, whom she had always loved and respected, had not come home from work last night. He had been working at a saw-mill about four miles from home. At first she thought he had to work late, but when he was not home by 10 o'clock, she decided he was going to stay there for the night. At 4 A. M. he came running up to the house. He was dirty, as though he had rolled in a ditch. His eyes were blood shot. Slumping into a chair, he told her he had started for home, when it was nearly dark. As he was going thru the Sylvester woods, a big object jumped in front of him. He thought it was a bear, but he heard chains rattle. It ran in front of him and when some light came through an opening in the trees, he saw a tall white pillar ahead of him. He jumped at it - touched it. It felt like wool, and sunk from under his hands. The chains rattled, and there was a terrific shriek. He dashed for the woods, and lay all night, shaking, behind a big basswood log. Soon he heard the chains, a weird laugh and scream about 100 yards away. He lay there till dawn began to appear in the east.

She knew what was the matter. He had been drunk, but now, instead of admitting it like a man, he came up with the same fool story Zentner had told at the barn raising; couldn't he think his own lie? She could forgive a man for getting drunk, but could not forgive a man who thought she was so stupid she would believe such an excuse. Ulric was anxious to get to work. "Go tell Verena, " he said and left.

Ulric worked hard all day. It was hot. The hay was thick, by evening the scythe was heavy. He was too tired to eat much supper and as soon as the chores were done he went to bed. He was restless. He dreamed he was stuck in the mud and could not pull himself out. He was falling down a cut bank and his aching arms could not hold him to the little tree he caught on the way down. There was a noise. He sat up in bed and saw standing in the glow from the window, an object, described by Zentner and Babler. Was he dreaming? He pinched his arm. Then he heard Verena beside him give a gasp. A chain rattled. The light from the window glinted on the long blade of a knife. Moving toward Verena with a leap he was across his wife, grabbing the object. The house echoed with a wild hysterical yell. In his hands, Ulric held a long sack-like mantle of sheep skins, with the wool on the outside. One of the boys heard the shriek, dashed down the stairs in his shirt-tail after the flying object. When caught, she dropped to the ground and laughed and laughed. It was the wife of a man who had come about a year before to take over the old Howard Lime Kiln. The woman refused to get up so they put her in a wheel barrel and pushed her home, about a mile. Her husband was stoking the lime kiln, on its all - night burning.

He thanked them for bringing her home. They had come from

Pennsylvania the year before, after the death of their son. She was often morose. Sometimes she would sit with him when he burned lime at night, then suddenly she would not be there. She would return in the morning, bedraggled, tired and weary. This seemed to account for the past mysteries.

A month or two later, the report spread, that the lime burner and his wife were gone. Someone went for a load of lime, the house was empty and the dishes on the table and clothes lying about, have the impression it had been suddenly deserted. He took what lime he needed, left a record on a board kept for that purpose. Later others did the same. The kiln was soon empty. The family never returned. The 40 acre hill was sold for taxes and the loan from the bank. No one ever heard of the man and his wife again. Years passed.

A little boy sat on the hill above the ruin of the lime kiln. He noted the depression and a few stones where the house had stood. A short distance beyond the old apple tree was a larger broken stone wall, where the stable had been. Near the tree was a small depression, and below it a pile of fresh dirt from a newly dug woodchuck hole. He saw something white. It was a round object attached to a slender bone. Whirling the smooth round ball in his hand thus swinging the bone, he walked home. His father was near the granary. "What have you there." "Oh, this," answered the boy. "It's a bone with a round ball, I found it by the old apple tree. " His father took it, "Huh, it's an arm bone. " He went into the granary, got a grain sack and a shovel. They drove back to the apple tree. The arm bone wrapped in the grain sack was re-buried. Nothing was said. The boy often wondered which one was buried? What became of the other one? The hot lime kiln? The verdict is yours.

AN OLD SHOE

The man who told me this yarn is now nearly ninety years old, and the story will have no living witnesses when he no longer tells it—in fact, it is already an unrecorded occurrence of the time when Grover Cleveland was President of these United States. This is about as the old man told it to me over twenty years ago:

After more than fifty years the events of the day are still fresh in my memory. It had been an unusually hot day in August. While the work had not been hard, there was a certain gloom connected with it, but no one could refuse an old neighbor who asked for help. He had brought with him a neighbor from near Madison where he now lived and had two other neighborhood friends. I got some shovels, picks, a water pail, which I thought would be useful. It had taken all afternoon to open and fill the hole eight feet long, four feet wide, and six feet deep. Then shouldering our picks and shovels we walked down the hill without saying a word. George turned to the left, Ed kept on, my brother and I swung to the right with a half grunt at parting. The subject of the empty grave was never mentioned from that day to this.

The Barclay family had lived in the community for many years; everybody liked them. They came from Oshkosh, but seemed to fit into the farming neighborhood. They were good farmers, helpful neighbors and were generally liked by all who knew them. Erna was particularly well liked by the community, and when the rumor got around that she was planning to marry Jens Oleson, everybody nodded their approval. Jens had lived in the community for three or four years. Tall, slender, quiet young man, who had worked for the various farmers from time to time, and who had become a foreman for Alec Peters. He never entered into local quarrels, was always willing to do more than his share of work in rounding up cattle, or in any other work in which help was exchanged: A quiet, reserved, dependable man. There were some rumors that he had been engaged to marry a girl from Black River Falls. She was reported to have been a very high strung, emotional girl who suddenly fell in love with another man. Jens quietly withdrew and came to this community. Erna Barclay and Jens began to be seen with each other more and more, and finally it was announced that Jens had bought Peters layout and with some help from Erna's folks, Jens and Erna were going to get married and take over the farm. In the course of five years they became well established and three youngsters succeeded in taking up any spare time they had left after taking care of the ranch and the multitude of details it involved.

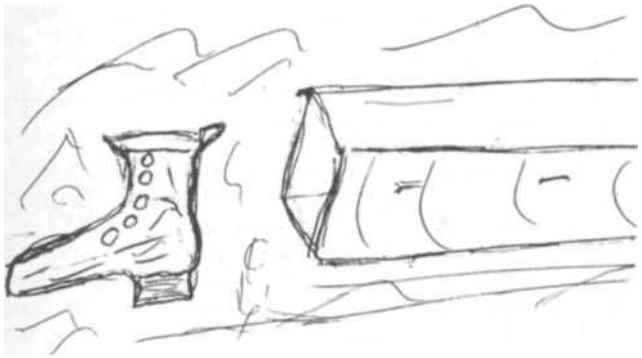
One spring the thaw began to come early and Jens had to spend more time in cutting the summer's firewood and fence posts, while there was still enough snow left for sledding. The extra chores which Erna was

required to do in addition to caring for the children and housework, was too much for her. She died of pneumonia. Jens kept on and the neighbors helped. He was able to hire housekeepers, but as most of them were from Racine or Janesville the farm life struck them as drudgery, after a few weeks, they would leave. As winter approached Jens began to dread the days ahead. A rumor reached him that the affair at Black River Falls had not materialized. He made a trip there and came back with a new bride, his old love caught on the rebound. The neighbors gave his new wife a friendly welcome, but they were not met with much enthusiasm. When any of the Barclays were mentioned, her dark eyes looked frozen and dull. She took good physical care of the children; they were clean, well fed, and not abused. She worked incessantly. New dresses were made for the little girls; new shirts and pants for the little boy. The arrangements in the house were changed. The kitchen became the living-room, the living room became the kitchen; the bedroom became the dining-room, and the dining room the bedroom. The porch and entrance were removed from the north side of the house and swung around the east. Every sign of the handiwork of Erna was removed. In addition to doing the housework and helping with the chores the new Mrs. Oleson used to spend spare hours in the afternoon cutting brush on the side hill which led up to the cemetery. Many an evening after the day's work was done she would be seen at dusk wearing course work shoes with brass eyelets, and men's work clothes, moving up to the brush piles and setting fire to them to watch their blaze far into the night as the flashes of light reflected on the grave stones.

Jens was a gentle person, very sensitive to subtle comments or half hidden jibes of his neighbors. He could not help feeling and occasionally over-hearing the expression of the community regarding his wife's intense jealousy for her predecessor. Likewise there was the rather tense feeling that must have pervaded his own household, about which no one else knew anything. At any rate, Jens sold out and moved to another community twenty miles away. About one year later his wife died and was buried in a local cemetery. Since he was now living in a new community, he felt that the mother of his children should be buried in the family cemetery. He got permission from the town clerk to move the body of his first wife. He had a grave prepared, and showed up one afternoon, asking help from his old neighbors to excavate the remains of Erna and haul them to their new resting place. In the back of his wagon, he had a brand new rough box in which the old coffin and its contents were to be placed. No one was anxious for the job; but no one refused. Two young men had volunteered, and my brother and I speedily responded to a suggestive nod from father.

The cemetery was on a hill of solid limestone. When the graves were first made they had to be cut, they were almost solid rock. This second excavation was relatively easy; a pick loosened up the dirt and stone and it was easily shoveled out, making a neat rectangle without

any danger of getting out of line. When we were down about three feet, someone remarked that the pick point ought to soon touch the top of the rough box. More dirt was thrown out. We went deeper; no change. A pick pulled out an old moldy half decayed leather shoe. It was a course small work shoe of a boy or woman with heavy brass eyelets. After a couple of hours more work, the grave was cleaned out. Not a sign of a box, coffin or remains were found. Jens got down on his knees, scratched around in the dust and sort of mumbled, "Rings and the coffin handles shouldn't have decayed." The old shoe with the brass eyelets, was the only thing found in that grave. Jens had a new pair of shoes in a pasteboard box in his wagon which he had purchased that morning. He emptied the shoes out of the box, filled it with dust, tied it with a string, and placed it in the big wooden rough box in the back of his wagon. The lid of the big box was screwed shut; the old grave refilled; we all signed the papers stating that we had opened the grave, removed contents and refilled the grave. Jens proceeded to his home to have the box with the remains placed in the new grave. We shouldered our picks and shovels, walked down the hill, and never mentioned the empty grave. "I have often wondered," said the old man as he finished his story, "but it's just as well that nobody knows."



GOLD

There were more than the usual dozen men and boys gathered around the stove in Anderson's Country Store. It was April 1914. Fred Anderson was in a small cubicle sorting the mail which had just been delivered from the county seat. The usual group of eager boys crowding past the men to get their mail order catalog or prize for wrappers of Arbuckle coffee or Yucatan chewing gum seemed more interested in what the men were talking about. Tom Crow told how when he had lost a cow he had given Dr. Dodge a dollar and the Doc went to sleep and while in a trance told him where to find the cow. Skeptical Otto Witt interrupted with the comment, "Shucks, that was nothing. All he had to do was think he was a cow and then act naturally which wasn't hard for old Doc Dodge to do. " A nervous chuckle of the group showed appreciation of the joke, but not conviction of a fact. Others spoke of instances where for a fee Doc would go to sleep and in a voice and language which only his wife could interpret he would answer questions, solve marital problems and give advice quite comparable to "advice to love-lorn" common in mid-twentieth century papers and to programs on radio and television.

Doc Dodge had lived in the community from about 1870 to 1895. He had been a very mysterious person. When he went to town he wore a tall hat of the 1860 vintage and had whiskers and a cravat which made him look like Horace Greely. He was reputed to be wealthy. Why not, when all he needed to do was to go into a trance and locate lost treasure? Facts, rumored and imaginative occurrences became a confused but generally accepted account of Dr. Dodge and his exploits.

The occasion for all this revived discussion was the finding of two pint jars of gold coins in the basement of the old house. Hank Barlow had recently married and purchased the old Dodge place from the local bank. His beautiful wife had shocked him by making her first positive demand. "I won't move into that house until you put a furnace in the basement." So, Hank, after checking the cost, agreed to put one in. By doing much of the rough work himself the cost would be $114. He went to work. The floor of the cellar was packed dirt which needed to be dug up and a stone base made for the furnace. The ground was hard. His shovel hardly made a dent. Bringing a pick from the barn, he hit down with all his strength. The pick sunk about four inches. A second blow--a third--a fourth, when bang, crash, crunch. The pick had hit a mess of glass. Stooping to throw out the splintered glass he saw a yellow disc—a twenty dollar gold coin. In shocked daze he began picking up gold coins. "If I hadn't cut my hand on some glass, I would have thought it was a dream. " There were 20 twenty dollar gold coins in the jar. Hank got busy and dug up the entire floor. He found another cache with over $200 worth of $5 and $10 gold coins. This event led to the revival of all the Doc Dodge stories.

I had been away from the area for several years, coming back occasionally to get away from the stress and pressure of life in Chicago. While all of the people were known to me, I felt it was better to stay in the background and not spoil their attempts to solve the problem or puncture their conjectures. The money was not a mystery to me, but solving the problem for them would have destroyed hours of interesting talk. It is also wiser for a person who comes back to avoid being a 'wise guy'. It added a little spice around Anderson's Store, at the sawmill, or the cheese factory when men gathered around. The solution was simple. The gold was skunk money. Nine years before that time I had been teaching a country school. There were 22 boys and girls, ranging from 4 to 18 years of age. There was one boy Orvie, who never became an integral part of the group. He was not interested in school work, nor in other boys and girls. Neither were they interested in him. He did not play ball nor fight with the other boys. He never brought his lunch to School, nor played 'Mumbly-de-Peg'. When asked about it he said, "I always eat before I go to bed. " He was a one meal a day man. Usually he was late, but always announced his coming by the odor of his clothes. He hunted skunks. At one of his more loquacious times he told me he had recently dug out a den with seventeen skunks asleep in it. He would grab them by the tail, hold them up, give them a quick rabbit punch with a short stick and immobilize them. There were times when I excused him for two or three days so he would become partly deodorized. Pelts were worth from 1 to 3 dollars depending on the amount of white fur on them. Once Orvie told me he had received $4 for a pelt with only one small spot of white. He was 16 years old. Once I asked him what he was going to do with his money. He said, "Save it, buy a (arm, and get married." A few years later he died and within a relatively short time his parents passed away. They had few assets and some debts which the bank and creditors liquidated. The gold coins which Hank found in 1913 were dated from 1883 to 1904, the last date was the year I knew Orvie. Everyone seemed to have forgotten him. The stories of Dr. Dodge and the cache of gold are still repeated.

BURCHARD BRAHM

In the Spring of 1875 John was in sore need of a hired man. He did not have very much money. A man came through the neighborhood looking for work. When a farmer, needing a hired hand asked him where he had last worked, he abruptly walked away. John was told that there was a man looking for work whom he could probably get for the money he was able to pay if he did not ask too many questions. Money was scarce. There were no funds in sight until the wheat was sold and then there would be the 10 percent interest to pay, the taxes, and certain necessities. Burchard (Burks) Brahm offered to work for $15.00 a month. John was surprised. Brahm was a tall, alert, well-built man of about 27 years of age, but no questions were asked.

John was anxious to have a man to help him. He felt sorry for Anne who had three babies to look after and the housework, in addition to the work she insisted on doing about the farm. The second week after Brahm was working there, John went to town to get some lumber for a cattle shed he was building. He left later in the afternoon, not expecting to be back until dark. After supper Brahms went to milk and Anne washed the supper dishes before going out to help him. When she came near the barn she heard a cow bellowing as if in terrific pain. Sometimes a cow got loose and began to hook other cows that were tied in the stanchion. She ran toward the barn as she came near she saw Brahms pounding a cow over the back with a scoop shovel, its back was red with blood from the gashed he had made. She was afraid to go into the barn and went back into the house. When John came home she told him that he must get rid of Brahms at once, but made him promise not to fire him abruptly. She had a scheme all worked out. The next day John was to go to town again and take the hired man with him. They were to go into a store and in the presence of other men pay Burks Brahm, and tell him that he did not need any further help. She was afraid Brahm might become angry and kill him. John laughed about it and thought it was silly. However, he always seemed to idealize Anne and would do many things he disapproved of just to please her. He got rid of Brahm without any difficulty.

A year and three months later a tragedy was reported from Shook's Prairie about 12 miles distant. Burks Brahm had been working for a farmer. He and the farmer had gone hunting together and the farmer was reported to have accidentally shot himself. That evening the twelve-year old daughter of the farmer sneaked out of the house after midnight and went to a neighbor's and told them that she had heard her mother and Burks Brahm, the hired man, planning to shoot her father. The coroner discovered that the farmer had been shot in the back twice. Burks Brahm confessed to having shot him and then gave him an extra shot in the back while he was squirming. Both Brahm and the farmer's wife were

eventually sent to the penitentiary where about a year later, she gave birth to a child. This was Brahm's second session at Waupun, which accounted for his objection to speaking of his previous place of employment.

Anne and John felt they were lucky to get rid of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were reading the local paper. An item attracted their attention: "Near Tragedy Averted. " The story went on to tell how little Arthur Jones had been hanged with a rope around his neck on a limb of a cherry tree near the school house. A passerby, seeing the boy squirming there, had cut him down and saved his life. "Was that you Arthur ? "Uh, huh," said Arthur. His mother rushed over to him, opened his collar, and saw the blistered circle which the rope had made on his neck. "Why didn't you tell us ?" he was asked. "I was afraid he would kill me, " he answered. "Who do you mean?" "Oscar" he said. "We were playing horse and I didn't run the way he wanted me to run, so he tied a rope around my neck, threw it over a limb, pulled me up, tied the rope around the tree, and left, " said eight year old Arthur.

Oscar, who had been born in Waupun fourteen years before, had been living with a local farmer who had known the man whom Burks Brahm had killed.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

One morning in the early part of July, as we were going to the house to eat breakfast, we heard a team being driven madly up the Dutch Hollow Road, crashing over the little wooden bridges, of which there were five or six in that half mile stretch. Father looked and said, "What's the matter? Is the team running away or is Jake going crazy?" We moved back toward the granary and as Jake came dashing up in a cloud of dust he yelled, "Allemann hung himself!" Breathlessly the story came out. Scattered comments and incidents which might have some bearing on the situation. The night before Allemann, the cheese maker had not been at the factory when the milk was brought in and Uncle Adam had asked my two brothers about 19 and 21 years of age respectively to help take care of the milk. It was assumed that the cheese maker had gone to town and gone on his occasional spree. I spoke up and said that just a few days before when I had been at the factory in the evening, the news of another cheese makers death had been brought to the factory. He was inclined to drink rather heavily and it was reported that his wife had him taken to jail to sober up. When he began to realize what had happened he took off his suspenders and with their aid hung himself on the bars of the jail window. Allemann had sat on a three legged stool and seemed rather depressed and said he did not understand how any man could commit suicide; that was the last thing he would think of doing. There had been an epidemic of suicides among cheese makers that year. It had been a rather prosperous year. Many of the cheese makers were married men who had come from Switzerland as skilled workmen. Life in a small, one man, cheese factory was rather lonely. Because of the refined character of Swiss cheese and the inadequate means of caring for milk in the little farms, it was found necessary to have the milk delivered to the factory as quickly as possible after milking and made into cheese at once. This meant that two batches of cheese a day were made, one in the morning and one in the evening. The cheese maker lived a very confined life. His pay was excellent but he had no chance of spending it until the winter time when there were important meetings like 'Schwingfest,' the famous wrestling meet, the Kaeser Ball, and similar events. Many of the men who had made a small fortune and had written home to Switzerland of their success found themselves penniless and after brooding over the situation for some time committed suicide. These celebrations usually brought with them vultures from outside the community who came to make a killing on these men with money in their pockets and with their judgment fogged by too much wine.

The method followed varied from season to season. If one or two of the first suicides were by means of a gun, it seemed that these few intoxicated depressives could think of no other means and you would have an epidemic of men blowing their brains out. One year a man committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid and before the year was over several

had used the same method. This year they seemed to have followed the lead of hanging and the dread sector had come to our own little valley.

Uncle Adam, on whose farm the factory and the cheese maker's home was located, was subject to asthma. After helping the boys take care of the milk the evening Allemann did not show up, he developed a rather severe attack and sat in a chair on the front porch all night. About four o'clock in the morning he decided he would walk up through the pasture and begin to turn the cows homeward, and incidentally walk past Allemann's house to see whether he had returned or was drunk. He came to the door and rapped. No response. He tried the door and it came open. He entered the main room of his five room house, a two-story building with a big living and bedroom and a kitchen downstairs, and two rooms upstairs, with a sort of shed for wood and pans outside attached to the living room. The bed was in a rumpled condition, boots and clothes were scattered around the floor. He walked towards the kitchen and in the semi-darkness of early dawn he bumped into the swinging form of the cheese maker hanging from a rope in the kitchen. There was an overturned chair, a jug of whiskey with the cork off beside him, and he swung rather low, his knees about eight inches from the floor. He had apparently been sitting in the kitchen drinking and thinking of his friends who had committed suicide and experimentally tried it. When he once got into this low position the load of whiskey he was carrying did not enable him to get up again, especially when the chair tipped over.

Uncle Adam let out a shout and dashed from the house. He forgot his asthma. He ran three quarters of a mile to Uncle Jakes house. Then he ran a mile and a half further to Schultz Station to telephone to the sheriff and coroner. The whole valley was in an uproar. The coroner's jury was assembled and the body cut down and taken to Monroe.

One of my brothers was 21 years of age and was called in to the coroner's jury. It upset him terrifically. The other was too young to be called on the jury but he had also seen the hanging man. I was about nine. We were finishing up haying that afternoon. There were just two or three small loads of hay from odd corners. I was on the hay load, driving the team, and the boys were pitching hay on to the wagon. There wasn't very much work to be done so most of the afternoon was spent sitting on the hay rack, in the shade of the big cherry trees. The whole horrible situation was gone over inch by inch. Towards evening the boys began to direct their attention toward me. Their remarks took a trend something like this: "I don't suppose the kid will dare haul milk any more in the evening. He will be afraid to go past Allemann's house." I protested, weakly, then, -"Oh sure he will, but he will imagine he sees the old cheese maker's head sticking out the window. "—"That will be pretty tough on him. When he grows up he won't dare to go see a girl because he will imagine he sees a ghost. " It was kept up for an hour or more as only big brothers could keep it up. Finally in desperation I said, "I am not afraid to go down there right now!" That spurred them to another idea.

One said, "There is an ice cream sociable tonight at the school house. I will give you a quarter if you go and light Allemann's lamp. " The other said, "I will give you another quarter and pay for all the ice cream you want to eat." That is all that was said. After supper and after the milking was done, I slipped over to the boys as they were hitching up the horses to deliver the milk to the factory and said, "I am going to light Allemann's lamp, " and started out across the back pasture, up over Brechlin's hill, across Nick's thicket, down through the old orchard to the back door of the wood shed. When I started one said, "I guess he actually means it. Do you think he might get scared and faint when he gets over there?" The boys talked for a moment. They were going to get their girls and take them to the ice cream sociable. Ulric was going to get the girls and Jake was to haul the milk and then meet them at the school house. Ulric said, "If you see a light in the house, keep on going. If you do not see a light, stop and go up that way and I will come across the fields. I can tell whether you see a light by listening to hear whether you cross wooden bridges. " In a few minutes he heard Jake cross the wooden bridges so he knew the light was on.

In the meantime, as I came through that orchard with the dusk settling over the countryside and deepening shadows, my heart pumped as it has never pumped since. I was desperately afraid. I had an old jack-knife that my Grandfather had willed to me when he died. I opened that knife and carried it in my hand. I came to the woodshed and entered it. There was a big wood box, half of it in the woodshed and half of it with a lid reaching into the kitchen. I knew I could get into this house in that way. I got into the woodbox, crawled through, raised the lid and hopped out into the living-bedroom. Jumping out of the woodbox, I stumbled over his boots. I took as step and fell tangled in a pair of his trousers that were lying on the floor. It was almost dark in the room." The unventilated house at the end of a hot July day seems filled with an acrid, stale odor which naturally emphasized the vision of a man hanging there for probably 18 hours. I light a match, there is his lamp on the table near the window. The sound of the lighted match sounds like a ripping board. I light the wick, replaced the lamp and begin carrying it to the kitchen where he had been hanging. What is that sound? Is it the shrinking timbers of the house as the evening coolness ?--I stop, it continues with a regular distinct thump, - a regular creaking in the floor above me. My heart has stopped beating and my muscles are frozen to rigidity. I put my hand on the latch to open the kitchen door and as the door was pushed open the light is blown out.

Anyone who intimates that a ten year old boy does not have the full strength of emotions that a grown person has, has never gone through that experience. The doors were locked. I could not see the woodbox any more. I did find my way back to the table by the window, took the hot chimney off and lit the lamp, replaced the chimney, left it sitting on the table near the window and dashed for the woodbox. How I got in and out on the shed side, I do not remember.

Through the orchard, through wire fences, across Nick's thicket filled with blackberry bushes and prickly ash is a blank. I do remember reaching Brecklin's corn field. The half grown corn reached to above my shoulders and as I dashed through it the leaves were snapping behind me. Every crack of the corn leaves gave added inspiration to my flight and shortly I was home. I changed my clothes, went to the ice cream sociable at the school house where after a few minutes my brothers arrived and hunting me up, filled my pockets with change and said most austerely, "Don't you ever mention what you did to anybody, " which admonition I kept until I was at least thirty years of age.

The community was excited. Leonard Norder, the constable, taking with him a few extra men, went over to the house, pried open the window, and pulling the lamp toward them, extinguished it. There was much discussion, whether the light had been lit for the two days, whether it had been lit by the coroner and sheriff, whether someone had lit the light as a trick. The latter was rather discounted. The house was torn down.

SEQUEL

The suicide of Allemann was a terrific shock to everyone in the community. The minister, was particularly upset by the situation. His circuit included evening services in New Glarus, 12 miles away. The Sunday after this occurred, he had worked very hard and the people at the other charge at New Glarus asked him extensively and all day long about all of the details of the suicide in Dutch Hollow. It was on his mind continually trying to explain why a man who did not have any particularly disturbing element in his life should do this. It was about midnight as he turned into the Dutch Hollow Road below the haunted house. He had been present with the coroner's jury when the body was cut down. There beside the left wheel of his buggy, he saw Allemann. At first he thought it was a dream and he shook himself but still he saw him there. He took out his whip and snapped it at his horses but still the body floated along beside his left wheel. He leaned forward, cracked the whip over the backs of his horses and as fast as they could gallop they dashed up the Dutch Hollow Road, across the bridges, past the church, and whirled on two wheels into the yard of the parsonage. The vision still was there beside his left front wheel. He jumped out of the buggy, dashed into his house and came out with a lantern. Then the vision had vanished.

The minister was not a particularly superstitious man. Instead he was a large, strong, vigorous individual not given to fantastic dreams. Some of the people took it as a joke and laughed about it. I was nine years old, I did not laugh because I remembered how clearly and distinctly I heard someone walk upstairs in the house just before the lamp was blown out.

THE BARREL

The corner store played an important part in the life of the Neighborhood. There was always a small permanent group. Two or three old men, who were no longer actively working, but were still recognized as important citizens of the community. They spent most of their leisure time over at the Store. A few younger men, who were not too regularly at work, either because their farm was not considered important, or the) had come to get the mail, buy an item or two, or were just there. There were a few individuals who were not regulars. They lived farther away, and come to the store at irregular times. To get a spool of wire, or a barrel of salt; to bring in a bundle of pelts from their trap lines; to pick up an extra job or just to come in for the general news and gossip. Then there was the steady flow of women, children and young men and boys who came for groceries, to loaf and listen.

The store crowd filled a need. The discussions dealt with politics, local, state and national; with different religions, crop rotation, care of milk, and along with free trade, free coinage of silver, the world's Fair in Chicago and the benefit of Contour Plowing, --this forty years before politicians discovered it and used it as something to talk about, which would win nods of approval. If you get the crowd to nod approval, it can be continued into nodding for the political candidate, repeating accepted facts becomes the bulk of what is said.

The store took the place of the later movie and of the True Story type of Magazine. One year, Tom Lanto, the local storekeeper, postmaster, depot agent and generally important citizen, returned from hunting with his quota of two beautiful buck deer. Everyone was sent home with a nice chunk of venison the next day. He also told us that he had found an enormous bee tree, and that he had two barrels of honey coming in a couple of days. "If you boys bring a lard pail, I'll give you each a quart, " he told us. We began carrying our pails. Several days later, the train set off two barrels for Tom Lanto. They were empty. He swore and said he knew who had stolen his honey. The agent in another small place, Stiegersitz, was a transfer station, where shipments from the north, were transferred southwest. 'I'll fix him so that he won't forget it, " said Tom. That was all we heard about it and the incident has long been forgotten, along with the people connected with the incident.

Forty years later, in a city more than a thousand miles from Stiegersitz, I became acquainted with a man who mentioned that he was a boy living in that place at the turn of the century. In talking about our early days in that region, he told me of an incident. One day a big 52 gallon barrel arrived in care of the depot agent, but with no other assign

nor any notation of the shipper. It stood on the platform for several days. The agent finally called headquarters for instructions. He was told to advertise the "Barrel" and then, if there was no response after a given time, to sell it at auction. The usual group of boys hanging around the little transfer station were curious. The barrel seemed heavy. It contained some liquid. Bees gathered where there was moist spots of seepage at the joints. Perhaps it was maple syrup. They got a small auger. Thru the hole they pushed a rye straw. Whew!! It was whiskey. Every evening they gathered. The contents were gradually lowered. Finally the day of the sale arrived. A big group came. The barrel and contents were bid in for $2. 50. A hammer knocked at the head. Contents, a partly filled Barrel of whiskey. The boys grinned at each other with superior smiles. But there was something else. A cadaver of a man. The boys looked sick. Some "flipped their cookies". The apparent trick on the Agent slightly miss-fired. Officials decided that the body was one picked up at the morgue.

No solution was ever reached.

JOSIE ARLINGTON

The usual crowd was gathered on the benches and the tie rails in front of the hardware store. Someone told of a light appearing each morning about 3 a. m. for the past several weeks in the cemetery near the Gap. The preacher had finally investigated and found it was the reflection of a bright star on a highly polished tomb stone. Someone told how recently a man was buried three years before and had been removed to another cemetery. When the coffin was taken up the lid was opened and his full bearded face was exposed. A gust of wind caused the beard to drop and expose a bare skeleton. One after another tried to out-do the previous raconteurs. A traveling salesman moved into the circle and told the story of Josie Arlington which he had recently heard on a trip to New Orleans. I thought it was a city slicker yarn and forgot about it for many years until the story was repeated to me in New Orleans, and I took the enclosed pictures.

"The marble waits immaculate and rude
Beside it stands the sculptor lost in dreams
With vague chaotic forms his vision teems
Fair shapes pursue him only to elude and mock his eager fancy
Lines of grace and heavenly beauty vanish, and
Behold out from the Parian darkness clear and cold
Glares the wild horror of a demon's face. "

Josie Arlington had just had a final word from her physician. She was in the last stages of tuberculosis with only a few months more to live. Snatches of her past life were going through her mind. Her glass of liquor that she had automatically poured stood untouched, the lighted cigarette slowly burned to ashes in her fingers. In her memory she saw the picture of her young face reflected in the quiet water of Lake Ponchartrain, looking back to her as she leaned over the side of her father's fishing boat. A sudden shift of the wind distorted the fact into the features of a monster. The picture of the quiet little home in a peaceful French community was suddenly distorted by the death of her father into a place of want and squalor, as the needs of the mother and children began to exceed their income and their capacity to work. She saw the pretty 15 year old girl working in a restaurant. Her bright face was framed by the wavy black hair which carried a subdued tone of burnished copper. When she lifted her long dark eyelashes and disclosed the blue eyes which were inherited from her Acadian ancestors, even the roughest of her customers became more gentle and the unscrupulous became more aggressively avaricious. Thus her new life which had many pleasant aspects brought to the surface things which ruined its beauty.

There were numerous mild or temporary affairs of interest which

soon vanished before they became a fixed part of her life. Finally, one affair left its Seal upon the life of Josie. The young man was from a family and from a status of life far above which she could have hoped for, though not beyond what she had dreamed about. He had the opportunities for an education and had financial resources which to her meager background seemed unlimited. She believed that he loved her and this was a dream come true. When he married a girl of his own social group, the affect was deeper than he could have realized. She tried to forget it by the reckless acceptance of the attention of men whom she had previously scorned and even now despised. Her life became a mockery of what it had been. Despite the change in Josie's way of life, she still retained beauty. Not the dew-kissed beauty of a morning rosebud, but rather the full-blown, even though somewhat harsh, beauty of the afternoon rose.

Her early need for money and the struggle to meet the bare necessities of life had given Josie the craftiness in business matters which might not have been found in a girl with a better financial background. By the time she was twenty she was collecting fees from girls for whom she found companions desirous of spending money. Remembering that picture, her mind reflected back over the years where flashes of beauty and peace were quickly distorted into gargoyles of scorn and bitterness.

Sitting there in half a stupor, the young girl whose beauty of person and loveliness of spirit had changed and grown into a nightmare. It was the reverse of all things hoped for and only housed in a shell of what had been. She had reached the very bottom of despair and futility.

A spark of her early life and hopes appeared. Josie went to see the parish priest. He told her that he would pray for her and intercede for her soul. This, however, did not meet her chief desire. She wished to buy a plot in the cemetery and erect a mausoleum before she died. This the priest refused. He explained that as a priest he would do whatever was possible to help her in spiritual matters. The matter of a plot and a monument was a different problem. Her way of life in the city had been notorious for years. Corrupt officials had condoned her activities, and new officials for a share of the loot had become corrupt. For years she had remained in control of the underworld. "It would" said the priest, "have a bad effect on the morals of young people in the city. " Josie already depressed about her own life, now became bitter at society in general and decided to leave her message to mankind in a permanent form. A sister of hers succeeded in buying a plot under the family name. Some time earlier a young woman had died and her family built a tomb of white granite. Its portals represented the pearly gates, and it was surmounted with carved flowers and lovely figures. A replica of the girl entering the pearly gates was carved of marble.

Josie Arlington had a tomb built on her plot in the Metairie cemetery.

It was made of brick red granite; instead of vases of flowers and figures it was bare, except for two bronze urns, from each of which protruded a carved piece of red granite which gave the appearance of flame. The door of bronze, standing partly ajar, with its heavy greenish-bronze chain unfastened.

In place of the angel-like girl entering, was a bronze replica of Josie Deubler Arlington. Her face partly turned toward the world, bore a look of sneering hate and anger. This, as she entered the door to darkness, was her message to mankind.

> "Heavenly grace and beauty vanish, and out of the darkness glares the wild horror, "

In 1921 Grahm Taylor who had been a social worker for many years took me to see this tomb. He said that a red deflector had been placed on the street lamp by the orders of our 'heroine' which reflected its light on the tomb and made it stand out at night in the 'City of White.' When the new administration eliminated the old notorious section from the city, the reflector was also removed from the street light and the incident forgotten.

