June 9, 1936

German

A. H. Becker - 1603 Jefferson St.

Interviewer - J. Olson

Mr. A. H. Becker came to the United States from Cologne, Germany, thirty-five years ago.

CHRISTMAS ~~CELEBRATION~~ - St Nicholas Day

St. Nicholas is the patron saint of the children and represents benevolence. It is celebrated on December sixth with the exchanging of gifts and holiday greetings. The twenty fifth of December is celebrated with a Christmas tree, gifts, and a feast. There is the first and second day of Christmas, 25th and 26th.

EASTER celebrations

Easter is celebrated two days, Sunday and Monday.

PENTECOST

Pentecost is celebrated forty days after Easter and in Germany is called "Pfingsten Day". This day is a national holiday and is celebrated with religious rites.

CARNIVAL TIME

This carnival period ~~extends over takes place~~ three days before Ash Wednesday. On Monday a gigantic parade takes place and represents the current and historical guilds, many of the middle ages.

THE SIXTH, SEVENTH AND EIGHTH OF JANUARY

This period is the celebration of the Three Wise Men who attended the young Jesus' birth. The graves of these three famous people are in Cologne, Germany, and during this period the vaults containing their remains is visited by the public.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS

The Sisters of Mercy often prepared the bodies of the dead for burial, in years gone by. The local carpenter built the coffin according to instructions. The casket was closed on the third day. A mass was given at the church by the priests and then they went to the home of the deceased and conducted ~~another~~ a short religious service before the the procession starts for the burial grounds. Another short service takes place, ~~at the grave.~~

In parts of Germany there is a public burial ground where a grave is allowed identity for fifteen years and then is destroyed. If the ground is purchased by some member of the deceased's family it remains forever.

SCHOOLS

All schools are under government control and the same text books are used throughout Germany. There are separate grade schools for the sons and daughters of the Catholic faith, the Jewish faith, and the Protestant faith. The gymnasium school is a super-high school and only the brighter students attend. ~~this school. This school~~ It offers many more opportunities than the ordinary high school. There are military schools for all phases of military training.

QUOTATION

"Liegen haben kurze beine."

Translation - Lies have short legs (They cannot run far).

~~THE GNOMES~~ superstitions

These were small elf-like men who would come around during the night and do the work for artisans and tradesmen. They were seldom seen at work. Put this explanatory with following story

German

THE CURIOUS SHOEMAKER'S WIFE

One time a shoemaker's wife was determined to get a peek at the gnomes while at work. She devised a plan, ~~whereby she would~~ to put peas on the stairway (their pathway), hoping they would fall, ~~and~~ then she would be awakened and ~~in that way she could~~ have a look at them. ~~She went ahead and placed the peas on the stairway and the gnomes fell as she had planned and she was awakened by the noise and~~ The plan was carried out and she did get a glimpse of ~~them~~ the gnomes, The ~~gnomes~~ felt so mistreated that they never returned.

THE WOODEN HORSES

On High Street in Cologne, Germany, stands a frame house ~~and out~~ from the third story ~~window~~ can be seen two wooden horses leaning out of the window ~~from the gable of the house~~

In the early middle ages a wealthy merchant traveled about in many countries, being gone from his home at long intervals. He had a very beautiful wife and was insanely jealous of her. One day ~~he took his very beautiful wife~~ while taking her riding ~~and taunted~~ her about her infidelity to him. He was driving a very beautiful team of white horses. She ~~said that she~~ claimed to be innocent of all his accusations and passed the remark, "If ~~she was~~ I am innocent then ~~the~~ horses ~~would~~ will climb to the third floor of this ~~particular~~ building and lean out of the window." They ~~can be seen today~~ Legend says they did as said and ~~that~~ the wooden horses fell out of the third floor window. ~~Today~~ This incident is ~~known~~ told as representative

2210 Lakeland Av.,
Madison, Wis.,
November 14, 1936

Dear Mrs. Miller:

During the week I have called on four settlers, with very meager results. I doubt if I learned anything of value to you, but I am making a report nevertheless.

Mrs. Skram, 2518 Morland Avenue, about sixty-five years old. She was born in Norway and came to America about thirty-five years ago. She speaks very broken English. Her birthplace, as nearly as I could understand her, was North Fjord, a fishing and farming community.

Of the holiday customs she remembers very little. About all she could tell me of Christmastime was that on the Eve the children formed three rings around the community tree, the smallest next to the tree, sang carols and received their little gifts.

On June 24th, which is celebrated solely because it occurs six months after Christmas Eve, the houses are gaily decorated with wood flowers and shrubbery. The boys build a huge bonfire on the mountain top, for which they save grease barrels throughout the year.

May 17th is celebrated like our Fourth of July.

A wedding feast lasts three days and three nights. The groom furnishes the funds, the bride the food. The bride's dress is all black, with embroidery in the shape of a heart on the waist. The bride wears a small white apron, bordered in gold; and a high headdress with long streamers worn to the waist in front. The headdress is of silver, and is rented by each bride in turn for the equivalent of

four dollars. The wedding takes place on Sunday morning. A violinist accompanies the party from house to church and back again, playing all the way. The wedding supper is served from four to seven.

Of the foods served Mrs. Skram remembers only faintly a form cake, called "kroshelle", and for which she could not give me the recipe; and a small delicacy, "remgratt", I believe, made of cream boiled down until it forms bubbles, then mixed with flour, sugar and cinnamon, and baked.

In her basement Mrs. Skram has an old spinning wheel. I did not see it, but she believes it is of Norse origin.

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I next called on the old German living in Regent Street, who makes bird houses. He is eighty-five and very deaf. I found difficulty in understanding even hisname. He left Germany about sixty-two years ago and roamed the world wide before settling in Wisconsin. In his travels he shed observance and even memory of native customs, habits and dress. Even his knowledge of birds and garden lore he has picked up from Americans.

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Mrs. Bertha Willitson, 3149 Milwaukee St., suffered a stroke and consequent loss of memory about a year ago. She came to Iowa from Denmark some thirty years ago, and immediately adopted the American language and customs. She recalls nothing of her early years. Her daughter,

Mrs. Nick Olson
Winnebago St.

In Norse countries the color green at a wedding is avoided like a plague. The bride must not take a parting look at the mirror before starting out for the church, unless she has one glove off or otherwise shows that her dress is not completed. She must start out right foot first. After the ceremony at the altar she must take care, if she would be "happy ever after," to let no one speak to her husband until she has first called him by name.

Should the wedding ring break it is an omen of approaching widowhood.

As the wedding ring wears to a thread it is a sign of continued comfort and happiness. —

Folk Custom.

It is the custom in some Irish sections for the bridegroom to carry the bride across the threshold of their new home when first they enter it. Also, I think, to carry the bride across the threshhold of the bridal chamber.

I have observed this twice: My husband did it, and his brother also. The family seemed to take it as regulation - just like the rice and old shoes. I believe the man who neglected to do this would not be master in his own home.

Ella Churchill Sweeny

Henry G. Croft

2514 Gregory st.

ENGLISH

D. Potter

Dec. 11, 1936

THE BLUE FLAME

Mr. Croft talked of the blue flame seen about sailing vessels. He says that it is more of a phosphorescent glow than blue, and he believes it is caused from the wires and metal riggings of the superstructure of the ship vibrating and causing some kind of electrical discharge which is the "glow" often times seen about the ships. This conversation concerning ships brought to Mr. Croft's mind the so-called myth about rats leaving a deserted and sinking ship. He has actually seen them pour out of a sinking ship and swim ashore.

THE NICE OLD LADY

Years ago Mr. Brown was collecting mushrooms in the woods at the northern city limits of Milwaukee. He had picked up a fine fresh specimen of the Giant Puffball and was walking along with it under his arm. On the woodland path he met a very nice old lady carrying a basketful of mushrooms.

When they met she halted him. She noticed the puffball in his hands. She said that she hoped that he was not going to eat the thing he had under his arm - it would make him sick - they were poisonous. She tried to take it from him to throw it away. She only let him keep it because he promised that he would not eat it - he was collecting it for a specimen to be exhibited at the Milwaukee Museum. That satisfied the nice old lady and she went happily on her way.

SHE HAD SAVED A HUMAN LIFE.

TORE HIS PANTS

Farrand Shuttleworth, local attorny, one day found a huge hydnum or spiny mushroom growing high up on the trunk of a shade tree.

He went to the house and told the lady that there was a "poisonous" fungus growing in her tree and asked permission to get it. This she readily granted.

He and his friends had a real feast on this huge white cauliflower-like fungus that night. For several years afterward in the mushroom season this tree yielded other fine specimens of this same fungus, and Farrand got them. One year he tore his new trousers in getting it. Finally the owner had the tree chopped down. Away with Farrand's future golden mushroom dreams

ANOTHER LITTLE STORY

Charles E. Brown knew mushrooms. His friend Charles N. Brown, a botanist, had no knowledge of them.

People began to bring mushrooms to Charles N. for identification. They came in increasing numbers. So Charles N. had to learn about mushrooms himself - he said "in self defence."

THE EXPERT

George Nelson one day made the mistake of announcing that he was an expert on mushrooms. A Daily News reporter heard of this and inserted an item in the paper telling of George's gifts. It carried a word of caution and advised all local mushroom hunters to see George before eating any fungi they did not know.

The next morning when George reached his office there were

White mushrooms on the table
Round mushrooms on his chair
Brown mushrooms on the bookcase
And others everywhere.

A woman of foreign extraction was one of his first visitors. Emptying a bag of mushrooms in his lap she said,

"I think they must be all right because we ate a lot of them for supper last night and none

of us are dead yet."

George's hair stood on end at that.

All day long George received other mushroom collectors, and packages of fungi came by mail and by special messenger. By night both willing George and his stenographer were exhausted. Many telephone messages were also received. One woman wanted George to come out to her home beyond the city limits and see some strange red mushrooms which were growing in her yard. Another had found a mushroom with a green cap, pink gills, and a red stem. "What mushroom could it possibly be." George was unable to transact any business either that day or the following day.

So he caused a notice to appear in the Daily News stating that he was going out of town for a two weeks vacation. That ended the msurhoom expert business for Goerge.

CANNED MUSHROOMS

Mrs. Tonssaint liked mushrooms and would eat and enjoy any that the members of the society brought to her. Doctor Tonssaint never would eat any of them. No wild mushrooms for him -- give him the cultivated ones that came in cans. He was passionately fond of them.

Whenever he went down to New Mexico to his silver mines he always took a dozen or two cans of canned mushrooms along.

One day Mrs. Tonssaint received word that the Doctor had been very sick. He had, it seems, eaten a can of his canned mushrooms and had had a case of ptomsine poisoning. When he came Home the laugh was on him.

HE LIKED THE PICTURES

Mr. Loue was a member of the Milwaukee Mycological Society. He had a mushroom book but he had never collected or eaten a mushroom of any kind. He had read his book from end to end including the recipes - he had memorized most of the descriptions of mushrooms - and he enjoyed looking at the colored and other illustrations of mushrooms -- but as long as he was a member of the club he never could be induced to eat a mushroom - his whole joy consisted in reading about fungi.

"DARN"

Mr. Wm. H. Ellsworth and Rev. Drexel were telling each other at a meeting of the fine mushrooms they had collected. Mr. Ellsworth was particularly enthusiastic. He was unconsciously using a lot of swear words in telling of his collecting success. All of the members were listening. The good priest soon caught his enthusiasm and pretty soon he too was using swear words in describing his own mushroom prizes - such as "darn" and "gol darn," etc.

The members were some of them delighted and some of them horrified at this exhibition.

MORGAN'S PARASOL

Mr.Forsythe, a Milwaukee Road engineer, had collected some big mushrooms in a Waukesha County meadow, near which his engine happened to be.