The tomb with its statue, said to have cost $17, 000, became a nuisance in the famous cemetery. Stories began to circulate that the statue walked at night and was said to have left the cemetery grounds and gone to the country of Josie's childhood, where it was later found and returned. The tomb became the property of another person and the mystery is largely forgotten.

TIMBER SHADOWS

Each winter some of the young men went north to work in the Pine lumber camps. Some went for about two months, until it was time to get ready for spring work on the farm. Some of them stayed to take part in the log 'drives' down the river to the big Mill. A few even stayed to work in the Mills during the summer, or helped put up hay for the winter camps. One of these was an Irishman named Doyle, who afterwards taught school in the Upper Valley. He told many takes about the Indian reservations above Shawano, and the Reservation east of Hayward. One story, however, which I remember, and about which there was a somewhat unfinished ending, concerned a series of incidents on the upper Flambeau River country.

"First couple lead to the center of the hall. - We're all ready now for the big winter 'Bawl' - Ladies bow - the gents know how. The red whiskered gent who weighs a ton - dance with the lady with the green dress on. " Alex Maxwell stomped back and forth across the front of the Hall above McSwigan's saloon and general store - trying to get the dance started. Like the rest of the men, he wore a bright shirt, dark trousers, with legs cut off at the tops of his new high laced boots. --Old man Russell hopefully sawed his fiddle trying to break the ice and start the dance. Mrs. Moxan in her new green dress walked across the hall, gave her fat husband a slap on his back, and jerked him onto the floor. - In a gruff embarrassed manner, Jim Pascall moved over to where the girls stood, took Jenny Marsh's hand, and drifted toward the center. The girls were clothed in their best dresses and high nine-button shoes of 1893. Their hair rose in great padded folds over their flushed faces. The bright dresses were matched by the clothes of the men across the hall, whose red, green, black and white checked shirts with here and there a bright red, green, or yellow neckerchief added to the colorful array. The crowd broke and the dance was on.

In a far corner, a young woman was trying to remain obscure among the older women; nervously she kept turning her eyes toward the door. — Where was Joe? He could always be depended upon. Had something happened to him ?

Joe Stark had left for the dance later than the rest of the crew. By mid-afternoon the men had started on the 12 mile trek for the big winter dance. The last logs had been rolled up the skids and the men working for Tom Dunbarton were free to make merry for a few days before the next logging camp would be in operation. —As they were ready to leave Tom appeared at the door of his shack. "Hey, - There are a bunch of tools missing. I think they are near the skidway by the Beaver Dam." Joe's team was still hitched to the big sleigh. 'I'll get em." he shouted.

A flash of sunlight shimmered across the ice of the Flambeau as Joe Stark swung his heavy shod four-horse team in a gallop around the curve of the logging road. He was feeling good. It had been a tough job. The stands of white pins had been scattered over a choppy terrain, inter-spread with small lakes and bog lands. The logging crew was tops, with a minimum of personal feuds. Old Tom Dunbarton was a good logger. His cook shack was always supplied with good food and the presence of his wife added an occasional batch of dried apple pie and other delicacies which some of the camps did not provide. The men were well-fed, vigorous, and boisterously happy. Beneath their rugged appearance, however, there were buried many disappointed dreams, --or ambitious hopes for the future. Success could be broken by a log jam, by bad weather or a mosquito and leech infected muskeg swamp; their hopes smothered by ruthless men, or the cold treachery of women, which like the timber shadows, quietly settled around them. When Joe got back to camp he did not waste much time in feeding his team and discussing the next layout. He rushed to the bunk house, put his town suit, new shirt and shoes into grain sack, gulped two cups of coffee and a plate of beans, and started for the dance. After four hours of steady walking, he had covered twelve miles of chucky road, and another half hour found him shaved, cleaned up and standing in the self-conscious line of men and boys at the dance hall above McSwigan's saloon and general store. Across the floor was a group of flushed, giggling women and girls, each hoping that one of the boys would build up enough nerve to ask her to dance. Joe went straight to the girl who was anxiously waiting for him.

Joe Stark found the hand of Amelia Blanchette resting on his arm with a firm trusting pressure. For the first 'square' they had no time to talk with each other, but in the general mixing that followed, they slipped over to the side. 'I've got it", said Joe. "I was afraid I wouldn't. Tom Dunbarton needs that eighty to square up his holdings, and it has a maple grove on it that can't be beat. " Amelia knew that Joe's heart was set on getting the old Mill eighty. They had postponed their marriage so he could get one more winter in the pine woods, and earn some extra money. During the four months he had earned $260 as a teamster, and another $150 was forthcoming in the next camp where they would work until the ice went out, and the spring log drive began. Amelia had been working for a family in Oshkosh for the winter months. She had saved up nearly one hundred dollars with which to buy her wedding dress and the numerous household items she would need in the fall. They did not talk much. Sitting quietly together after the months of separation fill Joe and Amelia with a feeling which was hidden by their rugged calm exterior. "It's so wonderful, Amelia whispered, "that I'M afraid to think of it as ours. What will Dunbarton do when he knows you--we have it? I'm afraid of what might happen; they say he will do anything to have his way and I think Mrs. Dunbarton is worse than he is. " Joe stood up. "Aw forget it. Let's dance. "

There were rumors about the way Dunbarton had obtained control of

timber lands, how his lineman had run the surveys in the wrong direction, but no one was much concerned about these deals. It was said that at one time he had cut several million feet of white pine from public lands because his linemen had gone west and north on government land instead of east and south on his own. However, he paid good wages, knew how to "lay-out" logging roads and skidways, was always where there was most danger, taking the most difficult end of a job. and generally was considered a desirable timber boss.

With dawn, the crowd began to scatter. Tired and drunk-dazed, they drifted homeward. The next afternoon, Joe and Amelia walked over to the Mill eighty. Its approach was a conglomerate of old log barns, sheds, tar paper shacks, clustered around a clearing in the center of which was an enormous pile of saw dust, slab piles, and the general debris left after the mill job had been completed. Hand in hand they drifted into the woods back of the clearing. The snow was still deep under the trees, but the sun seemed to penetrate the overhanging limbs with a gentle sure-ness which found its counterpart in the breasts of the young couple talking about their future. As they moved about, they planned their new home. 'I'll get enough lumber from the old storehouse to build the frame and rough work of our house. We can tar-paper the outside and next winter, I'll cut logs for siding and finishing lumber", said Joe. "If we have a big kitchen, we can live in it the first winter, and gradually finish other rooms as we need them, " Amelia added. "How many did you say?" asked Joe, giving a rebel curl a tweak. Amelia blushed, grabbed a chunk of crusted snow, and tossed it at him as she said, "I think we'd better get home for supper."

That evening, Amelia's twin brother Amiel, came home from the shingle mill and they talked long into the night as Joe and Amelia planned their next year's project. Whenever the name of Tom Dunbarton was brought up, there was a moment of quiet. No one voiced what they obviously felt; that here was a subtle force like that of a vulture that continued to float over them with its great, threatening persistent presence. There seemed to be a feeling that Tom Dunbarton represented a dark shadow which could blot out and destroy everything that opposed him.

The late winter crowded spring rapidly. On the night of March 17th, most of the crew had gone down to Ladysmith for a St. Patrick's day dance. Joe Stark did not go. He decided to spend the evenings at Dunbar ton's new camp writing a two-week delayed letter to Amelia. Writing a letter was a major operation for Joe. He didn't know what words to say. When he thought of a good word, spelling it and writing dulled the glow of what he had been thinking.

A steady rain began falling about eight o'clock and by midnight the great booms of the cracking ice began to be heard. As the river rose under

the two-foot roof of solid ice, the pressure increased until the force ripped the great sheets with the roar of a cannon into great floes.

Because of the difficulty of preparing a good skid-way at the big camp where Dunbarton had cut timber most of the winter, the logs had been piled on the bank of the Flambeau. The great piles extended out on the ice of the river. When the ice began to crack and float, the booming sound of bursting ice was supplemented by the roar and crack of the great piles of logs tumbling and rolling into the flood waters.

Joe awoke with the addition of a new sound. The great roaring boom of the cracking ice had ceased. There was the steady roar of the raging river, with intermitting bangs, as a great log was tossed into the air and crashed down on the other logs and floating ice. Another sound, however, caused him to jump out of a sound sleep to his feet, fully awake. It was the grinding, shrieking sound of an ice and log jam developing a mile below. A half submerged island, raised the ice into a barrier, upon which the tremendous force of the river was piling thousands of great white pine logs. If the jam could be broken in time, it would save endless hours of heart breaking work, and possible lives of men working to break the jam. It took only a minute for Joe to lace his boots, grab a cant-hook, and be on his way down the river. He knew that the entire crew was still recovering from the dance and there was no other help to be reached.

The crust of the deep snow had become soft, and he floundered down the west bank, sometimes falling to his waist in a water hole. When he got to the jam, he stopped to size up the problem. Stumbling and crawling below the tremendous pile of logs and ice, which arose above him, he searched for a place to break the jam before it became necessary to use dynamite. About one hundred feet from the bank, he saw a log, three feet in diameter, which seemed to be the key to the jam. Ice and logs were piling up more and more, wedging the whole mass into a dam more solid than could have been devised by an engineer. Working his way over the pile, he had almost reached the key log, when a small ten-inch log came hurtling through the air from above. He saw it coming and ducked.

It was the icy water slapping against his body that made him alert to the fact that he was lying on his back amid the ice and logs. He tried to arise, but found that the log had hit him was on top of his leg. The throbbing pain surged through his entire body. Relaxing for a moment, he saw and was able to reach his canthook, and by using it as a lever, moved the log off his legs. Dragging himself over to the key log, he grabbed it with his cant-hook. The pain in his leg became almost unbearable, and he began to collapse, but his grip on the handle held, and his falling weight moved the log a few inches. Again he lost consciousness. This was perhaps what saved his life, for instead of struggling against the deluge that followed when the key log was loosened, he was swept with

the logs, ice and water toward the river bank where he was found a few hours later by two Indians who had heard the noise and came down to watch the breaking up of the jam. They made a simple but efficient stretcher of two pieces of light wood crossed with strips of bark and took him back to camp. In a few days he recovered from the rugged pounding he had received.

Mrs. Dunbarton found his unfinished letter to Amelia. This was real information for her. It was the first she knew of his purchase of the land which she and her husband had planned to get. Also, his marriage to Amelia Blanchette was an additional situation to be met. When she told old Tom what she had discovered, he swore and threw the hand axe with which he was shaping an ax handle across the cabin. His wife waited quietly until he had expended his energy; then, in a low, cruel voice, said, 'I'll handle the lumberjack. Leave him to me. " Tom had found her to be an aid in more of his shadowy manipulations than anyone in the pine country suspected. So he proceeded to forget the incident and devote his time to taking care of the log drive, which was on its way to Chippewa Falls. It was a treacherous drive, crossing the Holcombe Rapids, Brunet Falls, Jim Falls, and finally reaching the big mill at Chippewa Falls.

Mrs. Dunbarton knew Amelia and her family. She knew the problem ahead of her. The family had moved into the timber country about five years earlier. Amelia was a charming, wholesome, and attractive girl of twenty. Her well-kept wavy hair of burnished copper called the attention of even the most casual toward her. If one stopped to look at her smoky blue eyes set in a healthy, cheerful face, circled with a gentle fringe of golden ringlets, it would set his heart to pumping. That's the way it affected Joe Stark, and his quite manner and efficient strength affected her in the same way. During the next few weeks, Mrs. Dunbarton made an occasional remark regarding Amelia to some of the workmen, and soon discovered that Joe's and Amelia's interest in each other was generally known. Everyone seemed pleased with what appeared to be a foregone conclusion. Even the men who had caught Amelia's attention said "as long as she doesn't want me, I'd rather she married Joe than anyone I know. " It was obvious that whatever she succeeded in doing regarding the land Joe had purchased, would require more than ordinary ingenuity. She would need to get rid of both Joe's and Amelia's interests and plans, and do so in a way that their friends would not become antagonized.

Dunbarton had a great meadow on which he cut several thousands tons of hay each year. He needed hay for his extensive lumbering outfits, and he could always sell any surplus. He was also able to make use of his horses and give work to the best of his crew through the slack summer season. A haying crew moved into the meadow and set up camp. Horses, men, and machines made an imposing array. Since the work lasted several weeks, he set up a big, fairly comfortable headquarters tent for his many business affairs. His wife looked after the clerical details; passed

instruction out to his various foreman, told them where to work and where to stack the hay. She also made arrangements for his purchases and sales. There were many persons who felt that the subtle schemes and border-line transactions were devised by the 'weaker' member of the team. There was a rumor told with a chuckle about a Bohemian who went to get his pay and partook freely of the whiskey that Mrs. Dunbar ton "kindly" offered him. When he awoke the next morning, he was on the floor of the adjoining cook tent. The money she had paid him the night before was not in his pocket. He mentioned the matter of his lost money to Mrs. Dunbarton, but he was so violently reproached by the fair lady that he slunk off without another word.

Joe Stark had many plans for the coming year. Since he had no profitable work to do, he was glad for the chance to help at the meadows. It provided cash which he could use to buy the furniture he wanted in his little house as a surprise for Amelia. The date of their wedding was tentatively set for Thanksgiving week. He cherished the opportunity to talk over the details with Mrs. Dunbarton. She would know what a woman liked. It seemed she was as much interested in the plans as Joe himself. Sometimes after the evening meal, Old Tom would stop Joe and tell him that Mrs. Dunbarton had some ideas he wanted to talk over. Then, when Joe had gone up to the tent, Tom would casually grumble to whoever was around, "Joe and the wife seem to have a lot to say to each other."

One evening as the men were washing in preparation for their supper, Mrs. Dunbarton, with a nod of her head, called Joe aside. She said she had a lot of things she wanted to show him. She had been in town that day, and had some new ideas about the house. After the usual heavy, but relatively silent meal had been eaten, Old Tom got up and took his hat off a hook saying, "Does anyone have any letters to send out, I am going to the Post office. " Jim Hogan quickly answered, "I could use a couple pounds of tobacco and some Rockford socks."

"Sorry, I want to see some people back at the Bohemian settlement. It's only five miles if I walk across on the logging road, but it's a long drag by team, so I' 11 walk. I can't carry any packages, but will mail letters. " As an afterthought, he said, "We will be mowing most of the forenoon, so I'll sleep late. Won't be back till after midnight."

In a few minutes, he had gone. The sun was just slipping below the horizon. After smoking for a few minutes, the men began drifting toward their various evening leisure activities. A horse shoe game was soon under way. Charlie Stewart and Frank Gilmore took up their long drawn sparring match which both hoped would end in a horse trade. A few simply sat in a semi-circle around a hay rack, spinning yeans many times repeated and varied to suit the occasion. Joe drifted over to the big tent to talk with Mrs. Dunbarton. She lighted the lantern, and spread out on the table some embroidered towels, pillowslips, and doilies. Joe pulled a chair

up to the table and sat looking at the display in front of him. Mrs. Dunbarton seemed nervous. She chattered away for a while without making clear what she was trying to tell. Facing the door opening of the tent, she kept glancing in that direction. Suddenly, she looked toward the door, and said, "Oh, I want to show you something. "

Arising, she went around the back of his chair. Her food seemed to catch on the base, and with a scream, she sank to the floor at his feet. Joe jumped and bent over to pick her up, almost as soon as it occurred. At practically the same moment, a roaring curse came from the doorway. There stood Old Tom, his gun pointing at Joe.

"You dirty snake, this is once you missed your strike, " Tom yelled. "You with your sanctimonious talk. You may have Amelia fooled, but not me. Don't move a muscle or I'll shoot."

The noise soon brought the scattered men to the tent door. They exchanged glances, which carried an understanding of Joe's apparent interest in the Boss's tent. Mrs. Dunbarton arose and stood back of her husband. In a weepy whine, she told how Joe had sneaked in the moment her husband had gone beyond the clearing. How she had been threatened and attacked.

Tom roared out his curses. Turning to the men, he said:

"You know I want to be fair. You see what happened. The only thing a man should do is to shoot the critter, but I'll give him a chance. Joe, I will give you the choice of two things. I can shoot you, and every man here will back me up. Or, you pull out and never come back to the State. Hook your team and go. I'll give you $200. 00 and you sign a transfer of the Mill place."

Looking into the cold, hostile eyes of the men surrounding Tom, and at the devilish sneer of the woman's face, Joe saw that there was no chance for a fair hearing. A few minutes later, he had signed a transfer and was driving away. His hopes and plans for the future lost in the timber shadows.

The plodding horses hoofs beat a monotonous accompaniment to the dirge-like echoes of the evening events throbbing through Joe Starks semiconscious mind. He followed the river road toward the south-west. He was licked and he knew it. The sound of the Chippewa River pounding over the falls suggested the rugged life of a logger, at which he was a master, but behind him were forces which could not be overcome. Bumping along the rough road his thoughts went back over the last six months, -fighting log jams, planning his future home with Amelia's love and cooperation, achievement almost in sight- and now blotted out by a net of shadowy

circumstances, -which had drifted around him- and which he did not have the knowledge nor means to fight.

Doyle ended his yarn abruptly, got up and walked away. After a few minutes of silence, comments from the men who had heard the yarn began as to what they would have done. With all the suggested solutions, the actual ending remained a mystery.

VI Wolves - Dogs - Horses

WOLF HUNTERS

Wolves carry a feeling of dread to most people. This goes back to our earliest history, and as recently as February 1962, the report of wolves attacking villagers in Finland made a headline story. The story of the White Wolfe in the little Sugar River Valley has persisted for over 100 years. The actual existence of the wolf was attested to by a number of persons who saw it, but the reason it is still remembered is because it is associated with an unsolved murder. If anyone is asked directly about it, they will laugh and make some remark about a silly old yarn. Somehow in spite of that attitude, everyone has heard about it and apparently repeats it. In the hundreds of times that I have passed through the patch of woods, where the murder occurred, I always remember the story and no doubt others so also.

In 1842 J. R. Croker and Author Smith came down from the New Diggings to the flats along the Sugar River, about two miles south east of Monticello. They were cutting hay. "John Armstrong coming south, came running over the Ridge, " as reported by Croker, "and shrieked at us. We ran up a high bank and he showed us a very large white wolf. It was a monster in size, so much so that we thought it was an Indian pony. We saw him once again."

Was it a ghost wolf? Was it a warning? It seemed to worry Author Smith. Perhaps it was because it was seen around his claim, located about a mile up the river. He built a cabin and began to clear his land. The white wolf was seen by Smith again near where he and Croker had been the first time. Smith sold his claim to Abram Pratt in 1844 for $200 in English sovereigns. This was put in some cloth in a trunk.

About two weeks later, Squire Pierce's boys, came across his oxen yoked together and tangled among the trees in the woods. They seemed to be in misery for want of food and water. Smith was not around. Great excitement arose, and the warning of the Big White Wolf began to be circulated. His house had been ransacked. The money was gone. Suspicion pointed to a man named William Boyle, but he was set free. The case was never solved. The ax and the crashed skull were found and were evidence of a murder.

Murder was not an uncommon occurrence in those days, but the White Wolf gave it the additional element so that the story has lived.

One hundred twenty five years ago, in 1837, William R. Smith in a report of the Wisconsin Territory to Washington, D. C. stated: "There are two species of wolf to be found in the territory; the big gray wolf and the prairie wolf which is smaller. There are many wolves, and during the winter when they are hungry they are often too indiscreet for their own safety and approach to within easy reach of the settlers. Their howling at night sets the dogs frantic. It has been found that the Hound is the only dog which can follow the wolf and who will fight him. The ordinary cur will follow as long as the wolf runs, if he turns the curs will either run away, or actually stop and play with him." That was the official report. The stories and yarns told were more specific and varied. Before the turn of the century I often heard them howl. Sometimes I dreamed of hearing them howl. Always, when it was necessary to go through the woods at night, I was scared, unless I was riding a horse.

Up until about 1875 the Southern part of Wisconsin had more than its quota of timber wolves. The timber wolf is a strong, fast animal with a tendency to strike the sheep herds in widely separated parts of the country in succeeding nights. His pelt had some value. He furnished real sport, and the state offered a bounty for his scalp. Sometimes there was a local bounty paid by the county, and in some cases by the town. Most of the boys made some spending money trapping minks, muskrats, and skunks; but a coon hunt in the fall and a wolf hunt anytime, but preferably in the winter, was a special event.

The last time I saw a Timber wolf was in northern Wisconsin in 1947. About five years earlier, Bert Barlow shot a big one in my woods in Chippewa County, Wisconsin. Coyotes are more common, but that is a different story.

One night about 1895 I heard the wolves howling. Old Tiger began to bark furiously. Finally, my father got up, called the dog into the house and said, "It's only a couple of Timber wolves." Late the next afternoon I was up toward Miller's Hollow with my two big brothers. One said, "Look up there on Brechlin's Hill, see those wolves!" They had dropped into a ravine, but a couple of minutes later they trotted up on the other side about half a mile away. There were five. Two old ones, a smaller one and two half grown pups. We stood watching them till they disappeared in the brush around the ridge. It was getting toward dusk, and we were starting homeward. Then we saw a man coming down the ravine where we had first seen the wolves. He followed the direction the wolves had taken. Down the ravine, up the other side, onto the ridge, into the brush beyond. It was old Nick Bieri, the wolf hunter. That evening hours were spent after supper telling wolf stories. It seems that Old Nick Bieri never carried a gun. Just a knife and a small hatchet. He would follow the wolves till he found their den, kill them and collect the bounty. His ability to track them was uncanny. He thought like a wolf and was able to

stay on their trail for days. He could see marks no one else could see. It was claimed that he could trail them by scent. Perhaps he could. He always had a quiet little dog with him. Perhaps she was the bait, and he was making use of an idea stated by William R. Smith over 50 years earlier. Sheep and cattle men used to give Nick Bieri a special bonus for getting rid of wolves. There were some coyotes around, but he never would bother with anything but the big gray wolves. He was the chief wolf hunter. His method was always a secret. He might be seen miles from his home swinging along in a half dog trot, carrying a small hatchet or hand ax in his hand. If one stopped him for a short conversation, he would admit he was looking for wolves and frequently he showed up with a few scalps for bounty and pelts for sale. Sometimes he would report as many as six. Whether he got them in some den, poisoned them or cornered them and fought it out with them was never revealed. Only on rare occasions did he shoot one, under conditions that was known to be the way he got his wolf. There was no question that he could trail wolves, and find their hangout. Perhaps he knew their habits and a track here and there was all he needed. Most people insisted, and he encouraged the belief that he could trail them by their scent.

The stories of wolves also centered around a much earlier wolf hunter. Reuben Fulsom, who came with the early settlers from New York State in 1842. He lived south of the Little Sugar River in what was later Mt. Pleasant township. He lived near what was known as the Thompsons Holdings and had a den in a cave in the woods east of the Jenny Bluffs. It was common belief that he had some half tamed wolves or half-breeds, as he always came in with the scalps of young wolves, and very seldom and old wolf. He was never the well liked person that Nick Bieri was. In fact, he was always spoken of with sort of reserve. He was buried in the old county-farm cemetery in Mt. Pleasant. His Headstone marked simply "Wolf Hunter" was later moved to the Gap Church cemetery near Albany.

In the winter of 1876 the snow came early, continued to fall all winter without any normal periods of thaw. The continued cold weather and deep snow drew the wolves in toward the farms scattered about the settlement. Every night the weird OW-w-w-w-w-w of the wolf could be heard, which would drive the dogs into a frenzy and tend to increase the youngsters' reluctance to go to bed. Wild rumors were circulated of how a child was killed in some distant neighborhood or how a stranger driving over on Shooks Prairie was attacked, or someone "towards" Albany had had a fight with a wolf. No one actually knew of a case; but nearly everyone knew someone whose brother knew a man who could swear to the fact. A rumor, however, is often more hair raising than a fact. Everyone became jittery. The wolves became bolder and hungrier. A sheep, a goose, and finally a young calf became the victim in an increasing number of instances. One morning about 6:30 a. m. when the grey light was beginning

to seep into the black shadows, my father looked out of the window and standing on a snow drift, which almost obscured sight of the barn, he saw a giant timber wolf. He started for his rifle, but by the time he got to the door the wolf had vanished like a night shadow. His brother Mat a husky young man of 25 said he was going to get the wolf. Without eating breakfast he saddled a horse and was gone. The snow was deep and the crust was thin. It was easy to follow the trail. After an hour or two the horse was winded. The wolf also was having a hard time. Through stretches of woods, across plowed fields, buried deep in drifts, the wolf waded through the snow. Mat, on his horse plunged after him. All day long he never lost the trail. A dozen times he saw the wolf, sometimes for only a second, sometimes for half a minute, 500 yards away. About midnight he returned. Both he and the horse were nearly dead. No one said a word. Mother and father had sat up waiting for him. After he had eaten a bowl of hot barley soup, boiled potatoes and cabbage, boiled meat and coffee, he looked up, grinned, and said "Well, anyway, I gave him a damn close rubbing."

Little Ameal

Little Ameal lived with his widowed mother. He was ten years old. His older brothers and sisters were working away from home. One day he came home excited. He had been back in the woods and had seen a young wolf cub. It had gone into a cave in the side hill. The next day he persuaded his mother to allow him to go and see George Simmons. Simmons owned several wolf traps and had been known to have caught wolves in that manner. He told Simmons what he had seen; but would not tell him where. Ameal was a shrewd little boy and made a bargain. He would set the traps and give Simmons half of his catch. While the story of the boy was doubted, there might be something to it No loss in trying. So with great care, Simmons taught Ameal how to set a trap, by placing a board across the spring and standing on it until the tongue catch was fixed. But first stapling the chain to a log, placing the bait, scattering loose leaves about as well as all the known trappers tricks for destroying or reducing scent, Ameal set his traps. Two days later he surprised his mother by announcing that he had caught three young wolf cubs. Carefully he scalped his cubs and took the scalps, with their perky little ears to the county seat, 8 miles away. Joyfully he pocketed the $15.00 bounty and walked home by way of the Simmons farms to turn over on half of the money. It became one of the wonder stories of the community. About Thanksgiving time his older brother, Peter, came home on a visit. Ameal told his story. Peter doubted it, so they went to the barn to see the pelts which had been nailed to the shed door, even thought it had been an off season for salable fur. Peter was sixteen. He was fond of little Ameal. He did not have the heart to tell him the pelts had belonged to woodchucks and he did not tell Ameal's conscientious mother the truth. Years afterward, the story was still told in the neighborhood--how little ten year old Ameal trapped three wolves.

THE PANTHER SCARE

It had been nearly 50 years since a panther had been reported in the neighborhood. When the boys got home at about ten o'clock and reported one, the older folks smiled and said it was probably a bobcat or a wolf. But we younger children got up when the loud excited talk awakened us and shivered with fright when we were forced back to bed.

It was an unusually warm March night. A Chinook wind caused the weather to seem almost balmy. A half dozen young men, 16 to 18 years old went for a horseback ride. They often did this later in the season, when they would take a ride of about 12 miles, along the rim-rock edge which surrounded the valley. In the lower end of the valley, they crossed a dip thru which the railroad ran, and where there was an underpass for horses and cattle. One young mare refused to go through the underpass. She snorted, reared, fought, and squealed and her rider tried to force her through. Then above the noise of the struggling horses, was heard a sharp half cry. They backed off a few rods and listened. It came again and again, gaining force, until it was an almost human cry. The boys shouted, and it would stop for half a minute, then started up again. None of them had a gun and it was dark, with black mist seeping up through the narrow part of the valley. After discussing the sounds, they concluded it must be a panther or Cougar. One of the boys had heard one when he worked on a ranch in Colorado, and told them that when he had first heard it he thought it was a child crying.

They rode back up the valley, and a couple of miles later separated and went to their respective homes thrilled with the story of a panther in the valley. The next morning they assembled again with guns and dogs ranging from shepherds to fox-hounds, to see if they could track it down, or at least find its tracks. They rode west, so as to get on the west side of the railroad, and soon came to the little Railroad Siding and store a mile above where they were stopped the night before. When they got there, their Panther story was finished. The night before a Cheese Maker coming from the County Seat on the Local train, had remarked to a seat-mate, that he was supposed to get off at the Siding and have a two mile walk, but as the train pulled out, he always hopped back on the car steps and rode another mile and a half, then hopped off as it went around the South Hill curve. Because of the black foggy night, the train slowed twenty rods before the usual place, and as he jumped he hit the trestle. The coroner reported INSTANT death. But one hour after the train passed Daisy, the little grey mare was frightened, and the boys thought they heard a Panther or perhaps the White Wolf howling.

TIGER AND BENEMADICTUM

If you call attention to the shortcomings of a man's automobile, house, or place of business, he may be embarrassed or offended. If you criticize his sons and daughters, he will defend them and may become angry. But criticize his baby or his dog--he is not only angry, but deeply hurt, because they are defenseless and are identified with him. When a group gets together and talk about their dogs, it registers to the same extent, as when a group of grandparents tell about their grandchildren. Each tries to break into the "stupid" account and really tells about his "wonder" child. The great stories told of all dogs are centered in your dogs, so why try to tell dog stories, --except a couple of typical stories of really great dogs, like Tiger and Benemadictum. Now, those two dogs were superior and different.

Tiger was a Great Dane. He was not an unusually big dog, but because he was so much larger than I was, he seemed tremendous. He weighed about 90 to 100 pounds. Except for his white feet and white line on either side of his face, he was iron gray with black spots on him about the size of a silver dollar. He came to us with the herd of cattle the year I was born, so as far as I was concerned, he was always one of the family. The husband and wife on a neighboring farm had died. The three girls and their young brother, Arthur, worked the farm for a year and then sold out. My father bought all of the cattle. As the herd of cattle was being driven away, thirteen year old Arthur threw his arms around Tiger's neck, hugged him a while, and then said, "Tiger, you go with the cows and stay with them" Tiger trotted after the cows, and from that time, never left our farm. He was seven years old when he came, and he lived with us until he was twenty-two. He was part of our family and a part of all the joys and sorrows.

While he lived with us for over fourteen years, and my life was closely associated with him, he always seemed more like an older brother than a playmate and a companion. I had two dogs which were much more playmates and chums. Tiger would go with me when I left the yard, but he would walk sedately along and ignore the romping and rolling I did with Benemadictum, my personal little dog. One time I was playing on the side hill above the house, rolling small stones down the hill. Old Tiger was dozing in the shade nearby, apparently asleep. Suddenly, like a rocket he jumped from back of me and had a big snake in his mouth which he shook violently until its neck was broken. It didn't disturb me, but my father seemed quite upset that a Rattler had been so near where I had been playing.

My next memory of Tiger was more impressive. It was associated

with two spankings, and it was on my fourth birthday. I was sitting out on the lawn. Tiger was with me. He was sitting on his haunches looking down at me with his mouth wide open and his tongue hanging out as though he were laughing. We were talking to each other: at least I was talking. Then, he--positively--said something to me. It was clear and definite; I can still see and remember how he looked and how it sounded. I went into the house. My older sister, who was eight years older than I was mopping the kitchen floor. She yelled at me, "Get out of the kitchen. I have mopped the floor, and your shoes are muddy."

I responded, "You#"... ?#@*." I was grabbed by the scuff of my neck, turned over and spanked. My mother, hearing the commotion, came out to the kitchen to investigate. She was told what I had said.

"Why Manuel, where did you hear such terrible words?" I told her honestly, "That's what Tiger said to me." And stubbornly I stuck to what to me was the truth. So-o-o, my mother spanked me for lying even harder than my sister had for swearing. I have lived seventy years since then. I may have been mistaken about what Tiger said, but I did not deliberately tell a lie. I have never forgotten what Tiger said to me, only now I say, "A many times condemned by the Lord, male off-spring of a female pup" as a less offensive form.

It was about five years after Tiger came to us. He was around twelve years old. A young man under twenty drove up with a fancy light rig and two prancing horses. It was Arthur who now had a job in a store in Dubuque. Iowa, and had driven the sixty miles to visit old friends and neighbors. Tiger had never seen him since. Arthur had ordered him to stay with the cows. With a deep-voiced bark he loped out to the buggy, and as Arthur stepped down, Tiger stopped shortly, moved toward him, and when Arthur spoke, Tiger sniffed, seemed to cock an ear at the voice which had now changed from that of a boy. Suddenly, the old dog turned, drooped his head and his tail, and walked slowly toward the house. During the next two or three days, whenever Arthur approached, Tiger, with a grunt, would turn away. Toward the end of the week Arthur decided to return to Dubuque, but he wanted to see his old home before he left. So he took the short farm road up through the woods and pasture toward his old home. Tiger saw it and dashed after him, grabbed the rim of the wheel in his strong jaws, braced his feet and hung on until the wheel he had gripped slid on the road. Arthur yelled at him, so he let go and walked slowly back to the house in a receding cloud of dust.

One of the cows which we got at the time Tiger came to us was now the big bell cow. There was a bell cow with each of two groups, and she was the big boss cow. One day she lost her bell. It had been fastened around her neck with a four-inch belt. Evidently, a buckle had broken, and the bell was lost.

Two days later both the cow and Tiger were missing. After riding for about an hour over the hills and valleys, they were both found lying near the bell about a mile and half from the house. How both of them happened to be there is not explained.

We had a nice little trotting horse who was a frisky as a squirrel. One day he was missing, but we found him in the upper pasture with his back left leg tangled in the barbed wire, one of the curses of free running horses. As we approached him he seemed nervous and trembling, but he had not become panicky, struggling and kicking which most horses do under such a situation. Immediately in front of him lay Tiger. The dog was growling and watching the horse as though ready to jump at him. What had happened could never be explained except the fact that the dog and horse were together, and the horse had not been cut by the wire.

In December the sun drops behind the hills and the chilly shadows begin to lengthen early. A sleet storm was beginning to send its icy particles whistling through the orchard. Tiger gave a short growl, jumped up from his rug by the woodbox, and dashed up to the door. A tall man wearing a buffalo hide overcoat and carrying and enormous cane and satchel came up the path. He was frightened at the approach of the big dog and raised his cane to ward him off. But the ninety-pound dog leaped in the air and grabbed the cane.

The man pulled and hung on; the dog twisted and pulled. The handle came loose. The cane was in the dog's mouth, and the man held the handle with a thin rapier attached. He was very embarrassed. He quickly explained that he was Dr. Walker, a traveling Horse Doctor. He was traveling about the country looking for a good location. He spent the night at our house and left the next morning. A few days later, two men from the Sheriff's Office of Rock County came by looking for a man traveling West under the name of Dr. Walker. He was a horse thief who located good horses for a gang. -About two weeks later, a nice team of horses were stolen from Mr. Smiley's barn, and six miles away. I was too small to remember the details of the case and never had been told.