He brought them to Mr. Brown at the Milwaukee Museum and was told that the mushrooms he thought so delicious were specimens of Morgan's Parasol, an unwholesome species. But he was determined to eat them -- they looked good to him. He was shown a picture of them in a mushroom book and the description read to him. He said he didn't care a darn what the book said -- he was going to eat them.

He did so and was in a Milwaukee hospital and not entirely recovered from his venture for three months after.

This is the beautiful large parasol mushroom with greenish gills which was so common this autumn.

THE PROFESSOR EATS ONE

The botany professor's wife called him up at his office over the telephone. She had collected some fine looking mushrooms in a neighbors yard. She wanted to prepare them for dinner, and she wished to know if they were edible.

He said that he guessed that they were all right - most mushrooms were. At dinner he enjoyed the mushrooms she had prepared so much that his wife permitted him to eat all of them himself.

That afternoon he felt sick - he was sick for several days. He had eaten the large orange colored Jack o' Lantern.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

On Christmas Eve Mr. Brown sent a nice box of fresh mushrooms to Dean Mills. They were velvet stems. It was a royal gift for this late in the year. The Dean had them with his Christmas dinner and he much enjoyed them. Betty Cass learned of the gift through some friend and published a nice item about it in her State Journal column.

The Dean was mystified. He had never met Betty at that time. He thought that Betty might be a man - writing under a pen name. He puzzled over the matter. One day at a club dinner he told some friends that he had found out who the mysterious Betty Cass was -- she was Albert Barton, the writer.

THE JACK O' LANTERN

The Jack o' lantern, a large orange-colored mushroom often growing in clusters at the base of a stump or tree, is an unwholesome species. Many people have become very sick from eating it. This mushroom when fresh and taken into a dark room gives out a phosphorescent luminosity. One can almost read a newspaper by its light. Some other mushrooms are also phosphorescent. This luminosity in some mushrooms is the basis in some countries of fairy stories and superstitions about ghosts.

MUSHROOM TESTS

Charles E. Brown

In America we know that the tests for edible and poisonous mushrooms brought to the United States from Europe are very faulty and dangerous. Such tests as the "onion test," "silver spoon test," ect. are very unreliable. Despite the warnings of mushroom specialists many decendants of European emigrants still rely on these tests.

"In Poland I heard of people using the onion test for mushrooms. I had some of the mushrooms and survived. I was hoping as I ate them that they had tried out the variety previously. They seemed to be safe for we suffered no ill effects." (Erna Schneck, La Crosse, Wis., Oct. 5, 1936)

A True Ghost Story - told by Attorney Welty
1351 University Ave,

In the state of Mississippi, not far from Jackson, is a little town near which there is a famous Episcopalian church and cemetery. It is located on a very large plantation that was the home of a family of great wealth and prominence. The home is beautifully furnished in Queen Anne style. The church, which was erected a short distance from the house, is to this day a social center. Services are held in the afternoon and tea is served.

The owners of the property tell the following family story that is of great interest to visitors in that community, and generally known there.

2 The great-aunt of the present owners was a very refined and genteel person who was engaged to a typical southern gentleman. During those times one of the methods of settling differences in opinion was by means of duels. The aunt, greatly opposed to the practice of duelling, urged her fiance to promise her that he would never take part in a duel. Shortly before the time planned for the marriage he was required to make a business trip to New Orleans. While there a duel was inevitable. He was killed. His remains was carried back to the lady's home by ox-team. The funeral was held at night. Negro servants held burning pine knots to light the way while the procession passed from

1. Mrs. O. Olson

Cures.

Copper Rings for Rheumatism.

An old remedy for rheumatism, and still in use in Madison, is to wear a copper band or ring around the right wrist and one around the left ankle, or one around the left wrist and the other around the right ankle.

Cupping, or drawing blood.

An old time remedy, seldom heard of in the last two or three decades, was curing rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, and many other ailments by the bleeding method. A small horn, probably from a young beef, was used. It was sawed off and polished perfectly smooth at the base. There was also a small opening at the tip of the horn

2. with two grooves cut around the outside. A membrane, usually the connective tissue that is the covering of leaf lard or a thin casing from sausage, is tied securely across the small end of the horn, the grooves preventing slipping.

The larger end of the horn was placed on the arm, the neck, or the shoulder, and sometimes on the leg or foot, depending on the location of the ailment. The "surgeon" took the small end of the horn in his or her mouth and drew in until the suction had caused the flesh under the "cup" to become swollen and numb. Then the "cup" is removed and a small, sharp, axe-shaped knife is used to chop into the flesh in several places inside

3. the circle. Then the "cup" was again applied and the blood sucked out until the horn was filled, when it would loosen from the wound, which usually bled profusely. (Sometimes magic would be necessary to staunch the flow of blood.) The object of "cupping" was to remove "bad blood" and stimulate the circulation thereby effecting a cure for most any illness. This method of curing was allied to the use of leeches, or blood-suckers.

It is believed that George Washington was "cupped" shortly before he died of lung-fever, or pneumonia. He bled too much and died, some say, as a result of the "cupping."

(Note- Is there a "cupping" outfit in the museum?-)

Madison

A dream that was a warning.

A young mother of three small children living in Illinois dreamed that on their journey into Kansas, where they were going to establish a home, they crossed a stream and she saw branches underneath which her older child had to stoop to pass; ~~underneath~~ when they came into the clearing she realized that the babe in her arms was missing. The dream probably troubled her somewhat as she had dreamed something similar three times. On they journey westward the little tot somehow was run over by a wagon wheel and killed. Later when they passed the scenes she

2, had seen in her dream she frantically realized that her dream had been a warning.

Also told by Mrs. Gregory -
The people concerned were relatives of her family.

THE WINDOW OF WAUCHESAH

(Thunder Mountain Legend)

Little Hill or Little Mountain is a high mountain of solid rock on the Peshtigo River. Its Menomini Indian name is Wau-che-sah. Surrounding it is a region of small forest openings and barren plains. The Thunderers, coming from their homes in the west, set fire to these plains by the flashes of lightning which issued from their eyes. And they keep the region burned over as they desire it to be.

At the beginning of this hill and ledge there is a small lake, a deep fountain of clear cold water. This lake the Indians believe to be a window of the mountain. In the lake there is the den of a great White Bear, the king of all bears. Through this window the bear observes what is going on in the world and keeps an eye on his enemies, the Thunderers.

John V. Satterlee,
Menomini

By Mrs. Sweeney

Nov. 30/36

My dear Mr. Brown:

There is a "ghost story" in my family that is one of the most interesting ones I have ever heard. I do not know how current it was outside the family. It was somewhat tabboo in the family - but I have heard it often from my mother, who was certainly intrigued by it. My father was skeptical and, I believe, a little annoyed that he should have been a witness to the ghost. I am going to tell it to you - but I do not know whether it is grist for your mill.

Here it is:

Sometime during the seventies, a cousin of my father's living in Maiden Rock, Wisconsin, lost his wife under very pathetic circumstances. She died in child-birth, leaving several small children. She was not told that she would die until about an hour or so before her death. This distressed her greatly. She said that had she known there were so many things she would have liked to talk to her husband about especially about plans for the children. She felt she could not forgive the doctor. She died mourning for her children - full of anxiety and distress for them. She seemed to have no realization of death in relation to herself.

A sister, Belle, came to stay with the husband and children I have forgotten whether Belle was the father's sister or the mother's. But I know that she was a young girl - not twenty. There was a maid or housekeeper - but I do not remember hearing anything about her in connection with the mysterious occurrances.

I believe the first thing that happened was that as Belle was playing the melodeon and the children were singing in the evening, Belle saw the mother for an instant, standing in the doorway looking at them. Belle said that the mother looked so natural in a brown house- dress she had often worn that for a moment she forgot that it could not be the mother - forgot that the mother was dead. Then she decided that it had been her memory and imagination that seemed to see the mother. But a few nights after that the vision came again. Only this time, the oldest little girl who was singing, turned around and gazed earnestly at the doorway. Belle did not stop the song. But the next day she asked the child at what she had been looking in the doorway while they were singing. The child answered - as simply as Wordsworth's little maid - "Mama." Belle said: "Did you ever see Mama before?" "Oh, yes, " little Sadie answered, "Many times."

Belle: "How was Mama dressed?"

Sadie: "She had her brown dress on."

Belle was getting behind with her sewing for the children One evening she was surprised to hear the sewing machine running in the sewing room on the second floor. She felt sure it was the mother. This continued for some time. Once a neighbor came in and said: " I saw you were sewing late last night. As we were going home from the school entertainment we saw you busily at work at your sewing machine." (I should explain that the main street in Maiden Rock is on the side of a very steep bluff. To reach the houses on the west, or lake-side of the street, one had to descend stairs from the sidewalk. The second stories of the houses were on the level that a first floor would normally occupy). Belle said nothing. She, too, had heard the sewing machine after she had gone to bed.

Soon after that the children were taken sick - measles, I think it was. My father was practicing medicine in a town some distance away and his cousin asked him to come and take care of the children. So my mother and father came to stay a few days until the children should be on the road to recovery. They were very ill - especially one child who, my father feared, might not get well. About midnight, Daddy left the children with the nurse and went to bed. Soon my mother was awakened by a sharp rap upon the bedroom door.. When she opened the door, however, no one was there. My mother had heard Belle's stories - so she wondered. After a while it came again. Mother did not get up. The rap came again more loud. It awakened my father. He called, "Who's there?" and got out of bed, but found no one at the door when he opened it. He put on slippers and trousers and went down to the sick room. The nurse was dosing and all was quiet. No one had rapped on father's door. Everyone in the house was in bed.

Father was alway sure that he must have been dreaming. Mother was sure that there had really been three raps on their door that night. But no explanation was ever made of any of these things.

After three or four years, the father married again - a good woman who was a wise and affectionate mother to the children. There was some criticism of the father because the stepmother had been his housekeeper, but apparently the real mother was satisfied because the little brown ghost was never seen or heard again.

Belle and the children were the only ones who saw the mother after her death. The father never did. Neighbors saw the light in the upper window and heard the sewing machine - but thought it had been Belle. Father and mother heard the raps. Belle and the children were never afraid. And they never doubted that it was the mother. They simply accepted it as a fact of experience and did not try to understand how it could be. As I understand it, the matter was not known of or discussed outside a few members of the family.

Is this anything you would like for your files? If so do you want names? I should have to try to find them. The family name was Warren - grandson of Gen. Warren of Revolutionary fame and son of one of the founders of Maiden Rock.

Sincerely,

Alice Churchill Sweeney

Spread Eagle, Wisconsin

THE MAGIC LODESTONE

An Ojibwa Legend

In this wooded region of northeastern Wisconsin, says an old legend, there was a mysterious lodestone which was so highly magnetized that it drew to itself all objects made of metal. It was so powerful that the Indians feared it, believing it to be inhabited by a malignant spirit. It was thought to have fallen from the sky or to have been cast down by the Thunderers. Even men were carried away by it, and its neighborhood was avoided by the Indians. When passing over a trail near this stone a Dakota war party on its way to attack the Ojibwas and armed with metal weapons was said to have disappeared until only one man was left.

The belief in this lodestone was such that in later years some white lumber cruisers claimed that their compasses would not work properly or at all in this region. Lumberjacks believed that their axes, saws, and peavies mysteriously disappeared when left in the woods. Some people believed the Devil was responsible for the frequent disappearance of tools; others thought that all

were drawn to the magic lodestone. Search has been made for this stone but it has never been found. Some Indians still believe in it.

MEDICINE STORIES

CURE OF THE SICK CHILD

A sick girl was placed at the end of two lines of Midewewin members. They passed a beaver skin (medicine bag) over her closed outstretched hands. When opened, there appeared in her hands some medicine bag objects--small black beans. These cured her of her illness.