When a cheesemaker whom Tiger knew came to our house one day, Tiger put his paws on the man's shoulders, pushed him to the corner of the house, and kept him there for about half an hour until Father came and took care of the situation. He had aroused Tiger's suspicion. The more routine matters of life on the farm in which Tiger played a part did not leave much of an impression. But the summer he was twenty-two years old, he began to slow up, and finally he died in the cool shadows of the willows below the spring house. I still have a picture taken when I was nine and he was a puppy dog of sixteen. We had taken him to town, six miles away, in the buggy to have our pictures taken. When we left the shop he dashed away. We called and looked for him. Finally, we

went home, and Tiger met us at the gate. This was the only time he had left the farm, and he was not happy away from the place.

Benemadictum was a wonderful dog. Most of us have always liked dogs. As long as I can remember, I have had a dog. Some were big like old Tiger, the Great Dane, and some were small house dogs. But of all the dogs I have ever had, Benemadictum was my dog as no other. Perhaps a nine year boy appreciates the companionship of a dog more than at an earlier or at a later age. We were, respectively, nine and three when we first became acquainted with each other. No one knew where Benemadictum came from, but he attached himself to Monk, a boyfriend of mine. Monk owned a goat, and his mother insisted that both a goat and a dog was too much for a boy in town. So one Sunday he came out to Dutch Hollow with his goat and his dog--an eight-mile trip. The goat was friendly with everyone. Benemadictum was friendly only with me. Monk said he had to sell the dog. Nothing had ever seemed as necessary to my life as that dog, but all the money I had was forty cents. Monk insisted the dog was worth $5. I agreed with him. Probably the dog was worth $10, but all I had was forty cents. Finally we struck a bargain, and Monk agreed to give me the dog for forty cents if I would always call him Benemadictum. As that Sunday afternoon wore on, I began to wonder what would happen. The family, as a whole, was not particularly interested in dogs. It was only a few months before that I had come across a man who was going to shoot a Dachshund; but when he found that I was interested in the dog, he gave it to me. When I took that Dachshund home, nobody liked him. They made him sleep out on the porch, and he shivered tied up to his little box. The collie growled at him, old Tiger ignored him, and he seemed such a useless Critter that the family said I must get rid of him. I traded him to a cheesemaker for ten pounds of limburger cheese which didn't please the family much more than the dog had pleased them. I wondered what they would think of Benemadictum.

Nothing much was said about it for a few days. The dog cooperated with me in keeping out of sight. At the end of a week or ten days, one of my brothers came up to the house carrying the dog in his arms. He had been kicked by a mule, and when he recovered, he was minus one eye. Benemadictum was a Bull Terrier and weighed about 28 or 30 pounds. One of our particular pleasures was to have him grab one end of a high rope in a barn and pull him up to the roof by his teeth. He could hang and hold himself almost indefinitely. Apparently the mule's tail attracted him. and he grabbed hold of it, but by some super-mule effort, he was kicked loose.

Nobody seemed very much interested in Benemadictum. Nobody tried to pet him, and he didn't encourage anyone to pet him. One day he growled at a hired man. The hired man kicked at him. The dog grabbed

him by the ankle and hung on. Using a hand sickle for a weapon, he finally beat the dog off but broke one of the dog's forelegs. The family wanted me to get rid of him, but I loved him. He was my dog. People began to worry about him. I did my best to keep him away from other people. There were many family arguments about whether he should be disposed of or not, but our family was always rather sympathetic with the idiosyncrasies of its members, and no one felt like taking the responsibility of getting rid of Benemadictum. He was my dog. One day when one of my brothers was cutting hay with a mowing machine, the dog took exception to the sickle bar going back and forth on the mowing machine. He jumped at it. The result was another leg was crippled.

One summer day I was reading "The Last of the Mohicans" on the back porch, and I heard my father in a more positive tone than he usually used say, "Somebody's got to get rid of that dog."

My mother answered, "Well, you had better tell him."

On going to the front of the house to find out what the commotion was about I found that Benemadictum had bitten off the tails of two cows. Things were getting serious. I wept; the family stormed. The situation was tense.

We had a large patch of cucumbers and melons that year. Woodchucks would get into the field and eat the half-grown melons and bite the cucumbers. The idea flashed across my mind that here might be a useful occupation for Benemadictum, and I promised that I would keep him away from people and cattle and everything. I went up to the cucumber and melon patch, drove in a stake, and fastened a long rope to it to which I tied Benemadictum. For about six weeks Benemadictum guarded the cucumber and melon patch. He succeeded in catching two woodchucks and apparently scared the rest away. When the garden season was over, I let him loose. He seemed happy to have his freedom again, and two whole days went by without any complaints about him. One day, however, Fred Witt, a neighbor, was at our place, and throwing away a chew of tobacco, it went in the direction of Benemadictum He grabbed Fred Witt's leg. I do not think that there was any serious damage done, but that ended the family's patience with Benemadictum. There wasn't much I could say, and my older brother led him away from the house on a rope and shot him.

I don't know what it was that attached me to Benemadictum. He was always kind and responsive with me. I would sit with my arms around him and talk to him by the hour. We would go up into the hills and sit above a woodchuck hole as quietly as mice until a woodchuck would come out, and the dog would catch him. He seemed to understand me. If I lost my hat out in the orchard or in the field, Benemadictum would find the hat and bring it and put it on the porch. If I lost a ball, he would so the same. Once I lost a pocket knife, and two days later it was lying on the porch among my things, brought there by my dog. I did not approve of his

vicious habits but always sort of excused them, feeling that he had a wrong start in life before I got acquainted with him. Perhaps that is the basis for some of the things one does later on in life. There may be some connection between a little boy's reactions and the idea that if we knew everything about everybody, we would not blame anybody for anything..

HORSES AND NEIGHBORS

We always had many horses. Sometimes one would break a fence, jump out and the others would follow. They were fenced in a pasture which was surrounded by a rail and post fence. One of the horses developed knack of finding a loose rail and slipping it back, then snorting she would jump and all the others would follow for a gay run. They would gallop over the hills, south one mile, jump over a gate into the road, west 1/2 mile and back north to our entrance again, where we would let them in. South of us was a family on a small 80 acre patch. One day their gate was open. About a dozen of our horses came tearing down their lane and ended by their yard, making quite a hubbub. The wife of the owner rushed out of the house and emptied a six gun into the herd. Four horses were hit. Two with single flesh wounds in their hips, one with a flesh tear on a front leg and "King Swigart" a direct shot in his shoulder. The bullet was probed out of his shoulder and after a couple of weeks, all the horses were in good shape again. We said nothing. The horses had trespassed. One day the "defender of her rights," came down to our house indigent. She was fighting angry. "Who," she demanded, "has spread the word that I am crazy." My father said, "No one has spread that word, but at the factory someone asked if we were going to do something about the shooting. All I said was "No, you don't bother about a woman who can't think nor shoot straight." She really was a nice lady and her husband a "good scout." So after that incident we became more friendly neighbors and rented their 80 acres to pasture colts and young stock.

I suppose anyone startled by a dozen horses suddenly galloping their front yard might become startled and perhaps be a better shot.

PACING FANNY

Joachim started it--Pacing Fanny ended it, and if she had not been a particular pet of Anne's, I am afraid that her days of usefulness on the ranch would have ended. Anne insisted that Pacing Fanny merely had done what she was trained to do and the thing that was necessary was to retrain Pacing Fanny. Joachim had formerly worked with a traveling circus and one of the tricks jockeys of that period used to do was to teach a horse to eat tobacco, so that when a hand would pull out his plug to bite off a chew, the horse would neigh and demand a bite. Shortly after coming to the ranch Joachim offered Pacing Fanny a chew of tobacco. She disliked it and, in a spirited manner, nipped his shoulder. This angered him. Fanny was an affectionate little pacer and used to nuzzle her caretakers in the hope of getting a chunk of sugar or an apple. After she had refused his offering of tobacco, whenever she would begin to nuzzle his coat pockets, he would send a squirt of tobacco juice at her mouth, which would infuriate her. After a short time, she would react to a puckering up of the mouth by taking a vicious nip at whoever gave an indication that he was going to shoot tobacco juice at her.

John had only one arm. One day he was fastening her martingale* and began to whistle. Because he had to fasten the straps with one hand, he was leaning over rather near to Fanny's head. When he puckered his lips to whistle, she made a grab. She broke out four of his teeth and her sharp foreteeth cut his lip like scissors would have done.

He rushed to the house as best he could, calling "Annie." When this little eighteen-year old bride saw John's bloody, torn face, she rushed to her bedroom and threw herself on the bed, shuddering. So John got a needle, and in order to thread it with his right hand, using silk thread, stuck it in the left shoulder of his coat; then, because he bad heard that a hot needle will cure a wound quicker than a cold one, he stuck the needle in the flame of a candle. He knew nothing about the sanitary effect of heating a needle. Going to a looking glass, he sewed up his lip with one hand. He claimed that his lip apparently quivered while he was sewing it, and, as a result, his mouth was crooked. From that time on he began wearing a full beard. Also from that time, he took entire charge of Pacing Fanny, and within three months' time, she was as gentle and affectionate as could be expected of a horse.

When she was 26 years old, she could still pace a mile under three

♦Combination strap with rings which come from under the belly of the horse up to the reins, and which hold the head in a rather fixed position in order to help keep the horse in a particular gait.

minutes which was good time for an old mare on a dirt country road hitched to a practice sulky. She had two other records after reaching that age.

The barn was struck by lightning. The only damage done was that the shock paralyzed Pacing Fanny. Anne objected to her being killed as she was heavy with foal. John knocked out the wall of the stable, put ropes around her. and with a team, pulled her out into the pasture where she lay for three or four weeks. Anne would water her, feed her hot mash, arid pull grass for her to eat. She gave birth to a beautiful filly who became the progenitor of a number of outstandingly fine horses. Pacing Fanny never got to her feet again, but "Little Fanny" continued the remarkable strain.

THE COUNTY FAIR

To the casual observer the County Fair was a combination of astounding and puzzling events, concocted by professional tricksters and acrobats; a showing of the best products of field and stable; horse races; tawdry amusement places; shouting food venders. To the County Seat businessmen, professional men, and politicians, it was a time when contacts would be made for the coming year. To the bulk of the people, it was an excuse to get away from routine work, meet people from other parts, exchange stories, retell events, hear the gossip, prophesy new events, and store up a fund of basic incidents which would become the foundation for long yarns to be told at barn raisings, Sunday afternoon gatherings, corn shredding, and long winter evenings.

DANDY

One morning Jake came excitedly home from the factory with a bill announcing special prizes to be offered ant the Green County Fair. It was August, 1890. I had been born on December 5, 1886. The bill announced that a prize of an English bridle and saddle would be given to the youngest boy driving the youngest colt in a cart around the race track at Monroe, Wisconsin. Prairie Maid had a colt that year that seemed much above the average. He was called Dandy. He was a great pet of all the men and boys. He had been born in late May. Jake suggested that a race cart could be cut down, and a harness made to fit the colt and that I could be taught to drive it. Immediately they set to work. In a few days they had the cart made and painted bright red. A little harness was made of white buckskin, and the colt gradually trained to bridle, bit and harness. Each day for a few minutes at a time, they played and worked with him until he was trained to be driven in a cart. Then each morning Prairie Maid was hitched with another horse to the milk wagon and driven to the factory with Dandy in his little cart, and with me holding the reins. When the fair opened in September, my older brother Ulric stayed at the fair grounds supervising the care of all the horses we had there; and two or three times each day he would hitch Dandy to his little cart and trot him around the tracks.

At last the day came for the trials. The contestants were chiefly boys from ten to sixteen years of age. I was lifted into my cart and Dandy trotted off. He went the first time around the half-mile track at a brisk little trot. As he neared the gate the crowd, noticing the size of the driver, let out a roar and a cheer, accompanied by a vigorous hand clapping. That was more than little Dandy or I had been trained to expect. Dandy

reared up on his hind legs and then struck out around the tract as fast as he could run. The people in the grandstand screamed, which added to his fright. Ulric was quick-witted enough to lead Prairie Maid, whom they had brought to the gate, on to the track, and as Dandy came tearing down on the home stretch the second time, she began whinnying for him and he whirled around and came to his mother. I retained my seat on the driving cart and kept hold on the reins; although I doubt whether I realized the seriousness of what was happening. I won and still have the bridle and saddle which was granted to me by the saddler, Mr. Schuler.

Horses have always interested me. When in college and down to the bottom of my financial resources, it was always possible to find a horse for sale, and then find a man who was willing to pay you, sometimes without knowing it, for finding a horse that "just suited him." A practical policy followed was to choose between two horses. Most men have poor judgment regarding the kind of horse good for them. It was necessary to have quick judgment of the personality of the man and of the horse. The method worked well, and I made few mistakes. They and their friends came back again. I expected to be paid for my trouble and judgment, and most men were glad to pay me. An old Irishman gave a compliment, which was really meant as the highest praise when he said, "Ah, the Elmer boys are Devils in a horse deal. "

One man in Naperville, where I went to college wanted a horse. He asked me to take a trip to Chicago and help pick one out. Said he would pay my expenses for the Saturday. I said $25 and expenses. He snorted, went to the city and in a few days he asked me to see his bargain. He got it for $400. It had won several ribbons at a horse show. It was a lovely aged gelding. He had won his last ribbon ten years previously, when he was seven years old.

The man was pleased with his bargain, but only had it for one year. Some horses live to be thirty years old; most of them are old after fifteen years. This one was very old at seventeen.

When I was sixty-four years old, there was a colt in a pasture which I was sure was meant for me. A beautiful Morgan colt. The owner, I learned lived a few miles away. On inquiry, he said, "Do you mean that little brown x@*#.". He used an epitaph one could use for a dog, but never a horse. It seemed, however, we were speaking about the same animal. He named a very low price for the colt, on condition that I would get it out of the pasture without any help from him.

With the help of my son, who was a quiet, strong college student, and had done a three and half year hitch in World War II. We roped the colt and got a halter on him. We tied him to the bumper of the car and drove slowly. He braced; his feet got hot so he "got excited." Then I attached a long rope to him so he could not get away and suggested that my son should jump on him. The colt sulked.

"If he bucks, just roll off, " was my advice.

By prodding the colt, jumping and running, we made slow progress. I held the long rope, my son would jump on the colt. The colt snorted and jumped till his rider rolled off. We made some progress. Then the colt would stop. My son, taking a run and jump, would land on his back, and again we would gain a few hundred feet. A very sore college student,

and a tired old man finally got the colt in the paddock, which was about 3 miles from where we roped him.

The next ten days was a slow process but we got him quieted down. Finally he was saddled, and bridled. I got on him; he stood stiff legged.

Ernie, who was helping me said, "Will you fall Pat, if he jumps?"

I said, "Hell No."

A long whip snapped around the colt's legs. He jumped reaching for the sky and twisted in mid air, coming down again stiff legged. It sort of jarred the "old man" but I yelled, "Open the gate." He struck out, hit south for Panama, I guess. I let him go, just holding him steady.

Both reins dried out from lack of use, snapped. Slowly, I reached along his neck, got hold of the bridle and gradually pulled his head around. I was pretty beat up and he was winded.

Soon the men came to where we were, got him back and I decided to lie down a while.

The next morning a doctor found that my breast bone and five ribs were cracked. For a week I would take a blanket and lie under a tree. By another month, Flicker was the nicest little riding horse one could get.

An old man, about sixty said, "How old are you, Pat." "You are too old to try to ride a colt."

All I could say was "I rode him."

That is the last horse I have broken, up to this time, but if I should see another colt like him, which the owner did not appreciate, I am very much afraid I should succumb. Perhaps taking a little more time, then ride him. Like an old pair of suspenders, the old man still functions except it takes a little longer to "snap back" than it did sixty years ago, when at twenty-one he could ride anything.

VII Valley Doctors

Early Doctors And Epidemics
Home Remedies
Life Goes On
Dr. Dodge - Sleep Doctor
An Accident
Small Pox - Vaccinations
Dr. Dwight Flower

The Accident

John Holds Lantern.

Sleep Doctor

VALLEY DOCTORS

Good land, good timber and water were the chief attractions for early migrating families, to a new area. The availability of a Medical Man was of even more importance. Competence in setting a broken leg or arm, removal of a bullet and at least encouragement for other forms of illness were important functions. Early promoters for the encouragement of Settlers to any area, listed as one of the chief inducements, the availability of a person skilled in taking care of accidental injuries and sickness. The early medical men were a mixture of skill in some lines, and were charlatans in other respects. However, with the aid of various tried-out home remedies, they met some of the more urgent needs. An early account of practitioners in the area covered in Southern Wisconsin, stated—"The principle physician based his practice on the belief that when blisters, calomel and the lancet will not save a man, nothing will save him, but that bleeding is then resorted to, in order that he may die more easily. He is said to have bled, blistered and salivated his patients successively and simultaneously with an energy that made this a very easy place to die in. There was one who was called the 'calico Doctor'. The name was to distinguish him from his principle rival who always wore buckskin clothes and a coon-skin cap. *

When there were only a few scattered families, an occasional illness and death made little impression. When settlers increased, the occasional sickness became recognized as an epidemic, and caused general concern. In 1852, Scarlet Fever hit the Valley. A total of 17 children died in the area of the Sugar, Rock and Pecatonica river valleys. Then in 1854, a man came to Green County, 'from somewhere in Illinois' -- Probably from the river town of Galena. He was ill when he arrived, — and died the next day. Soon many more became ill, and 22 adults died. It was the dreaded Cholera. A man staggered up to the home of Ulric and Verena. He was very ill. He was following the road across Shooks Prairie, toward Mineral Point. Since they had experienced Cholera on the ship in the Gulf of Mexico, where Verena had survived it. -they recognized the illness at once. The man was directed to a shed, some distance from the house and children, and given a blanket. Water was taken to him. He was too sick for food. In the night he died. The next day Ulric and his brother-in-law, Antone Baumgartner split rough slabs off a cottonwood log, made a crude box, rolled the dead man in the blanket, into the box, and buried him out on the prairie. With the coming of cold weather, the spread of cholera ended. The unmarked grave, contained the remains of an unknown man.

•Bingham, Helen M, History of Green County, Wisconsin, 1877.

HOME REMEDIES

It had been a wet, hot summer. Many new settlers were arriving in 1856, and the children who had come with their parents in the middle 40's, were beginning to start families of their own. The early hot weather brought with it wide spread dysentery. Liberal use of strong sage tea seemed to bring it under control. By the end of July "swamp fever" had spread everywhere. Most years it had occurred in August, but this year it started nearly a month early. Added to the misery of the "shakes and ague" was an unusual increase of the pests, associated with hot, wet weather - swarms of mosquitoes. They were not recognized as being associated with the spread of malaria, but they did increase the misery of everyone. The "swamp fever" was thought to be caused by the night gases from the stagnant water of the swamp. As soon as the sun set, houses were shut for the night. Doors and windows were closed to keep out the night air. It did keep cut the mosquitoes. All kinds of remedies and preventatives for the fever were used. The most successful was believed to be ways of making the 'victim' sweat it out. He was given quantities of 'bone-set' tea to increase his perspiration, which was already well started by the feather quilts piled on him - and aided by a hot brick, or a hot bag of fine sand, heated in boiling water. Sometimes it took several months for the person to recover. Swamp gas was accepted as the cause of malaria, because when they drained the swamp and it became dry pasture land, there was less "fever," also less mosquitoes.

There were many years before a regular trained doctor became a part of the life in the area. First they depended upon their accumulated experience and the use of herbs - or other home remedies. These were supplemented by the specialties of a few individuals who were reputed to know how to do certain things, such as acting as a mid wife; setting a broken bone or removing a bullet.

An extreme case was once reported about an old man, who knew how to set a broken bone, or to remove a bullet from a wounded person. He lived in the Upper Sugar Valley and was known as "Old Golly Smith." He walked with a stiff swinging stride of his left leg. The story generally accepted was, that he had been working in a lumber camp. In the spring drive, a log jam occurred on the river. Smith went out to break the jam. A log hit his knee, broke the knee cap and left him in bad shape. No help was available. He persuaded his team-mate to drive two nails into the joints. The nailed knee healed, but became as stiff as a wooden stake. There is no record of the facts of this yarn, except the existence of "Old Golly Smith, " and his stiff leg.

There were, of course, home remedies for every kind of ailment.

This was true in all parts of the Unites States, but our list is limited to the River Valley of southern Wisconsin.

Basswood blossom tea - when bilious.

Black spruce leaves (needles) - for scurvy.

Black cherry (dried) tea - for coughing, also honey and vinegar.

Bone-set tea-to increase perspiration, control fever.

Catnip tea-for constipation.

Elderberry blossom tea-headache or fever.

Gentian root (yellow gentian) distilled-stomach cramps.

Coal oil (kerosene)-for tapeworm.

Raw white of egg, strong hot tea-to counteract kerosene, or poison.

Mint tea-stomach upset.

Nutmeg in hot milk-diarrhea.

Sage tea (strong)-diarrhea.

Salt in hot water-over eating.

Sassafras tea-general appetizer for children.

Yeast-for constipation.

External Use

Arnica blossoms, boiled and mixed with wax from poplar buds-for a salve.

Dry powdered wood from pine stump-for chapped hands. Dry powder from ants boring holes in posts-far diaper rash.

Chestnut, oak or hemlock bark, boiled, brandy added-for blisters and sores.

Hot linseed (flax seed)-for boils.

Hot needle and silk thread-to sew a bad cut.

The Swiss settlers brought with them some ideas and practices, learned by long experience. When my great-grandmother was past ninety, she still followed an old custom, which she said protected them from chills and fever, found among their neighbors, across the "Pass, " -the Italians (Malta fever, Bangs disease-Brucellosis). She would put milk in a 2 gallon hand-made "stone" jug. The jug was put in a tub of hot water, and left their till the water was luke warm. Then the jug was set in running spring water. The hot water drew the poison from the milk, and the cold water washed it away. They knew what to do although they did not know why it helped.

The copper kettles were scoured with fine white sand before washing, because the fine sand would cut away "grue-spau" (verdigris) upon which soap and hot water had little effect. All milk utensils were first rinsed with cold water to remove milk which hot water would cause to stick to the utensil. If no fine sand was available, utensils were first scrubbed with ashes, then hot water and soap were used. After washing, the utensils were put on a bench in the sun, then rinsed with cold water before using. Horses were never kept in the same stable where milking was done, as the odor of ammonia and horse perspiration tainted the taste of the milk.

Care of teeth was a real problem. Before the advent of toothbrushes, the end of a piece of hickory was split to make a scrubbing brush. Usually salt was used as a tooth cleaner, although I knew one man who used fine ashes. There was usually a farmer who had a tool to pull teeth, but soon professional doctors arrived who pulled teeth-as part of their activities. In 1878 there was a dental doctor who "specialized in teeth. " A young woman of 26 had terrible toothache pains. The new dentist said, several of your teeth seem to ache, and it is hard to tell which needs pulling, "Here is some Oil of Smoke." She returned. He said- "All need to be pulled, and I will make you upper and lower plates." "Can you give me something to put me to sleep, " she asked. "I could," he said, "but you are so far along with child, we do not dare to do it. " He called in a man from another office. The young woman sat in the chair. A towel was placed across her forehead and eyes. The dentist's friend held it tight and steadied her head, while the young dentist pulled her total remaining 23 teeth. She later said, only the first four or five gave much pain, that was all she could remember. The baby was not harmed.

There were some doctors in these changing times, however, who used quite different methods.

Doctor Dodge, the Sleep Doctor, mentioned in the story of "Gold" was sought after about health as well as other matters. A young man was sick. He was taken by his father to see the "Sleep Doctor." One dollar was paid. The "Doctor" lay on the couch and went to sleep. Soon, he began to mumble. His wife, who could interpret his mystery language,

asked, "does the boy eat well. " Oh, yes, for breakfast, but not much for dinner or supper." "What does he eat for breakfast?" "Fried down pork, 2 eggs, and a few pancakes." The Doctor mumbled some more. His wife asked him to repeat it. Finally she stood up. "The Spirit has told the Doctor, that for a week the boy must eat nothing but thin-clear soup made from pigeons. After a week, he can the pigeon heart and livers. In two weeks, some of the pigeon meat, and one slice of bread and beet greens. Then he will be well. Charley got well, and Doctor Dodge's reputation was increased.

With the coming of the new immigrants from Prussia after 1875, there were men and women who were particular specialists. There were among them women, who had had special training as mid-wives. They introduced the collection of the powered wood dust on old posts, where carpenter ants worked. This was used for abrasions on delicate skin, diaper rash, and the naval of young babies. During the summer, one Midwife would have her little boys go along fences where carpenter ants had drilled holes, and left small piles of fine dust. This wood-dust was carefully, brushed into paper bags, with a feather. When mothers came to the Midwife for advice about -'diaper rash', she would give them a small amount of the fine wood-powder, which usually proved effective. Woodsmen have long recognized this, and on a raw wet cold day, reach into an old pine stump, for powered dust to stop the chapping of their hands. They also, In the rough, old time lumber camps, used to take a handful of unwashed wool, to rub on their faces. This protected their skin with a coating of unrefined, but very useful LANOLIN.

LIFE GOES ON

The only sound, other than the steady rhythm of the four young men walking thru the prairie grass, was the distant drumming of a prairie chicken on a nearby hilltop. The young men walked steadily and fast. The indications were that it would be a hot August day, and they hoped to have a good start on their 40 mile walk to Janesville. John Elmer and Dick Zentner were 16, Ira Simms and Hank Boyle were older and more experienced, and were more inclined to hold down the pace a little. The 40 mile trip would be complicated by the necessity of crossing the Sugar River flats and wooden hills, and later some of the rough Rock River country. John and Dick were ahead setting a fast pace, only occasionally breaking the monotony with some comment in Swiss. Ira and Hank followed, annoyed at the pace set by the younger men, and with the direction taken. The two Swiss boys, wanted to follow the Ridge for about three hours, then swing east toward their objective. This was about five miles longer than the other shorter but rougher route. Finally they all halted to settle their differences. Sims wanted to follow the Sugar River, for about twenty miles, before turning east. Boyle wanted to swing east thru the Gap. The younger boys insisted on keeping to the high, dry ground, even if a little farther. Boyle and Sims sat down to mark respective routes on the ground. Boyle produced a flask of 'Potato likker'.. Their argument got louder. The boys did not care for the 'likker', and became tired of the argument, -so they started out on their own route. They had walked about 5 minutes, when they heard two fast shots back of them. John said there were two consecutive shots. Dick said, two but so near together they had to come from two guns. Did one man shoot twice, or did both men shoot, at almost the same time. Guess we better go back, Dick said. When they got back, Sims was lying on the ground. Dead. The boys made a crude stretcher with a blanket and two sticks. There was a homesteader's cabin which they could see, about a mile away. They carried the dead man there and went on south to Monroe, where it was reported to the Sheriff. Then they hurried on toward Janesville They never heard of any conclusion of the episode, -years afterwards on occasion one would say, -I wonder what happened to Boyle? Within two years the two young men were 18 year old soldiers in the deep south.

The war brought many other problems, as well as a wider contact with the country generally. Even New York newspapers began to come to the community as we see in the stories of the Bells are Ringing.

AN ACCIDENT- 1868

Harvest time. Expectation, feeling of achievement, joy. or disappointment at the amount of returns has always been a part of harvest time. The associations of harvest time has always brought as a parallel with the physical return of human relations, the loss and heartbreaks. Sometimes a human experience, incidental to work of harvesting, becomes the main event. The story of Ruth continues long after the details of the harvests. John's accident is still talked about by the grandchildren of the men who saw it happen. It is retold in connection with modern discussion of new technology, automation and the replacement of men by the faster machines. Whether it is concerned with nuclear fission, electronic "thinking" calculator and evaluator, or stamping out bodies of cars and refrigerators. a man must run it. Then someone says, "Yes, even the threshing machine replacing the flail, or the tramping horses, takes man to run the machine. Then stories begin to be told of happenings of the past.

For centuries little change had taken place in methods of harvesting. An early threshing plan was to clean off a space of ground of sufficient size and. if the earth was dry, to dampen it and beat it to make it compact. The sheaves were unbound and spread in a circle so that the heads would be uppermost, leaving room in the center for the person whose business it was to turn and stir the straw. Then as many horses or oxen were brought as could conveniently swing around the circle, tramping out the wheat. When several layers had been tramped the straw was raked off. the grain shoved together to be cleaned.

The grain was tossed in the air and the wind separated the chaff from the grain. Soon a new invention appeared, a small fanning mill. The grain poured through a hopper, with a handle attached to a fan within the box like structure. The primitive method of cutting wheat was with a big scythe to which a cradle or carrier was attached, and the wheat dropped when enough for a small sheaf or bundle was cut. This was soon changed. In 1831 Cyrus McCormick invented a small vehicle with a platform and a reel which bent the cut grains straws onto the platform. One man drove the horse, another walked along and raked off the cut straw in sheaf size. Other men followed and tied the bundles with a twist of straw. This was a simple method which was taught to little boys even after the invention of the self binder. Often bundles were missed. The young boys followed the shockers and bound the loose bundles with straw. Then came the new stationary threshing machine with its whirling cylinder beating the grain from the straw.

The sifting and clearing of the grain spurted out on one side, with the separated straw going up an elevator at the back. The belts and gears, the power unit with eight to twelve horses, attached to great levers going round and round, the moaning of the tumbling rods, transferring the power

to the great machine was almost beyond the understanding of most men. The great machine came in unassembled parts. These parts were not machine tooled, it took a real mechanic to assemble a machine, set it up and get it in working condition. This was done on the field where the mechanic, also trained the new crew to run the machine and make repairs, from sewing a belt to welding a broken gear at a field forge. He taught them how to 'strike' a set, load movable parts on wagons, move and reset on a new job.

John was an expert at this and received an enormous wage for the time following the civil war. Day laborers $12. 00 a month and board. He received $110. 00 and board. He was a top mechanic.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a bright October day in 1868. The long shadows from Howard's woods began to reach toward the Plum Hollow. The Bill Wood threshing crew was trying to finish the job as quickly as possible in order to move the machine while it was still daylight, over the rough road to Antone Stauffacher's three miles away. The men were tired. They sort of puttered around, cleaning up the spilled wheat and chaff. The machine crew became restless. The minutes were passing and picking up the few bushels of loose grain was taking too much time. John jumped from the platform of the power machine which was pulled by long levers around and around by 12 horses. He grabbed a basket of wheat and chaff, jumped to the platform of the threshing machine, and dumped it into the roaring cylinder, jumped down, grabbed another basket and repeated. The lackadaisical sweeping of the scattered wheat and slow work of "cleaning up" the day's work irritated him. As he emptied his third basket a torn glove was caught by the whirling cylinder. He was jerked off his feet for a moment, and fell backward with the shattered arm hanging limply at his side. Some one rushed to Howard's house 100 yards distant, tore a sheet off a bed, and returning, wrapped it around the arm. Mathias, his younger brother, saddled a horse and rode off to Janesville 30 miles distant to get a doctor. After resting a few minutes, John stood up and said he would walk home, a distance of a mile. His mother was subject to nervous shock which sometimes took the form of prolonged cramps. Whistling he walked home, stating later on, however, that for about an hour, he felt practically no pain. After several hours, about 2 A. M., the doctor arrived. In his hurry he had forgotten to bring any anesthetic (Laudanum). By that time the pain was terrific. John begged him to proceed. It was a poorly lighted room. The only light was a metal lantern holding a large candle. The doctor asked someone to hold the lantern. All the men in the room shrank back at the sight of the shattered arm. One man who thought he was brave began to retch, and dropped the lantern. John's father, a tough old Swiss, picked it up finally, and then fainted. John was impatient. He grabbed the lantern with his right hand and said, "Darn it, I'll hold it. " He held the lantern so the doctor could see. The "job" was first trimmed. John winched. When the bone was being cut about 6 inches from the shoulder, someone else was holding the lantern. John had passed out. He gave up being a mechanic, got married

in December and started to farm. He was treated well as a workman of that period.

It was customary to get a 20% deduction from the pay due you if you did not finish a job. A man who had signed up for a logging job and died before the job was finished, 20 per cent deducted from the due pay, which was given to his widow.

John was paid in full for all his time and only 1/4 deducted from his last day when he worked until 4:00 P. M. And, he was only charged . 75 cents for the bed sheet used to wrap his shattered arm. The rights of workmen were moving forward.

SMALL POX

About 1890 there were cases of small pox reported. Word went out that all children must appear at the school house. I was too young to go to school, but remember it very well, since I was little, I was put at the head of the line. A constable, who was a member of the School Board, stood at the head of this line with one of his little daughters who had been vaccinated previously. He rolled back my left sleeve. With his jack-knife, he made four little cuts, like tit-tat-toe. Then with the knife blade, he took a small scab from Emmy's arm and put in on my arm, and said, "Now you are safe", and took the next child. The arm became very sore. I have been vaccinated several times since, but without reaction. There were no further cases of small pox in the Valley.

DR. DWIGHT FLOWER

The coming of Dr. Dwight Flower to the Valley about 1880 marked a real change in medical practice and understanding of health measures, although it took several years to reach all areas. He was an abrupt man, who stammered, and was apt to speak in a short, sharp manner with a minimum of explanation. His shortness of speech was often misunderstood as being unfriendly, when actually he was most sensitive and considerate.

My first memory of the old doctor was when I was three. I had crawled under a table to hide from the older children when they came from school. A needle went into my knee and broke off. I was taken to the Doctor with the broken half of the needle. He examined the knee. Said it had gone into the bone. "It may come out in time, but more probably, will become fixed in the bone, and will not cause any trouble. For over seventy years, it has given no trouble.

One day one of my brothers became very ill. We went for the Doctor. He said both of his horses were nearly dead from the trips he had to make that day and the night before, so he rode with my father, who was to take him home again. He spent a long time in the examination.

"What ails him", asked Mother, "The inflammation of his Vermiform appendix. There are two things we can do. Wait till it gets well or cut it out." He took some powder and put it into capsules. "What is that, " asked my mother. "Its salicylic acid. It will thin blood and lessen pain (aspirin came later). "I will come out tomorrow. " If he gets worse, let me know at once. Have lots of clean linen ready, boil it and iron it with a hot iron. We may have to operate on the dining room table. He went on to say that the Vermiform appendix was useless extension which only caused trouble. "Nature is a cruel Mother, who leaves a black trail behind her, which we must fight to survive. -People say I am not a Christian because I don't leave all the work to the Lord. But I say that God gave us the ability to clean up the mess and make progress."

The old Doctor practiced what he preached. If he felt a farmers pig pen was too near his house, he would stop and order them to move it. He had no legal authority, but people were afraid to go against him. One family had a place which looked untidy. So he stopped to tell them to clean up. When he got to the kitchen he found they had a big swill-barrel in a corner in which they put potato peelings, buttermilk and kitchen garbage for the pigs. He ordered it out of the kitchen. "But it will freeze they said." "Then give it to the pigs, at once, before it freezes. " He left. They modified their pig feeding.

An epidemic of Diphtheria hit the Valley. He was on the road day and night. He visited the sick and stopped regularly to see families not affected, with advice and suggestions. The sickness did not spread to the lower valley. He forbade the funerals at the Church which had taken place before he objected. He ordered, burial at once, instead of a three day wait. He went to the schools, and carried away the water pail and common dipper, telling the children to bring milk or water from home in a bottle, and to drink out of their own bottle. He was asked about carrying camphor gum or *asafoetida to keep sickness away. "It will help, " he said, "to keep sick people away from you, so carry it. "

By the time I was ten years old, he used to drop by and say, "There is a package I bro't for you in the back of my buggy." It would consist of a bundle of old magazines, St. Nicholas, The Outlook, and Literary Digest. Then perhaps a month later, he would come by and asked me what I read that was interesting. "The only way I know what is happening is to have boys like you, who have time to read, tell me about things. " I took it very seriously, and read and remembered to tell him what was in the magazines. Once he told me, "You are the only person around here, who knows what the Boer war is really about". I began to read even more carefully. Or. Dwight Flower was more than a skilled medical man, he was a great community builder who was interested in every little boy and girl with whom he came in contact. From John Addams to Dwight Flower and all the variation in between the Valleys depended on these Doctors for physical and mental support and growth.

'Asafetida or Asafoetida is an evil smelling vegetable substance sometimes used as an anti-spasmodic.

YOUNG MORRISON BECAME A DOCTOR IN 1850 - 1908

Recalling those stories brought to my mind a man who left an impression with me. In the year 1911-12, among the students taking courses in Sociology at the University of Illinois, was an old gentleman with white whiskers. He attended classes all day long, taught by Dr. A. J. Todd and Dr. Edward Carey Hayes. He would sit about one-third of the way back from the front, always on the left side of the room. He carried a heavy black thorn cane on which he leaned, bending forward with his good-hearing ear turned toward the lecturer.

I learned to know him well. He had been a practicing physician in Illinois. Before his wife died, when he was seventy years of age, she made Dr. Morrison promise to give up his practice and attend the University. He had always wanted a college education, so about 3 years later he came to the University of Illinois and each year he concentrated on one subject, attending all the lectures. The year I knew him, it was Sociology. Here is his story as told to me:

"When I was a boy of 14 in Kentucky, I decided to become a doctor. At first it was a dream, but soon it became a fixed idea. When I was 16 I heard of a doctor who wanted an apprentice. I went to see him; he told me that he was getting old and wanted a young man to learn medicine and take over his practice. He demanded the payment of $50. 00 in advance. My father somehow got this sum and gave it to me. When I paid the doctor the $50. 00, he told me that he would train me in six months, after which I was to be on my own. He said, 'There are 24 things a doctor must know. I will teach you one each week. In six months you will know as much as I do and then the rest will be practice and experience.'

The first thing he taught me was the use of emetics. 'People here in the mountains are always getting belly-aches. You have to help them get rid of what ails them.' The first method is ticking a finger in the throat, the second, giving them a big spoonful of lard, the third, mustard, the fourth, ipecac, fifth, warm milk, sixth, whites of eggs for a soothing and healing effect. Each day he went over the different symptoms and the needed remedy or combination of remedies.

Sunday evening, at the end of the first week, was stormy, wet, and cold. The old Doctor was called out to take care of a man with a broken leg. I was alone in the house and was startled by a pounding on the door. A man, soaking wet, entered, and before I could shut out the rain, shouted, 'I want a doctor; my wife is dying.' 'Do you want the old Doctor ? He is away, I replied. ' For the Lord's sake, any kind of a doctor.' So I climbed behind him on a big white mule and we went up the mountain about 5 miles.

The cabin was full of neighbors, anxiously awaiting the last hope in the form of the town doctor. The dying woman was in a sort of lean-to bedroom off the main cabin room. She was moaning and holding her body with her hands 'Aha--I can handle that.' I had had a week of training, so I proceeded with No. 1, some results, but no relief from the pain. On to No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, and the soothing No. 5 and 6 of hot milk and whites of eggs. Still no lessening of the pain.

I went back into the main room and paced the floor. My first case was a failure. Fifty dollars squandered and my future ruined. One of the women asked me. 'Kaint you do nuthin' ?' I said, 'I have tried everything. ' 'Shall we try the quill?' she asked. 'Go ahead.' I soon learned it was filling a goose quill with cayenne pepper and blowing its contents in the nostril of the patient.

I was discouraged and did not even go to the bedside of my dying patient. The rain and thunder seemed to get worse. I hoped the lightning would strike. I have no idea how long we stood in the muggy, hot, crowded room. After some time, one of the women came out of the lean-to with a bundle in her arms.

'It's a boy, Doctor' — 'That', said old Dr. Morrison, 'was my first patient, 58 years ago. I have learned much since.

Several years later, my wife met him in Boulder, Colorado, where he re-told those experiences and gave her his card with the following lines:

I have an abiding confidence
In an infinite Providence
Who day by day cares for me, without display
Unto Whom I offer my sincere gratitude
That I am, and am to be
A loved and loving personality, through all eternity.

In 1917, he was still a happy old man, 67 years after his first case as an obstetrician.

VIII Just Folks

JUST FOLKS

It all started when there was one of those week long rains which occur at times in early September. There were three threshing rigs in the nieghborhood. One from the west toward Pecatonica Valley, one from the Jordon prairie East, and one from the Upper Sugar River Valley. The rain stopped all field work, so the crews gathered at the R.R. Crossing Store and swapped yarns. The boss of the Sugar River crew was the life of the group, but gradually others broke in. In fact, nearly every one had at least one good yarn. Most had been heard before but each telling gave it a new twist, and a reflective coloration of the man who told it. When the type of stories took form they all followed the same general pattern. Sometimes feats of strength or courage; hunting experiences, stories about horses, dogs and women.

Since the men came from a wider area, they could go into details not possible in a smaller local group. There was less danger of stepping on some ones toes. Also the week long period allowed them to drag out their stories, and the next day repeat or clarify a part of it. These summaries are the result of some of the best yarns told. William Prisk started the ball rolling after the usual sparring and bragging about their local communities. He did not approve of "smut stories, " and since he was a good talker, he could usually start the session off by giving it a higher tone. "Most people" said Prisk, "are just folks. " A s a whole they don't differ much, but everywhere you find one that stands out like a potato in a basket of apples. Now take old "Charley Siegerfuss. " That set the pattern for talking about interesting and unusual people in the River Valley. Among these stories were the accounts of the following people who were just folks.

The first few were mild and only of semi-interest, gradually they became better. In part because they were often stories which might cause embarrassment to people they knew, but also interesting, because of details which the teller added to make it better than the ones already told. One of the first yarns was told by a relative stranger from the area up toward Evansville. After meandering for a while, his story settled down to an account of a little old woman he knew. No one ever actually saw her face. She always wore a sun-bonnet in the summertime, or a heavy grey knitted bonnet in the wintertime, which had sort of an over hanging edging sloping down and almost covering her eyes. She seemed small, when compared with some heavy farm women, but she would toss 100 pound sacks of grain into a wagon, with less apparent effort than the average man.

On a trip to town on Saturday to do the weeks shopping—carrying pails of eggs packed in oats, and come out with boxes of groceries, which she tossed into the wagon box. -A hundred pound sack of sugar made one trip. She would take two 50 lb. bags of flour one under each arm, and place them on the straw covered floor of the wagon. Then when she was

ready to go home, she would make the rounds of the Saloons-until she found Jimmy, her husband. --Without a word, she would take hold of his shoulder with one hand, and with the other on the small of his back march him out. If someone who didn't know her made a remark, she would stop, --walk up to him and look at him with a cold stare. If he seemed abashed she would walk out with Jimmy. If he, unknowingly, made a remark, grinned or in any way showed disrespect, she would give him a slap, then turn back to Jimmy. One day Jimmy went to town alone. --She told him what to buy with the egg money. He did not get home until she had finished milking 15 cows, done all the chores, and then sat waiting for him until 10 o'clock. Finally she heard the wagon coming. --Jimmy was slumped on the seat unconscious. -She looked into the wagon. There were the empty egg buckets but no groceries. -She took Jimmy, by the arms, and pulled him off the wagon seat, -with him, there rolled out a 1 gallon whiskey jug, about half empty. She picked it up, swinging it and cracked it on his head. Slumping more than ever, he sunk to the ground. She shouldered him, like a sack of grain carried him to the house, and tossed him on a couch in the living room. After taking care of the horses she went to bed.

The next morning, he was still on the couch. Dead. The coroner reported death due to acute alcoholic poisoning.

With-in a year she married a widower. -They did not get along very well but fortunately he was found dead before a divorce or separation was forced upon them. She reported that he had been oiling the windmill, and fell down from the 40 foot tower. His son climbed the tower. The wheel had not been oiled. No oil was found any where. There were various comments and suggestions as to what were the actual facts. For a while no good stories were told. Finally Jacque Pineau spoke up. He was a quiet man , who had more mechanical skill than most men. He was not interested in accumulating great wealth, nor did he have any positive attitude about people around him. He very seldom told a story, but after three or four days of drizzling weather everyone had about talked himself out. So, laying down a willow flute he was carving, he closed the blade of his knife, tossed the closed knife in the air, caught it, and stretched out a leg. The group of men, sat hushed, and turned their eyes toward him. After a minute of silence, he began: "I used to know an interesting family," he said. "They were well adjusted and fitted into the life they wanted. Some folks didn't agree with their type of life, but who is to say. From that start he went on: "Before I came to Pecatonica Valley, I lived up in the country north of the Wisconsin River. I bought a piece of land, and wanted some help in clearing a field for rye, and do some fencing. Someone suggested the Michael Family. I went to about where they live, stopped at a house and asked directions. I was told to follow the road up the next big hill and near the top was a road to the right about a mile where I would find them. Yes, they had some boys who were good workers and might help me. When I arrived there, a tall wiry woman came out of the cabin, and said, "How do you do, are you Mr. Pineau?" I was unknown in that

area, but the grapevine telegraph, which simply means short-cuts known to local people--had worked fast. One of the Michael boys had been at a neighbor's when he mentioned this family to me. By cutting across the back lot, he had about a mile to go and I had three miles. I stated my errand, and she called "Hey, come here." A tall gray-haired stubbly-whiskered man came out of the house. He wore ragged overalls and shirt. A rope around his waist held his trousers in position. On his feet he had a pair of heavy rubber, four buckle shoes, the kind woodmen wear in the winter time. "How do you do, Mr. Michael." His eyes twinkled, and a sort of grin appeared on his face. "You don't have to call me Mr. Michael, just call me Jay, " he said.

I said, "Jay." "Yes, just Jay, " he answered. "There was a passel of us kids, and my mother was a Menomonee Indian who'd went to school. Had a sister B and one D, a brother G. I was J and my youngest brother was K. Never knew what my father's real name was, but everybody called him Mike, so the teachers called us Michael. She called me J. Michael. " At this the woman spoke up. "Yes, " she said. "His father was just a bum, and the old man's no better. My father was a German by the name of Sale, and he took up with a squaw who was my mother. " While we were talking two little children stepped out of the cabin. They were bright-faced little girls, and I commented on them. The woman said, "Oh, those are not my kids—those are Josephine's youn 'uns. Josie, come here."

A dark squatty woman of about twenty-eight appeared with a baby in her arms.

I said, "Oh, you have another child. " She grinned and said, "Yes. "

Her mother spoke up, saying, "You know, everybody around here are always butting into folks' affairs, and Phil said they were talking at the store that her youn 'uns didn't have any father. Go and show him the picture." On the back of the picture was the photographer's name, and Oshkosh 1893. Then her mother proceeded to tell me what a fine handsome traveling man Josie's husband was and that he was usually away from home. During the conversation I asked whether they had lived long in this place. Mrs. Mike spoke up, "Oh, J has always been a river rat in this section, but when I was a young girl I worked for Judge Wilson in Oshkosh." Since the photographer mentioned on the back of the 1893 picture gave Oshkosh his place of business, I assumed that this was an old picture which happened to be in her belongings.

J suggested we go and talk with the boys about work on the clearing, and we walked over the hill to where there was a small lake. One of them »as fishing, the other three were sitting nearby. I was told that the one who »as fishing was married and had two children, but that his wife was staying with her folks. The other three were just living at home. With them was

also a girl of about 12 or 13 whom the old man referred to as his youngest baby. I kept wondering where all these slept in that one-room cabin, but learned in the course of the next hour or two that sleeping location was only of secondary importance in the summer time, and in the winter time, crowded conditions increased the warmth of the place and reduced the amount of fuel necessary.

I didn't see them again for several days, I was in a woodlot about a mile from their place when J strolled up to where I was standing. He said, "I noticed your tracks going up the mud road, so I came to look for you. I know where you can buy an old logging camp shack for about $10.00, and if you will buy it and have it toted over here, I will live on your land and look after things for you. I have got to get out of my house. Everybody is so—lazy around my place. Last night I came home and wanted a drink of water. There wasn't a drop in the house. I suffered all night long. This morning there wasn't any water in the house to boil for coffee, and I didn't have anything to drink but milk till I came over here and stopped at the spring." The spring from which the family used water was about one hundred yards from the house, and, of course, too much of a task for anyone to carry water. "Then, he continued, "I can't live in the house with that mean old bag." I wasn't sure who he meant, but he went on. "You know, Sale, her brother gave her a radio and she keeps that damned thing going until 10 o'clock at night and I can't sleep and the next morning at five o'clock the old rip gets up and rattles the stove lids around, starts the fire and then when she has the cows milked, she grinds that damned milk separator half the morning. If I had a place to sleep for a year, I would be all right. Next year I will be 65; then I will get old-age pension and I will be sitting pretty."

The entire Mike family was composed of individualists who varied only in degree. All had their own patch of beans and potatoes. They would co-operate to the extent of sharing anything with anyone else. If one had meat, all might share, but knew they were sharing. If everyone's potatoes were eaten but Jim's or J's or Phil's, it did not indicate lack of potatoes for all. The cows belonged to the old lady. All had milk, but it was her business to feed, milk and care for them. This caused a slight problem regarding the disposal of the manure. Great piles accumulated for several years, until Phil finally decided to help his mother out.

Phil was a good boy, but a little slow-witted. Never got into trouble except once when he cashed Jim's relief check. Jim was the most pronounced individualist of the family. He was handsome. His tall, lithe figure, in a black and red checked shirt, and high boots, set off his striking dark face, black hair and well-placed eyes. He never had any trouble to get a job for a day or two if he needed boots or other clothing. He was a good guide, but did not seek business. Jim, the individualist had finally took a job with a road crew but quit after a week because he said, "I have not yet got so low that any man can tell me when to start or to quit work." He told me he had

found a woman with three children who would marry him, and then he would get $28.00 a week relief.

Phil, who was 16 was persuaded to start raising chickens. He had accumulated $20. 00. He was told to go to the county fair, spend five dollars but kept the other fifteen dollars pinned in his shirt pocket to buy chickens. He was a good boy, and followed instructions. After he has spent most of his five dollars he drifted to the chicken pens. He told an attendant of his interest in chickens, and ended up by buying a Black Langshang rooster for $15.00. It had been a prize winner--a beautiful blackbird. Phil was very proud of his rooster and entered into vigorous discussions at the store on the relative merits of Langshangs over Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, and other varieties. About two years later I asked him about his chickens. He whistled and out of the barn stalked the great black monarch. It "kid- -er--a--kawed" and walk up to him.

"Where are the rest of your chicken?" "The rest?" he look blank. "Haven't you any others?"

"Why no, " he answered, "I only had enough money to buy the rooster and he ain't raised none. He's a dandy but we are going to eat him on Sunday. He is soon four years old. "

The Mike's are a happy family. If they have plenty of food, they have it. If they do not have any food in the house, there is always some way to get some. You can help a neighbor, trap a muskrat, or a rabbit. There are always greens in the summer and in winter you can dig wild iris roots. Everything they do may be at variance with what you or I would approve, but after all, they are satisfied. They are adjusted to their environment and would not change places with anyone of us for very long.

Who can say which of us is wrong. I guess they are as happy as I am, and more satisfied. Pineau then opened his knife, picked up his willow flute, and went back to whittling. The general horse play began again. As I was recalling some of these yarns, one came to mind about Old Dr. Morrison, which is included under Early Doctors.

WEDDING ATMOSPHERE

A common remark when anyone in the Valley wished to express antipathy concerning anything was: "I like that as little as Carl Austin likes a skunk." Carl was a young man about 17 years of age who had great ambitions to further his education and to go into politics. He was working on a farm, and, to add to his wages, he die a lot of trapping, catching mink, muskrat, an occasional martin, raccoons, and small game which he would sell in the local market. He received word that his sister was going to be married on a certain day, and he was given the day off to attend her wedding. His plan was to leave the night before, walk three or four miles across the hills to his brother's, and ride with him to the place where the marriage was to occur. After the evening chores were done, he packed his best clothes in a telescope-valise and started across the hills. As he was crossing a corn field, a beautiful furred animal calmly crossed his path with the dignity that only a skunk can assume. He looked around for a pumpkin or a stone, but saw none. He could not let the animal get away. It was unusually large with a minimum of white on its shinning black back. He threw his valise at the skunk and stunned it. The he found a heavy ear of corn with which he dispatched it. At first the musk odor seemed terrific to him, but as he walked along in the cold late November night, it gradually seemed to disappear; and, by the time he reached his brother's home three miles away the odor was unnoticeable. He quickly stripped the pelt, put it on a drying board, washed and went into the house. The house was dark but he knew his way about and went up to his bedroom. Early the next morning before the sun was up, his brother Walter was calling him. The chores had been done and they were ready to start on their fifteen-mile drive to the wedding. When he got in the buggy and they had been driving a short time, Walter remarked that someone must have killed a skunk in the neighborhood. Then Carl informed him that he had done so and that he had left the pelt to dry back of the barn.

When they reached Albany, ten miles from their home, Carl got out of the buggy and went into a department store. He bought a good sized bottle of cheap perfume with which he rather liberally doused his clothing, insisting, however, that he did not notice any particular odor. Walter gradually began to agree with him and said that it seemed to him that the odor was less evident than when they had started; and, by the time they had ended their fifteen-mile trip neither of them was much concerned. Joyfully they took care of the their horses, they proceeded up to the grounds that were rapidly filling with friends, neighbors, and relatives of the bride and groom. Soon Carl noticed that when he would move into a clump of persons, one by one they would drift away and soon he would be standing alone. He would move across the yard where there seemed to be a jovial conversation and backslapping and again the crowd would melt. The source of the odor became known and poor Carl spent a very unhappy day at his sister's wedding. After about two weeks, the odor had become diluted, or everyone had become immune. Carl still continued trapping, but concentrated on other animals.

THE CHARIVARI

Going to town was a real event for the small farm boys, especially when it was to a town in the next valley, 12 miles away. Three or four times a year was all that could be expected, even to the near towns which were 6 or 8 miles away. There was one trip that was especially important, even more so than the one before Christmas. The great event was when the boy sold his calf. There was usually a runt calf which needed special care which was given to the farm boy to feed, and when it was ready it was taken with a load of vealers. The boy was allowed to go to market and sell it, and then drift around with the other men and boys and listened to grown-up talk about prices, cattle and feeding practices.

This day was of special interest. The calves were to be taken to a more distant town. It was in another valley. The roads were too muddy to the nearer towns, so they would go over the ridge to the Gap, after which the roads were sandy the rest of the way. It was a real adventure. New country and new sights which were a series of new events to be remembered. They ranged from the sight of rare golden eagle to a Vixen digging for mice for her Kits. She was a beautiful red fox who paid no attention as the loaded wagon moved along the highway. There was a man ploughing near some tumble down buildings, with a cow and an oxen yoked together. The use of oxen was a rare sight, but a cow used in ploughing was a sight worth the trip in itself.

The slow trip was finally ended. The sale of the calf followed the usual pattern, so the boy was glad to have some free time to see the wonders of the new River town. It was an adventure which led to an interesting story.

Each shop and store was enough to present an episode in the days series of events. The sales talk of the merchant selling a farmer an ill fitting blue suit of clothes, with the clinching argument, "And remember, Mr. Kennedy, This is genuine imported Irish frieze". The farmer bought the suit, then, stormed at his wife who had just bought a useless little blue vase from the merchants wife.

The climax however was a visit to the Shoe-makers Shop. The speed and careless way in which a piece of leather was tacked to a shoe, trimmed, pegged and polished. Ripping off a worn heel pulling the broken nails and a new heel built from pieces of leather, trimmed and finished, made the boy feel that being a shoemaker was about tops. Even more so with what followed.

As he stood there, fascinated, a man entered and was handed a pair of new soled boots. He laid a $20 gold piece on the counter and walked out. A little later a second man came in, picked up a pair of shoes with new heels laid down a $10 gold piece and left. On the way home the boy told his father about the shoe shop. "Why did they do that?" he wanted to know. "Oh, they were shiveree (charivari) boys. " A long explanation followed how when a marriage took place, the boys of the neighborhood came with bells, horns, tin pans, blank shotgun shells, to make noise and "serenade" the newly weds. Long before the explanation was finished the boy was asleep, but from time to time during the next few years, the story took form from the snatches of conversation and comments.

It started when a new School Ma'am had come to the Valley. She was a lively buxom young woman, who became friendly with all. At parties and dances she spoke freely with everyone, without embarrassment. Bashful young farmers looked forward to a smile and a cherry word from the pretty School Ma'am. She was very popular, and many a young farmer dreamed of her as a possible wife. So, everyone was shocked when she married a middle aged widower, the owner of a big farm well stocked with dairy cattle. They did not blame her but felt she had been swayed by the material status of the man she married.

A Big Charivari was planned. For miles around, men and boys came on horseback for the event. Cowbells, horns, shot-guns, every kind of noisemaker was brought. They whooped, yelled, shot blanks, blew horns, clanged bells for over a hour without response. Someone climbed on the roof, put a board over the chimney, and rolled stones down the roof. Still no response. Then one fellow had an idea. He yelled, "keep it up till I get back." He sped away on his horse, and was back in about twenty minutes. He had gone to a neighbors where they had butchered a steer that day. He brought a bucket containing fresh blood. This was poured on the ground, and the cows let out of the barn. The bellowing of the cows at the smell of fresh blood was enough to raise the dead. It did arouse the Bridegroom. He came out with his shot-gun, and fired into the crowd. While their heavy clothing protected them from the bird-shot many of them did get stung enough to draw blood. The crowd scattered, but were still in a hilarious mood, and considered it rough fun.

The next night they returned, with more of the conventional noise-makers and a bigger crowd. Someone discovered a big iron kettle of soft soap, back of the Sheds. This was carried to the front of the house, a young hickory tree was bent down, and the kettle fastened to its top. Then the racket began louder than the night before. The farmer decided he would stop it at once. He stepped out on the porch with his shot-gun, swearing, and really angry. He started to raise his gun, but at his first move the tree was let go and catapulted the kettle of soap. He did not shoot. He fell crushed to the ground. The young School Ma'am was a Widow. Everybody was stunned. One young man was apprehended and convicted. After ten years he was paroled from the State Prison and started a Shoe Repair Shop. He was married and had two children. He Prospered. He was respected. He did good work, and had good customers. The old Charivari crowd never stopped for change when they paid their shoe repair bills.

A MAN WHO NEVER ARGUED

The adjustment of differences of opinion has always been of importance in the life of a family, but the method of procedure differs. Thor roared and waved his war -club. Gandhi sat and meditated. One woman scolds, another cries, and a third may pout. One man I know who is a factory worker has a patch of stony land behind his house; and when tension rises he goes out and digs stones and piles them up. Old Frank fought back by meekly and silently following orders no matter how absurd, and in the way, lost logistically but won by strategy.

A sudden May thunderstorm caused a group of boys to seek the shelter of the farmhouse porch. There was a large, apparently new, book on the porch floor receiving the blasts of wind and rain. "Don't touch that, " yelled James as one of the boys started to pick up the book. "That is a County Atlas my Dad bought; and when it was delivered Mother said it could lay there till it rots, but could not be brought into the house."

A month later the book, much worse from the ravages of wind and rain, was still there. The next spring I saw a puppy playing with the covers in the barnyard.

After some years, the mistress of the household decided that James was old enough to get married. A suggestion by the way of a command brought no results; so she decided that she and Frank would retire to the town eight miles away and James could run the farm on shares, either running it alone or get a wife. She bought a house which had about an acre of land for a garden and a small pasture for a horse. There was a neat small barn for the horse with room for hay and feed and a small 8' x 10' harness room.

It was December and bitter cold. The hay was getting low. Frank, without consulting his wife, sent word to James by a neighbor that if he wasn't busy during the next few days, he could bring in a small "jag of hay. " James felt like a trip to town, and it was too cold to do anything except feed the cattle, so he loaded up a small jag of loose hay and started for town. It was cold and the road had frozen ruts. Wrapped in a big buffalo robe, wearing felt boots and a fur coat, he was comfortably warm, but clumsy almost to the point of immobility. A sudden lurch of the loaded wagon caused by the team side-stepping a patch of ice caused James to start rolling. In spite of the heavy buffalo robe and his fur coat, when the wagon passed over him, it was the end.

There was little to say until after the funeral. Then what was necessary was said without fanfare, argument, or emotion. "Well, Jimmie is gone. If you had gone after your own hay he would still be here. You can pack your duds and move in with your horse. I'll put your meals on the back porch. You can leave your clothes there on Monday morning. "

The harness room made a cozy den. Old Frank had always been tidy. His meals were put in dishes and placed in a big covered dishpan on the back porch. In the morning a plate of fried eggs, bacon or sausages, hot crullers or biscuits, butter, maple syrup, coffee and sometimes, additionally, cornmeal mush or oatmeal. Noon, boiled meat, barley or bean soup, stewed tomatoes, canned berries,

peaches or applesauce, cheese, and a big pot of coffee. After eating, he neatly placed his dishes in the pan and attended to his horse, the yard or garden; or in the winter time, returned to the harness room and then went to bed.

A week, a month, a year passed by. Every month he would go to the different stores and other business places and pay his bills. The farm had been sold by his wife, and after signing the papers there was nothing for them to see each other about. The mail, chiefly bills and tax notices which were necessary for him to see, would be placed in his dishpan.

After about two years, he took his horse out to the farm of a relative and left it there. Everything he wanted to do, he did. Everything she wanted to do, she did. No, there was one thing which she did not control. After seven years, she died. It was a quiet funeral; all of the old neighbors came and quietly shook hands with him, saying, "How do you do?" Solemnly he answered one and all, "Pretty well, thank you. " After the funeral he quietly moved back into the house, prepared his own meals, and washed his own dishes and clothes. Life went on as before. She had won all the battles; he had won the war. There had never been any arguments; there were no arguments now.

RUDY

Did you ask whether I knew any tear-jerker stories ? Well here goes one. If it had occurred to some person other than Rudy, it might have brought a laugh or at least a smile; but Rudy was different. Not that you noticed him in a crowd; in fact, you hardly noticed him at all. He was usually near the edge in the background of a group saying nothing. When topics of interest became worn out, horse play could be directed at Rudy as the chief actor. It gave the story a personal touch. Everyone knew it was fiction and Rudy didn't seem to mind. In the wintertime he worked in a lumber camp where he was called upon for all the one-man odd jobs which were usually something in addition to the regular day's work. He was never invited to go to the Saturday night dance in town, but given the job of keeping up the fires in the bunk house. So he saved his money. He bought a small piece of land and in the summertime made hay and raised potatoes, which he sold to the lumber camps in the fall. Finally he built a large, square frame house with eight rooms. From the outside it looked like any other square, eight-room house; but on the inside it was different. It was not plastered. The upstairs rooms were not subdivided, except for frames indicating where the walls should be. Two of the rooms downstairs contained corn, clover, and timothy seed and general utensils, shovels, axes, and similar hand tools. The main room contained an old wood stove, three crude homemade hickory chairs, a simple plank table, a corn-husk mattress in the corner, and a crudely constructed bench bed. This was the place where his old mother slept.

Rudy could speak in English, German, French, and Bohemian. He could read and write in those languages and used to help out less literate men in the camp or neighborhood. It was not known what language his mother spoke, because she would never speak to anyone. In fact, some rumors indicated that she was a deaf mute.

Rudy held the silent respect of everyone in the neighborhood and wherever he worked, in spite of the fact that he was made the butt of their jokes. He seldom entered into a conversation and when he did, the nasal tones of his cleft pallet were further confused by his long shaggy yellow mustache, which covered his mouth and almost hit his chin. The General appearance of his place was unfinished and untidy.

No one knew how he got the inspiration to put an ad in a Milwaukee paper, but one day he appeared at the corner store, dressed in suit which may have been his size ten years earlier, when he was less muscular. He wore an aging celluloid collar, a tight white shirt; and he told Oscar he was going to town to get his future wife. He handed the storekeeper a clipping from a Milwaukee paper which stated:

"Object matrimony. Man 48 years of age, never married, interested in meeting a women 25 - 40 years of age who would like farm life. Have an eighty-acre farm, eight-room house, cattle, and tools paid for. Some money in the bank. Am in perfect health; blue eyes; red-brown hair; six feet, two inches;

weight 168 lbs.; do not drink. Speak and write in French, German, English, Bohemian."

Within a week he had received a letter and a picture. He sent a round-trip ticket to the young lady.

When the woman arrived on the train, her appearance was an improvement of her picture. She was about 30 years of age, well dressed, and groomed with a general appearance above average. They walked up through the main street of the town, then drove back to the farm for supper. How the evening passed and how the home situation impressed her. no one knew. The next morning at 10 o'clock Rudy and his lady were back in town. They went to the jewelers where Rudy paid $420 for a ring she had selected. Afterwards the jeweler said that when they came into the store she had a sort of Mona Lisa smile on her face. When they bought the ring he said that she had the same frozen smile, only a little deeper, and as the memory of her face was dimmed by passing time, he remembered it more as a sort of cat-smile. They then went down the street to Manheim's Store where he paid $365 for a coat she selected.

Wearing her new coat, they went to the hotel. He waited in the lobby while she went to freshen up for dinner. After waiting half an hour, he began to pull out his watch. When an hour passed, he spoke to the clerk. The clerk walked down the hall and called at the washroom door. There was no answer. He opened it and walked in. It was empty. Rudy walked down the street. Mr. Manheim was in front of his store. He said, "Say Rudy, that lady looked like a million dollars in her new coat." Rudy walked over to the station. The agent remarked, "Your friend looked pretty swell as she left on the Milwaukee train. " No one ever mentioned the affair to Rudy. If anyone in a group raised a question about Rudy and his prospective bride the subject was changed. Everyone liked Rudy and felt that someone had been unfair to him. They would play practical, rough, and tumble jokes on Rudy, but the kind of joke played on him by the woman from Milwaukee was considered beyond the pale of a prank.

A WOODSMAN PHILOSOPHER

Bert Chislett was an excellent antidote when life became so complicated that it was necessary to untangle the web and start over. The best medicine available was tramping through the woods with old Bert. Under his guidance one learned how to tie a pack, how to swing on a half trot for hours through the brush, how to fall limp when tripped by a vine or a badger hole and how to get along when water and food ran low. It had been an unusually hard season at the University. Reorganization of departments was taking place due to the sudden influx of students. Young professors were leaving to take jobs in industry or better paying teaching jobs. Marital difficulties of associates were brought in for advice and adjustment, and the last day on the job was extended far into the night to persuade the wife of a young professor from committing suicide.

After three hours of sleep, there was the start of a 900 mile drive to the woods of northern Wisconsin. The first day after arriving was spent in getting settled, making a few contacts, and taking care of some minor business matters. Then came the main project of the trip, poking around through the woods with a minor motive of locating the "benchmark" of the original government land survey. Several inquiries about finding a professional surveyor all ended with "You'd better get old Bert Chislett to locate the "benchmarks."

Following a winding trail to his log cabin, which was about three-fourths of a mile from the highway, an unexpected opening appeared in the woods. Everything looked tidy and in place. The wood was carefully piled in ricks, an open-end shed disclosed tools clean and shiny on neatly spaced wooden brackets fastened to the wall. Blue and pink morning glories covered the windows and the sides of the entrance to the cabin. Hollyhocks, zinnias, and marigolds in little plots were set off by carefully selected glaciated boulders. The inside of his cabin was neat and clean and carefully organized. Even his pipes were in holders consisting of two nails so they would clamp the stem below the bowl. His dishes were on a shelf covered with white oilcloth which had a neat brown-figure tracing. Copper pots and pans burnished to a glow were hanging above the stove. Even the broom hanging on a nail gave one the feeling that it had done its work well and was now resting.

Bert lived alone. He depended on the woods for most of his livelihood. As we walked through the woods he called my attention to plants which could be used for greens, raw or cooked, such as cow-slips, dandy-lions, nettle, and pokeweed. He told me of different times of the year when one should collect blossoms, herbs and roots, and leaves for tea. He collected mint, wintergreen, yellow birch bark, sassafras, elderberry blossoms, and catnip for tea. Each had a special value. For example he collected and dried wild black cherries to make a hot tea for colds; for a bilious feeling the leaves of black spruce pepped him up. He made maple syrup and sugar, sometimes even making a substitute from hickory bark. He collected "flag" roots to bake for food as well as certain varieties of sweet acorns and, of course, walnuts, hickory nuts, and

hazel nuts. Even the small nuts of the basswood were collected, ground in a coffee mill, and used to make a delicious nut bread in which he mixed dried cranberries. He salted and smoked surplus fish when he caught more than he required at a time. He did the same with other meat, rabbits, squirrel, ruffed grouse, and deer. These were supplanted by a few slabs of bacon which he earned by helping neighbors do some butchering . Have you ever eaten smoked duck or goose breast? If you have done so, you have had a taste of Bert's type of diet. He was in demand by the wives of farmers to help prepare their winter meat. As one woman stated, "Old Bert is always so clean and neat that I feel everything has been done right when he helps do the butchering. "

Hand tools, clothes, some groceries, and general supplies had to be obtained in the village, so he needed a little money. Each year he caught a few minks, some muskrats and, of course, when the season was open, the legal number of beavers. If really hard pressed for money, he could always cut a hickory tree and make a few ax handles, cant hook handles, or other small items for which there always a steady demand. He would never shoot or trap an animal unless he needed food or money for its pelt. His need did not mean an accumulation of surplus, just minimum needs. When he went with me in the woods, he would only accept money from me when I would insist he keep it so that he could buy something we might need and also, that I might feel free to use whatever he had around.