RECOVERY OF THE DROWNED BODY

After a drowned Indian boy's body had not been found for several days, a medicine man-John Sky, was called upon. He chanted for a long time in his lodge which shook so violently that hand bells on its outside rang.

Coming out at last (at 9 o'clock), he said that the Great Spirit had told him that it would communicate the location of the body in the morning.

The following morning some men went in a canoe to the spot designated. They took the boys clothes and some tobacco and passed them under the canoe three times and without getting them wet. Later in the day some boys were fishing in this spot and brought up the body.

THE OWL MEDICINE

Robert Wilson's father was once hunting with a Midiwewin man. In sleeping in a hut the first night they were out, they heard the hooting of an owl. The second night the Midi man recognized this as the manifestation of another medicine man in the form of an owl. The third night they went out to shoot it, but it escaped.

In two days Wilson felt a pain in his leg brought about by the medicine of the Owl Man. Examination showed a great hair growing from it. This the Midi extracted. By his advice Wilson shot in the general direction of the owl when it again returned. They went to the place and there found only a ball of feathers. Within this was a bark medicine bag. This proved that the owl was a person possessed to magic powers.

THE WONDER CHILD

An Indian family of known location in Canada was to have an illegitimate child. So the mother planned to destroy it soon after its birth. She took it into the woods to chop it in pieces. Then it spoke, telling of a great calamity to come in five years---the destruction of all North America. To prevent this the child said for everyone to hang a feather from his house. The child was killed by its mother. Many people heeded the warning which it gave.

ESCAPE FROM THE SIOUX

One time when a band of Ojibwa was traveling in the winter, the members noticed a war party of Sioux coming toward them just as they arrived in the center of the lake. The Ojibwa had old people with them, so it made it difficult for them to escape by ordinary means. One of the old men (probably a medicine man) set up a white cloud around the party which made them invisible to the enemy, but through which they themselves could see the Sioux. By this means they were saved.

THE KILLING OF THE ONEIDAS

A band of Ojibwa, who were traveling near L'Anse, Michigan, were attacked by Oneida Indians. All were killed but a small boy. This boy wept for several days. One day when he was looking for food, he saw a bag in the crotch of a tree. He did not touch it and that night again cried himself to sleep.

On the fourth day when he came near the bag, a voice told him to take the bag and travel west toward the country of his people. He got along all right, always finding food and protection when needed. When he came to "Honest John's" Lake, he saw a fleet of canoes. The canoemen first thought him to be one of the "Little People" of Marble Point. When he explained to them who he was, they took him and cared for him for several years.

Now came a war party of Oneida who far outnumbered the Chippewa. They saw that they would be defeated. Only the small boy had a plan, and this was adopted, leading to the death of all of the warlike Oneida. They were the same war party

The Killing of the Oneidas

who had killed their own people. Only one boy was spared.

His ears and nose they cut off and sent him back to his tribe.

The Chippewa boy became a great medicine man.

ANIMAL STORIES

HOW THE RABBIT GOT HIS NOSE SPLIT

A tribe raised a good corn crop, but the rabbits came and began to eat it up. The Indians were unable to stop their depredations. Finally, they hit upon a plan.

A flat stone was found. On this was placed a small stone with a point sticking up. This stone was scented with a perfume attractive to rabbits. The rabbits came to smell it and in doing so, struck their noses on the sharp point and split them. The rabbits kept coming to smell the stone, and now all have split noses.

BEAR STORY

Robert Wilson's grandmother and father were out on a hunting trip. The father had to leave for several days. During this time, something came for three days and nights and scratched on the door. Seeing that it was a bear, the woman lighted a candle, beat the bear, and told him to go. The bear promised her everything if he could stay in the hut. She finally drove the bear away. As it departed, the bear took the form of a man. She was pretty sure that she knew who he was.

ORIGIN OF THE WINNEBAGO

A Sioux woman and an Ojibwa man fell in love and were secretly married. When this was learned, they were both ostracised by their tribes. They had to live alone, and from their offspring grew the Winnebago tribe.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD

A friend of Wilsons, while working on a road, found some beads, arrowpoints, and tomahawks. These he took home for souvenirs. At night they rattled, indicating that the spirits of the Indian dead, who once owned them, were angry. So the next day, he buried them so he would have no trouble with the dead.

THE FUTURE OF THE GREAT POWER

Old Turtle possessed the great tribal medicine powers. These were only topped by special medicine men.

Old Turtle communicated with an Indian in Canada, telling him he had invested it in him so it would not be lost. This power is so great that nothing can withstand it.

One man in Odanah is said to possess it, but he is too young and will only be able to use it in the future.

THE SACRED HAWK

Chickee and I were taking the mail from Ashland to Duluth late one day in December. It was hard going and we were still far from camp when a terrible snow storm overtook us. There was nothing to do but try to reach the cabin. Luck was with us, for Chickee's instinct guided us aright, and though we were almost frozen, we were at least sheltered during the blizzard.

For two weeks we were unable to leave the little house, and by the end of that time we were almost dead from starvation. Our rations had been for one week at the most, and it was only through rigid economy that we had eked out the scanty supplies to last eleven days.

Both of us knew that remaining where we were meant certain death and we also knew that tramping in our weakened condition would probably mean the same, but we decided that the latter choice was better, so we started.

There was nothing but miles of snow in every direction--where could we find food? Going along, cautiously, in hopes of startling some small game, we made little progress. I was too numb to think and knew the end was near when Chickee suddenly grabbed my arm and pointed. I looked and glory be! It was a rabbit. with his hands shaking, he took careful aim, fired and----missed. I had all I could do not to cry out.

We went towards the place where the animal had been--nothing there. Way ahead I could just see it disappearing and all my hopes were shattered. No food, and we were too weak for further effort.

Suddenly I heard a queer noise and looked toward the left. A large hawk was swooping downwards --it landed on something below that was hidden from our sight. Running, or rather stumbling, to it we saw our rabbit dead at our feet. We ate the meat raw and got enough strength to continue our journey.

until we were rescued.

To my dying day I will believe that the hawk was impelled to come to our aid by a Higher Power.

THE MOUTH THAT MOVED

An old Indian often went to visit a couple who had three little girls. He was well liked by all of them and sometimes joined in their games. So one day when he gave them some candy all took a share joyfully.

That night one of the children became deathly sick, and strangely, her mouth went to the side of her head, almost touching her ear.

At once the medicine man was called. He looked at the child and said she had been poisoned by food. He gave her two little flat pieces of iron to wear around her neck. Then, putting a blanket over her, he poured some hot herb liquid over two hot rocks and had her sweat.

Under his care the little girl was cured, and her mouth went back to its normal place. Today she is happily married and hardly remembers the terrible experience.

A TOWN JOKE

Frank and I were walking home late from the party. Talking about the fun we had had, we were almost to his gate when suddenly he clutched my arm and said, "Look!", pointing across the field. More by guess than knowing the direction, I turned to look and saw a queer light jumping crazily from place to place. Then I was scared because I knew that at last I was seeing a fire-ball. I felt my knees turn to water, but controlled my voice enough to say, "Let's go over and catch it." "Not without a gun," he said and I couldn't help being glad that his voice was as shaky as mine had felt. "Stay here and watch it," he continued, "and I'll get Charley's gun."

Not for anything in the world would I have admitted that I'd much rather go with him and take a chance that the thing would still be there when we returned. Instead, I muttered "all right" and saw him go, leaving me to a terrible fate.

Although it seemed hours to me that he was gone, he returned in about fifteen minutes with two other men. By that time I was nearly beside myself with fright, for each second had added the terrors of imagination of the first fright. Not trusting my voice, I grabbed Charley's arm and started with him towards the awful thing. Never was I gladder for human companionship than at that moment.

As we walked along I gradually regained my self-control even though I knew we were going right towards the danger and Frank, unable to get a gun, had only a heavy club for protection.

No one said a word on the way. As we neared the place we stopped and in whispers decided that two of us should go to the right and the others to the left so we could surround the fire-ball before it became aware of our presence.

By this time the awfulness of the situation was almost gone and I was filled only with great curiosity

curiosity and a desire to get the whole thing over as soon as possible.

Frank and I on the right then proceeded and were getting pretty close. There went the thing way over by the woods and it went in! But soon it came out and----started right towards us. I shivered and felt Frank do the same, but we held our ground. All of a sudden I laughed, for I could see the thing was held by a person. Sure enough--there stood before us Jimmy Felton, the town's practical jokemaster, with a flashlight in one hand and baseball in the other. By this time the other two fellows had come up and Jimmy told us he had been chasing that baseball around for hours trying to get a fireball scare out of some of the citizens. We were much chagrined to find that we were the victims of such a hoax and have ever since melted sheepishly from any gathering where the subject has risen.

A PROPHETIC LEGEND

Three brothers each had a wonderful dream of a divine mission they should fulfill. Each secretly decided to do his best. So the first brother left home, going towards a great forest many miles away. After a long journey he arrived at a little wigwam on the edge of the woods. Stopping to rest, he was welcomed by No-ko-mis (old lady) and given a lovely lunch gotten from a magic handkerchief. He then told her that he was going to the woods to build a giant cradle. She directed him to the best tree for his purpose and he was soon at work chopping it down. He did not notice that all the chips that fell were tiny cradles. And when the whole tree fell with a crash, there lay before him an enormous cradle. He was terribly disappointed, for he had really planned to make an airship and had lied to the old lady.

Meanwhile, the second brother had started his journey and had arrived at the same witch's hovel.

After a repast from the same magic handkerchief he told his hostess that he wanted to make a boat, so she directed him also. When his tree fell it turned into a gigantic boat. He too was disappointed, for he had also wanted an airship.

The third brother had also left home, and arriving at the witch's hut had also eaten with her. While eating, he told her that he wanted to make an airplane that could do wonders, but first he must find the right material. The witch liked the boy because of his frankness and told him where he could find what he needed. And she gave him the magic cloth for a parting gift. He then went a great distance over hill and dale and set to work on the designated tree. The chips flew high and wide. After some time he sat down to rest, and looking around him was surprised to see that all the chips had turned into little airplanes. He jumped up and began to chop again with great zeal, and soon the gi-

ant tree fell to the ground. After the dust had settled, the boy saw to his amazement a beautiful airplane. He ran up to it and began to look at all its parts to find out if he could operate it.

Getting into the driver's seat, the lad started out to find his passengers described in the dream. These he found and took: a woodsman who could chop down more trees in one day than three other men; a hunter who could shoot three arrows, hitting the first two before they all landed; a runner who could travel so fast that nothing could be seen but a dust cloud in his wake; a man who could hear what was being said miles away by putting his ear to the ground.

The five then started towards the king's palace where they planned to enter the games. And first the runner started in a contest against the fastest woman sprinter in the country. Soon the two were out of sight and the four had high hopes for their friend's glory. But a long time passed and neither racer

came into sight. So the man with the sharp ears put his ear to the ground. Springing up quickly he said, "Why, the boy is asleep; he has been doped by the woman." The hunter then selected his swiftest arrow and shot in the direction indicated by the woodsman, waking the boy at once.

They were in despair, however, for the woman was seen in the distance, and all knew she would win the race. But suddenly, the woodsman pointed, and looking they saw a cloud of dust coming rapidly towards them. And just before the woman cross the line, in came the boy. The friends rejoiced, and so did the people, for their coming meant a new regime.

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NOTE: Meanings: 3 boys--Boy Scouts; Woodsman--modern mfg. methods; East--civilization going east; Dope--drugstores; 4 passengers--seasons; Sprinter--modern athletics; man with sharp ears--telephone; King--new methods of governing.