He had never attended school nor had any formal instruction, but he had a very excellent technical education. He was well equipped to meet whatever arose in his life. He taught me to walk through brush, swamp, around small lakes, up hills and through coolies, and to estimate the degree of meandering so that at the end of a two or three mile walk through an unmarked area, I could end up within a few feet of the objective. He taught me to cut oblique or straight trails without a compass. "You won't get lost but with a compass you may save yourself an hour or two of hard walking if a storm comes up or it gets dark. "

His practical philosophy of life was his chief attraction. One year I missed seeing him. When he learned I had gone, he took a bus to a town 35 miles away in order to catch me before I left on the train. We met an hour before train time. 'I've got a plan for you and me. Why don't you give up that fool job in Pittsburgh and come and live with me in the woods? Most of what you do is a waste of time anyhow." He stopped for a minute with a look on his face which told me he was trying to formulate an idea. Then he said, "I have a small 2 lb. ax. It's a good ax. I have sharpened it and honed it 'til I can shave with it, but it's a poor shaving tool. Now it's so sharp that it's no longer a good ax; it doesn't cut straight and it's too keen. It doesn't do the work it was made to do. Now I suppose I could sharpen all my axes so I could shave with them, but it wouldn't be worth the work. You professors at Pittsburgh may be able to sharpen up all the boys and girls so they're keen as a razor's edge, but most of them would still be axes' not as good for cutting as before they had the extra honing and even after honing, not very good razors." That was Bert Chislett.

IX THE BELLS ARE RINGING

The People are Living - All's Well in The World.
The Dinner Bell
The Church Bell - They Called and Directed.
Within Sound of the Bell
- The New York Tribune
- A Shocked Congregation
- Sunday School - Culture Conflict
- A Tragedy
- Comic Relief
- A Book Agent
- Social Reformers

The Camp Meeting Bell
- Sidelines:
  - The Gang Assembles
  - Indian Turnips
  - The Picnic Feast
  - Casual Business Gossip

AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL

Bells played an important part in the life of the Valley, up until after the turn of the century. It was a very useful means of communication, supplementing a horse back rider. By 1910, the telephone began to be a quick means of communication, the automobile began to supplement the riding horse and the light buggy, and the close-knit life of the community began to expand to wider areas, and to be less interdependent.

There were all kinds of bells and signals for different situations and messages. The most used bell, was the simple brass clapper bell, which some people used for cowbells, but whose more important use was for calling children. It was fastened by a strap, outside the kitchen door. When the clonk-a-clonk-a-clonk sounded, no one but children under 12 or 14 paid any attention to it. It meant, come at once. It might mean a hot dough-nut, a fresh cookie or some task that must be done AT—ONCE. We came.

The dinner-bell was a larger bell, weighing from 10 to 30 pounds, fastened on a ten foot pole, or on the side of a wind-mill frame. This Bell gave the signals for different messages and situations.

In the morning, about a half an hour after the milking was done, a steady one stroke sounded. Dong - Dong - Dong - Dong. Breakfast was prepared. Stop whatever you are doing. Finish it afterwards. Everyone came, washed for this important part of the day, which is discussed later. After breakfast everyone went to their respective task. If during the middle of the morning, a steady stroke of the bell sounded similar to the Breakfast bell, it was definite call for the Father to come. It might be bees swarming, a neighbor, a cattle buyer or something else that needed his attention. He came. If the bell gave out three or four full swing calls, Ding-dong, Ding-dong - the message was, - Come if you can - someone has come, - a peddler, - an agent, no rush. The peddler will go, a relative will stay for lunch, no rush, - Come if you want to come. If however the bell did not stop after three or four rings but kept ringing, - An emergency. Come everybody. Come everybody. All came at once, as well as any of the neighbors who heard it. A fire, an accident, a death. Men working in the fields, as far away as that bell could be heard, would unhitch their horses, tie one and ride the other to the call of the Bell. Then, of course there were the standard call at noon, and in the late afternoon, when it was time to eat, and do the evening milking and other chores, which in a heavy dairy country, had precedence over the field work.

The most distinctive bells were the Cow bells. The Swiss farmers usually had a set of those silver toned bells, I still have five from an original set of eight. The bells remaining weigh from one half to six pounds each. The two larger bells, and one of about 4 pounds are missing. Each set, was in tune with a particular musical key. The bells of different farmers could easily be distinguished. Many stories were told about the bells. Some claimed that cows of the same herd would stick together when another

herd came along, because they "recognized the bell of the lead cow." More skeptical people claimed they would do this without bells. There were other stories which could not be denied, because the only other witness, the cow, could not be forced to testify, - and thus incriminate herself, or the story teller.

Some of the most interesting events, however, are associated with the old church Bell. They represented the life of the valley not directly connected with farming, working, or the school. It chiefly sounded the religious life, but also in many ways the irregular activities occurring in the community. The religious activities were not limited to the services held in the Church, nor the asking of a blessing at mealtime. Every family had regular daily family worship. Some had it in the evening, after the days work was done. Most of them had their family worship in the morning, after breakfast. It was a dairying community. Milking and caring for the milk and the cows was of first importance. Take a typical morning. - At 4:30 A. M. everyone got up, and by 5 o'clock milking began. At 6:30 Milking was over. One person took the milk to the co-operative factory. The others took care of the cattle, and other chores such as getting the horses ready for field work. When the breakfast bell sounded, they stopped what they were doing, washed and were at the breakfast table shortly after seven. It was not a catch-as-can affair. It was a big meal, steak, pork chops or ham, eggs, pancakes, and in fall or winter hot corn-meal mush or oatmeal, stewed prunes and peaches, hot biscuits and honey. They had put in a heavy session of work. By 8 o'clock they were thru eating. They pushed back their chairs, and the father, mother or one of the older children read a chapter out of the Bible. Then all united in singing a song. This was followed by the one who had read the Bible, leading in a prayer. After this another song was sung. All this took about 15 minutes. Sometimes a hired man, a peddler or a visitor seemed anxious to leave. The father would say, "fifteen minutes, won't spoil your day. You may sit in the kitchen or on the porch if you don't want to stay here till we are through." Usually they stayed in the dining room till the family had finished. If one of the children remarked that they would be late for school - one of the parents would say "We will have to get up 15 minutes earlier tomorrow." Somehow, we worked faster the next morning, and were ready for breakfast a little earlier. Years later, even when that breakfast and family worship was no longer followed, because of the current idea that 'life was more crowded,' the leisure of a family breakfast, and fifteen minutes were spoken of as one of the things which made life in the Valley important.

The Church Bell, and what it represented, touched every part of the Valley's life. John was working on a broken wire fence. He had only one arm. He would put several staples in his mouth, hold the hammer near its head, take a staple from his mouth, with the curved end against the side of the hammer, tap it in place, then drive the staples in. A horse had jumped over a pasture fence into a neighbors oat field. Sending a boy to get the horse, he had stopped to fix the fence. The neighbor,

very excited came to inform him that the damage was five dollars. With his mouth full of staples, John nodded and grunted "UH-HUH." The neighbor repeated in a louder tone Again, a nod, and "UH-HUH." Not getting the point the man began to yell and gesticulate. Finally the last staple was in. John stood up, and shouted, "Shut up, and get for home." He turned and ran. Then a boy was sent over with five dollars.

About two weeks later, the neighbor came to see John. He said, "Two weeks ago I said some bad things to you. Tomorrow is Communion at the church. 1 would like to take Communion, but cannot unless you forgive me so we can be friends again". The next day, the Church bell rang its message down the Valley, and neighbors and friends responded together, to take part in a Communion of real spiritual brotherhood.

For the regular Sunday services, the First bell was rung to alert the community. One half hour later the second bell was rung, and as it ended the Services began. The men sat on the right-hand side. Boys of the eight to twelve years of age sat with their fathers. Sometimes, it was possible for a couple of boys, to delay getting seated, and sit together in the back. They would wait quietly until the minister had read the text, then slip out to play along the Creek. They would repeat the words of the Text so when asked about their whereabouts, they could give a proper accounting. This was a well established procedure as will be related in another episode.

When the Services ended, the bell was rung again, and the women and children left the Church, while the men and boys stood quietly until they had passed out of the building. Then the men left, followed by the Pastor who then mingled with the people shaking hands, and talking with them. In a more leisurely way, than is found by present day, perfunctory hand shake as people pass out of the door, restless to get "to get to more important matters." The manner of leaving the Church, is an old Swiss custom, dating back about 500 years. Legend notes two different settings. The places are Nafels, near Glarus, the other is farther east, in Graubunden although the occurrence is the same. - A woman is said to have left the church to care for a restless child, while the Services were still in progress. She discovered the Enemy approaching. The congregation was ready for the Austrians when they arrived. The women gave noteworthy help, in defeating the enemy by rolling prepared heaps of stones down on the narrow places in the Valley.

Since that time, because of the warning and help women have been honored by being allowed to pass out first, while the men quietly and respectfully stand until they are out with their children.

Strangers coming to Church usually sat with their wives. If a young man came to Church with a local girl, she informed him of the custom. It was not considered an offence for men to sit on the women's side, or to walk out with or before the women, but it was not considered good taste. It did give a quiet, ending to the Services.

When the community changed the church was dismantled, a medical missionary asked for the bell to be shipped to Mozambique, Africa.

The little Valley congregation was first started about 1852. A small building erected and some years after the Civil War, an addition was added which had an entrance hall and a small belfry steeple. There was some opposition to having a bell because it might appear ostentatious. Ulric had come from a little town where the bell in the little church was and still is its pride and joy. It was said that in that little town in the alps, in 1285 when the church was built, the residents brought silver coins to pay for the bell. Tradition had it that the bell they received would be three times the weight of the silver contributed. The bell was said to contain 20% of its weight of the silver given, the rest of the silver would pay for casting the bell. Ulric wanted a bell, so in spite of his families general disagreement and the congregation opposition, the bell was sent for, paid for and placed in the belfry. The memories associated with the quiet, devout, and happy life in that valley were carried to Africa by Ulric's grandson. When the bell had served its years, he asked to have it sent to Africa to carry on its life of joy and sorrow in another part of the world.

Walking up a crooked path from the river in Portuguese, East Africa, the woman stopped so suddenly that the basket on her head tilted. A pleasant expression crossed her face as she heard the re-echoed tones of the bell roll up the valley. The bell with a history of about a hundred years had been carried thousands of miles. From Belgium to America, Milwaukee then to a small country church 40 miles south of Madison, Wisconsin. For 50 years it rang its message one half hour before all meetings, again at the beginning of the meeting, with six strokes of farewell at the end. These meetings varied from gay gatherings of young people preparing a Christmas tree, singing school songs, debates, formal and informal religious gatherings, Sunday school baptisms and funerals. At the latter meetings, the bell was not run but tolled at five second intervals by a hammer hitting it on the outside, its timing regulated by a wheel which took five seconds to turn.

*Matt-Canton Glarus said to be the oldest Church in the Canton.

WITHIN THE SOUND OF THE BELL

The bell may have had some yet undiscovered means for recording what occurred for within its sound there were series of many interesting events . It would have recorded the time when the great wooden platform near the front of the church yard was torn down because it interfered with the increasing traffic as people began to come in buggies instead of on foot or on horseback. The platform had been built in 1860 when the old church was still a very small building.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Ulric had come from a town where on Sunday after the church services, the citizens gathered to discuss affairs of the state and to instruct their representatives how to vote. So with the aid of Rev. Hammeter, as stated in an earlier chapter regarding war, a big platform was constructed. Each Sunday morning after service Rev. Hammeter would come out on that platform and read from Horace Greeley's New York Tribune. The paper was usually a month old and sometimes two or three weekly papers would arrive at the same time. A big crowd was always in attendance. A few of them were members of this Little Evangelical Association, but most of them were people who gathered from a distance, to hear the preacher read the paper. After the Civil War was over, reading the paper no longer called people together and the task was taken over by the Bell. When the platform became a loafing place for young men to sit and laugh during Service it was torn down.

Many startling events could be recorded by the Bell. We may smile at them today, but at the time they seemed epoch-making. One year there was a Minister who was excessively formal and correct. Everything was carried on in the most precise and inflexible manner. One morning he was presenting a most carefully prepared statement to his congregation.

A SHOCKED CONGREGATION

His name was Kunst, (Art). A little less than medium height -carefully groomed blond wavy hair. Above his flowing brown beard was the shaven upper lip, the smooth milky soft skin of a well-fed unworried functionary, whose eyebrows were raised in a permanent, supercilious curve over closely set blue eyes which was only a blur of "stupid faces" before him. He was preaching a many times repeated sermon, the purpose of which was to stir the little congregation of farmers, to give more bountifully to foreign missions. He was blaming them with whip-lash accusations for the unsaved deaths of the thousands of babies in India and China. He said that even here in this area there were children who were a year old and still unbaptized. If they should die, they would be doomed to everlasting Hell. Old Ulric stirred in his seat toward the front of the church. The Reverend Kunst, a skilled orator, responded to the apparent effectiveness of his appeal and looking directly at Ulric made a vigorous pronouncement about "Infant Damnation." Ulric jumped to his feet, steadying himself with his right hand on the seat in front of him, grasping his heavy cane in the middle with his left hand and shaking it above his head, he shouted: *"Wart!!! Horr!!! Wenn doch dein Name Kunst ist muss du doch mehr Kunsthicher werden - so etwas uns zu sagen. "* Stop -Listen - Even though your name is Art - you need to be more artful in speaking to us like that.

Amidst a thundering silence he sat down. The little minister wiped his face and was too upset by such an explosion to proceed. The meeting came to an abrupt end.

CONFLICT OF CULTURES

Another occurrence recorded by the old Bell was a conflict of cultures. The old membership was largely composed of rather casual Swiss. After the Franco-Prussian War, there came a large number of German people to the community who affiliated themselves with the only church for miles around. As they increased in membership they tried to formalize the activities somewhat. These efforts were met with passive resistance until the matter of language arose. The older Swiss were not very language conscience. In their home they spoke the Swiss form of old middle High German. Much English and some French was spoken. The formal church language was High-German. This annoyed the more disciplined German members, especially when a Sunday school class was carried on using English and German and Swiss interchangeably. Their majority membership succeeded in having all of the primary classes in Sunday school spend an hour learning to read German. There wasn't too much objection to this, until as one old farmer said, "They cooked their own goose." The primary books were not selected with too much care. Some were the 1890 version of the present day comics. One contained this couplet,

A-B-C
Katz Im Schnee
Schnee weck
Katz Im Dreck

This settled the controversy and even the Germans gave up the struggle with the Swiss and allowed some classes to be taught in English and also young peoples' meetings were conducted in English. The old Bell had recorded another event.

A TRAGEDY

The old Bell was called upon to record some unhappy events. One Sunday morning just as it finished the six strokes of farewell to the morning congregation a shot was heard. A young woman screamed "Oh, my father," broke from the crowd and ran toward her home a mile and a half away. Her father was lying in a pool of blood. That morning he and his oldest son had been quarrelling about the use of a horse. The son was caught the next day hiding in a cornfield and convicted and sent to the penitentiary. The bell tolled the funeral of the murdered man. After several attempts to escape the young man died. One of his unsuccessful attempts was rather abortive. His sister had sent him a cake and in it had baked small broken pieces of a hacksaw but the warden cutting the cake before giving it to the prisoner had in advertently contacted one of the broken pieces. The young man was brought to the community for burial and after a prolonged and bitter discussion he was buried in a corner of the cemetery and not in the main area. The Bell tolled on.

COMIC RELIEF.

Sometimes the bell recorded humorous events which came to it as it quietly listened to the gossip which floated up from shadows where the men and boys were gathered. The Swiss cheesemakers were paid a fixed sum but a bonus for number 1 or number 2 cheese. They were very strict about the care of milk pails and cans and conditions under which the milk was produced. One man's milk was refused because the air hole in his can cover was found encrusted with dried milk. The cheesemaker was stirring his heated milk over the fire when he heard a rustle behind him. The man whose milk had been refused was sneaking up on him with an open hunting knife in his hand. Swiftly the cheesemaker grabbed him by the front of his coat and the bottom of his trousers, doubled him like a jack-knife and jammed him "hindside foremost" into a barrel filled with whey, then calmly proceeded to finish making his cheese. Swiss cheese is very sensitive to overcooking, he could not afford to waste time. An hour later he tipped over the barrel. Now the subdued farmer returned home. The old Bell kept the only official record of the event.

A BOOK AGENT

The people of the valley had lived in another small valley in Europe for 600 years. Their attitudes and beliefs were well established. They did not change their mind as rapidly as people brought up in a city might have done. It was difficult, for example, for the young book salesman to understand the reaction of a prospective client. "Would you be interested in buying a Book of Facts, " - "No" - "Do you have any time to spare?" -"Yes" - "Are there any questions you would like to ask me about anything?" - "I don't know." - "Well" persisted the salesman, "Is there some town you would like to know

something about?" - "Yes, how about Glarus, Switzerland?" After reading it - the farmer was asked, "Was that correct?"

"Yes," he answered, " as far as it went. " Then the salesman said, "Another question?" So it went on for three solid hours. At the end of that time the young man presented an order blank. The farmer said, "No." The young man was very angry. Farmer's response was, "I told you No to begin with, but you asked if I had time to ask you questions and I did."

A SOCIAL REFORMER.

On a March day the whole valley buzzed, the Bell was not sure whether it was the March blizzard or an unusual whirl of conflicting reactions of the people. A new family had moved to the valley and settled on a small farm. There were eleven people in the family, two children about ten or twelve years old, and the other nine adults. Their names caused confusion, but after a while it was settled that the older man and his wife were named Zipft, the others had different names although probably were related. They did not farm much, the old man said he was an inventor "of things and ideas." One man was a carpenter, one chiefly a talker, one young woman was said to be a model, another an unemployed actress. Their objective in coming to the valley was eventually explained. They wished to establish a "socialist commune." Mr. Zipft said that if he could convince 12 well-to-do established conservative farmers to join his commune it would revolutionize the world. Just as a former GREAT TEACHER with 12 fisherman started a new philosophy of life. The work of these farmers was very well organized. They conducted dairy farms which at that time meant a couple of very busy hours morning and evening but considerable leisure during the day, as milking required more laborers than the general farm work.

The new family had no more trouble finding an audience than the book agent. For hours they would tell these farmers about the joys and privileges and well-being of a "socialist commune." Newspapers and books were scarce. There was no telephone nor radio nor moving picture houses. Anything different passed the time away. At times there were mild discussions but usually the audience of this satisfied group sat quietly in a state of apparent 'passive meditation.' After two years the family was talked out. They moved back to Milwaukee. It was reported a few years later that the old man had died in a prison in Europe where the people were not as passive listeners as in the Valley.

There were the usual items of local interest discussed by the men and boys sitting on the old wooden platform or the women standing in the shade of the big poplar trees. The marriage of the 26 year old teacher to a 17 year old somewhat retarded pupil. A beautiful trotting horse killed by its angry owner by being hit on the head with a neck-yoke! The report of a skeleton found when a tree was blown over in the woods. Conclusion that it was a remnant of the Blackhawk war, a half a century earlier.

A crowd of 200 people came to hear the account of a farmer who had made a trip to St. Paul Minnesota. He told about the Indian Mounds near Madison, the state capitol, the dells of Wisconsin, the stock yards in east St. Paul. It was information, and liked better because it was told by "one of our own people."

CAMP MEETING

Each year for about two weeks the Church bell was silent. It was the time for the big Camp Meeting.

The annual Camp meeting was a social institution. It was not a simple event, and it was more a people's meeting than the County Fair. While it was centered around the excuse of a week or ten days and nights of religious meetings, these activities were participated in by only a few hundred of the older people who could find a seat in the big tent which had been purchased from Ringling Brothers. A circle of family tents around the big tent contained the leaders of the half dozen church congregations which supported the annual camp meeting. But nearly everyone within a radius of 15 miles attended. They did not come as they did to the County Fair, to display a choice heifer, a colt, or a bushel of seed corn. There was no merry-go-round, side show, or any other type of commercialized attraction. When the dinner bell rang vigorously - everyone began moving toward the big tent. Some who walked slowly failed to find a seat, and did their best to appear disappointed.

The events other than the religious meetings, which occurred were spontaneous, incidental, and were not even spoken about too generally. There was underneath all activity, a sort of agreed feeling that this was "sort of going to church" and any recounting of an achievement, or the vanquishing of an opponent, was spoken of very casually. It was quite incidental. The fact that most of the people who came never got to the tent meeting up on the hill would tend to leave the impression that other attractions than the triumphant bell like the voice of a popular outdoor preacher was the main reason for coming.

During the day the crowd was made up largely of men and women with their families of younger children . They began arriving at 8:30 to 9:00 in the morning. The children were starched and clean when they arrived. It was not until mid-afternoon that mothers began to say, "I wish we had put them in overalls." When they arrived the mother and little girls would get out and drift up the hill. Ella must have a drink of water at the pump. She had seen Martha, her ten-year-old cousin working the handle. The mothers got the little girls herded into the tent and by the time the second hymn was sung, supplemented by the intermittent off-key screech of a young cornetist, the men and boys began to drift in. They are speeded up, between hymns, by the raucous ringing of a big farm dinner bell jerked vigorously. Reverend Phluger or Reverend Messerschimdt, who represent local congregations, are embarrassed by the lack of interest shown. Their Presiding Elder, the Reverend Gustave Musseuger is the main preacher of the morning.

THE GANG ASSEMBLES

Just as the men are entering the tents, Sammy and Frankie with not even an observable wink at each other, find they must have a drink of water. Then as their fathers look at them with frowning and insistent nods, they, in turn nod their heads toward a sign on a tree, "Men's Walk." During the long prayer which follows the boys are forgotten. They wander back to

where the unhitched horses are standing by a roped-off tie-rack. There are some cautious remarks about horses, harness, jack knives, but as it is still early in the day, a modest absence of boasting, or ridicule. A new boy appears, cautiously, like a young deer approaching a water hole, he partly circles, then edges into the groups of boys. A painful twenty seconds of absolute silence, then a surly, "What's your name and where you from' is shot at him by Lee, the recognized boss of the crowd 'Milton, Milwaukee' he hesitantly remarks. That is a stunner, no one else has been farther away than Brodhead, or at most New Glarus. He is quick to sense his advantage. "Are those supposed to be horses?" No answer. 'You should see the Pabst Brewery teams, or Schlitz, or Babst or Millers. Each Brewery has horses of different color." Lee sneers at him, "huh, Adam Blumer has big brewery horses too." "How many?' "Oh, 1 think three teams, and they are some horses." "Ho Ha - Ha Ha - Whoopee," yapped the young urbanite. "Pabst has six horses on the team and he has dozens of teams - all exactly matched Sorrels. Schlitz has all matched Percherons." He was off with a good start, for an hour he first held them dazed, then a little resentful feeling followed by a gleam of defiance beginning to take form in the faces of the boys. Albert started the ball rolling. "Do you have vegetables in Milwaukee?" "Huh, of course, " "Turnips?" "Yes, yellow, white, and every kind. Indian turnips, " he hesitated. The boys saw Albert's objective and jumped in. "Let's find some, " they shouted and were off.

INDIAN TURNIPS

Then began a flow of description which would have hypnotized an epicure. The mouths of the boys began to water - actually for another reason - the Indian turnip, or Jack-in-the-Pulpit root, may look like a turnip, but it tastes like a mouth full of tannic acid which puckers every fiber and through which there is the tingling of an electric current.

Several beautiful roots were quickly found. The city boy was suspicious because he was offered the first bite. He refused to taste it, so all of us had to take a bite and in most excruciating agony, chew it, until he followed suit. It had the desired effect, but all suffered, in silence, with the exception of Milton. Sammy broke the silence. "Let's get some of Dougherty's watermelons. " With a yell, they were off. They came to the corn field and they saw at once that Milton did not know a green pumpkin from a watermelon. Sammy, with a yell said, "See that big one -first one there gets it." Milton won. The rest then, each picked a small musk or watermelon and dashed off before Jim Dougherty could reach the patch. This was Sammy's play, so he lead the boys down through a plum thicket, across a barley stubble field . The local boys had stockings and long pants. Milton, had socks and bare knee breeches. Loose barley beards tend to work up pant legs. Poor Milton with his pumpkin suffered. When he began to cry, they stopped, ate their melons, even sharing with him. He had been Initiated.

THE PICNIC FEAST

The sun indicated it was noon. After about a mile of running, they arrived panting just as services were ending. Luck was with them. Albert's big sister was standing alone. From her they learned what the minister had preached about. It was, *"Das Stein das die Bauleute Verworfed haben, ist zum Ecketein geworden."* The boys repeated it

over and over, as they walked slowly and reverently to their buggies, and kept repeating it while their mothers and sisters spread a table cloth on the grass and put out great platters of fried chicken, smoked bologna, smoked short-ribs, deviled eggs, beet pickles, pickled peaches, apple pie, berry pie, chocolate cake, jugs of lemonade, and coffee and sugar cookies for dessert. When the inner man was satisfied, the fathers usually remembered the last they had seen of the boys was when they were drifting down the "Men's Walk" and asked, "Where were you during the services ?" The prompt and unexpected answer was, "Oh, around somewhere, " as a sharp look was turned toward the almost insolent answer, "Reverend Musseuger preached about *Das Stein die Bauleute verwofen haben ist zum Eckstein geworden. "* There was nothing more to say.

There was a two-hour lunch period. Nothing to do except perhaps a half-hearted attempt to round up young people to practice the songs that would be sung in the afternoon, not a choir, just something to keep the youths and maidens from drifting off and "get to acting rowdish. " Those who consented to be "rounded up" usually were not the ones who would be urged by anyone to "drift off" - neither could they sing.

CASUAL BUSINESS GOSSIP

The men wore their Sunday clothes. They half way felt as though it were Sunday. The discussion started in a mild fashion, in keeping with the almost Sabbath day feeling. "That tree looks like it was going to die, " "Lots of trees look like that this year, it's getting kinda dry. " "We had a nice rain Thursday. " "Yes, but we were short of rain this spring. No Ground water." The corn looks pretty good. " "Yes, in the flats, but did you notice Dan Steam's corn on the way up here ?" "Well, he got it in too early and it got stunted to start with. " After a pause, "There won't be any too much feed around this year. " A sly look, followed, by, "How are you fixed?" "Oh, I'll be a little short, but I'll get by." It's getting more to the point. "Tho't maybe you will have to get rid of some of your young stock, you got quite a bunch. " "Yes , about 40 or 45 head." Another move, "Do you have stable room ?" "Oh I can throw up a shed enough for shelter." The time for action had arrived. "What you holding 'em at?" After a pause of half a minute, "Thirty dollars. " "Uh, huh. " No further response, then the seller takes the lead. "They'll be worth money next spring." "Yes, of course, after you figure the feed and work and cost of shed. " "Oh, I got plenty feed and must to keep extra help to milk. Am milking 35 cows and will have 7 more in September." The conversation kept wandering on. The first bell rings. "Tell you what, I'll give you $900 for those 45 calves." "No, they are not calves, they are 15 months old. ""Well, I really don't have any use for 'em, the notion just took me for a minute. " They move towards the tent, stop just outside. "Tell you what, I'll give you an even $1000. I sold a bunch of hogs and that's just about what they brought. " They part, both are very attentive during the afternoon services, though neither could have repeated the text, as the boys had done. As soon as the meeting is ended, one looks around to find Henry Halter. "Oh, say, Henry, I'll take that pasture you offered to rent me yesterday. I just bought a bunch of the nicest heifers you ever saw." The other man looked up Cap. Kundert.

"Say Cap, what is the best figure you can give me on that threshing outfit?" "I hardly know, Jim Holloway is thinking about it." "Yes, I know you told me that a fellow in Clarno wants it, but you know you'll have to wait for your money. I just sold John a bunch of calves." The cash transaction got desired results all around and at least four satisfied men felt, but would never have said, that the day at the camp meeting was a very successful day.

The satisfactions the mothers of families got from camp meeting were of necessity, vicarious. After other members had retired at night, they had to begin preparation for the next day, so that there would not be too much work in the morning. Iron a few dresses for the girls, shirts for the boys and husband and a table cloth to spread for the picnic dinner.

On arriving at the camp grounds, after reminding all to meet at a given place for the noon meal, the mother might go to the main tent, and hear the morning services, interspersed with taking one or more of the little girls for a drink or a walk, and if there was a young child, sit as near the edge of the tent as a seat could be found, in order to go in and out as often as the three-hour session required. By noon, although she was hot and tired, she still had the responsibility of laying out the meal, seeing that everyone was satisfied, repacking the remains, and keeping the youngsters in tow. Her effectiveness in doing this was carefully watched by all other mothers and particularly the women who were not mothers. Underneath the beautiful manifestation of kindness and spiritual cooperation, there were occasions when the ugly green-eyed monster almost reared his head. Such as the time, when a woman with eight children ranging from three to sixteen was sweetly, and viciously ridiculed. Her youngest child, a girl of three, was a very bright girl and could learn songs easily and sing unusually well. She found a delightful mud puddle after dinner and proceeded to make mud pies, much of the mud was plastered on her face and hands, the rest on her white dress. A sweet childless lady who often mournfully lamented how carelessly the mothers of children brought them up, took the little mud spattered girl, and in the half hour before services, drilled her to sing a song. When the group assembled, the mud-covered little girl was lifted to the platform to sing "Is there any place in Heaven for little Black Me ?" The mother was humiliated to the sadistic satisfaction of all.

One woman who was particularly renowned for her cooking and picnic dinners asked a man and his wife to eat with her family. The husband unfortunately accepted with enthusiasm. His wife was peeved but pleasant. Fried chicken, was passed around. The lady guest took a piece, looked at it, and after shuddering "Ugh" threw it away and said, "A pin feather cooked in the meat. " Her husband looked abashed, the hostess blushed.

There were, however, real satisfactions . One neighbor notices a jar of beautiful pickled peaches, tasted one, and called the attention of all within hearing. Everyone tries one and praises them. One woman brings a great basket full of "Kuechli" for which she is well known. When

word gets around that she has brought some, everyone comes over to get one. She had brought a basket full. Her work till midnight the night before has been well repaid.

Kuechli or Fastnachtkuchaen (A Swiss delicacy) Six eggs or twelve yolks, 6 tablespoons cream or rich milk 1/2 teaspoon salt, flour to make stiff dough. Add milk to beaten eggs, sift on flour and salt and add to dough. Roll and stretch thin. The thinner - the better. Fry in deep fat and sprinkle with sugar, (also called Fast-Night Cookies) Someone praises the tatting on a little girl's collar, or the drawn work on a child's apron. As they gather in groups, with schooled modesty , it may be casually mentioned how much current jelly has been made, the number of young chickens, or the "fancy work" being worked on.

The real enthusiasts, however, were the young men and women, who kept the home fires burning, during the day, but flocked back with fast stepping horses to the evening sessions. They attended surprisingly well. It was necessary to go to the big tent to see who had come with their brothers or sisters, and who came with some one else. The young men who came without a neighbor's girl, gave vent to their emotional enthusiasm by racing down the country roads. The vehicle was usually a single horse, light buggy, sometimes accompanied by hilarious yelling and shooting into the air. On surprisingly rare occasions, there was a serious accident but it was all recognized as a natural reaction of the devil toward the work of the Lord.

There was the usual discussion about occurrences and people from the out-lying areas. These could not be checked too closely and, likewise, they dealt with distant people, thus removing the danger of telling some yarn about a neighbor's relative. Most of these stories are similar to thousands, which are told wherever people live together, each with a slightly different setting. Occasionally, one has a reverse ending which comes to life many years later. This revives the story from the many long since forgotten. Such was the story of Bertha. There was a carpenter named Gustavson, who with a number of other carpenters and hired men worked on a big farm in Dane County. In the course of time, the hired girl gave birth to a baby. There had been a lot of talk in the neighborhood about her irregularities, but Gustavson was accused of being the father. He denied it. Bertha was a very ignorant girl, of low mentality having never gone beyond the "second reader" in public school. When asked on the witness stand about the possible implication of Gustavson she said, "Well, I can't remember. All the boys liked me." But Gus was designated as the father of the child, and ordered to pay $250.00. This he refused to do, and served out his sentence of $250. 00 plus some costs at the rate of a dollar a day at the County jail.

An event like this gave rise to discussions among school children, as well as others and all kinds of stories and events were recalled and retold. How much general affect it had on the community would be impossible to tell but there was one direct result. The Dawson family and the Potter family, whose land adjoined, were not on friendly terms. Mr.

Potter had planted some walnut trees along the highway. Mr. Dawson cut down the last tree because he said its limbs extended beyond the line, and that he despised walnut trees because tent caterpillars grew on them.

That was the beginning. Shortly after the episode of the hired girl was publicized, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Dawson reported to her father that while lying asleep under a tree, the Potter boy had attacked her and raped her. Since the boy was only eight years of age, his father and mother were called into court with him. Not having juvenile courts, it was a gala day for the entire community in the criminal court of the capital city. The judge, however, on the advice of the county physician said that it was doubtful whether an eight-year-old boy had seriously injured an overly mature and developed 14-year-old girl, and the case was dismissed. However this did not settle the problem as far as the community was concerned. If the little 8 year old boy appeared at a Sunday School picnic, the mothers would grab their daughters up to sixteen years of age, and hustle them away, saying in tones not subdued, "Don't you hang around where that dirty little Potter boy is playing." The Dawson family being generally more popular in the community than the Potter family drew as their adherents the majority of the neighbors sold out and moved to another state.

Twenty years went by. The little girl was now thirty-four. She wrote a long letter to Mr. Potter begging his forgiveness. She said the entire story was pure imagination. She knew that her father was angry, at the Potter family and she thought up a way to hurt them. She had heard so much talk about the rape of Bertha, that she decided to build up a case of her own, but unfortunately picked on a poor little eight-year-old boy. It brought social tragedy to the family - the seriousness of which finally dawned on her when she was a lonely woman of thirty-four.

The sound of the Bell is no longer heard in the valley. The scores of young and old have gone. The church has been torn down, the land which once supported twenty five families and over 150 children is now largely lying unused in "Land Bank" reserve. However, the echoes of the Old Bell is still heard, and its constructive tones are blended with the sounds of the world. The hundred and fifty younger people and their children are found in Texas, California, Washington, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Florida and nearly every state east and west. They have carried its message to India, Japan, China, England, Spain, Switzerland, East, South and West Africa, Canada, Central and South America. They have become artists, musicians, scientists, ministers, missionaries, teachers, businessmen, farmers, newspaper men, authors and publishers. The seed sown and nurtured in the little valley within the sound of the Bell is being spread throughout the world.

X. GETTING AN EDUCATION

John Addam's School - 1856
Public Schools - 1880
Early Teacher - 1890
A Personal Experience - 1902 - 04
The Teacher and the Community

GETTING AN EDUCATION

The purpose of getting an education is to enable the individual to fit into the society of which he is a part, to get the full benefit of the accumulated experience of the group and to become equipped to meet yet unknown situations when they arise.

JOHN ADDAMS SCHOOL.

It was the winter of 1856. There was no school of any kind in the Dutch Hollow, an upper branch of the Sugar River Valley. "Doc. " John Addams from Cederville, Illinois, 12 miles south, started a subscription school. It met in different homes of the community. Addams would stay in the homes of different families during the week, and go home over the week end. Each child paid fifty cents a month tuition. It is not possible to try to make any comparison between that school and a modern palace of Education with highly technically trained teachers. The only item of comparison is, how does each school equip the child to meet the problems of life ahead of him. John Addams was successful in doing what was needed.

The valley was having a hard winter. The boom following the Mexican War, with the demand for wheat, had receded. Chinch bugs had appeared and practically ruined the low priced wheat crop. Even fifty cents a month tuition plus extra clothes was a major problem. Of 9 children, it was decided that John age 11, and Ulric age 9, should go. One tuition was paid for. One new pair of boots. Each boy went every other day wearing the boots. At night he would go over every detail of the days work, the whole family listening, and the one due to go the next day drilled on the details, which were many.

Some of the families had come from Virginia, one from South Carolina. Several from New England, five families from Switzerland and the ones who gave the name to the area were Dutch, from upper New York State. While Doc' Addams was thought of as a teacher in the little community, in Cederville he looked after the physical well being of the community. He was of Quaker background, and apparently had a wide range of interests. He encouraged the children to tell the other pupils about the part of the country they come from. He especially got the Swiss boys and girls to tell all they could about Switzerland, which was an unknown foreign country. He encouraged the Swiss children to exchange Swiss types of bread or cookies, for Yankee or Southern food. The Swiss did not like the corn bread, nor the cold buckwheat pancakes they got in exchange, but they were encouraged to do so by their parents - "so the Yankees won't think we are such *"komish leut"* (Comical people). The Swiss children had some home teaching, and could read French or German. They could not speak English. To meet the situation the Addams program helped both groups. In the forenoon, everyone recited in unison the things he wished them to learn. They read in unison out of the same book, of which he had two or three copies, with two and sometimes three reading out of the one book, then they recited factual material, singing it to the tune of Yankee Doodle, or some other easy tune.

They sang the names of the states and their capital cities, the rivers, mountains, and other geographical information. They sang that a "noun" was a name word or the name of something. " that, "a verb was an action word, " "an adverb a how, when or where word." They sang rules of spelling. They memorized the Declaration of Independence, multiplication tables, and to limber up their tongues, repeated "Theophilos Thistle the Successful Thistle Picker," and numerous other tongue twisters. He got the Swiss children over their accent and the Yankee and Southern children to speak "clear-ly dis-tinct -ly wi-th ease and el-egance." In the afternoon a different technique was followed. He would lean on a table and say, "What shall we talk about?" One day a little boy brought in a garter snake and a frog, and he talked to them about the different forms of animal life and told them how certain animals laid eggs and how other animals produced live young. A boy brought in a pretty red striated stone and Doc Addams spent the afternoon talking about the various geological formations and the formation of agate.

One day one of the bigger boys was unruly during the forenoon. An older boy was sent out to get a hickory whip. In the spirit of fun, he brought in a poplar branch. With the first blow it broke in two. The pupils laughed. Doc Addams became angry and whipped the boy with the short poplar club. In the afternoon he followed his usual custom and asked, " What shall we talk about?" John got up from his seat, Walked to the stove where the club lay, picked it up, approached to teacher, held out the club and said, "Let's talk about this." Doc Addams took the stick, looked at it for a moment, and then proceeded. "There are two general types of plants, Monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous. The nature of these plants is shown by the structure of their seed and the arrangement of the leaves and branches and their fibro-vascular bundles." He proceeded to spend the afternoon discussing plant life, structure and organization.

The influence of Doc Addams on the boys and girls of that community can not be over-estimated. He was an erect, handsome man, dignified, kindly, and genuinely interested in the boys and girls of that community. I have often wondered when the life of Jane Addams had been written, how the biographers had missed some of these interesting anecdotes of her father. Other than the casual reference to his Quaker background, he helped lay the foundation for contributing citizenship, and was perhaps a greater influence in determining Jane Addams work in Hull Home than her off quoted visit to London and the Settlement house she visited there.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS-1880

After the Civil War there was a great development and expansion of public schools. The provision had been made for schools, by the assignment of certain sections of land in each township of six miles square, from the sale of which schools could be built. Soon a one-room school was built for about every four sections, about 2500 acres. It was located where there were the most farms, so that most children did not need to walk over a mile, although a few would have to walk as much as two miles. At first most of the teachers came from the eastern states, although many came from Illinois and particularly Ohio. As more schools were built, more

teachers came from Valley high schools. Janesville, Rockford, Madison and after Nathan Twining, the grandfather of General Nathan Twining, became superintendent of schools in Monroe, many young people from surrounding areas got some advanced schooling there, and taught for a term or two. They boarded with the local farmers. Some who wanted to go to college would teach a fall term or a spring term and attended college the rest of the year. Many of these country school teachers were very dedicated and effective educators. Occasionally there was one teacher whose personality and other activities seemed out of harmony with the chief purpose of their work. However they were so close to the life of the community, that if present today, they would never come into the picture, just as personal constructive factors of many teachers today may never rise to the surface in our modern, standardized mass education.

EARLY TEACHER-1890

There was Bill McGuire, who conducted a good school, composed of 45 pupils, ranging in ages from 6 to 18. Bill, had one little habit, which he did his best to keep out of the daily school activities. He chewed tobacco. Each morning on his way to school, he would cut a willow stick, about 3 feet long, and an inch thick. This was used as a pointer, and casually moved it across his lips, when he could take a little nip of bark. By the end of the day, it was a peeled stick. He bought a new stick the next day. It didn't fool any of the pupils but neither did it disturb them. They liked their teacher. During the Christmas holidays he got married. It was apparently a lively affair. When he arrived at school the day after the New Year, his nose was bruised, there was a patch on one cheek, and both eyes were surrounded by an aurora of purple and greenish blue. They were nearly swollen shut. He stood before the surprised children and said, "Don't ask me about my appearance. I was 'sand-bagged' last night, and do not wish to talk about it." He turned, stepped into the coat room, and returned with a gunny-sack filled with peanuts. He dragged it around the room, stopped at every desk, put double hands full on each desk saying, "Eat all you can, and put the rest in your pockets. Throw the shells on the floor. I will sweep them up at recess time. Enjoy yourselves, this is in honor of my marriage. " He went to his desk, and pretended to read for an hour.

During the winter term the school had two oyster suppers at which the whole neighborhood appeared, and an additional evening of entertainment, at which everyone sang, individual recitations, Swiss yodeling, buck-and-wing dancing, a one act play and different stunts by pupils and others in the valley. The evening ended at midnight. It was generally agreed that 'Bill was a good teacher.' He moved to Iowa.

The next year there was innovation. A woman was hired to teach the winter term. She was an honest hard working country school teacher. Not a giddy girl. A tall strong built woman, twenty-nine years old, square faced, brown hair, combed tight back with the long ends twisted into a biscuit knot in the back. Over her unadorned brown dress, she wore a black sateen apron. No fooling about her. She did not enjoy teaching, but it was her job. Children in general, were something one must endure,

like bad weather. It was the winter term, with the usual 40 or 45 pupils, aged 6 to 18. The big boys did not come regularly, - only as the mood struck them. They came chiefly for something to do, during the winter months which was a dull period on the farms. Also, when the weather was bad, they would bring a sled full of smaller children to school. They did not disturb the school, except there was sometimes one who had to be taken in hand by the teacher. There was one of the older boys, who was considered a pest. He was called "the Weasel", not because of his pointed face, beady eyes, tawny hair, and perked lips, but rather because of his weasel-like disposition. He always had a big chew of tobacco in his mouth, and when the teacher's back was turned, he could direct a spiral to plop behind her. His activities were generally harmless, but annoying, such as bringing field mice to school, to slip into little girls lunch buckets or hiding Skunk musk in cracks of the school house.

One day when he was particularly annoying, the teacher asked him to stay after school. The boys waited for him. "What happened ?" they asked him. He mimicked her saying she wanted him to be a "nice young man. " The winter term ended on March 12th. - They were married on the seventeenth, on his 18th birthday.

His father gave him a cow and a team of mules. Her father rented them a small farm. There was not too much work to do , and she was very capable, so he would go to town nearly every evening and sleep late in the morning but they got along satisfactorily. He still liked to tease her, in his usual way, - leave the gate open so the cow would get into the corn field then watch his wife run. He would squirt tobacco juice on the growing tobacco, then tell her that there were worms working. He liked seeing her try to find them. She enjoyed trying to bring up a nice young man, more than she did teaching a room full of children. They finally gave up farming. He drove a truck in a distant city where she got a job as a substitute teacher. They lived happily on.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE--1902-04

Until I was nine years old the pressures of society upon my life were unnoticed. There was no school I must attend, - just be a part of the family doing the things a little farm boy was called upon to do. Going on long trips and walks with my grandfather. Riding the milk wagon to the cheese-factory, doing small errands, going to the post-office, carrying a snack and water to the men working in the fields. There were things which seemed of importance such as giving the calves water, gathering the eggs, bringing in vegetables and apples, fetching a pail of nails, staples and hammers, rounding up the horses, and even driving a colt at a horse show. A busy and instructive life. When I was four years old, a brilliant young man taught the local school and stayed at our house. His name was Edwin Copeland - later a professor at Leland Stanford University, and an authority on Botany and Plant life in the Philippines. He taught me to read, gave me many books, from which I soon went to a marvelous series, called "The Chatterbox." It was a happy life. Many things were learned, not only from reading but working and listening. How to make a square corner by having its sides 3-4-5, pumping a hand bellows, how to get a rusted nut of a bolt, by use of a cold chisel, as well as to read from an English and German Bible. No pressure, no worry -just an active, growing life. Then in September, 1896, a neighbor had some late hay to put up. He offered me seventy-five cents a day to drive the hay wagon. After breakfast I began to drift in that directions. My brother called, "Where are you going?" I told him. He reacted fast. "You are going to school. " It ended with me walking ahead and my brother with a willow whip following me to the school house. Now I had to do regular things that someone else decided what should be done.

The teacher lined us in the front of the room and asked if any of us knew the letters of the alphabet. I raised my hand. "Say them" I was ordered. Proudly I responded, ZYX*WV*UTS*RQP*ONM*LKJ*IHG*FED *CBA. They had been printed on my plate and when I turned it clockwise that is how they ran. The teacher slapped me for being a "smart-alec. " This was my first unsuccessful brush with this social affliction. "Do what I say and do it the way I want you to do it. " Soon I was trapped, but was still of an independent mind.

The teacher rode to school on a horse. One day she arrived a little late, so she pulled its bridle and turned the horse loose, still saddled in the school yard. It was a beautiful autumn day. There was much going on the outside, a walnut breaking loose from its stem and bouncing to the ground. A grackle chattering and threatening a squirrel, who in the protection of a branch of the tree merely wrinkled his nose and twitched his tail at her. There was a sparrow trying to fly off with a long stalk of oat straw to get a kernel of grain attached and seemed to be enjoying the noisy protest of its companions. I tried to listen to the teacher who was reading to us as an opening exercise. She was droning monotonously about the "Lady of the Lake. " It was dull. The horse in the yard rolled to get rid of the saddle, I jumped up and yelled "Look,

look, look". All the other children leaped with joy toward the windows. The teacher dashed back angrily, cracked me across the face with her ruler and left a permanent bump on my nose. The second round was lost. Each day my affliction grew and the strangle hold increased. I had done much reading and browsing among the books at home. Regular classes were agony. The teacher assigned me a seat without a desk for the morning exercises. Then I had to stand, facing the blackboard back of her desk - all day long, for an entire term.

The next year we had a new teacher - she used another method. It was a wonderful year. I was excused from class and allowed to work all of the problems in Swinton's ELEMENTARY AND ADVANCED ARITHMETIC. I was given the privilege of reading Houston's Physical Geography and as a final privilege was allowed to read Wrights Civil Government, and to memorize the entire Constitution of the United States.

The next teacher paid no attention to anyone. There were some ups as well as downs. But soon an antibiotic came to my aid - I was needed on the farm. There was some regular required work. My quota was milking 14 cows twice a day. Hauling feed, cleaning out stables, hauling manure, at times field work, and cutting fire wood and posts, but many days there was little to do - except about 2 hours before 8 A. M. and 2 hours after 5 P. M. Worthwhile things were again available. With Prairie Maid, a wonderful quarter-horse, I had interesting times. We would dash over the east flats, climb the rim rock of Rudy's Hill, ride back to Miller's Hollow to check the fence. Then swing south up Witts Hollow up to Coates' Hill, then back over the prairie ridge through Fisher's Grove, swing west over the sheep pasture and home. Killdeers, prairie chickens, woodchucks, flickertails were seen. I learned more about rocks, birds, wild and tame animals, about prairie, swamp, timber and meadow plants, about trees and flowers, than any of those who later tried to teach me had ever seen or read about. The pressure of school upon me was emphasized because no matter how little or how inaccurate the actual knowledge of facts were, they had to be classified, organized and grouped. It was in life outside of school where one learned to apply facts of life. My father did much to encourage me. He would say, "Never be afraid to stop what you are doing in order to do something you think is more important." In a back room upstairs there were lots of old books. Some in German, some in English. A Natural Philosophy, a copy of the History of Mathematics by Florian Cajori, copies of Educational Foundations, a magazine with interesting discussions by Horace Mann, Pestalozzi, Froebel, which did not add much to my store of information, but over which I spent hours trying to understand what they are talking about. There were also things it was fun to memorize. One which meant absolutely nothing, but was fun to repeat.

There was a funny little book on the "Etiology of Language." I spent hours trying to understand it. It had some odd lines in it that were interesting to memorize - *"When that Aprille with hise shoures soote-the droghte of March hath perceed to the roote—and bathed every veyne in swich licour--of which vertu engendered is the flore and*

smalle fowles maken melodye--that slepen all the nyght with open eye." There was a large volume filled with steel etchings--and edited by William Cullen Bryant called "Beautiful America" and a poem by Bryant called Thanotopsis which I memorized. The days were full of everything, from finding a crows nest, watching a badger dig a hole, helping to tidy up the yard, and learning to estimate the number of board feet of lumber in a standing tree. There is usually an ending of long time pleasures. The very existence of those days of freedom and of absorbing all kinds of unrelated information, put me increasingly into the power of the "system" and its resulting affliction.

KEEPING SCHOOL 1902.

A school six miles away had lost two teachers. The enrollment of that school varied. The year was divided into three terms, ten weeks in the fall, and spring, and sixteen in the winter term. During the spring and fall term the pupils were mostly little boys and girls of varying ages. In the winter time the big boys came to school. Boys up to 18 years of age. A young woman was usually employed for the spring and fall terms. The winter term required a man. It was an established state of affairs that the teacher would be given a rough time during the winter term. In fact how the new teacher would handle the big boys was always a question of interest. There was usually some young man whose purpose in showing up for the first week or two was to bait the teacher. The new teacher was a graduate of the State Normal School. He was a tall slender, gentle, person. By the second day of school the local bully, a stocky chap of 18 years of age and weighing about 165 lbs., irritated the young teacher until the teacher took him by the shoulder and tried to steer him from the room. The big boy grabbed the teacher by the shoulder and the seat of his trousers, picked him up and threw him against the closed door. The door split in two. The teacher kept on going, walked out of the community and never returned for his hat, coat or books. The next teacher was a charming little Irish girl. At the end of the first day the boys nailed the door and windows shut with Annie Murphy on the inside. As dusk began to fall she smashed a window pane and escaped from the schoolhouse.

I had been working on a dairy farm, breaking horses and moving cattle from one area to another. I was hired to "keep" school. Almost full grown nearly 17 years of age, weighing 148 lbs.; able to jump over a five foot fence without touching it, I apparently had the physical requirements necessary. To meet the academic requirements I took an examination in "grammar school subjects" and was granted a Grade certificate to teach in a rural school. I had little equipment. I bought two small bells. One to call students, one to tap far order in school. I made a strong black walnut pointer.

The superintendent of schools gave me a printed copy of a teachers manual which contained a page of instructions for each course I would be

required to teach. There were 18 pupils in the school, ranging from 4 pupils attending school for the first time, to 2 students who were taking advanced courses and who at the end of the year took the county examinations and were admitted to the High School. There were 4 children beginning their first year, the 2 advanced pupils and 12 in between, including 4 boys who came only for the winter term. The prospect frightened me more than I would admit to anyone but my father. He suggested that I should follow "Doc" Addams method, although 50 years had passed since he taught before the Civil War. I was also advised "never be afraid to admit you made a mistake."

With high hopes, hidden nervousness and no clear cut plans, I mounted my horse for the six mile ride to the first day of school teaching. A new world was ahead. Arriving at the school I saw the boys gathered around a big, husky chap who glared at me as I spoke to them. At 9:00 the pupils marched in. The big boys and girls took the back seats, the smaller the front ones. The seats were arranged in four rows decreasing in size from back to front. After starting the morning by singing a song known to all, the beginners were called to a long bench in the front of the room. The big boy raised his hands and said, "Kin I go out?" It was less than five minutes since they had come in so I said "No." He grinned and stood up. He was about five foot ten and weighed about 165 lbs. I was two years younger and weighed about 20 lbs. less I saw my end as a teacher in sight. But the idea of being treated like the previous teacher did not appeal to me. I jumped at him as I had previously jumped to tie a calf. What I did was against all modern rules of "teacher decency." He finally quit struggling and slumped back to his seat. That was the end of any difficulty for the next two years. The pupils, the parents, and the community were satisfied with a teacher who could "keep" school.

Soon another problem of a different type arose, I followed my father's description of John Addams' school too closely. This was 1904, not 1854. People were beginning to have standardized ideas of what a school should be.

THE TEACHER AND THE COMMUNITY

There were several former school teachers in the community. None of them had children attending the school, but they combined and sent a letter to the superintendent of schools, J. Carl Penn, that the school was not being run properly. It was a beautiful day in May. I took all the children to the field in the back of the school house. Starting with one of the smallest I asked "What do you want to do this afternoon. " She said, "I like this flower. " It was a violet. I marked a square around it. "Now draw a picture of this square with the violet. That is a map. It will be your geography and drawing lesson. Then write a story about your map and picture. That will be your English, spelling and writing for the day." Arising to my feet to assign work for another pupil, a deep voice startled me saying, "I don't think that is too bad. " It was superintendent J. Carl Penn. He approved of my methods and raised my salary from $36. 00 to $52. 00 a month. The ratings of these young 17 year old teachers cannot be done with today's standards. They lacked the formal and organized learning which a seventeen year old has today, but they did have a knowledge -

which they could present to other youngsters who did not have books, libraries and other sources of information.

The school teacher was more than the class-room teacher of the small children. He was, the community leader, along lines other than that of the Minister and the Doctor. Here are some of the extra-school activities of a 17 year old teacher in the year 1903-04. He was chairman of the Debating Society, which met twice a month. Everyone came. In the winter they had an Oyster Supper supplemented by the great platters of other food. In the fall, pumpkin pie, apple pie and cider. In the late spring, strawberries and ice cream, made at the school house from pure cream.

At least once each term the teacher was supposed to "stay all night" at the home of different families. The first family I stayed with was planning to shingle their barn, and the school teacher was asked to figure out the amount of shingles needed. Another family, wanted to put wall paper on 3 rooms. The school teacher figured out the amount of paper needed. Of course, the store-keeper would have done this, but the family wanted accurate information in advance.

One farmer wanted to know the relative production of 'bearded' and 'beardless' barley. The school teacher got the information for him. Another wanted antidotes for different poisons. Another, how to estimate the amount of corn in a pile, the most efficient amount of clover seed per acre, the cost of sending a son to school and the University to become a doctor. Of course all of this material was available, but it was considered the teachers job to get it and pass it on to the families.

The evening spent in homes of the families was of special interest. Most of the families had "Family prayers." The teacher was given the honor of reading a chapter from the Bible. Some read the English Bible, some the German. While it would have been excused, if he had not been able to read in German the fact that he could gave him special prestige.

There was one family which had come to America less than a year previously. They spoke a mixture of Polish and German to me, although they spoke Polish and Russian fluently. I was asked to be their guest. They lived in a big one room house, with a cooking "lean-to. " There was a minimum of furniture. A plank table and two benches. A big stove. A curtained off space for the parents bed. Rolled up straw mattresses for the five children stacked in a corner of the room. The dinner was abundant, barley soup, boiled beef and smoked spare-ribs. Fresh bread, butter, honey jellies and jam. There were great quantities of boiled potatoes, rutabagas, cucumbers, and beet pickles, big slabs of egg cake, and a large bowl of whipped cream to cover it. Very strong black tea. While the mother and the girls washed the dishes, the father and I talked. I had recently read a book on Poland. Then the father told me about the "jokes" they played on each other. He told me about a Pogrom. The father told about a "joke" they played on an old Jew. There was a town called "Kishinev" a few miles away. On its outskirts was a Jewish community. One day a farmer took his old "Shimmel" (an old white horse)

to sell to a Jewish horse trader. He came home late one evening. "What did you get for your "Shimmel?" "Nothing, " he answered, "The Jews stole her away from me like they always do." It was his modest way of belittling his deal.

The young men were looking for any excuse for excitement. Someone shouted, "Let's beat up the Jews. " A mob assembled, and went to Kishinev. With clubs and stones, they smashed whatever they saw, and beat-up any Jew who dared to appear out doors. He said this was not an unusual type of activity where he came from.

The evening passed rapidly. There were all kinds of questions the parents asked, aided in their lack of German, by the children who were learning to speak English. Having the school teacher in their home was a great event. The mother showed me pieces of embroidery and needle work she had brought from the old country. The father showed me an "inlaid" darning ball he had made by morticing together several kinds of woods. He wanted the English word for many terms. He still could not translate hectare into acres, and was confused with comparative metric and English tables of weights and measures and with Centigrade and Fahrenheit thermometer .

Soon the 2 year old girl was asleep in her mothers arms; then another dozed sitting on the bench by the table. The mother arranged a mattress on the floor and put them to bed. About 9:30 the father announced *"Zu Bett."* The curtain was pulled aside, and the teacher was told that was his bed. The parents were giving up their bed to the School Master. It was a real problem for the 17 year old teacher. He took it in stride, as he was expected to do. The parents slept with the children on the floor. They gave the teacher the best they had. He accepted it since the children would have been embarrassed if "the teacher" had been required to sleep on the floor.

Those young untrained teachers in the one room school houses met a definite need. They were given a role as leaders which the present day youngster of seventeen to nineteen must get in some other way. Education cannot be measured by the modernization of the "the log" on which the 'teacher and pupil" sit in their educational activity.

XI. GROWING UP

The Panic of 1893
Peddlers
    Arabut Ludlow
    Solomon Levitan
Driving Cattle
The Orphans
Silent Treatment
Keeping Pets
Muskeag

THE PANIC OF 1893

"How will the dismissal of the Bismarck affect poor little Switzerland? demanded Diedrick Stauffacher. No one answered him. He repeated it in an even more frenzied tone. The question meant nothing to me and apparently little to anyone of the group of men gathered together on a sleepy Sunday in 1890. The afternoon dragged on with little interest in the droning conversation. Suddenly the interest perked up.

A herd of about 80 head of cattle were coming up the road. A man on horseback swung into the barnyard and sat still while my father walked over toward him. He said his name was Pickering, and that he was driving some cattle from Minnesota to Chicago. Could he bed down his cattle for the night and buy some feed? In an adjoining field there was still a lot of corn in shocks. He traded two heifers for the corn. The corn was husked and loaded on the two wagons following to feed the cattle on the way, while the fodder was given to the cattle at once. They stayed around for a couple of days resting the cattle and getting them ready for the last hundred and twenty-five miles to Chicago. With their corn as reserve, they left.

One of the heifers was an odd critter. Small and roan colored with enormous horns, which the boys painted with red barn paint. She was never happy with the rest of the cattle; she always drifted off into the hills. We called her "Stray." About two months later she had a calf. My uncle had given me three dollars, and told me to start my own herd by buying a calf from my father and turning it loose. I was allowed to pick any calf I wanted Stray's calf had been premature and was called a "Deacon." It had a stuffy appearance, a short nose, and undeveloped ears. Besides the big Durham calves, it looked so cute that I chose it. The name Deacon wasn't suitable to a 4 year old boy so I gave her a name I had heard my father mention, "General Zollikoffer."

When Zollikoffer was three years old, she gave birth to a calf; and after about five weeks, I decided to send it with a load of veal calves to the market. There was no demand for calves, and they were brought home and turned out. My father gave me two nickels for my calf, which was more than he could afford. It was during the Panic of 1893. We had lots of food to eat. There was meat, potatoes, apples, root vegetables, cabbage, cheese, and homemade wild grape wine. Lots of wood and a good warm house, but no money. Our taxes amounted to $48, but we had no way to pay them. I needed shoes. My father made some moccasins from the tops of old felt boots and covered them with leather from old boot tops. Eggs could be sold for five cents a dozen, apples twenty-five cents a barrel (2 1/2 bushels), oats nine cents, and corn twelve cents a bushel. But, who could ship produce that distance for those prices. So we just sat it out. On the prairies, in the southern part of the Valley, people who had no wood burned corn for fuel. Some of the men went north to the Pine Country where they earned money to pay taxes and some necessities. They received $15 a month and board.

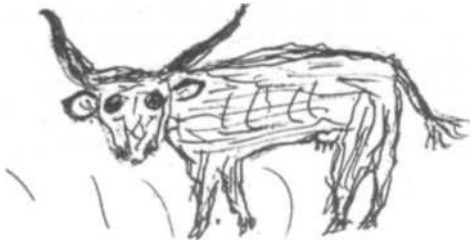
The main product of the farmers was cheese. This could be sold for five to seven cents a pound in Chicago, over 125 miles away. Each day the

supply of cheese increased—"We've got to get rid of it to make more room, " said Uncle Adam. His brother Jacob said nothing, but began to finger on an old newspaper. Finally he said, "We have a lot of Grade 3 cheese." The next day, they loaded 170 round Swiss cheese wheels, weighing from 85 to 150 pounds each, hauled them out into the field and plowed them under. Pigs and chickens had more corn and other feed, so attempting to use the cheese for feed would merely have added a stinking mess. They now had room for new and better cheese, which they hoped to sell.

The summer before a large flock of ducks had been raised. There had been no sale for them, but since they largely took care of themselves, no thought was given to them. At night they would sit in the warm, fast flowing pond, below the big spring, which never froze over even in the coldest weather. As spring advanced, they would drop eggs in the clear water. Then the little boy was directed to coax them into a shed each morning. There were about 85 hens, so each morning there were three or four dozen eggs. Duck eggs are large, and the local store would pay five cents a dozen for them in trade. By fall the economic situation was easing, and the ducks were sold for fifteen cents each to a man who made a little extra plucking the down to sell for pillow feathers.

The days were not as dreary as it may seem. Every week there was a "debate" at the school house. First local, then championship meets between schools. Lots of food was served. Twice a year, a big entertainment program was planned. Short skits, songs, tap dancing of quality which was often better than many current TV programs. Some very superior yodeling and piano playing by at least two persons, who later won national reputations from New York to California. I have a school picture in which there are seven youngsters who later received PhD. 's and M. D. 's with national and international reputations. 1 once showed this picture to a University teacher, and with the bare statement, here is a country school in Wisconsin in the 1890's. "My isn't that a wonderful picture of typical morons, " was the reaction. When I named that list of seven, he recognized the names of five and was duly embarrassed.

By 1894 there was still no money, but stores were taking produce in trade. Business soon began to pick up. Great wagons began to come from Chicago and Milwaukee, and would take butter, eggs, chickens and hams in exchange for what city people had to sell. Even before the panic there began to appear a large number of Pack peddlers. They didn't sell much, but they always had lodging and all the food they could eat. No farmers in the Valley would accept pay for food, and lodging consisted of whatever was available. At the worst, blankets in the hay barn; at the best a room and bed in the house.



PEDDLERS

Among the scattered homes in the valley, the peddler was a welcome visitor. The early peddler, when the country was being settled, usually had a long route and traveled among the isolated settlements with a wagon which was loaded with a variety of essentials. Some had long routes that extended from Chicago to the villages and farms in the river valleys of the Wisconsin Territory. These trader wagons contained pots, pans, and kettles. There were bolts of woven cloth to be made into clothes for men and women. Essential hand tools, knives, hammers, axes, gunpowder, lead for bullets, muskets, sugar, salt and spices. The wagons were a source of interest and wonder to the young and old. As the settlements became more permanent, some of these peddlers started stores and became leaders in the life of towns, as Mr. Arabut Ludlow did in the highlands between the river valleys of southern Wisconsin. Before the merchandising of rural areas was taken over by the mail order houses, the early peddlers became specialists, not only in business but in the problems of a growing community and the adjustment of all types of people. They were largely from the older settled states, from Ohio to New England.

In the last quarter of the 19th Century, another group of peddlers appeared. They were men who had come from central and eastern Europe to America. There was one who carried rather compact cases containing Armenian lace of every description. He often stayed at our house, but about all I remember is that he tried to teach me the Greek alphabet, which I remembered in part most of my life. But the peddlers I really remember were the Jewish "Pack" peddlers, and among them, one in particular. These men carried tremendous loads. A peddler carried on his back a big pack weighing up to 120 pounds, while to balance it in front, a smaller telescope satchel weighing 30 to 40 pounds. The load grew lighter as they went along, and sometimes they would hitch a ride with a farmer who had come a long way, and work their way back towards the central source of their goods. The big bundle held linens, cotton cloth for dresses--enough for one dress of each pattern so that women could have a choice, and neighbor women would have different patterns. Work shirts for men, suspenders, buttons, thread, needles, pins, hairpins, combs, scissors, packets of small nails or tacks for mending shoes, leather gloves, and whatever the peddler thought might attract the eye. He was the forerunner of the later five and ten cent store.

ARABUT LUDLOW.

For over half a century, Arabut Ludlow was a dominant factor in the life of South-western Wisconsin while it was growing from a pioneer territory to a great state. From the time he traveled as a peddler and a trader from Chicago to Madison, then settling in the new town of Monroe, loaning money to homesteaders as he did to Ulric Elmer with a split shingle for a record, later a banker, and a guide to new peddlers and tradesmen. Arabut Ludlow was never afraid to go against the established way of doing

things and try something new and continually work for something better. He was born on a farm near Burlington, Vermont in 1818. In 1838 he was a mail carrier between Lyons and Grand Rapids, Michigan. Then a peddler and trader from Chicago to Madison. In 1846 a storekeeper in Monroe, Wisconsin. Soon he became an owner of a large tract of land, the President of the First National Bank and promoter of business generally.

Monroe became the Center of the Swiss cheese industry for the area. In the upper Sugar River Valley, and on toward Mr. Horeb there was much limburger cheese made. This is a Belgian type of cheese and was felt to be inferior by the Swiss of Monroe. An ordinance was passed that no limburger cheese could be transported on the streets nor stored in Monroe. No one questioned the ruling, because everyone agreed, and also because they had no interest in the product. One evening, Ludlow called a meeting of the Bank Directors. He surprised them by serving a light lunch which consisted of bologna, rye bread, beer and LIMBURGER cheese.

The men were silent. Ludlow broke the ice, "Yesterday a man named Schaeffer came to see me. He has a limburger cheese factory. There were eight boxes of cheese, about 1000 pounds on his wagon. He said that he makes $48, 000 worth of cheese a year. He would like to ship it from Monroe, instead of hauling it to Madison. He wants to do business in this bank. He has opened an account. I told him he could store the limburger cheese in the basement of this bank. "That's against the law in this town." No one said anything. They ate the cheese and liked it. The next night the City Council changed the law.

SOLOMON LEVITAN, THE YOUNG "PACK-PEDDLER WHO BECAME THE STATE TREASURER

Life on a dairy farm was never monotonous. There was such a variety of things to do that the day was usually too short. Unexpected visitors also added color to the life of children on the farm. There was the Armenian lace peddler who taught the little boy the Greek alphabet. The cook stove peddler from St. Louis and his interesting team of mules names Clara and Josephus. A young peddler about eighteen years old gave the most lasting impression.

It was during the summer of 1889 that the slender boy came along the road up the Sugar River Valley. Perhaps a total of 60 pounds on both packs when he had started, but by the time he came to our place, he had not half that much. He was embarrassed by the limited supply of goods, saying, "On my next trip I will have more goods. When I start I only buy what I can pay for. I can't carry much goods and also a big debt." His name was Solomon Levitan.

He had come from Lithuania. He spoke a few words of English, and a lot of German Yiddish; we spoke Swiss throughout the Valley, which was no worse for him to understand than his Yiddish was for us. We got along well. He came around perhaps four or five times a year. The family had scruples about accepting money for lodging or food from a traveler, so the young peddler would leave some article of merchandise on a windowsill. If it was seen by the mother and returned to him he would say. "That is a present I wish to give to you." Since he was of the Jewish faith and did no business on Saturday, he would usually stay from Friday evening until Monday morning.

One Saturday morning while the big boys were picking apples, he went to the orchard and told stories about Lithuania to the little boy. He tossed an apple core away and the little boy fell off the barrel where he had been sitting and bruised his arm. Solomon picked up the little boy with tears running down his face and carried him to the house. The boy was frightened, but that was all. To quiet hi, the peddler opened his pack and allowed the boy to choose an article from the wonderful pile of treasures. He was three years old but from that time on Solomon Levitan became a part of his life.

After a few years, the young peddler got married and started a store in a village twelve miles up the valley. He made many friends and finally moved to the capital city of the state and opened a larger store. His friends from all over the state would come to Madison to buy in his store and to chat with the former peddler. In time he became President of the Bank and eventually treasurer of the state in which position he remained through various political administrations. When someone suggested that his name be put on the ballot for state treasurer, he said, "Oh. I could never make a political speech. All I know is that when I was a little Jew peddler, I could only carry as much merchandise as I could pay for. I was not able to carry a heavy pack and a heavy debt. " That was all the

political speech needed, and Solomon Levitan became an important factor in the very effective economic and social legislation in the state of Wisconsin.