THE MEDICINE MAN

In a wigwam on the Bad River, some time ago lived an old Indian named Ne-bwa-kaud. He was known to the tribe and many outsiders as one of the greatest medicine men of his time. Many Indian wars he served, curing both friends and foes.

In later years when hunting, fishing and other sports of the reservation were opened to outsiders, there came many men from the cities to enjoy their vacations. On one of these trips was a doctor who had been in poor health for some time. While on this trip he was very sick, but refused to be taken to the Indian Doctor, saying the spell would soon pass. But at the end of a week he was no better, so he consented to go.

On arriving at the Indian's wigwam, the white man was told to lie down on a couch made of furs and robes. He was then examined and the Indian said his illness was cancer. The white doctor refused to believe this.

The Indian told him he could be cured and began to gather up many little bags of herbs and other medicines which were hanging from the sides of his wigwam. He then sprinkled some powder on the open fire in the center of the room and sitting on the floor started to sing in a low voice, casting a spell over all. At once the wigwam started to move back and forth as the old Indian sang louder and louder his weird songs. After a long period of this he came out of his coma. Then mixing the medicine into a poultice, applied it on the white man's chest, bidding him not to touch the application and to come back in three days.

The white doctor left, having very little faith but much surprised at the strange doings. The three days went by and to please his friends he went back to the doctor for another treatment and again the strange spell was cast and everything danced and moaned. These treatments went on for the six weeks

of vacation and one could notice the great change in the sick man and when the hunters left for the city, the white doctor begged to stay on through the summer. When fall came he was cured and returned to Chicago where many of his friends failed to recognize him.

The man was so pleased with his new-found Indian friend that he sent him a thousand dollars in silver as a present, for the Indian had refused to take anything for his services.

As the years went on, the hunters often brought their sick friends to the medicine man, and as he became more feeble the white men begged him to sell them at any cost his secret of curing cancer. The Indian always refused, saying that it was handed down to him through many generations. So when he finally passed away his knowledge was buried with him because he had no son.

MA-COONSE (LITTLE BEAR)

Ma-coonse lived with her two sisters and their parents in a wigwam far out in the woods. The time was nearing when the two elder ones would have to depart for Odanah (town) in seach of suitable husbands. The little girl begged every day to go along on this trip, but no one heeded her importunities, and when the day for departure came she was left behind, tied to the door post of the wigwam.

After walking a long way one of the sisters heard someone calling to them from behind, and turning, she saw Ma-coonse running as fast as she could towards them. Much against their wishes they decided to let her stay with them. So the three kept going along the trail to the village.

It was almost evening when they came to a wide river, on the other side of which was Odanah. How to get across? They had no canoe and the stream was too wide to swim. It was indeed a problem, and they were about ready to give up when suddenly Ma-coonse

pointed to a tall pine tree growing on the bank and said, "Watch me." She pushed the tree with all her feeble might, and strange to say, it began to lean slowly towards the opposite bank. And all of a sudden it fell with a mighty crash, making a beautiful bridge to the other shore. So they all crossed.

Ma-coonse then said to her wondering sisters, "Soon we will come to the wigwam of the Devil woman. You must not eay anything that she offers you until you see me do so." Remembering this, both girls were soon refusing wild rice, although the sight of the delicious food made them realize their terrible hunger. On the sly the little girl had shown them hidden snakes in the midst of the cereal. Next they were offered a bowl of blueberry sauce, but seeing Ma-coonse pass it up, they did the same and were mighty glad they had when they later saw frogs in the fruit. But the old woman tried no more tricks, and when they were offered steaming corn meal, all three girls ate to repletion.

By this time evening had come and they prepared for bed. Ma-coonse was to share the old woman's bed, while the two sisters were to go with the Devil Woman's daughters. Soon everyone was apparently asleep; but the little girl knew that the crafty witch was only pretending. So she did the same, and was soon rewarded by hearing her bedfellow breathing regularly in genuine sleep. Then she arose and quietly going over to the other bed, deftly shifted the positions of the four occupants. Then she returned and slept. It seemed like hours later when she was roused; keeping perfectly still, she watched the Devil Woman softly tiptoe to the other end of the room, holding something in her hand that caught a tiny gleam from the opening in the roof as she went across the room. Then she felt the hag again beside her.

Very early the next morning Ma-coonse called her sisters and they sneaked out after one horrified look at the daughters of the Devil Woman. For they

lay with their throats cut.

Just as the girls got out of the door they heard a terrible volley of curses. And they knew that their treacherous hostess had discovered her mistake. They wasted no backward looks but hurried towards safety as fast as they could.

That evening they neared the town just at nightfall. Seeing a light, they were guided towards a tiny wigwam whose owner welcomed them. He told them that the king had offered anything in his kingdom to the person who would get the sun away from the evil Devil Woman who had taken it because she had been tricked into killing her own daughters.

Ma-coonse immediately said she could do it, but refused all offers of soldiers, money, weapons, taking only a large quantity of salt. Her reward was to be the king's oldest son.

Ma-coonse journeyed quickly to the wigwam of the Devil Woman and crawled to the top. Inside she

could see the witch's dinner cooking, so she poured the salt she had brought into the pan below. She was soon rewarded by seeing the old woman going towards the brook. At once she jumped down and let the sun out of the house. He joyfully went into the sky and once more the world was beautiful.

After giving the king's oldest son to her oldest sister for a husband Ma-coonse began to cast about for a suitable mate to give to the other girl.

Her chance soon came, for the king again offered a large reward to the person who would defy the Devil Woman for another prized possession. This time the desired object was a horse that had to take only one step to reach any destination. Again the girl went, taking some salt and the promise of the king's second son if the venture proved successful.

When she arrived at the Devil Woman's abode, she did the same things as before, with the same results, so she was soon on the back of the beautiful

horse. It took one step up to heaven and then one step to the door of the king's home. And so the two sisters were happily married.

And Ma-coonse was given the third son. Everyone thought the results of the girls' journey were wonderful. But it soon was plain to be seen that the husband of Ma-coonse did not love his bride. The poor girl was very sad and told the young man that he should make a big fire of bass wood and throw her into it. The young Prince did so joyfully thinking that he was at last rid of the ugly girl. When the fire burned down he was amazed to see something rolling in the ashes. And before him arose a beautiful woman. He immediately wanted to embrace her, but she pushed him away.

MUSEUM EXHIBITS CAKE BAKED PRIOR TO 1776

A blackberry cake, baked by an Iroquois squaw during pre-Revolutionary Days, is being exhibited by the Rochester (N. Y.) municipal museum.

The cake, now deteriorated to a mass of berry seeds, but still holding its original shape, was taken from the grave of an Iroquois brave, according to an archeologist.

The cake was discovered in a closed copper kettle. Its age was determined by white-man trinkets found in the same grave.

Charley Big Knife 14

INDIAN 6

Charley Big Knife, Chippewa weather prophet of the Huron mountain country, delved deeply into Indian lore ~~Wednesday~~ and came up with a prediction of another old fashioned winter -- a cold one.

Acting on his own forecast of "big snow and plenty cold before next moon," Big Knife, his wife and their two children made their fall trip to Marquette for winter supplies two weeks earlier than usual.

"Bear, muskrat, beaver, mink, loon and wild goose all say cold winter, and no tell 'um lie," reported the Indian, who claims that his weather prophecies have not missed fire in 40 years.

"Goose go south two weeks ago," he continued. "Muskrat build house hurry-up and bear come out of swamp to look for place to sleep. Everything no good."

Other indications he cited were thicker fur on forest denizens, earlier appearance of snow buntings and prolific honey gathering by wild bees.

And, as if those danger signals were not foreboding enough, Big Knife purchased extra blankets, a hot water bottle for his wife and a plumber's blow torch. He said he would use the torch to thaw out his traps and possibly himself.

"Everything plenty bad," he remarked as he set out on the return trip to his Yellow Dog river home.

"Gitchi Manitou (the Great Spirit) on war path, he punish white people for talking all time about election."

1936

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THE INDIAN'S FEAST

A long time ago

Some Indians were out in quest ~~for~~ of food and came to ~~one~~ a farm house where they asked for bread. The farm wife had ~~no bread~~ none to give them so one of the Indians pointed his bow and arrow at a chicken and was given permission to shoot it. ~~This he did and~~ The then pointed towards a pile of wood and was also given permission to use some of it. ~~He proceeded to build a~~ a fire was built and the ~~fire and cook the chicken. It took just a half hour~~ chicken cooked, ~~for him to kill, cook, and eat the chicken.~~ the entire procedure requiring just a half hour time.

HIAWATHA OR WINNEBOUJOU TALES

Bad River Chippewa Indian stories obrained by Robert A. Elder from Mr. Robert Wilson, a young half-breed, 1935.

DEATH OF HIAWATHA'S FATHER

There are many versions of this story. The one supposed to be correct is that his father was swallowed by a big fish. His spirit could not be liberated to go to the Happy Hunting Ground, so Hiawatha went to the Big Water to fight the fish which he finally killed and thus released his father's spirit. This resembles the story of Beowolf.

HIAWATHA SWALLOWED BY THE STURGEON

The sturgoens in the lake had been warned not to get near the hook of Hiawatha as he fished, because of his great power. But one young sturgeon, swimming along, just swallowed him right in his canoe. A little later on he also swalloed a squirrel which had fallen into the water.

Hiawatha picked around inside the sturgeon trying to find a way out, but he couldn't. Then the squirrel told him to work at the heart, and this finally resulted in the death of the fish which was then washed on shore. Even then Hiawatha could not get out of his prison, but the squirrel could because of his small size. He called the gulls who came and at Hiawatha out of his prison.

HIAWATHA AND THE SPARROW

Hiawatha's band was having a battle with the Sioux on the Brule River. Having forced the Sioux to retreat, his band thought to take a rest. Hiawatha left the white-throated sparrow on guard to awaken him if the Sioux canoes returned. Hiawatha failed to hear the sparrow and awoke too late.

Asking the sparrow why he had not done his bidding, the sparrow replied that he had sung, "The Sioux Boats Are On The Shore," but this had not been enough of a warning to awaken Hiawatha. From that day the song of this sparrow is said to be this. It was its natural song and not a song of warning.

DEATH OF THE SIOUX

Hiawatha and his mother were out hunting when they came upon a band of Sioux. Hiding their canoe in the reeds until night, they waited. The Sioux were having a dance, and Hiawatha left his mother in the canoe while he slipped up and entered the dance. He killed the Sioux one by one, until the Sioux chief, noticing the reduction in the numbers of his warriors, stopped the dance. It began again, and more Sioux were killed. Then he broke camp. They marched out in single file, but Hiawatha was in the rear and killed them all, right down to the chief. Having killed the entire band, he returned to his mother in the canoe.

THE GOOSE GAME

Hiawatha wanted to get into the camp of some Sioux who were hunting geese, so he changed into a goose and directed his flock over their camp. Though he got into their camp by being shot, he was not hurt. The Sioux chief seemed to know that evil medicine was present, and he told the warriors not to eat that goose. But they did not heed and when they ate of it, got sick. So they began to move camp, and just as they were leaving, Hiawatha sprang from the blood spot they had left on the ground when he had been shot. He ran off with a big war whoop.

HIAWATHA'S CANOE

In a big cave on the Bay at Red Cliff are supposed to be the footprints of Hiawatha and all of the materials of which he built his canoe---still in good condition. Once when he was lost, the frog led him back to his own lake.