Life in Wisconsin has been influenced throughout its history by hard working, honest young men and women who met hardships and helped build a society where others could grow and in turn meet new problems. Ludlow and Levitan, coming from different areas have become legends in Southern Wisconsin, around whom many yarns are associated.

Many interesting stories are told about the Young Peddler. When he had been in this country two years, he started to put his money in the Bank. He would carry his money in a cloth salt bag. In those days, the National Banks would issue paper money, signed by the President of the Bank, who had also been a peddler some 40 years before. The President of the National Bank used to make a dremony of this. He would have a table placed near the front window, and sit there in a frock coat signing the new bills. One day young Solomon was standing there holding his little sack of coins with his mouth open looking at President Ludlow. The great man lay down his pen, looked at the young peddler and said, "What are you staring at?" 'I was just wondering," was the reply, "how long will it be till I can write my name on money." The Bank President laughed, and said to the other watchers, "Did you hear that? This young Jew-peddler wants to know how soon he can sign money. I will tell you. Two lifetimes. Fifteen years later, as president of the Bank, he signed his first ten dollar bill. He sent it to the old bank president with a short note. "It only took me one half of one lifetime."

A young teacher from Milwaukee came to Madison with her high school class. They went to the Capital Building and Museum. As they were walking along a hallway, an old man stepped out, bowed and asked if he could be of help. The teacher explained that they were from out of the city and came to see the state capital. They were escorted around the building and told all sorts of interesting things by the accommodating old man, who assured them that he was not busy. Finally he asked the teacher to repeat the name she had given him. He shook his head. "It doesn't sound right, " he said. "You look Swiss, but your name is not Swiss. " She told him her father was not Swiss, but her mother had been. When he heard her mother's name he said, "I knew her when she was a little girl. Her father was a farmer with one arm. He was good to me when I was a poor pack peddler. Wait a moment." He went into an office and came out shortly, and said, "I have just ordered dinner for you and your students at the Hotel. " They were embarrassed that this old guide should do this until he explained that he was Solomon Levitan, the State Treasurer- the little peddler from Lithuania who was known to everyone in the South Wisconsin River Valleys and was one of the greatest builders of Wisconsin's political economy.

SILENT TREATMENT

Usually we were handled by the silent treatment. Of all the youngsters in the Valley, I knew of only one man who ever whipped one of his sons.

Most of the men controlled their boys with less words or physical punishment than seems possible. They had a sense of humor and a capacity to judge situations that enabled them to reduce unpleasant situations to a minimum. Let me cite an example.

Husking corn was never the rushed affairs found in some areas. Three or four of us would follow one wagon, instead of each working separately. There was always more or less practical joking, recounting of interesting events, and general conversation going on. We were never so busy we could not stop to compare the autumn colors on our maple trees and Brechlin's Oak trees. All kinds of questions were brought up and discussed. Different ones would tell a story he had read, and the others would criticize the logic of the plot, and argue as to its improvement or begin to tell other similar stories.

The afternoon was dragging on, and the speed of husking corn was slowing down. Ulric began telling us how to hold a ball when throwing a curve. I called out, "Watch this one go!"

A big yellow ear of corn, weighing about one and a half pounds left my hand and hit father squarely on the face. I was shocked.

He quietly said, "What were you trying to do?"

I responded, "Why, I don't know how it happened. I just threw like this. " At which I threw another ear, and again hit him squarely in the face.

There was a hushed moment. Finally he said, "I think you'd better work up nearer the wagon. "

It was a lesson I never forgot and it was only exceeded by the time I broke into a house.

Another example of the silent treatment was very painful. A twelve year old boy had come to the Valley to spend some time with friends. I was about two years younger. He would regale us country boys with wild stories about city life. We knew that much of what he told us was fiction; and actually thought all was untrue, but it was interesting. One day he came when we were eating breakfast. "Let's go fishing, " he said. I was told that there was some garden work to do first. He helped me and by 10 o'clock we were through. We packed a lunch of boiled eggs, bread, cheese and early apples —and were off.

We didn't catch any fish, and by 2 P. M. we were tired. We went to the house where he was staying. The family had gone for the day. He tried to get in. I suggested that we take out a window pane by chipping the putty loose. We got in. He went upstairs. I ate ginger snaps and drank a glass of milk. Soon he came down with his satchel. He said he was going to walk back home that afternoon, which was about 8 1/2 miles. We went by my house. He said that he had found some money upstairs. "Here is 35c, your share for getting me in," he said. I refused the money. Then he gave me a beautiful

cigar holder that he had found. I took it and kept it for about a half a mile, then gave it back. He kept on his 8 1/2 mile trip home.

My brother came home from the factory about 7 P. M. On the front porch I heard him tell about Walt and me breaking into the house. I sneaked off to bed. The next morning my mother asked me about it. I told her. She said nothing. I came in late to breakfast. Everyone was talking when I came in, but then all talking stopped. For a week whenever I entered a room, the barn, or anywhere where they were talking all talking stopped. This kept up for several days. I have never suffered like that since. Except for that little talk with my mother, no one ever mentioned my offense. I have never been tempted to become a repeater.

DRIVING CATTLE

"There is nothing else to do, and I'll tell you how to do it. " father said. The two of us were driving about twenty head of young cattle to a pasture along the Sugar River. It was about seven miles. The cattle were thin after a hard winter and greedily ate the lush new clover growing along the roadside. Young clover covered with heavy dew caused excessive gas in their stomachs. If we had kept them moving, nothing serious would have happened; but we had stopped to chat with Uncle Adam. He began to tease me about a yearling colt I had recently acquired. I had paid $30. 00 for the colt. He tried to find out what price I had paid. After about an hour of bickering, I offered him the colt for a big old sow in his pasture. The deal was closed; but in the meantime, the cattle had drifted up the road, eaten their fill of the green clover, and were lying down. When we caught up with them, they staggered to their feet and started on the road with sort of stuffed, stiff-legged gaits. By the time we had gone a mile, one of them laid down on its side, its stomach distending like a balloon. Father dashed off to a near-by farm house and came back in a few minutes with a beer bottle filled with kerosene. This was poured down the yearlings neck, and after some belching it arose and went on. Twice more the same thing occurred. Soon we were past the settlement and had gone far beyond any farm houses. Several head became sick at once. It was too far to go for more kerosene. Father began twisting a tie rope down the throat of one of the heifers to relieve the gas pressure; but before he succeeded, six or seven additional yearlings toppled over. Father, who had only one arm, stood up. "Have you a good knife with you? Let me have it, " he said. Honing it on a small stone, he said, "You will have to stick them. You have two hands. Put the back of your hand on the last rib with your fingers running along the backbone. Place your knife blade between the first and second finger, and penetrate in front of the second rib as far as it will go."

I was fourteen years old, but had never seen that done before.

I started, and flinched as the blade began to penetrate, and began to cry."

"Hurry up, you can't do any harm."

The penetration allowed the gas to escape from the stomach of the critter. Within twenty minutes a similar operation had been performed on seven, and in due time we reached the river pasture. It was an experience which taught me to meet unexpected situations. Modern transportation and communication has eliminated the need for such extreme measures. Very few veterinary surgeons have ever been called upon to do anything like that. There would always be a simpler means of caring for bloated cattle, although the procedure is still recognized as an emergency measure.

THE ORPHANS

"We were orphans. We didn't have any father or mother, " she said as she sat with her arms around her little brother. "Our mother died and our father was killed by a run-away horse. So they found us and made us work here, and that is why they are so mean to us."

Putting their arms around each other they sat with their backs against the bedroom door and wept until they went to sleep. They had had a very hard day. They were tired, hungry, and covered from head to foot with cockle-burrs, burdocks, and Spanish needles; and their faces and hands were scratched from briars and brittle corn leaves, and black from dust and corn smut, except for the lighter streaks caused by their flowing tears.

It was the midst of corn husking season. Everyone was very busy. Apples had to be picked, grapes gathered, fall canning, corn shredding, husking; and, of course, the ever present work of milking and looking after the dairy herd. When a field of corn had been husked, the milk cattle were allowed in the standing corn fields. There is always much corn to be c leaned, ears that were overlooked that had fallen off the loaded wagons, half ears broken then husked, stalks with corn, bent by the wind and partially covered by leaves or weeds. Because of the large amount of corn, milk cows are allowed in the field only about one hour a day, for several days, until the pickings are less fruitful.

Since everyone was so busy, the ten-year old girl and five-year old boy were sent with a dog to drive the cattle out of a twenty-acre field. Ordinarily, old Tiger could have brought the cattle home alone; but this was early afternoon. He sensed it was too early for milking, neither had he been told to get them. He and the two children drifted out to the field together. They chased squirrels up the trees in Fischer's Grove. They played along the lane on the way to the Coates eighty, where the cows were. By that time, Tiger had lost interest and left them to go where the men were working.

The field within which the sixty-five cows were scattered seemed endless. The cows paid no attention to them, but calmly kept on eating. Sometimes a few would be started homeward, but by the time the stragglers were brought up, the main herd had drifted back to the other end of the field. Back and forth they stumbled over stalks of corn, through briars, across patches of dry smart weeds. As the sun began sinking in the west, the cows on their own accord drifted homeward. Twilight began to cover the hills. When they got to Fischer's Grove, instead of sunshine and squirrels as they saw in the afternoon, there were deep shadows, and the "Whoo--Whoo--Whoo" of the hoot owl. Taking hold of each other's hand they ran through the woods. Their sides began to ache before they reached home. On nearing the barn, they were met by an older brother, who was cross because the cows were so late.

"Now we will have to milk before we can eat supper," he said.

The tired waifs went to the house. Everyone was busy and paid

no attention to them. Even their absence from supper, an hour later, went without comment. Whenever work made it necessary to milk before supper, they ate earlier and went to bed. After supper, someone commented on their absence. Mother went upstairs and they were not there. The whole family and hired help set out to look for them. Mother tried to open her bedroom door, and found it locked. She called one of the boys. Crawling in through a ground floor window, he found them asleep in each other's arms. They had placed a board against the foot of the bed and braced it against the door, in addition to locking it. The little boy asked his mother the next day about where he and his sister had been found, and the orphan story of the imaginative ten-year old girl was cleared up satisfactorily.

It was not entirely a dream of a ten year old girl that gave rise to the orphan idea. The depression of the early 90's had hit the entire country. The big cities were hit more directly than the farm areas. The farmer had enough food to eat even if none could be sold for money. The poor and neglected children of the cities gave rise to a major problem. Various organizations in New York City worked up a plan for practical relief. They would send 25 to 50 boys and girls to some rural area and place them with small town and farm families.

A legal agreement was made that stipulated the family should treat the child as their own. Send him to school as was legally required in the state for his age group, follow the religious procedure of the family and in every way treat him as their own child. When he reached the age of 18 he was to be given a complete outfit of new clothes and $50. Girls came under the same provision and were eagerly sought by families in small towns. Special efforts were made to place boys on farms. This was not difficult since the cost of keeping a boy was small, and his work was very useful.

It was announced in the village of the upper Valley, that on a certain day children would be available for adoption. Such placements were a far cry from present day selection and supervision. It was superficially done

by a well-meaning Church society in New York. Jane Addams once

said in my presence, "One half of the time of the wise is spent in correcting the work of the Good."

The cold blustery March Sunday, was followed by a sudden change. Monday was a warm, balmy day, with a steady south wind, which the Swiss called a "Foene", referring to a warm south wind crossing the Alps from Italy. A load of calves were to be taken to market, and since one belonged to the little boy, he was taken along. It was a great day. Two carloads of Western Broncos were to be auctioned off. Teen age farmer boys, who had saved from $15 to $40 were on hand with their fathers to buy a bronco, and then get it home, which was often a most exciting project. The wild horse was roped and tied between a big steady farm team. After much struggling, it was pulled, dragged and persuaded to move on to its new home where it was tamed in a 'non-movie' method. Each day grain, hay and plenty of salt was made available, with a small amount of water in a wooden bucket. After about a week the boy and horse became used to each other, and these tough little horses became very desirable as well as useful pets.

The Horse Auction would have been a good day by itself. But an extra large crowd came because of the "Car-load" of New York children. A big day--horses from Nebraska, and children from New York!

Three families from the Upper Valley were given boys. Fred was the oldest and most mature. No-one ever knew much about him. He was fifteen years old and had finished the seventh grade in the City. He only attended school the first year in the Valley. He was a very likeable fellow, a steady worker and lived with a very sympathetic family. When he was seventeen a road contractor said he would like to hire Fred when he was eighteen. His "family" said he could go at once if he cared to do so. He was well outfitted with new clothes, given $50. 00 and became a respected member of the Illinois community where he settled. Sammy, was a little boy, only about eight years old. He was pale, thin and anemic looking. He spoke with an extreme Brooklyn accent, and the other boys liked to tease him, "because he cry's so easily and talks so funny." He attached himself to younger boys and one day brought a ball intricately woven from string for a five year old friend, saying "Me motha sen me toe balls, one fa mi lill fren. " He stayed for about three years and returned to New York, when his mother was apparently able to take care of him again.

The third boy, about 13 was assigned to a farmer not too favorably recognized in the Valley. Years later he told me his story.

In the early 90's a man in New York was sentenced to the Penitentiary. Shortly afterwards his wife died, leaving three young children. They were taken in hand by a religious Children's Society. One girl was sent to Michigan, the other to Upper New York State. The boy to Wisconsin. Relatives, from the Middle West, traced the girls and they went to live with an Uncle, who was a physician in Michigan. When the boy was 18, he worked for a few months on a farm, until he had enough money to go back to New York, from where he traced his two sisters and Uncle. He lived with them for a few months, then returned to Wisconsin. After a few years he married and moved to another part of the country. An item in a newspaper noted the death of his wife, leaving him with nine children. As I had known him when I was a small boy, I wrote to him, but received no reply. About 12 years later the following letter arrived.

"Dear Mr. Elmer. -

> I just happen to run across a letter you sent to my Dad, in 1930 after my mothers death. My Dad, I don't know where he is now. Two years ago last fall he stayed with me, but left in March. You know after Mothers death us nine children were taken away from each other and it was Mothers brothers and wives that caused it. Believe me I don't even call them Uncle. But as soon as I was of age I found some of them. My brother and one sister, I knew where they were, but I couldn't get them till they were of age. Just the same we three children

were together till another sister was of age and we found her. She knew where another sister was. She was in Minneapolis and I went there the same day. She looked at me and said, "You are my sister." That Christmas us five oldest ones were together. Then last summer I took off a week to find the four youngest ones. The Judge would not tell me anything-just that they had been given to some Church of America. It took me some time to find the church society that had placed them, and they wont tell me where.

My Brother Bill is now out west. Two of the girls are married and the youngest of the five is taking nurses training.

So I don't blame Dad for roaming. He hasn't anything to keep him in one place.

While the last of this story is 50 years later than the beginning, there was a basis for the little ten year old girl's concern.

MUSKEAG

Muskeag. It sounds interesting. It is. A depression filled with moss, peat and water covering everywhere from a few square yards to hundreds of acres. On its surface may be found grass, low shrubs, and some trees, such as tamarack or even scattered spruce. They vibrate when one walks within ten or twenty feet of them. Below the thin top covering, from a few feet to a great distance, is a muggy water soaked mess. This is intensified by the ice which I have found late in June, about four feet down. The water remains in a gooey mess.

We were breaking some land early in June. The tractor we had been using was not heavy enough to pull the 25 inch breaking plow through the tough roots and small trees. We got a heavy McCormick-Deering tractor and went at it. I walked ahead on the first round to guide the driver away from the dangerous, innocent looking patches of muskeag. When the ground began to tremble, I swung in! The driver saw me swing in from a nice, level, relatively clear area on a slope. That seemed unreasonable, so he moved straight ahead for a while, then stopped. He had hit a bed of peat. Perhaps it was four feet deep, more apt to be thirty. Where we were plowing it appeared to be solid ground of a richness which seemed unbelievable. The plow hit an old pine stump. This demanded extra effort from the tractor, and the enormous steel lugs on the wheels, and the wheel extensions began to throw out buckets of soil--like a mechanical ditch digger. About two turns of the wheel and the tractor was through the top two feet relatively solid earth, and had ground down to the muskeag. The plow was unhitched and an effort was made to get the tractor out—but by every move it dug down deeper. Stones and blocks of wood were put under the wheels. These were simply pressed down, sideways, and vanished like a lump of sugar in a dish of mush.

We decided to dig the tractor out by hand, and went after shovels and other tools. When we returned twenty minutes later the front wheels of the tractor were covered with mud. The radiator of the tractor was one-third covered. Fortunately we had not turned off the engine. It was still running. It was kept running because we knew that if it stopped stuck in the deep mud as it was, the job of cranking it would be out. The big wheels were in the mud to the axels. The tractor swallowed in mud like an old hippopotamus. We cut wood and put under the rear wheels. Sometimes one would catch and the other would spin. We cut young popple saplings. These were ground to pieces by the powerful tractor wheels. At last Glaister said, "There is only one way to get this tractor out, other than by the use of a 100 foot cable and another tractor on solid ground. And since we are sinking steadily it will probably be out of sight by the time we can get another tractor. We will have to build a cribbing under it the depth of the muskeag. It won't be over 20 feet. "

Oak trees, 8 to 10 inches in diameter were felled and cut in

10 foot lengths. These were dug under the hind wheels and the tractor put into reverse. The lugs on the wheels pushed the logs through the mud under the tractor and down to the mud. This was repeated until, logs to a depth of 4 feet were jammed under the tractor. Then the tractor was urged forward onto these logs. Then the mud had to be dug away from the front wheels and from the radiator. Every 5 shovelfuls thrown out were replaced by four of ooze which flowed in, but a little headway was gained. When the pressure was relieved the tractor was pulled upon its bed of logs, more logs placed behind the wheels and rammed down by backing on them. This lifted the front enough so that logs could be placed in front. It was a long, muddy day but by 9 P. M., after 12 hours of steady work, the shadows of night began to enclose us. We got the tractor out of its bed of muskeag. We realized that we had eaten nothing since morning but the victory was worth it. The thrill was particularly great because a farmer had lost a new tractor in the same way the preceding year, and a road and a lumber crew both had to leave a big tractor in the Muskeag a few miles north of us on the Jump River. We drank some milk, washed off most of the caked clay and muck and lay on cots, too exhausted to eat or sleep for several hours. We had cut logs and built a base, four to six feet deep and thirty feet long, backing and going forward a foot or two at a time. This gradually made a solid log platform. Equipment, two shovels, one axe, an old man and a boy. It was about five o'clock on a June afternoon. Ernie said he had to go on a night shift at the Mill, so we ate early. As we were eating he asked, "Do you remember old Joe who went to his home from work one afternoon and never showed up again?" "Wasn't that about 20 years ago?"—"Yes, 1939. -- Well they found him today. They were draining a swamp hole, about two miles from here and found a skeleton, his big belt buckle, and false teeth identified him" a short silence. Then, "didn't a man from around here get lost last hunting season?" "Yes, that was odd. He was about 65, had been raised around here, knew the woods. He was hunting. About 4 P. M. the group signaled they were going home. He said, he just saw a Buck go toward a little Muskeag swamp, and would follow in half an hour. No trace of him has ever been found." Ernie left for the Mill.

The sun was still high. I had recently bought 120 acres of timber land, about a mile east of where we were staying. I decided to go back and look at the land. My wife objected. "Don't go there tonight after all we have just heard." I promised not to go far, just to the west edge. When I got there, the sun still seemed high so I moved on. The trees were interesting. Here and there, a lovely spot of maples, whose dense tops prevented any undergrowth. Small knolls of white birch Thickets of spruce. Small swamps of cattails and areas of muskeag, from which swamp alders, and scrup willows warned of danger ahead. I kept going east. Loafing along, enjoying myself, ignoring time. Suddenly it began to get dark. Clouds were rising, and speeding the coming darkness. By swinging

south one fourth mile, I would come to a ridge and have easier walking home. But, there was a drop, of several acres of Muskeag between me and the ridge. I didn't know that. It suddenly became dark. --A crash of thunder, at the same time I stumbled, and fell headlong into the crud and gunk of the swamp. Struggling to stand up, my weight pushed my legs down. I was in deep Muskeag. There was only one thing to do. Throwing myself flat, I rolled. After a few rounds, I felt a willow root. Pulled myself up. Puffed a while, then started out again. Two steps, and down again. Another stretch of rolling in the stinking muck. It was so dark I couldn't see any skyline. Had no idea if I was crossing the swamp, or going lengthwise. Finally I did hit a spot which had somewhat solid clumps of grass every 6 to ten feet apart. It seemed hopeful, and at last I got to solid ground, and started for home. I was feeling pretty good that by rolling in the mud I had escaped the experience of the other two men. It was past Eleven O'clock when I got home. My wife was very worried, - so much so that in spite of my being covered with stinking muck and slime, - all she said was, "Oh, I's glad you are here". She didn't even say, "I told you not to go."

A old timer learns to respect Muskeag - and to "toll with the punch". It may take a life-time to complete - Growing up.

KEEPING PETS

Even though a ten year old boy, in 1896, was considered old enough to hunt squirrels, there was still some growing up ahead. It was the kind of a perfect October day that occurs in Southern Wisconsin. Permission was given to go hunting. About two miles across the hills was a patch of woods, that would be golden and red with maple, oak, and interspersed with hickory, black walnut and butternut trees, and droves of busy squirrels. It was a long walk, but there were so many things to stop and look at, that the lunch of cheese, apples and a carrot were eaten long before the woods were reached. The squirrels were plentiful, and very busy. Too buy to stop and be shot at. The single shot . 22 rifle did not interfere with them, and, not until one stopped to eat a nut, did anything happen. Three or four times a bullet went in his general direction. Finally, another method was adopted. A stick was thrown up in the tree That was a real surprise. The squirrel jumped ahead, unto a small limb, which bent sharply, and he dropped to the ground. Boy and squirrel were both alert. The squirrel dashed for a hole in the bottom of an old birch tree. Falling on his belly, the boy shot a hand up after him, caught the end of his tail, a twist, a nip. The blood flowed from the finger. It began to hurt. The loss of the squirrel, the blood, and the increasing pain, -- the little boy sat and cried. Then tearing a piece off his shirt, he tied it around the bloody finger.

When the day had gone dusk came about suddenly. It was getting dark as he started to run south toward home. There was a deep, Who ho oo ho-oo OO! Hurrah, a Hoot Owl. Soon even in the dusk it was possible to distinguish the Owl on a low branch. The Hunter, aimed and fired. The owl fell to the ground. Jerking off his denim jacket, he threw it over the great horned owl. It was a long walk, and a tired boy by the time he reached home, and put the owl in a back room of the Granary. The bullet had gone into the wing, and ripped a flesh wound along the side of the body. The Owl was bitter, and snappy, but a gunny sack soon quieted him, some wagon grease applied to the cut, and he sulked back of a barrel. He was offered meat scraps, which were ignored. That night a half grown chicken was put into the room with the Owl. For some unknown reason, the boys Mother—found the remaining evidence. The boy was very emphatically informed that such a thing was --out of bounds.

What could he do. He did nothing. On the second day however, the hungry Owl got on his conscience. That evening, after dark, he ran across the meadow to the neighbors farm. Some young chickens roosted every night on the rail fence. Carefully, he sneaked up and grabbed one holding its head to prevent squawking, and took it home to the Owl. Again his mother discovered it the next day. He argued that this was different. "It was not one of our chickens". She stopped, stood and looked at him and left. On the way out she picked up a rattan cane that someone had brought from the County Fair. She returned. Took the boy by an ear, raised the cane and said, "You ought to get an awful whipping, but I wont do it this time. You still have not grown up." Then she said, "You go and give Mrs. Rudy fifty cents for that chicken." That was much worse

than a beating. The fifty cents was taken from a small hoard, being saved for next Christmas. It was rapped in a piece of paper, and quietly slipped under Mrs. Rudy's door. Later. "What did you tell her ?"---"Nothing". "What did she say." "Nothing. "—Later she told his mother about finding fifty cents wrapped in paper, under her door.

In a few days the owl recovered and flew to a nearby willow tree, where he stayed all day. The next morning he was gone.

It all started because a fool pigeon didn't have sense enough to stay in its nest till it had 'grown up' enough to fly. It fell to the ground where I found it and took it to a back room in the Granary. Soon I caught a young robin. Then a kill-deer. A few days later a crows nest was discovered in a neighbors woods. Every day it was inspected from the ground, and when the young crows began to get noisy, and struggled for space I decided it was time to act. It was a nasty miserable climb, but the nest was reached. There were two young crows. One hopped out of the nest and scrambled far out of reach in the tree. I grabbed the other one. Pushed him into my shirt front and started down. He squawked, struggled and scratched my naked chest with his sharp claws. The last ten feet I slid down, tearing my pants and scraping my legs. If it had been in doing regular work, I could have been excused from getting the crows, or doing other tasks, but this could not be mentioned. The birds lived and grew.

In the upper field there were a lot of wood-chucks. One day an old woodchuck and her brood were out in the clover. She whistled to her young, and dashed for the den. I caught four of them, took them home to my secret Bird house. They prospered. There was plenty clover, and ground feed. Soon, however the pigeon, crow, robin, kill-deer, and the four growing woodchucks, adding refuse to the feed and general mess, began to send out a smell that disclosed their presence. There was no discussion. I was ordered to get rid of them all, and clean the room. The birds flew away, altho the crow and pigeon hung around for food a short time. The woodchucks. were put in a grain-sack, and carried to the upper pasture.

Up in the pasture where the wood-chucks were, there were also eight or ten young horses. Several yearlings, two year olds, and a brood mare with her colt. One especially appealed to me. She was a skittish two year old French Coach filly. The men were talking about breaking her to drive. By getting on the back of Prairie Maid, the gentle brood mare, I could get into the bunch of youngsters. I would carry a few ears of green corn, to give to them. Soon I made friends with Minnehaha, the filly. Each day, we became better acquainted. Finally, one day, as she sidled alongside Prairie Maid, to beg for corn, I slid over onto her back. The response was instant. She jumped and plunged thru the group of yearlings. I was bumped up and down, and as her speed was suddenly checked, by the horse in front of her, I was thrown forward on her neck. Hooking my legs around her neck, and grabbing with my arms I hung on. She was as frightened as I was. She rushed back to the other horses, where I was lost, bumped off, scraped off or simply so scared that I fell off. At least she was free of the pest, and the only

damage was a sprained ankle and some more brush burns and scratches on my legs. Limping home at dinner time, an older brother said "I thought you were told not to climb for crows nests again." Everyone else had some remark or suggestion. Mother wrapping the ankle said, "Pa, why don't you say something to him?" He responded "I guess he'll learn. He's growing up." I did not say one word. No one gave me a chance to explain. No one even thought about Minnehaha.

XII FILOSOPHY — FACTS — FUN

A Mule Named Peet
Praying Cattle
Baby Sitters
A Top Sergeant
Frogs
A Shot Gun
The Old Red Rooster
Preacher Sam
Tomatoes And Beans
My First Automobile
Experts

FILOSOFY FACTS AND FUN

A MULE NAMED PEET

A mule named Peet, and other incidents that are tragic when they occur, funny when they are retold, and when calmly thought about help make up a balanced attitude toward whatever happens in life.

Sometimes an ornery mule is a man's best friend. There never was a meaner critter than old Peet; but his very meanness was old Ab's backlog of security. Abner Wolcott had a small farm in a clearing of the Big South Woods. It was about two miles from the main road. The Big Woods were owned by about 50 farmers who got their wood supply from their small woodlots. Wolcott raised a large number of sheep, which ran at large in this timbered area. There was general disapproval of this, since all the small trees were ruined, but as few men owned as much as forty acres, no one took the trouble of starting objections. Furthermore, before objections could be made, a man would have to have, as a minimum, a legal four-strand wire cattle fence. So the sheep had the run of the area. Whenever a dog was lost in the community, it was generally conceded that he must have drifted to the Big Woods. Abner was ever on the alert for wolves or stray dogs which might "harry" his sheep.

Peet and Abner were always quarreling. Sometimes Peet won, sometimes Abner won. You may wonder why the mule's name is spelled in this way. The correct way to spell a name is the way the person whose name it is, decides to spell it. Peet was a sensible mule, and being a sensible and logical mule, he would obviously have spelled his name in a logical manner. He would have known that the correct way to spell feet is f-e-e-t; and beet is b-e-e-t. So, if he had been able to spell he would have spelled his name P-e-e-t. I am trying to be fair with him.

There was hardly a farmer in the area who had not held a grievance against the old man, either because of the sheep, because of a dog lost by the farmer, or because of some biting sarcastic comment, tilted into the general conversation whenever a crowd had gathered at a farm sale, a barn raising, or in a Saturday crowd around the stove in Anderson's hardware store. The oil which smoothed what might otherwise have become a stormy scene was invariably old Peet, Abner's ornery mule.

There is always some man who acts as a balance wheel in a community. So, whenever a tense situation began to stick its head above the ripples of good natured bantering, John Grant or Emil Crouch would switch the attention from sarcasm to one of Peet's latest escapades. There was a continual battle between Ab and Peet. Sometimes Peet apparently won, as the time Ab offered him a leaf of tobacco in which he had rolled a piece of that evil smelling and I presume tasting cure-all of another day " asafoetida. " Peet tried to get the taste out of his mouth. He grabbed Ab's coat sleeve and tore it off. Abner turned to pick up a stick of wood, but Peet beat him to the draw and grabbing the seat of his trousers, succeeded in getting the major part of them.

Or the time when Ab was hitching him to a wagon and accidentally touched Peet's nose with his hot pipe. Abner was amused by Peet's reaction, so he took his pipe and deliberately touched Peet's nose. With the fastest move in Peet's life the pipe was grabbed and ground between his strong jaws-hot tobacco and all.

Peet was a tidy mule. If he got a splash of mud on his hip, he would stop and refuse to go until Abner rubbed it clear with a brush. He had long since learned to carry this brush with him. Sometimes Peet would stop to take a rest. After dozing for a few minutes, he would go on again. No amount of urging, swearing, or beating would effect him. Sometimes he would stand for an hour or more. The old man began carrying a bundle of straw with him, and if after checking on Peet's harness, brushing all the mud splashes off his hips and side, Peet continued to stand still. Abner would build a small fire on the ground under the mule to divert his attention. After a dozen or so experiences of this kind, Peet discovered that by lying down he could put out the fire. Farmers passing along the road would help pull off the harness, put it on the wagon, and attach Ab's wagon to theirs and get him home. In time Peet would follow. The farmers were glad to do this, first because helping an neighbor was part of their accepted chores, but chiefly because it gave them a weapon against Old Abner Wolcott.

When it comes to matching wits with a mule, in the long run, a man will win. Instead of continuing to build a fire under Peet, Ab would tie a little bundle of straw to a leg. Peet had no technique to combat with that. In fact, after a while, if there was a rustle of straw back on the wagon, Peet would start up with sincere enthusiasm. In time he became so sensitive that Abner had to use the utmost care in loading his wagon and prevent anything which would give the rustling sound of straw.

The payoff came when Peet discovered the association between a match and a fire of straw. When the old man started to light his pipe, Peet would flip an ear and with a suddenness that would have been a credit to a thoroughbred, he was tearing down the road at full speed, the contents of pails of eggs, packed in oats, spraying the roadside. Old Ab was left sitting in dumbfounded astonishment beside the road, blankets helped by the breeze floated and caught on a wire fence and the sight and sound of chickens from a broken crate escaping and squawking into the adjoining woods. But, again man's superior brain proved winning out. Abner began to carry a piece of cast iron in his wagon. When he wanted to light his pipe he would stop, fasten Peet's tie strap to the cast iron, moisten his finger and hold it up to detect the direction of the wind, then walk down far enough that Peet could not see or hear the match strike, and light his pipe. He also began carrying a small glass, and when there was sunshine he lit his pipe with a sun-glass. Whenever conversation slowed or became too tense, the latest adventures of Abner and Peet eased the situation and also served to save Abner Wolcott from trouble with his neighbor.

PRAYING CATTLE

"John, John, " Verena whispered in little John's ear. She placed her arms around his shoulder and raised him from the bed, hugging him to her. The room in which he slept was cold, and the wind was howling fiercely on the outside. "John, " she repeated as he began to break out of a sound sleep, "I think I hear the cattle."

Getting out of bed and with her help getting him into his clothes, the thirteen-year old boy got ready to go out into the storm to save the freezing cattle. It was in the winter of 1858-59, a winter that will always be remembered in the Valley. The first snow fell on October 14, before the apples were picked or the potatoes dug. With only a short Indian summer, the snow kept piling up all winter long, with periods of intense cold. Another reason it will be remembered was because of the wide-spread religious revivals throughout the entire region, to which Ulric was invited because of his ability to help organize their group and prepare their general rules and by-laws. It was his interest in democratic communal organizations with which he was familiar from Switzerland as much as his religious enthusiasm that drew him to these meetings. The meetings were a combination of religious revival and anti-slavery agitation. The protracted meetings, as they were called, would continue for three or four weeks. People traveled long distances to attend the meetings, and would stay as guests of people in the neighborhood in which they were held. Ulric had a good team of young horses, and took several people in the sled. Conrad was working away from home so the task of feeding the cattle was left to the younger boys. John was thirteen and Ulric was eleven. For the first week all went well. Then heavy snow storms began to follow each other in quick succession. In fact, it was a continuous snow storm lasting a week, with short intermissions. Nearly three feet of snow fell during that week. This was piled up around buildings and in ravines to a depth of six to ten feet. Some of the cattle, milch cows, calves, chickens and pigs were in the pole sheds; but about thirty head of young cattle, mostly yearlings, were out on the prairie when the storm came. They began drifting in, but never reached the farm buildings.

When Verena, his mother, had helped John into his heavy clothing, he started out into the storm. A lull in the storm came and he seemed to hear the bellowing of cattle, but he could not be sure. He floundered north toward the barn, but was soon up to his shoulders in snow. His mother, holding to the door jam was able to distinguish the black spot in the snow, between snow flurries. Finally, she called to him to stop. She went after him, and together they fought the storm back to the house. When the storm let up the next morning, the boys started out to look for the cattle. Their father had the team so they waded out on foot. It took them from daylight until noon to get one mile. From a high hill about a mile from home they saw cattle bunched in the deep snow. It was impossible to get the cattle in, or to carry fodder to them. Verena, their mother, said something must be done. So late that afternoon, they started on a three-mile tramp to their Uncle John Marti. It was nearly

midnight when they got there, tired, clothes frozen stiff, and completely exhausted. Beds were prepared for them on the kitchen floor, and at four o'clock the next morning they awakened. Oxen were yoked up and a load of oats and straw piled on a sled. By picking relatively open spots on the prairie, they had the straw to the starving cattle by noon, and the oxen and sled were able to break a road up to the barns.