BEAVER SAVES THE EARTH

When Hiawatha got out of the sturgeon's belly, he found a small band of people who were being slowly destroyed by a sea monster. He finally got them all but Hiawatha and his son. Then one day the son disappeared also. Hiawatha began to cry and continued to weep for two weeks until he could do nothing but sob. His sobbing was so tremendous that it shook the whole earth so that the fish got together and decided to give him back his son. But the son did not wish to return, so Hiawatha, though very weak, began to chant and pray. Then it began to rain and kept on until the whole earth was filled with water, and Hiawatha was in his last retreat in the top of a tall pine tree. As he was preparing to die, a beaver came along. No one else was able to do anything, so Hiawatha decided to send him down into the water to see if he could bring up earth. He was gone a long time, but finally he floated to the surface dead. Hiawatha found a bit of earth in one of his claws, and with this medicine he remade the earth. Thus Beaver saved the earth to man.

F.C. Mrs.Angus Lookaround.

Menominee Indian Lore.

Folkways.Cont'd.

3.Clothing.

The clothing of the Menominees before contact with the white traders was made of animal skins,usually with the fur removed. The man's regular costume consisted of leggings,the inner length of which was from crotch to ankle and the outer from waist to ankle, and attached to a belt;a breech cloth like an apron often having tabs both front and back;a coat-like shirt or a vest; moccasins with a ankle an ~~knee~~ cuff or without.Fur caps and mittens,full length detachable fur sleeves,full size animal furs for wraps,were worn in winter.The woman's regular costume was a one-piece dress,knee length leggings, and moccasins. Herwinter garb was like that of the man. In summer it was cutomary for the men to wear leggings only and for the women to wear only a skirt. Children able to walk went naked in summer until approaching adolescence when they dressed like their elders. In winter their clothing was like those of the adults.Infants were wrapped in skins,the traditional rabbit skin of the old nursery rhyme being an actuality among the Indians.

The leather clothing was not elaborately fringed,as commonly thought,for fringe would have been inconvenient on the clothing of dwellers ~~of~~ the forests. Some fringing was done,but most of the ornamentation consisted of dyed porcupine quills and the polished teeth and claws of animals. Embroidery designs were those of leaves and flowers or of figures having a religious significance. Bone needles and thread made from fiber ~~were~~ their sinew were used in the making of embroidery.

~~journeys for trading purposes~~ It is known that the Menominees made long cross- continent

2.F.C. Clothing.

journeys for trading purposes so that metals and blankets and beads from southern and other tribes came into their possession. The earliest white traders brought cloth and the beads called trade beads. The Menominees were quick to make use of both so that the popular conception of an aboriginal costume is a beaded one with beaded belts and hair bands.

The elaborate feathered head dress was not used aboriginally by the Menominees for the same reason that they did not wear a great deal of fringe;i.e. this sort of gear would be an entangling encumbrance in the forests of their habitat. ~~[illegible]~~.. The feather head dress originated with the Plains Indians and was adopted later by the Algonquians for ceremonial pageantry and ~~ceremonial~~(commercial) use. It was customary for the Menominees to wear on their heads a band of fur with the animal tail attached and a feather or two according to the rank of the individual in the tribe.

It is said that the Menominees secured copper from the Ojibways of Isle Royale,for these Indians mined it after their own fashion.Copper ornaments were worn by the Menominee,and other ornaments of the trade silver were in use. Elaborate necklaces of animal teeth and claws were worn. Personal adornment was worn to show the wearer's prowess or tribal position and always had some such meaning. Bracelets and ear rings were worn by both men and women. Women did not wear feathers unless they earned them, a feather to an Indian being the badge of attainment or of honor,as the medal is to the white man.In the summer women were prone to placing flowers in their braids. They used metal hair ornaments,also.

The leather of the Menominee costume was prepared by the Indian women after their aboriginal habit of dressing the hides according to age and texture and of removing the fur or not as special uses dictated.

Clothing.

With the introduction of fabrics,needles,and thread by the white traders ,cloth garments soon took the place of leather,for the Menominee women found that sewing the calico,linsey-woolsey,and the broadcloth which sometimes came into their hands, was much simpler than preparing the hides. Change of costume took place rapidly during this epoch. Probably moccasins were the last article to be exchanged for modern one(for, indeed,the Older Menominees prefer, to this day, their moccasins to shoes). While men still wore buckskin leggings,their shirts were often of calico. Women adopted full skirts with ruffles and a sacque-like waist. Children were put into a straight garment of calico. Heavier fabrics were used in the cold months when such fabrics were obtainable. The Indians seemed to have a predeliction,however,for the red and green calicoes,regardless of season.The Menominees,being on specially friendly terms with the coureurs du bois and the voyageurs, many of whom had taken Menominee wives,prided themselves on being very up-to-date. This with their inherent conservativeism produced some unique costumes, so that,in the early seventeen-hundreds,it was notuncommon to see a Menominee attired in moccasins, leather breech cloth,red calico shirt adorned with bear claw necklace and strings of elks teeth,his hair in braids, and a tall beaverhat,such as the American dandies of the period were, upon his head .If the weather were cold,he might have a bear or badger skin across his shoulders.Indians prized shawls and secured them in trade in the earliest years of the trading era. Because the Menominees were very dexterous in handiwork and anxious to be 'modern',the women were able to make unusually attractive garments of the cloth brought in to them. Today, the Menominee woman considers her tribal costume to consist,not so often of a buckskin dress, as of a full skirted and be-

Clothing.

ruffled gown having a separate sacque of another color,many strings of beads,ear rings,bracelets, a beaded head band with a feather, a shawl, and moccasins. The man of the tribe,dressedfor a ceremonial,is likely to consider it appropriate to wear 'store' trousers,a cotton shirt,an elaborately beaded buckskin vest, beaded and fringed arm bands, a leather breech cloth, feathered head dress,and moccains,and such trinkets as he happens to possess. Buckskin costumes are much prized,but they are possessed by few Menominees today.

Buckskin costumes and cloth costumes made by the Menominee women in early times may be seen in our museums,They testify to the skill, versatility,and progressive tendencies of the Menominee Indians.

ODANAH INDIAN STORIES

Collected by Miss Bessie Bentley, Ashland, Wisconsin

1935

LOVE MEDICINE

The boy went to a neighboring Indian village to see the games. As he was passing a crowd, a girl he knew spoke to him, so he stopped to talk. During the conversation, she hit him on the back of the neck and he, thinking it was just in fun, playfully jostled her and left.

The next day he went home. Almost at once his neck began to pain him, and big lump formed for no reason at all. And he thought constantly of the girl -- he wanted to see her again-- touch her hand-- talk to her. This he thought queer, for he hardly knew her.

He was supposed to go with a group of Indian dancers from Odanah to the Chicago Outdoor Show. But he couldn't bear to put this distance between himself and the girl who suddenly become so dear to him.

So back he went to the town where she was. After seeing the girl, a strange peace came over him. But his neck was still sore. He decided to see if the medicien man could help him.

2 -- Love Medicine

The old man gave the boy a little buckskin bag of herbs to wear around his neck and told him to return the next day. The following day the boy was told to lie face downward in the medicine teepee. And the man blew towards him clouds of smoke from the fire, upon which he had thrown a handful of ground herbs. Then with a knife the doctor opened the angry looking lump on his patient's neck and pulled something out of the wound. It was a stickpin.

The boy got better and returned home. He never again thought amorously of the girl, but often wondered where she had obtained his tie pin.

She died soon afterwards. The medicine man said that after her love medicine had failed to work, she could live no longer.

ZA-GA-KO-MIN

One day Za-ga-ko-min took his grocery order to the trading post. By dint of sign language he succeeded in getting it filled and was turning to go when the storekeeper said, "What name should I put down?" "Za-ga-ko-min," was the answer. Immediately the other replied, "The hell you have a cigar coming."

HONEST JOHN

An old man saw his chance to get something for nothing one day when the storekeeper stepped out for a moment. Quick as a flash he grabbed a big chunk of pork and, putting it under his blanket, was just leaving with the owner returned. The man, seeing a big bulge under his customer's blanket, jerked it before the other knew what he was doing and said, "So, you're stealing my meat!" "Oh, no," answered the Indian, "I no steal, I'm Honest John."

WAB-SHAY-AW'S MEDICINE

There used to be an old Indian named Wab-shay-aw living in Odanah. This old man always carried a cane and a small buckskin bag and was known to be a medicine man.

Often he would go to Duluth to visit some of his relatives, and while there would always stop at my grandmother's house to visit.

One day she told him that she had been greatly bothered lately by headaches. He seemed much concerned about this and offered to cure her. So he opened his little sack and took out a small brownish object that looked like a piece of cinnamon bark. He told her to grind this into a fine powder, then heat some bricks and put the powder on them, leaving it until a great cloud of smoke arose. Then she was to cover her head with a blanket, put the bricks on the floor (in a pan), and lean over them, inhaling as much of the smoke as she could stand. So she followed his directions. To her surprise and joy her headaches left, and she was never again troubled by them.

ZA-BA-DEES FOILED

There was an Indian girl in Odanah who had two suitors --a pagan and a Catholic. She married the Catholic because her parents liked him. But the pagan would not give her up, so she went to a distant village to rid herself of his attentions.

The pagan followed her and one day stole a lock of her hair. She became childishly simple then for no apparent reason and did such foolish things that her friends sent for her husband. But she did not know him and grew steadily worse.

At last the medicine man was called in. He immediately said she had been poisoned. He cut a little slit in her flesh at the base of her skull and put into it some herbs.

Immediately she regained her lost senses and became normal, and the next day her friends found a wooden knife coming out of her left upper arm. They found a few strands of hair around the tip of the knife.

She returned to Odanah and never was bothered again, living to a ripe age and rearing a large family.

"CHICKEE'S PINK PILLS"

One evening after supper my grandfather told us the following story about himself and his partner, "Chickee":

We were sitting around the campfire telling stories after a hard day on the trail going from Duluth to Two Harbors. I was talking when I suddenly felt something hit me. I paid no attention to it but kept talking. But again I was hit, and then a third and fourth time. This was too much; I became very angry and jumped to my feet shouting, "Who is throwing things at me?" Bending down I picked up the offending missiles and to my surprise found they were vest buttons. Perplexed, I looked around to see who could be guilty of throwing them. At once I could see that Chickee was guilty; also I could see that his guilt was unintentional. He had a queer bloated look and seemed in pain. We all immediately began to administer first aid, getting no help from him, for his tongue was so swollen he could not speak. Hours later he seemed to profit by our crude treatment enough to tell us that he had eaten the "pink candy entrusted to his care." At once everything was clear--those innocuous pieces were

horse pills being delivered to a veterninary. We were glad Chickee suffered no worse effects, but nothing could stop us from chaffing fequently about the incident.

THE FIRE BALL

One evening when I was about eight years old, my sister, Ethyle, and I were in front of the house picking flowers. All at once she called my attention to a ball of fire floating around the trees on the other side of the river. Naturally the first thing we both thought was that someone was trying to send some evil to our house, and were terrified. The thing was a fiery red thing that looked about six inches in diameter, and it seemed to stay above the tree tops all the time.

Fascinated, in spite of our fears, we stood and watched the ball, wondering what harm it was bringing. After a short time, my sister ran into the house to tell the folks, who all trooped out to see what the excitement was. I stood where Ethyle had left me, thinking how pretty the thing was, floating around all by itself. But suddenly, just before the others came, it disappeared, and although we all watched for a long time, we saw it no more. I never discovered what it was, and to this day wonder about it.

AN OTTER'S FIRST KILL

Deep under the banks of a creek, in a chamber that had once been the home of a beaver, lay a small bundle of fur. It was a brown bundle, not more than twice the size of a tightly clenched fist. Now and then it cried out from hunger and shook with fright as faint sounds came up through the water filled tunnel below.

It would require a keen imagination to see in that shivering bundle the beginning of a story or even a useful member of the animal kingdom. Yet both of these are true. For Shon-qua-she became a brave fighter and is the hero of my tale.

This day, however, baby otter awoke with a queer, unusual feeling in his stomach. Although he did not know it, there was a direct connection between this feeling and the absence of a comforting brown creature who snuggled up so closely and brought things that gave a warm sensation of well being.