The help, however, had come too late. The temperature dropped to 18°below zero before the next morning. When they came with more feed for the cattle, fourteen head were dead and frozen. Their father was still absent on his mission of saving souls and freeing slaves. With Marti's oxen, however, the necessary chores were made easier. Each day they hauled feed out to the cattle. Since frozen snow is a poor substitute for water, they broke the ice on a water hole and made a sled path to it. Finally they got the remaining cattle back home. The dead cattle were frozen stiff with their legs extended. Mathias who was nine suggested setting them up on their haunches. For the next few days the three boys worked hard. As soon as the cattle at home were fed and milked, the stables cleaned, and animals watered, they would go back to work on the dead cattle. In a few days, with the help of the ox-team, sled and ropes, they pulled the dead cattle in a circle facing south, and finally braced them up in a position of sitting on their haunches, with their front legs held out straight in front of them as in supplication.

When their father returned, enthusiastic about the meetings and about a proposed "underground railroad" for escaping slaves, Verena simply quoted, "And lo master, while I was busy here and there, and they were gone."

It was not until the next day that he caught the meaning of her words. Nothing ever was said about the cattle that died or the boys' dramatic welcome but from that day on he always included the inadequate care of cattle as one of man's major delinquencies. The work of the boys remained one of the jokes about which the Valley chuckled for many years.

BABY SITTERS, 1875

"Men fight, hunt and fish and sit about, and all the rest is woman's work. Sometimes she needs the help of a Baby Sitter. Details change, but the basic procedures do not.

Settling the children for their afternoon nap took nearly an hour. Then Anne hurried back of the woods to help John stack wheat. He had gone ahead with the wagon but work for him was slow since it was difficult for a man with one arm to pitch bundles of wheat on the wagon with one to load them. He had developed a technique, however, of throwing bundles up by grasping the fork at the lower end of the handle, catching the upper part of the handle under the stub of his arm, and thus tossing the bundles on the wagon. Anne was a vivacious young mother of 23. Her relatively slight appearance and 115 pounds of weight belied her actual strength and vigor. She took care of her household, which included three boys. One was 5 years of age, one 2 1/2 years old, and a baby 8 months old. Since John had only one arm Anne helped with the milking and helped bind the wheat and stack it for threshing. She hurried back to the field, hoping that the children would sleep long during the afternoon so that she would not need to worry about them.

They had a hired man until a week before. There was a barrel of hard cider in the cellar and the temptation was too much for Tom. One night he filled a 2 gallon jug, went to town with it, and hadn't returned.

About three o'clock the 5 year old boy, Matt, Ulric and the baby was crying. He decided that the kid must be hungry and tried to give him milk that was standing in an unfinished bottle. The baby, however, was in need of other attentions and refused with the vigor that only a healthy baby boy can display. In desperation Matt thought of something else. There was a barrel of hard cider in the cellar and he had seen Tom, the hired man, drink of that until he went to sleep under an apple tree. He went to the cellar and got a dipper full of the apple jack and decided that was what the baby must have to be quieted.

Reverend Moser, an itinerant minister of that area, was passing the house. He heard a terrific screaming inside and rushed in from the road to see what was the matter. He found the baby on the floor with bleeding scratches on his face, and struggling with a five-year old boy who likewise was crying and whose face was scratched, trying to force the baby to drink his apple jack. The minister picked up the baby, put dry clothes on him. The 5 year old baby sitter explained that Tom, the hired man, always went to sleep when he drank hard cider.

Later that year, the parents had to go to a town twelve miles away. It was early December. The dirt roads were frozen and rough. The trip was made in a farm wagon. As they would be gone all day, they took the baby, now 11 months old, along. The two big boys stayed at home, they took care of themselves without a baby sitter. The mother put bread, milk, cold sausage and cheese on the table for them to eat. They also had apples. Since it was cold, they were told to stay on the couch, dressed for the day, but with blankets, all day except

when they ate. On no condition could they have a fire in the stove. About the middle of the afternoon it turned colder. The 5 year old suggested they get up and put on their coats and shoes. He got some paper and matches -went out to the woods and tried to start a fire, but the wind blew out the lighted matches. So with the shrewdness of an intelligent five year old, he went into a ditch, scraped dry leaves together, and soon had a nice warm fire where they warmed themselves before going back to bed. Fortunately the fire was in a ditch, and did not spread to the adjoining woods. The boys were gradually learning to take care of themselves

FROGS

"What a wonderful bird the frog are--
When he stand he sit almost
When he hop, he fly almost
He ain't got no sense hardly either
He ain't got no tail hardly neither
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't
got,--almost hardly!" - Anon.

Along the road in front of the old school house was a wide ditch. This had been dug to serve as a drain for the road since the road ran down the valley more or less paralleled by a meandering creek. On either side of the creek were areas of swamp filled with frogs. There were big bullfrogs, speedy leopard frogs, shy little green and yellow grass frogs--and just plain frogs.

In the creek were fish of all kinds. The woods in the adjoining hills abounded in rabbits, squirrels, and partridges, while in the fields about there were quails and prairie chicken. Wild ducks and geese made these swamps a rendezvous on their spring and fall migrations. In short, to supplement the abundance of food on the well equipped dairy and stock farms, there were fish and game of all kinds to provide variety for the larder. Sometimes we heard older men remark when the evening chorus of frogs was unusually loud, "A Frenchman would like it here." Then in answer to a query by a youngster comment that "Frenchmen eat frogs."

We were never able to be sure whether we were being fooled, whether Frenchmen really did eat frogs, or whether this was merely a joke these Swiss farmers like to repeat about their former European neighbors.

Finally one day we put the question to our teacher. "Do French men eat frogs?" First she laughed, then preceded to tell us that frogs were a real delicacy. That she had frequently eaten frogs in the select restaurants of Milwaukee. The following day she brought a circular from a Chicago Brokerage House, quoting prices for various types of food and listing frog's legs.

After school, Albert and I walked away rather quietly. We said nothing to each other nor to anyone else. Each knew what the other was thinking. We walked in the direction away from our homes. We walked toward the big swamp. At the Big Bridge we stopped. Sitting on the edge swinging our legs over the end, and leaning on the lower board of the railing, stones were tossed into the pool of water below. The kerplunk of a plunging frog broke the silence.

'I'll bet we could make a million dollars, if we had all the frogs in this swamp in boxes."

"But, " Albert observed, "If you caught all of 'em, there wouldn't be any left, and our business would be played out."

"Huh, that's easy. Why not raise 'em like your father raises sheep and my father raises cattle."

That was the beginning. Before the milk was over all the boys in the school were busy building a dam in the road ditch. They were inspired by the prospect of boat races. After supper, Albert and I would haunt the swamp. We caught scores of frogs, and emptied them from grain sacks into the ditch which held two or three feet of water, and extended for nearly 20 rods. The other boys seemed surprised at the increasingly large number of frogs that seemed to have come to our dam, but they were more interested in standing on a plank and pulling themselves from one end of the ditch to the other. The number of frogs increased nightly. Soon, the ditch was filled with thousands of little pollywogs or tadpoles, which looked like small black cherries with tiny tails. That caused the trouble. The little girls became interested in the "pond." They tried to catch the tadpoles in their dinner pails. One after another they fell into the muddy water. Mothers expected boys to be spattered with muddy water. When the girls came home like that protests arose. Leonard Norde, a member of the school board arrived one day and informed the teacher and pupils that the ditch must be drained. It was ordered done at once. How we succeeded in having the matter postponed I do not remember, but for some reason since Albert was a very good student, the teacher said Albert and I could put on old clothes and do so that evening after supper.

After chores we went to work. It was dark by the time we stopped catching the frogs, and draining the water out of the ditch. By every method conceivable we secured kegs and pails which had held salt-fish, butter, and syrup, and packed those frogs solid into these vessels. Finally before daylight, we hitched up an old team of horses on a wagon and took our kegs to the early Illinois Central freight train two and a half miles away.

These were all marked in care of the Brokers whose name we had seen on teachers circular, and the further statement "shipped by the Dutch Hollow Frog Leg Company."

Days went by and no answer. Each day one of us would walk the 2 1/2 miles to the Schultz Post Office for the mail. Finally, we concocted a letter of inquiry about our shipment of several pails and kegs of frogs. A week later a very courteous letter was received.

> "We have received a consignment of unskinned and unselected frogs which arrived in a most unspeakable condition. There is due us for freight, warehouse charges and disposal the sum of $13.85."
>
> Sincerely

We read the letter. We walked away. Nothing was said for over two miles. We came to the Big Bridge, sat down on the end. Stuck our legs through the bottom railing and threw pebbles in the pool below. A big frog plunged into the water. 'I'll bet there are a million frogs in the swamp." "Well, " answered Albert, "the Frenchmen can have them."

SERGEANT BRUECKMEIR KOMM HERFOR

The belt on the thrashing machine had broken so the crew waited in the shade of a tree, while one of the owners went to town, six miles away to get a new belt, or material to patch the old one.

The farmer brought a three gallon pail filled with home-made wild grape wine. The tin dipper was passed around, and soon the men started to tell yarns. There was plenty of time, so each story was expanded, to make it a better story than the one told.

Gus North told of a wild escape from the Sioux Indians at a time when he was in the Dakota Territory. Old man Brueckmeir began to show impatience. Brueckmeir, was usually a very quiet man. One was not sure whether he listened or if he understood what they were talking about, when they yarned on and on about a cow stepping into a pail of milk, a porcupine chewing a shovel handle in two for the salt left on it by the perspiration of the user, or a yarn, out doing the most absurd Paul Bunyan story. However the Indian massacre or the bucket of wine made him break his silence. He began, "When Yeneral Von Moltke vent into Belyem in Acthzehn hundred seventy, I was a Saryent in de Prussian Armee. Supplies, everything we needed was short. Medicine Corps , vagons for all de vounded men were not enough. De soldiers vere so tired, dey could hardly move. Nobody do any talking. Everyting still, only de cry for help or water, of the wounded and dying men scattered out on de feld. De battle of Sedan de day before vas bad

schrecklich. De number of vunded men all over was—veil no body or no-one to take of dem. Which of de vounded men to be carried back must be made by somebody. The Medicine Officer come. He say, "Who vill come help me. " I am de Saryent, and step for warts. I name eight men who can valk to come along. Where must ve begin. De Officer bend and look at a wounded man. He stand up und say, "Saryent Brueckmeir Brueckmeir, Komm Herfor". Ikomm, and say,--"No kin help." Wen he say no, I pull my pistol, abc BUMM." Wen he say "yes, " he iss carried back by de solyers. " He suddenly stopped, an sunk back into his customary silence. One or two asked him questions, but he pretended not to hear them nor to understand them. He went back to his moody silence.

The study apparently started the idea. The belt had been replaced, work continued, and at the end of the day, everyone returned to their homes, except three young men, who still had enough energy to spend on the further activity. The weather was hot. Brueckmeir and his wife slept in a room on the first floor of their house with a big window wide open. About eleven o'clock P. M. the boys filled pails with oats and barley. They sneaked up to the house, got ready below the open window. One shouted "No kin help. " Another shouted, "no" then together they shouted "Boom" and threw the grain to the ceiling from the open window, causing it to fall in a shower over the bed. Sergeant Brueckmeir never told the story again.

A SHOTGUN

My grandfather did not approve of shotguns. He did not think it was sportsman-like to use a scatter-gun against the small animal. He did not approve of using a shotgun against ducks, geese, and ruffed grouse. Neither would he permit us to shoot any birds or animals while they were sitting. While we always emphasized the fact that we did not shoot a sitting duck or rabbit, and that we always did our shooting with a rifle, we were secretly embarrassed on coming home from a hunting trip to have only one rabbit or one grouse, when the other boys had a bagful. I am sure that the two or three ducks I shot on the wing with my rifle were accidents.

There was a small piece of woods, mostly oak, walnut and hickory with a few scattered maples, near our house. There were only about 20 acres in the patch, surrounded by open fields. As long as I can remember, I was allowed to go to these woods and play there with no restrictions. The woods abounded in squirrels. Sometimes my grandfather with his muzzle-loading musket would take me with him on a hunting trip. Following his custom and beliefs, he would take me with him on a hunting trip, he would not shoot at a squirrel while it was sitting. When a squirrel, sitting on a limb and peering down at him refused to move in response to his shouting and waving his hat, he would try another method. Aiming carefully at the limb below the squirrel he would shoot to startle the critter off his perch by the spatter of bark thrown up by the bullet. Sometimes it would actually lose its poise and tumble to the ground, but usually it was able to grasp a branch of the trees and scurry away. He would reload his musket while running. Settle the single lead pellet with his ram rod, put a new cap in place, stop, take a quick aim at the jumping, climbing, frightened squirrel, and shoot.

There were very rare occasions when he hit a squirrel and then he actually seemed sorry. Those were delightful days. I was about five years of age, he was seventy-five. Some days we would make little piles of acorns, hickory nuts, and walnuts and leave them for the squirrels to carry away and bury, because, he would tell me the people were cutting so many of the nice old trees that we and the squirrels must plant many young ones.

One day my older brother, 16 years of age, brought in a ruffed grouse. It had been hit on the head and he was very proud of his marksmanship. Grandfather casually asked, "Where did you get this bird?" He was told "It was sitting on a stump back of the barn." Slightly tipping his head so that blue eyes peered over his glasses, he gave my brother a sharp look, turned and walked to his room. When the bird was served at dinner time, we all knew why he didn't eat any of it. He did not approve of" meat hunters" except when a person was really in need of food.

Perhaps this strong objection to the use of shotguns continually emphasized by my grandfather, subconsciously increased my interest in owning one. When I was ten years of age the family considered me

mature enough to own a single shot, 22 caliber rifle. It was a wonderful gun. My sister and I would collect bushels of walnuts and one of us would toss them into the air while the other would shoot. We developed a very steady routine. Pick-up the nut--toss—aim—shoot--flip shell—reload--toss--aim--shoot. In fact, it was so regular that Albert Pineau, a neighbor, dropped in one evening to ask whether we were cutting wood in this hot weather. He had heard a steady choppin all day. We became pretty fair shots, we learned to sight the nut as it started to fall, line the rifle and shoot just enough below the falling nut to hit--some of them. But the "scatter gun" still was tempting, At Schultz's store I bought some very fine "chill-shot, " made small projections from cigarette paper which contained about six of these small shots, removed the bullet and substituted the "chill-shot." It was a tedious project, unsuccessful so it was discontinued. But the idea was planted. There was a Civil War musket in the summer kitchen. I took this gun to Mr. Spengler, a gunsmith in Monroe, Wisconsin, and explained to him that I wanted a block cut out in the back of the barrel so it could be used as a breech-loading shotgun. He was busy filing a saw, suddenly he stopped, hooked his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, puckered his brow, and grunted. The minute or two that he was silent seemed to last at least an hour. Finally he said it could be done but that it would cost a lot of money. That was simple, I pulled out a big buckskin pouch and emptied it on his bench. It contained $2.25. Finally he said, it will cost $2. 75. Leaving the gun with him and the money as a down payment, I left and returned about a month later with an additional . 50c. The gun was ready. It took 10 gauge shells. The next morning I sauntered off for a real hunt. My older brother had loaned me . 90c to buy shells.

Within ten minutes after leaving the house, a rabbit dashed across the road. WHOOM! When the smoke cleared away there was no rabbit around. It had probably run away. Soon another rabbit appeared, another blast from the little cannon, but the rabbit kept on running. A third rabbit, by this time my shoulder ached like a toothache. But another blast echoed and reechoed through the hills. I do not know what became of the rabbits but the third explosion broke the firing pin and ended my experience with that gun. That was before the Spanish American War. I still have the gun. I also have many powder marks on my hands, forehead, arms and chest, also small pieces of metal under the skin of my right wrist.

THE OLD RED ROOSTER

My father and I used to have some interesting secrets between us. Now, take the one about the old red rooster. That rooster was an ornery cuss. He was the first one to crow in the morning, and then about the middle of the forenoon he would get tired and go over in the tool shed and sit in the shade when he should have been hunting worms for the hens.

One day Mother told me to kill a chicken for dinner. I got my 22 rifle and started for the chicken yard. Father said, "Are you looking for a chicken for dinner ? Let's get the old red rooster over in the tool house." We went over there. It was north of the barn, over in the hog pasture. As we came near we saw "Old Red" standing on the seat of a corn planter superciliously viewing the world around him. I got ready to pick him off. Father said, "You see if you can hit him in the eye. If you can't, I'll do it." I took steady aim at about 60 feet. "Bing." He flicked his head to retain his pose, "Guess I missed." Father took the rifle. Since he had only one arm, he would swing the rifle at a sharp angle, resting on the stub of his left arm. Again there was a snap of the rifle, a flick of Old Red's head and everything was as before. Over and over we handed the rifle back and forth. It was only after a dozen or more tries that Father dropped him with a bull's eye, or should I say rooster's eye.

At noon, dinner was ready. The boys came in from the field. Jake had watered the horses below the tool shed. When he came he said "Father, our calves are sick. They act as though they have 'black leg'." Father thought that was strange. They seemed all right yesterday. Plenty of salt and water, and he hadn't heard of any around the country. After we had eaten, he went down to look at them. Four were dead, three more dying. That afternoon he said to me, "You and I better strip the hides off those yearlings and pull the carcasses together and burn 'em. " We went to work. As we pulled the first off, Father said, "Huh, huh?" As we pulled the second off, he sat down, looked at me, and said, "I guess it ain't black leg these yearlings had." They were lying in the shade back of the tool shed when we shot the rooster. We won't say anything about it to Mother and the boys." We didn't. The yarn was never told until after he had passed away, thirty years later.

PREACHER SAM

Sand burrs are small seed pods which grow on a low plant in sandy areas. They have the toughness of horns with the sharpness of a steel needle. When their barbed points penetrate the human skin the pain is excruciating.

Preacher Sam was the jovial, kindly, circuit-rider common, years ago. Everyone liked him. He was sympathetic and kind with everyone and everything, man and beast. His jovial, contented air was emphasized by his rotund appearance, for despite his height, his 265 pounds caused him to be noticeably fat. The early part of the week there had been many calls upon him and he had driven his ponies very many weary miles. It was necessary for him to make a call down the river bottoms for a bedding about 12 miles away on Thursday and he decided that instead of driving his horses, which he felt were tired, he could walk. He made the trip, officiated at the wedding and spent the night with the friendly family on the river bottoms. Everyone enjoyed his company and literally vied with each other for his companionship.

Friday was the fourth of July. The community was going to hold a picnic. He would be expected back for the sumptuous picnic dinner and would be called upon to speak a few words to the assembled group in the afternoon. There was no particular hurry so he left about eight o'clock in the morning for the 12 mile tramp expecting to arrive without any due exertion about 12:30. The day was much hotter than usual. After the first two or three miles he took off his coat, he took off his vest, he opened his collar and took off his shirt. Perspiration ceased oozing and began to flow. His feet began to burn. There was not much shade on these sandy flats. Hence, when he saw a scrub oak he sought its inviting shelter and with all the haste possible proceeded to remove his shoes. Having accomplished this he stretched out on the shaded sand, which he had hardly touched when a shriek would have informed anyone, had there been anyone there, that someone had been bitten by a rattle snake or which was more likely, had reclined on a nest of sand burrs. He tried to roll away from the sand burrs but as his arm reached out to balance him, he reached to one side and got sand burrs. By lying still only about one square foot of his body was in them. If he moved his hands or feet in any direction he was stung by the barbs. The shade of the tree moved. Sand flies, the heat of the sun, the burning sand, the continuing pain of the sand burrs kept adding to his discomfort and annoyance until finally he relaxed and sobbed like a child. After an hour or so of excruciating agony he became calm enough to figure out some means of escape. He reached his coat and shirt and folding them on top of the sand burrs was able to place an elbow and a knee on them and eventually got on his shoes and trudged on his way.

Since the journey had gone across the sand flats and there was no highway, he did not get home until after dark, hungry, thirsty, and tired. As he walked by the cool pasture along the creek where his ponies were quietly munching grass in the cool of the evening, he stopped and looked at them and probably the first unkind thoughts he had ever had

came into his mind, but all he said was, "I don't think you would have been any more tired than I am. "

TOMATOES AND BEANS

"How is your garden?" Seems to be the accepted greeting these days. I do not have a garden. Rather than appear a nonconformist and admit the lack of a garden, and do not want a garden, I ask, "How are your tomatoes?" or "Have you ever tried to raise peanuts?" That is usually enough to divert attention and by an occasional nod and apparent attempts to interrupt, the one-sided conversation can be kept going without disclosing the fact that I am a slacker, a non-gardener.

There was a time long ago, when I did succumb to the demand to have a garden. Although never having been enthusiastic about taking any exercise, I planted a garden in the spring of 1917 in response to a patriotic demand to raise a garden and "make the world safe for democracy." I planted onions, peas, radishes, lettuce, beans, cabbage and tomatoes. Especially beans and tomatoes. Everyone spoke of the value of beans and the importance of tomatoes was learned at a boarding house in college. Each Monday we started the week with stewed tomatoes. Tuesday we were served delectable tomato broth. Wednesday, bread pudding in tomatoes. Thursday, macaroni with breaded tomatoes. Friday, fish with tomato-flavored gravy, and Saturday, baked beans to which the remnants of the week's tomatoes had been added. Sunday, no tomato resurrections. With four years of boarding house experience, naturally I planted tomatoes.

The war in Europe had reached its third year. America was in the midst of preparation. My wife's brother was leaving for active service in the navy, so taking the children, she left for her home in Denver. It was near the end of the month. Our bank account has reached the usual end-of-the-month level. Since the next month's check was only three days away, there was no concern when the train fare took all but two dollars.

The following morning a notice came to my desk. "Due to the increase in the cost of coal, paper, and other supplies, there will be no more payments of the current year's salary. The residue will not be paid until authorized by special appropriation of the legislature, two years hence." My salary was $1600 per year. I had received $1200. At first I was stunned. Three months on two dollars seemed like slim living. Then I remembered my garden. There was an abundance of tomatoes. I ate tomatoes raw. I ate tomatoes stewed. I ate tomatoes fried. I ate tomato soup. Some days I vowed this was either the last tomato or the last of me--but, I survived and my appetite revived. The next day I ate tomatoes. Of course, there was an occasional onion, carrot, or lettuce leaf, but the main dish was tomatoes. My wife wrote asking if I was eating at the University Club. I was not. The tomatoes and garden needed attention.

The tomatoes were abundant. Not knowing what the "coal, paper, and other supplies" situation might be by Pall, I decided to can tomatoes. A neighbor told me how to can tomatoes. "Cook till they boil, and add a spoon of salt, fill can and seal." I did, but to be on the safe side, I added two spoons—tablespoons—of salt to each quart. My wife made

catsup of some, but forty quarts was too much for catsup.

The University felt the patriotic garden urge also. They plowed up the campus and the University golf course and planted beans. Everyone else planted beans. One day a second note was on my desk. "The University at considerable expense has planted beans. In order that there shall be no criticism and development of feeling that faculty members do not need the withheld pay, we trust that all members of the faculty will do what they can to pick and conserve the food which might otherwise go to waste. " I picked 32 quarts of beans. I did not help can them. I spent my time scratching. The bean patch was the rendezvous or pernicious beasts known as chiggers. They cannot be seen, but dig into one's skin and may be felt--for days and days. The beans were canned according to government specification in that 1917 fuel conservator "the fireless cooker. " They all spoiled.

No, I do not have a garden. I had a lifetime of gardening in one summer.

MY FIRST AUTOMOBILE

There is always a first, we had saved $400. After several evenings and a Saturday afternoon of shopping, I found a car made by a well known Detroit manufacturer which I could buy for that amount of money. True, it had been used for some time, but I could hardly believe my good fortune, and until I had the bill of sale safely in my pocket, I feared it had been stolen. Since then, I have learned that $400.00 will buy several used cars. The man who sold the car drove it home for us. When within two blocks from my house, he allowed me to drive to the back yard. Then for ten minutes he gave me verbal instructions about driving. When to feed gas. How to crank the critter, use the choke, shift gears by use of the left foot on the clutch. His final instructions were, "Now go in the house. Lie down. Shut your eyes, and go through everything I told you. Imagine you are going for a ride. Think through every step. Walk to the car. Open the door. Turn on the ignition, push in low. Give the crank a quick jerk, pull out choke. Give her gas. Imagine a car is coming towards you, turn your car to avoid hitting it." I lay on the couch and shut my eyes. Every type of situation I could think of passed through my mind. Over and over again I thought through all the processes. About four P. M. I felt I knew how to drive. I called to my family to come for an auto ride. No one responded. I persuaded my mother-in-law to come. It was a beautiful early autumn day. Everyone was out in the country— nearly everyone. I found the rest later. There was no traffic along East River Boulevard from Minneapolis to St. Paul, with the exception of some narrow escapes from a tumble into the river on my right, to missing a telephone post on my left--I arrived to a cross street by which I could reach University Avenue and return home. Just before I reached University Avenue I found all the people who had not gone to the country. They had gone to a football game. The game was over--thousands of people--it seemed to me millions were filling the streets. Then my car stopped. Everyone noticed it. Everyone yelled "move on!" Every car blatantly expressed its disapproval. "My," I said to my mother-in-law, "What shall I do?" She answered, "Shut your eyes and think what you should do." I tried. Someone yelled, "What in something or other ails you?" I opened my eyes and retorted, "Shut up--how can I think when you yell so." The auto horns roared! I saw several policemen coming. Again I shut my eyes--what should be done dawned upon me. I pushed in the clutch--got out and cranked, and my chariot started just as the policemen arrived. The car sped away. In due time I arrived at Prospect Park, succeeded in turning into my street and alley. The garage door was open. I drove in. The car kept going. I said "stop"! I yelled, "Whoa!" The car kept going. It went through the back wall of the garage. I turned to my mother-in-law and again she calmly said, "Shut your eyes and think." Before I could retort or comply the car now under the wreckage of the back wall heaved a sigh and stopped. A friendly but excited neighbor shouted, "You damn idiot! You're not driving a horse."

And so without even a drivers permit I learned to drive my first second hand car in 1920.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

My grandfather was lame, and perhaps he was more considerate of little boys short legs than I was—at least I know he would never have taken me through what my ten year old son had to go through on a whim of mine. It is true that he was lame since he was a young man for doing something foolish. He decided to hunt Chamois in Switzerland. He carried a roll of canvas and an ax, to collect and carry home wood. His rifle was concealed in the canvas, and the Chamois was in the big bundle of wood he carried home. The ax slipped out and cut the tendon of Achilles. He was lame after that. So perhaps in 1837 my grandfather also did something foolish.

We were poking around in the north Wisconsin woods and lake country. Each weekend we would get a room in a hotel to rest up, clean up, and get a regular meal. Sunday we were in Bloomer, Wisconsin. The paper reported that Dillinger, a criminal on the run, had been hiding the previous week at a place about 2 hours drive from where we were. I decided it would be an interesting way to spend Monday. We started to get ready. I put on high boots and dressed for a trip through the brush. My ten year old son decided to wear shorts and tennis shoes, as it was going to be a hot day. I argued and scolded. He didn't argue but put on the clothes he wanted to put on. My grandfather would have carefully explained the whole matter. I said we would look for a beaver dam which by the way we did, and found one. He simply answered, "we have two beaver dams on our own land, and I like them better, cause they're ours." But we went. I was the boss and bigger. We finally reached the area, and found out that the place where Dillinger had been hiding was a mile or so down an old logging road near a beaver dam. We started, it was hot—about 90° to 95°. The muggy dampness made it seem hotter. Blackberry bushes had grown up along the old road. They slipped off my high boots and heavy denim clothes. They scratched and cut the bare legs of the little boy. He started to cry. The mosquitoes hit us in droves. I told him a boy big enough to go in the woods and decide what he wanted to wear was too big to cry. He stopped but looked sullen. The man who gave us directions had not been back to that "hide-out" or he would have known it was 2 1/2 miles instead of 1 mile, although he did say a mile or so. We kept on. We stopped and sucked an orange we had brought along. We found the place, the tramped foliage remnants of a temporary camp—the beaver dam. Then we started to return to our car. It was worse going back, mostly up grade, the 5 mile round trip, the heat, the briars and the general monotony made it seem unending. When we got to the road we sat down. I noticed wood ticks on the little boy. I pulled off his shirt and shorts and went to work. By actual count there were 54 wood ticks on him. Some were in so deep we had to inspire them with a hot match head to get them to agree to let go. That was one trip he never came to look back to with any pleasure. But the day ended with "wish and a whoop."

We drove south and east. At 4 P. M. we came to a crossroad. We were tired, hungry and hot. There was a small store there run by

a Frenchman. When I got inside, I saw he also served food. A kettle was on the stove. I asked if we could have 2 sandwiches. "Vats det?" Two slices of bread and some meat in between. He cut 4 enormous slices of bread, then went to the kettle and with a fork pulled out a great blob of softly boiled meat and plopped a great chunk on two slices, covered with the other slices and said, "how det." I said "wonderful." He also had pop for sale. My ten year old son asked, "What kind of meat is that?" "Mushrat," said the old man. We ate it. It was good as we consumed these enormous slabs of bread and mushrat meat. We saw a dirty yellow cloud in the northwest, about 10 miles away. From it there extended toward the earth a wide black cloud which became more narrow toward the earth, and at the bottom was a sort of waving end, almost like a feather plume. "A tornado," I said, and we rushed for our car. I struck south on a country truck line. Cadott was about 14 miles south, where there was a 20 rod bend, and a road going south. The tornado was coming from the northwest. A tornado only travels about 50 miles on a straight line as it sucks and whirls along. We could go 70. Beat it to Cadott and keep on south out of its way. We hit route 29, turned east but were going so fast we could not make the turn to the south road so had to keep on east. The old fool tornado cut across country. It gained on us. By the time we reached Stanley, 20 miles further, boards and mud were hitting the car. We got to the town, went up on the hotel lawn, parked against the south side of the building, opened the windows, put on the brakes and left the car in gear. The tornado hit. The tin roof and top of the hotel was torn off. It sounded like a day of doom. Down the road telephone poles clipped over like matches. A big barn a mile beyond was empty and collapsed into a pit of flying rubbish. Another barn across the road filled with hay was picked straight up, hesitated for a moment, then twisted and flew all directions. Then it was all over. The little boy said, "Gee Daddy, that sure ended with a wish and a whoop."

EXPERTS

"An expert," said the old Professor, "is a person who does something others would like to do but are unable." He turned his back to the class, picked up a piece of chalk, and with a snap of his thumb, sent it back across the room into a students lap. Without turning he said, "Did I do it--Mr. Wilk?" Then, turning he explained that this special skill was developed when he was a small boy in a Country School. The new teacher had called the class to order. The chairman of the School Board was there to make a "few remarks" and to introduce the new teacher. "Now boys and girls" he said, "We are very proud to have Miss Bullfinch as our new teacher. She is a graduate from the State University. I know you will all get along and learn a lot. Of course, Manuel there, " he pointed to a thin faced little boy, "is always in trouble with the teacher, so we can expect that, " there was an appreciative laugh. The new teacher explained that we would have ten minutes of stories or singing each morning and after lunch. She said, "during those exercises, Manuel, you sit on the front seat. You may keep your books on my desk, and then stand with your back to the room, expect when in class." The little boy stood for the entire term, on his feet and his past reputation. It was monotonous--so he became an expert. He would fill his pocket with cherry stones, spot students behind him, and whenever the teacher was busy, snap a seed over his shoulder. By practice, in and out of school, he became an expert.

There are many kinds of experts. Take for example a young man whose ability as an undergraduate student caused him to be selected as a graduate assistant. He was often taken for a Yokel, and he played down to it. He walked with a long slow stride, as though he had leaden soles on his shoes. He talked with an exaggerated drawl and seemed to spontaneously express himself in the manner of the comic of "the cartoon," Abe Martin. An event occurred which showed how he was deliberately playing the role at all times. One day he went downtown to get a copy of his birth certificate. On the way back to the University district he was driving in a sort of weaving fashion, and another car squeezed by him on his right side. Jim swung back into his own lane again, and the passing driver was blocked. Pulling down his window he yelled in somewhat more terse form than my quote, "You condemned by the Lord, ignorant, male off-spring of a female pup." Jim stopped and slowly opened his door, got out of his car, walked around to the blocked car, opened his coat, pulled out a long envelope, handed it to the other driver and said, "Sir you are mistaken about my parents. Here is my birth certificate." While the other driver was still numbed by the retort, Jim got in his car and drove away. --An Expert.

But there are other kinds of experts. One day a professor from a very prominent eastern University was visiting me. At noon, we walked down the hill to go to lunch. In the washroom of the Alumni Hall, I noticed a man using a disinfectant which had a different order than the usual variety. I spoke to him about it. He said it was his own mixture which he hoped would prove good. (Later this student became head of

the department of Chemistry of a large Midwestern University). As we stepped out into the Hall, there was a man on his knees working on a door lock. We stopped. The man said he did not want to interrupt the class using the room, so he took a key—blank, held it over a burning match, tried it in the key hole, then filed where it was necessary to make it fit. Outside of the building a gardener was trimming some hydrangea bushes. He would cut the branches about an inch from the main stem. He said that new flowers grew only on old stock. A little further a man was fixing a crack in the cement side walk, and explained the extra precautions he was taking in his repair work by chipping and creasing beyond the crack to hold the new cement. Finally, in the corridor of State Hall, an old janitor was using a sweeping compound of a bright orange color. He told us that he could not see as well as formerly, so he had asked a chemist at Mellon Institute to prepare a color he could add, which would make it easier to see the sweeping compound under chairs, and in dark corners.

As we went on, the visiting professor said, "It was interesting to me how you were able to talk with five menials on our way down the hill. I would not know what to say to them." My answer was, "Those men were not menials, each of them was one of the greatest experts I have ever met in their Particular line. " Sometimes a man who is an expert fails in his specialty because he has not checked carefully on details. Has not done his home work. Take an instance of that Master of Political Procedure, Robert M. LaFollette, Sr. In his early campaign for the Progressive Party nomination he spoke to a meeting of farmers in Dutch Hollow. Among other things he spoke of the inadequacy of the penal system.

Many of the farmers didn't comprehend what the Penal System was. Henry Baebler spoke up and asked what all the fuss was about. LaFollette thought he had explained it fully, but started on another track. He said, "I always like to present a new idea to a German audience. The Germans are willing to consider a new idea. I have a German friend in Madison. When asked if he could drink a "double header" keg of beer in a day, he said "I don't know, but I am willing to try." There was not even a courteous laugh. He also lost votes. The audience was Swiss not German. They made and drank wine, not beer.

America has reached its present tape of development to make his own mistakes instead of fitting into a predetermined plan which is designed to bring about greater temporary efficiency.

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