Presently he got to his feet and began poking around in his den. He found a fish scale which he devoured. While this did not appease his hunger, it gave him confidence, so he bravely

stepped out of the door and began to explore the great unknown that lay ou side. He was swimming slowly under the ice when his eyes suddenly rested on something unfamiliar on the creek bed. He darted toward it and was just about to grab it when he was painfully aware of a sharp pair of jaws closing on his neck. Shon-qua-she had never had this happen to him before, but he instinctively coiled his body and struck with all his strength at his assailant. Again and again he struck, his sharp teeth sinking unerringly into the body of his foe, and the water became darkly stained. The battle became more and more one-sided as the stain deepened, and the end came when the would-be killer, a large pike, was quiet, the muscles of his jaws relaxed in death.

Before the battle, the otter had been nothing more than a badly frightened kitten, but he emerged a killer, intoxicated by his first taste of blood. He swam back to his home, wounded but triumphant, where he stayed quietly for several days, content to venture out only for food.

3 -- An Otter's First Kill

One day, some time later, as he was swimming around in search of adventure, he saw a patch of sunlight ahead. Not knowing the meaning of the white thing, he advanced slowly to investigate. Again his former experience was repeated, and he felt death coming when he felt a pair of jaws close on his leg. But by this time Shon-qua-she was an experienced fighter, so it was only a matter of a short time until this emeny was demolished, with no more damage to the otter than a leg wound.

Because of his first few successes, the otter became one to be feared by the lesser animals, and soon be became king of the waters, swimming where he would, unmolested by the bravest of animals.

Bob White

THE SACRED HAWK

Chickee and I were taking the mail from Ashland to Duluth late one day in December. It was hard going, and we were still far from camp when a terrible snow storm overtook us. There was nothing to do but try to reach the cabin. Luck was with us, for Chickee's instinct guided us aright, and though we were almost frozen, we were at least sheltered during the blizzard.

For two weeks we were unable to leave the little house, and by the end of that time we were almost dead from starvation. Our rations had been for one week at the most, and it was only through rigid economy that we had eked out the scanty supplies to last eleven days.

Both of us knew that remaining where we were meant certain death, and we also knew that tramping in our weakened condition would probably mean the same, but we decided that the latter choice was better, so we started.

There was nothing but miles of snow in every direction -- where could we find food? Going along, cautiously, in hopes of startling some small game, we made little progress. I was too

numb to think and knew the end was near when Chickee suddenly grabbed my arm and pointed. I looked and glory be! It was a rabbit. With his hands shaking, he took careful aim, fired and------missed. I had all I could do not to cry out.

We went towards the place where the animal had been---- nothing there. Way ahead I could just see it disappearing, and all my hopes were shattered. No food, and we were too weak for further effort.

Suddenly I heard a queer noise and looked toward the left. A large hawk was swooping downwards --- it landed on something below that was hidden from our sight. Running, or rather stumbling, to it we saw our rabbit dead at our feet. We ate the meat raw and got enough strength to continue our journey until we were rescued.

To my dying day I will believe that the hawk was impelled to come to our aid by a Higher Power.

THE MOUTH THAT MOVED

An old Indian often went to visit a couple who had three little girls. He was well liked by all of them and sometimes joined in their games. So one day when he gave them some candy all took a share joyfully.

That night one of the children became deathly sick, and strangely, her mouth went to the side of her, almost touching her ear.

At once the medicine man was called. He looked at the child and said she had been poisoned by food. He gave her two little flat pieces of iron to wear around her neck. Then, putting a blanket over her, he poured some hot herb liquid over two hot rocks and had her sweat.

Under his care the little girl was cured, and her mouth went back to its normal place. Today she is happily married and hardly remembers the terrible experience.

A TOWN JOKE

Frank and I were walking home late from the party. Talking about the fun we had had, we were almost to his gate when suddenly he clutched my arm and said, "Look!", pointing across the field. More by guess than knowing the direction, I turned to look and saw a queer light jumping crazily from place to place. Then I was scared because I knew that at last I was seeing a fire-ball. I felt my knees turn to water, but controlled my voice enough to say, "Let's go over and catch it." "Not without a gun," he said and I couldn't help being glad that his voice was as shaky as mine had felt. "Stay here and watch it," he continued, "and I'll get Charley's gun."

Not for anything in the world would I have admitted that I'd much rather go with him and take a chance that the thing would still be there when we returned. Instead, I muttered "all right" and saw him go, leaving me to a terrible fate.

Although it seemed hours to me that he was gone, he returned in about fifteen minutes with two other men. By that time I was nearly beside myself with fright, for each second had added the

terrors of imagination of the first fright. Not trusting my voice, I grabbed Charley's arm and started with him towards the awful thing. Never was I gladder for human companionship than at that moment.

As we walked along I gradually regained my self-control even though I knew we were going right towards the danger and Frank, unable to get a gun, had only a heavy club for protection.

No one said a word on the way. As we neared the place, we stopped and in whispers decided that two of us should go to the right and the others to the left so we could surround the fire-ball before it became aware of our presence.

By this time the awfulness of the situation was almost gone, and I was filled only with great fear and a desire to get the whole thing over as soon as possible.

Frank and I on the right then proceeded and were getting pretty close. There went the thing way over by the woods, and it went in! But soon it came out and-----started right towards us. I shivered and felt Frank do the same, but we held our ground. All of a sudden I laughed, for I could see the thing

was held by a person. Sure enough--there stood before us Jimmy Felton, the town's practical jokemaster, with a flashlight in one hand and baseball in the other. By this time the other two fellows had come up, and Jimmy told us he had been chasing that baseball around for hours, trying to get a fireball scare out of some of the citizens. We were much chargrined to find that we were the victims of such a hoax and have ever since melted sheepishly from any gathering were the subject has risen.

A PROPHETIC LEGEND

Three brothers each had a wonderful dream of a divine mission they should fulfill. Each secretly decided to do his best. So the first brother left home, going towards a great forest many miles away. After a long journey, he arrived at a little wigwam on the edge of the woods. Stopping to rest, he was welcomed by No-ko-mis (old lady) and given a lovely lunch gotten from a magic handkerchief. He then told her that he was going to the woods to build a giant cradle. She directed him to the best tree for his purpose, and he was soon at work chopping it down. He did not notice that all the chips that fell were tiny cradles. And when the whole tree fell with a crash, there lay before him an enormous cradle. He was terribly disappointed, for he had really planned to make an airship and had lied to the old lady.

Meanwhile, the second brother had started his journey and had arrived at the same witch's hovel. After a repast from the same magic handkerchief, he told his hostess that he wanted to make a boat, so she directed him also. When his tree fell, it

turned into a gigantic boat. He too was disappointed, for he had also wanted an airship.

The third brother had also left home and arriving at the witch's hut had also eaten with her. While eating, he told her that he wantted to make an airplane that could do wonders, but first he must find the right material. The witch liked the boy because of his frankness and told him where he could find what he needed. And she gave him the magic cloth for a parting gift. He then went a great distance over hill and dale and set to work on the designated tree. The chips flew high and wide. After some time he sat down to rest, and looking around him was surprised to see that all the chips had turned into little airplanes. He jumped up and began to chop again with great zeal, and soon the giant tree fell to the ground. After the dust had settled, the boy saw to his amazement a beautiful airplane. He ran up to it and began to look at all its parts to find out if he could operate it.

Getting into the driver's seat, the lad started out to find his passengers described in the dream. These he found and took: a woodsman who could chop down more trees in one day than three other men; a hunter who could shoot three arrows, hitting the first two before they all landed; a runner who could travel so fast that nothing could be seen but a dust cloud in his wake; a man who could hear what was being said miles away by putting his ear to the ground.

The five then started towards the king's palace, where they planned to enter the games. And first the runner started in a contest against the fastest woman sprinter in the country. Soon the two were out of sight, and the four had high hopes for their friend's glory. But a long time passed, and neither racer came into sight. So the man with the sharp ears put his ear to the ground. Springing up quickly, he said, "Why, the boy is asleep; he has been doped by the woman." The hunter then selected his swiftest arrow and shot in the direction indicated by the woodsman, waking the boy at once.

4 -- A Prophetic Legend

They were in despair, however, for the woman was seen in the distance, and all knew she would win the race. But suddenly, the woodsman pointed, and looking, they saw a cloud of dust coming rapidly towards them. And just before the woman crossed the line, in came the boy. The friends rejoiced, and so did the people, for their coming meant a new regime.

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Note: Meanings: 3 boys--Boy Scouts; Woodsman--modern mfg. methods; East--civilization going east; Dope--drugstores; 4 passengers--seasons; Sprinter--modern athletics; man with sharp ears--telephone; King--new methods of governing.

THE MEDICINE MAN

In a wigwam on the Bad River, some time ago lived an old Indian named Ne-bwa-kaud. He was known to the tribe and many outsiders as one of the greatest medicine men of his time. Many Indian wars he served, curing both friends and foes.

In later years when hunting, fishing, and other sports of the reservation were opened to outsiders, there came many men from the cities to enjoy their vacations. On one of these trips was a doctor who had been in poor health for some time. While on this trip, he was very sick but refused to be taken to the Indian Doctor, saying the spell would soon pass. But at the end of a week he was no better, so he consented to go.

On arriving at the Indian's wigwam the white man was told to lie down on a couch made of furs and robes. He was then examined, and the Indian said his illness was cancer. The white doctor refused to believe this.

The Indian told him he could be cured and began to gather up many little bags of herbs and other medicines with were hanging from the sides of his wigwam. He than sprinkled some powder on

the open fire in the center of the room and, sitting on the floor, started to sing in a low voice, casting a spell over all. At once the wigwam started to move back and forth as the old Indian sang louder and louder his weird songs. After a long period of this, he came out of his coma. Then, mixing the medicine into a poultice, he applied it on the white man's chest, bidding him to touch the application and to come back in three days.

The white doctor left, having very little faith but much surprised at the strange doings. The three days went by, and to please his friends he went back to the doctor for another treatment, and again the strange spell was cast and everything danced and moaned. These treatments went on for the six weeks of vacation, and one could notice the great change in the sick man; and when the hunters left for the city, the white doctor begged to stay on through the summer. When fall came, he was cured and returned to Chicago where many of his friends failed to recognize him.

The man was so pleased with his new-found Indian friend that he sent him a thousand dollars in silver as a present, for the Indian had refused to take anything for his services.

As the years went on, the hunters often brought their sick friends to the medicine man, and as he became more feeble, the white men begged him to sell them at any cost his secret of curing cancer. The Indian always refused, saying that it was handed down to him through many generations. So when he finally passed away, his knowledge was buried with him because he had no son.

MA-COONSE (LITTLE BEAR)

Ma-coonse lived with her two sisters and their parents in a wigwam far out in the woods. The time was nearing when the two elder ones would have to depart for Odanah (town) in search of suitable husbands. The little girl begged every day to go along on this trip, but no one heeded her importunities, and when the day for departure came she was left behind, tied to the door post of the wigwam.

After walking a long way, one of the sisters heard someone calling to them from behind, and turning, she saw Ma-coonse running as fast as she could towards them. Much against their wishes they decided to let her stay with them. So the three kept going along the trail to the village.

It was almost evening when they came to a wide river, on the other side of which was Odanah. How to get across? They had no canoe, and the stream was too wide to swim. It was indeed a problem, and they were about ready to give up when suddenly Ma-coonse pointed to a tall pine tree growing on the bank and said, "Watch me." She pushed the tree with all her

feeble might, and, strange to say, it began to lean slowly towards the opposite bank. And all of a sudden it fell with a mighty crash, making a beautiful bridge to the others. So they all crossed.

Ma-coonse then said to her wondering sisters, "Soon we will come to the wigwam of the Devil Woman. You must not eat anything that she offers you until you see me do so." Remembering this, both girls were soon refusing wild rice, although the sight of the declicious food made them realize their terrible hunger. On the sly the little girl had shown them hidden snakes in the midst of the cereal. Next they were offered a bowl of blueberry sauce, but seeing Ma-coonse pass it up, they did the same and were mighty glad they had when they later saw frogs in the fruit. But the old woman tried no more tricks, and when they were offered steaming corn meal, all three girls ate to repletion.

By this time evening had come and they prepared for bed. Ma-coonse was to share the old woman's bed, while the two sisters were to go with the Devil Woman's daughters. Soon everyone

was apparently asleep; but the little girl knew that the crafty witch was only pretending. So she did the same, and was soon rewarded by hearing her bedfellow breathing regularly in genuine sleep. Then she arose and quietly going over to the other bed, deftly shifted the positions of the four occupants. Then she returned and slept. It seemed like hours later when she was roused; keeping perfectly still, she watched the Devil Woman softly tiptoe to the other end of the room, holding something in her hand that caught a tiny gleam from the opening in the roof as she went across the room. Then she felt the hag again beside her.

Very early the next morning Ma-coonse called her sisters, and they sneaked out after one horrified look at the daughters of the Devil Woman. For they lay with their throats cut.

Just as the girls got out of the door, they heard a terrible volley of curses. And they knew that their treacherous hostess had discovered her mistake. They wasted no backward looks but hurried towards safety as fast as they could.

That evening they neared the town just at nightfall. Seeing a light, they were guided towards a tiny wigwam whose owner welcomed them. He told them that the king had offered anything in his kingdom to the person who would get the sun away from the evil Devil Woman who had taken it because she had been tricked into killing her own daughters.

Ma-coonse immediately said she could do it but refused all offers of soldiers, money, weapons, taking only a large quantity of salt. Her reward was to be the king's oldest son.

Ma-coonse journeyed quickly to the wigwam of the Devil Woman and crawled to the top. Inside she could see the witch's dinner cooking, so she poured the salt she had brought into the pan below. She was soon rewarded by seeing the old woman going towards the brook. At once she jumped down and let the sun out of the house. He joyfully went into the sky, and once more the word was beautiful.

After giving the king's oldest son to her oldest sister for a husband, Ma-coonse began to cast about for a suitable mate to give to the other girl.

Her chance soon came, for the king again offered a large reward to the person who would defy the Devil Woman for another prized possession. This time the desired object was a horse that had to take only one step to reach any destination. Again the girl went, taking some salt and the promise of the king's second son if the venture proved successful.

When she arrived at the Devil Woman's abode, she did the same things as before, with the same results, so she was soon on the back of the beautiful horse. It took one step up to heaven and then one step to the door of the king's home. And so the two sisters were happily married.

And Ma-coonse was given the third son. Everyone thought the results of the girls' journey were wonderful. But it soon was plain to be seen that the husband of Ma-coonse did not love his bride. The poor girl was very sad and told the young man that he should make a big fire of bass wood and throw her into it. The young Prince did so joyfully thinking that he was at last rid of the ugly girl. When the fire bured down, he was amazed to see something rolling in the ashes. And before him arose a beautiful woman. He immediately wanted to embrace her, but she pushed him away.

Folk Stories of Places.

Rainbow Falls

While the Menominee Indian may speak infrequently of beauty as such, the beauty of nature is vitally real to him, and his concept of it as the handiwork of the Great Spirit is essentially a religious concept interwoven with the activities of his daily life. Though these Indians may not have any surviving records such as the Navajos have, probably these words from the Navajo Night Chant;

"With beauty I walk;------
In old age wandering on a trail of beauty, living
again, may I walk,"

voice the universal, including the Menominee, Indian feeling for beauty.

Worshipful as he is before beauty, the Indian considers as shrines those places where he deems the Great Spirit is particularly expressive in ~~wonder~~ magnificence, and beauty. To him, the waterfalls are sanctiloquent. Before these 'talking waters' he stands devout, yet in a sort of high kinship with all creation. Here he receives inspiration ~~from~~ both from the message that the waters speak to him and from the untravestied beauty encompassing them. Of the waterfalls on the Menominee Reservation, none was, or is, more dear to the native Indian than those known as Rainbow Falls.

Rainbow Falls may be found today on the well-publicized trail off of highway 47 about three miles south of Neopit. This spot was officially openned to the public by Roy Oshkosh, son of the late Chief Reginald Oshkosh. He built near the highway a log lodge and trading post with refreshment counter, and provided picnic conveniences and

parking space. From this pint through a heavy pine forest he cleared a long trail down to Rainbow Falls. On this trail, thousands of people walk every season to view the grandeur of these appropriately named falls. While one must needs go uphill to see Smokey Falls at its grandest, one walks down a circuitous, rock-and root-ebcumbered path to Rainbow, and, to see its famed scintillations best, walks as far down as possible and looks back qnd up to the tumbling waters with their prismatic spray. The densley forested shoreline curves deeply and more deeply into the pine wilderness until one feels that there is a special mystery about Rainbow of which the forest alone can tell. Visitors marvel at these falls and go on to view other scenic spots, enthusiastically proclaiming the beauties of the Menominee Reservation.

However, before the white man knew it existed, the Indians came to Rainbow Falls; and for a reason quite different from that motivating the average traveler. They would come and sit silently on the rocks and listen, sit silently longer than it is customary for most persons to sit in silence. For Rainbow was one of the Great Spirit's 'talking waters'. It had a message for the Indians. They knew it. They knew they needed it. Rainbow was one of the hallowed places. Many Indians resent today the presence of curious 'outsiders', as they call the tourists, at those natural sanctuaries of theirs. In the tourist season, the native Indian will not visit Rainbow Falls. Neither will a worshipper seek the sanctuary of a cathedral if he thinks a party of tourists is there to study its architectural style. He will wait, until he is alone, -to pray. Nevertheless, the non-Christian Menominees find a time when they can visit Rainbow Falls undisturbed for the same inspiration that their fathers found there. Even the modern Christian Indian, now and then, is able to put aside the veil that constrains his eyes from perceiving

what the Old People saw, and he, too, comes down to those 'talking waters' and takes into his soul the eternal message. Regardless of garb and education, the Menominee Indian is at heart as Indian as his forefathers were, though, due to the influences of the outside world, frequently he is reluctant to acknowledge it. Rainbow Falls has lost none of its meaning to the strictly native Menominees. "It will always be the same," they say, "No matter how many strangers look at it."

When you visit Rainbow Falls, try to realize a little of its significance to the Indian. And listen for the voice of the Falls and discover what message it has also for you.

General Belief about the Spirit of Place.

The Menominee Indian is a firm believer in everlasting life. He does not conceive of death as so complete a separation from earthly life as does the average orthodox Christian. He believes that the spirit of the dead comes back and hovers about those places beloved in earthly life, and he does not have a superstitious fear about it, but regards it as entirely natural that this should be so. In fact, the Indian walks in a world peopled with spirits with whom he seems to be on understanding terms. Indians appear to be aware of an atmosphere that pervades places where, others, now dead, have dwelt and are peculiarly sensitive to it. If it be a place where kindly people lived, the Indians have reverence and respect for it and feel that going to it is good for them. Likewise, they avoid places where evil or unpleasant people have lived. Indians believe that there are certain places specially dear to the spirits of the Old People, as, for instance, La Motte Lake near which the brave La Motte band of Menominees camped when the tribe was first place on the present reservation; and to the spirits of children, as Big Eddy Falls. Of evil spirits very little is said and the emphasis is laid on the happy and benevolent spirits. The idea prevails that it is the good and happy spirits who return to linger in those haunts familiar to them and to wish their people well.

11/17/

Mr. Brawon:

Through an error, there was an omission in the La Motte Lake story. Please be so kind as to substitute pages 3 & 4 here for page 3 sent you previously. Thank you.

P.J.L.

P.S. Your letter has just come. I will take care of the folklore at Manitowoc & follow your suggestions. My relatives will help too.

I will come to Madison as soon as I can make arrangements. Will let you know.

I sent the note & check card on to L.B. as you suggested.

More tales follow tomorrow

P. J. Lookaround

sitting there. "I am glad," the ancient one said,"That you are going to live here and that your feet will go where the feet of those Old People went-,long ago." The aged man spoke in symbols,as is the Indian habit and in them voiced the feeling of his confused and saddened generation with its burden of futility and with its affection and hope for the young. "I talk to you thus," he continued, "because I have known you since you were a child. Your father before you I have known. We roamed the forests together on hunting expeditions. We played and worked together and fought side by side on Lookout Mountain. We knew cold, hunger,misery together. If he were here,he would speak thus to you,for he could remember the Old People,too."Of these Old People he continues to speak who in their generation were taken abruptly from their sovereignty in the land of their fathers and forced to become wards of the Unites States goverhment . Such as this old man sitting by the lakeside and telling his tale are the 'forgotten men' of the Indians,living between the really old and the really new, but they are the interpreters of the past to the present generation in its struggles to adjust its race to the new ways,to recover from grief and hatred,and to'march breast forward'. Such as he are empowered to speak the word that is a tocsin call to the present day Indian. It is well to write the Old People down in capitals,for their courage and stoicism are lights by which other feet are guided. Thanks to the 'forgotten men' among the Indians, the words and ways of the Old People are tales told around the firesides so that the young may not forget; so that"their feet will go where the feet of the Old People went-,long ago". So the young men build houses today and face the future with strength.

To him who is tuned to the Infinite,La Motte Lake speaks of the

happiness that the Old People knew and have left as a gift for those who will take it.

BIG EDDY FALLS

One must travel north from Keshena five miles on highway 55, then north one eighth of a mile down a winding road to the Wolf river, to find Big Eddy Falls. Thundering over its bolders and eeying southward,Big Eddy Falls is magnifivent. One may sit on the greensward nearby or upon the great granite rocks, and sense all that wonder,wild music,and magic. Manny picnickers and tourists have done so. But they do not knwo about that greensward on moonlight nights,that greenward that stretches so gently from the forested slopes to the rocky banks of the Falls. The Indians will tell you that the spirits of happy children come ther to dance and play when the moon is high,that they scamper on the cool grass and flit out on the rocks,dip their dainty feet in the spray and laugh and sing. There are Indians who will tell you that they have seen them. And many will tell you that they have heard their laughter in the moonlight. Maybe that is why so many people like to spread their picnic cloths upon that greensward and listen to the Falls.

F.C. Mrs. Angus Lookaround.

Folk Stories of Places.

Smokey Falls.

Among the northernmost falls of the Wolf river, as it flows through the Menominee Reservation, are those called Big and Little Smokey. The wooded road that coonetts them with the outer world branches off from highway 55 about ten miles north of Keshena and winds upward to the high banks at the bend of the river where these sonorous rapids come tumbling down with a stupendous roaring. Recently this place and its environs were commercialized. Indians have cleared paths and picfoot bridges, and set up souvenir and refreshment stands nic spots, built to cater to tourist trade. The river itself and the mighty upper and lower falls remain unchanged, however, and flow along ####### during the lonely icy winters and the hot vacation days of summer with the same intrepidity as in those far off times when none but Indians knew the wherabouts of them.

Indians, always aware of the spirit world, tell the story of Smokey Falls in this wise: The beauty of this place attracted the Great Spirit. He came to sit in a rocky cavern unseen beside the falls and smoke his pipe. If you follow the paths and walk out on the narrow bridge and down onto the rocks, you will see the smoke of his pipe. It comes in puffs from the secret cavw and floats out over the falls like a fine mist. Certainly, the Great Spirit is there smoking his peace pipe. No, you cannot see him. But you can see the smoke of his pipe. See it, floating on down the river, clinging to the rapids, disappearing at last among the trees of the forest? The Great Spirit loves the river and the 'talking eaters'. He sends out his smoke over it. So Smokey Falls came by its name.

Gregg Montgomery

Josseph McChesney

6

Indian Lore

Among the Indian relics found on the McChesney land was an old Indian lance. This was a long, copper blade with a socket in one end into which a stick could be fitted so that the weapon could be thrown . On the flat side of the blade were carved eight notches. These notches indicated the number of enimies that had been killed. The point of the blade was bent
flattened back..Blunting the blade to destroy its usefullness to an enemy was an Indian custom.

Indian carvings and murals

Joe McChesney

Indian Lore (Cont.)

tribe belongs to them. (4) Signs showing he had gone back to fight without having entered the village. (5) Man he has killed on field of battle who had been armned with bow and arrows(6) Two men who had been taken prisoners, one who had a hatchet and the other with a gun in his han(7) Picture denoting an Indian returning from war and showing that hw has killed a man and a woman - their scalps hang from the end of a stick. He has also taken a prisoner (8) The prisoner (9) Council of was between the Bear tribe and the Beaver tribe, they are brothers 10) A member of the Bear Tribe holds a belt in his hand to avenge the death of a brother, he is conferring with his brother the Beaver about it (11) Man returning from hunting who had slept two nights on the hunting ground and killed three does -(when it is bucks they have killed the antlers are drawn ! 12) Marks of time they have been hunting, each day is represented by a bar. (13) two dead men and a dead woman. The woman is distinquished only by the waistcloth she wears.

F.C. Folkways. Mrs. Angus Lookaround.

4. Foods.

In the April ,1936,issue of Natural History,the journal of the American Museum of Natural History, Gregory Mason writes; "Today most botanists admit that American agriculture was more intensively develop ed from the wild plant prototypes than that of any other people at the time Columbus set out on his foolhardy voyage.We modern Americans are beginning to recognize the splendid,independent accomplishments of aboriginal American agriculturists.------At leaas five-sevenths of the products we consume at any big dinner in the United States today are made up.of things we owe to the American Indian,from the pre-prandial tomato juice to the post-prandial cigars."

That the New England colonists were taught many valuable things about native foods and how to raise them by their Indian neighbors is a well known fact.It is reasonable to assume that farther west the Menominees were operating,also,their own'subsistence farms'.They did plant and raise corn,pumpkins,squashes, beans,and potatoes.They made regular use of such foods as grew wild in their country.Following is a partial list of Menominee foods and their manner of preparation or their use:

1. Tree lichen. The literal transalation of the Indian word for this plant is 'eggs danglang from a tree' or 'moss hanging from a tree'. There is an interesting Manapus legend about this lichen which says that Manapus left these lichens for food for his 'uncles and aunts'. Any lichen,really,is refered to without regard for the difference in species and means the tree moss as well. This was dried and used in soups like Irish Moss.

2. Hard maple. The following is quoted from Smith's Ethnobotany

of the Menomini;"Maple sugar,'sopomatik sopomo',is one of the most important Menomini foods and is used in almost every combination of cookery. It takes the place of salt in the Menomini cuisine,for the aborigianl people did not use salt and most of them do not use it today.----- In the latter part of March and the first of April,the Menomini visit their sugar camps,the men repairing the camps and boiling vats,and cutting wood,the women washing the birch-bark dishes and recaulking them with pitch of the fir tree. During the sap flow, a man chops and taps from two hundred to three hundred trees a day. Sap is collected an hour before dark,as they beleive the night flow turns the sap bitter. Gathered sap is stored in a hollowed basswood tree trunk vat. The boiling in metal kettles proceeds the same as with the white man,except that the syrup is strained through a cloth and recooked in two-or three- quart quantities,until it is ready to sugar. It is then, while still warm,poured into a wooden trough where it is pounded and crushed withh a heavy wooden paddle as it hardens. It is stored in birch-bark baskets called mokuks of from 25 to 75 pounds capacity. The sugar is graded according to its whiteness and stored away. Sap is added to the dregs in the kettle and a second grade sugar is made.It would be considered an insult to Manapus to spill any sap and the sugar would shrink in smount in punishment." Vinegar is made from the last run of sap.

3. Arum-leaved arrowhead. This plant grows along the shores of lakes and rivers.The leaf is shaped like an arrow head and the flower is small and dainty white. The roots have small potato-like growths and the plant is known as the white potato or the duck potato.This plant is scarce and considered a great delicacy. It is cooked and eaten with maple sugar. It is dried for winter use.

4.Swamp milkweed.. The tiny unfolded buds are stewed and used in soup and in deer broth and in cornmeal porridge. They taste like asparagus. These are dried for winter use.

5.May apple. This is eanten raw or cooked with maple sugar.

6.Hazelnut. This nut is eaten in the milky stage and also dried.

7. Cranberry. Cooked with maple sugar.

8.Bittersweet. The inner pith of the vine is edible and will sustain life when nothing else is available. A long Manapus legend tells of the gift of this paint to the Menominees.

9.Dandelion. This plant is used for its greens in the early spring.It is cooked with the vinegar made from the maple sap.

10.Squash.The native squash is a cross between the pattypan and the crooked neck squash. It is cut in strips,hung on stringsand dried.It is boiled with a bit of animal fat.

11.Blueberry. This fruit is eaten raw or dried in the sun and used like currants.

12.Strawberry. The Menominee word for this means 'little heart Berry'. These are not plentiful,but are highly prized.

13.All native nuts are used and are dried for winter use.

14.White Oak acorns.These acorsn were a staple food. Their preparation was as follows;First ,they were parched and the shells beaten off. They were then boiled until alomst cooked. This water was drown away. Fresh water was put into the kettle,and about two handfuls of wood ashes added. The acorns were placed in a net and immersed and boiled slwoly in t the lye water,then simmered in fresh water to illimiate the lye. Acorns so treated were ready to be pounded into meal. This meal was very white and delicate and was used for thickening soups,for puddings,and for pie crust.

15. Corn..The native corn has ears of variegated colors. In addition to the usual ways of preparing corn,the Menominees ##### ## and dry it and parch.it .When cooked after this treatment,it resembles hominy as the white man makes it nowadays. The Menominees raised quantities of pop corn which they called ' mouse corn'. They roasted it and pounded it and combined it with dried venison,wild rice and maple sugar for a trail or warpath ration. A substitue for coffee was scorched corn.

16. Wild rice. This is the principal Menominee staple food..It is gathered by canoe,the heads being pulled over the the boat and the rice shaken offf. This is then trampled in the canoe bottom to break off the beards. Then the kernels are put into a kettle and parched. Next,a hole is dug and fitted with some container into which the rice is poured.An Indian with new moccasins steps onto the rice and tramples it until the kernels are broken,after which the rice is placed in large birch trays and shaken so that the chaff will blow away. It is next washed and is then ready for use. The wild rice kernel is about six times as long as it is wide and requires about six times as much water as rice in order to be properly cooked. The Menominees combine it with many other foods. An interesting life-size group representing Menominee Indians gathering and harvesting wild rice may be seen at the Milaukee Museum.

16. Wild leek. This is the large wild onion and the Menominee word for it means ' skunk'. (This plant grew in great quanitiies around the present site of the city of Chicago. Many believe the origin of the city's name is the Menominee word for the wild leek,or skunk, which is shikako.) This plant is sought and used mostly in the spring. It is used as a common seasoner of meats and soups and fish.

17. Cranberry bean. This is the aboriginal red pole bean and a staple food of the Indians.It is combined with corn for succotash.

18.Yellow water lilly. The tuber-like roots of this plant are cooked like,and resemble in taste,rutabagas.

19.Cinnamond fern. The fronds of this plant are stewed and taste like asparagus.

20.Marsh marigold.This plant,know to the white man as the cowslip,is cooked as greens in the spring.

22. Choke cherry. The bark is boiled for a beverage tea.

23.Black and rasp berry. These berries are eaten raw or dried.

24 Gooseberries.This and the blue berry are the best liked berries.

25. Indian potato. This is a kind of potato grown aboriginally by the Menominees.The tubers hang perpendicularly from the root and are long and slender,frequently being about eight inches long by two in diameter. These poatatoes are very scarce now.

The chief characteristic of Menominee ~~cooking~~ cooking was combinations of foods such as sweet corn and blue berries,corn and beans, wild rice and fish or meat. The method was boiling or roasting. They did not fry anything. They did pot roasting,however,using animal fat.The principal ~~seasonings~~ seasonings were leeks and maple sugar. Deer tallow and bear grease and sturgeon oil were used.Thick soup with meat as a base and corn and rice and beans added was a common food.They made mush or porridge.Bread was made from corn meal and from wheat flour as soon as they could get it. The earliest known way of cooking this bread was to prepare a very thick batter and wind it about a twig and ~~roast~~ suspend it over the fire. When done, it would break off easily from the twig.Later,hot stones were used. Skillets and kettles came into use in the trade era. A great deal of cooking was done by placing food near the fire and covering it with hot ashes.Meat was carefully prepared for cooking,such parts as would give a strong taste,as the musk in certain animals, being removed. Nothing was wasted. Fowl and fish were important foods.

It was the custom to make root cellars where many foods could be stored. These dried foods were soaked in water when needed and boiled or stewed.

Certain special Menominee dishes are mentioned as follows;

1. Sturgeon soup. This was made from the head of the fish and was seasoned with leeks and was considered a great delicacy.The Menominees valued sturgeon as a health food,its oil being regarded much as the white mane regards cod liver oil,so sturgeon soup was a favorite dish with these people.

2. Acorn meal pudding. A thick porridge was made sweetened with maple sugar and allowed to cool and eaten like the white man's cornstarch pudding.

3.Acorn meal pie. The crust was made from the meal and ~~berries~~ berries and maple sugar used for the filling. The Menominee ~~word~~ word for this means 'something wrapped up'.

4.Cranberry relish. The cranberries were crushed and combined with equal quantities of maple sugar.

5.Pummican. A concentrated food, made of dried meat,wild rice and maple sugar,in equal parts,pounded together.

6. Wild honey and corn bread. The corn bread was made of a thick batter, roasted in pats,or,in more recent years, cooked in a skillet over the fire.

Menominee foods were nourishing and well prepared. Modern methods of cooking and preserving were quickly adopted by the Menominee women.

F.C. Mrs. Angus Lookaround.

SNOW BLANKET.

When the winter has come and the lakes and rivers are frozen, but there has been as yet no snowfall, the ice has many voices. Often, the voice is like thunder, sometimes like that of an animal in distress, or of a child wailing, or of someone calling afar off; sonorous, echoing, eerie.

Always the Indian child has wondered about these voices. and he inquires about them.

"It is the Lake (or river) calling for a blanket," says his mother. "Soon the snow will come and cover the ice and the lake will be warm. When the snow melts or blows away, you will hear it calling again. Then again it will snow. Snow is the warm blanket that the Great Spirit sends to keep the 'little Ones' warm; the flowers in the woods and even the water in the lakes and streams that talks to us in the summer twilights."

The Indian child loves the snow. It is a warm blanket.

This collection from Wisconsin folklore contains 45 or 46 interviews with Carville people who knew Nelson Dewey, the first Governor of Wisconsin. The informants were apparently asked what they remembered about the Governor, his family, or his farm and what they would contribute to a museum planned for the site of the governor's home. There are also two or more letters concerning the Governor and a list of items available for the museum.

None of this belongs in the folklore collection, and though the interviews are identified and because of their bad sentence and scanty punctuation, are quite amusing, they have no value aside from their slight and contradictory testimony about the Governor.

B W 3/17/41

Valueless.

There are Wisconsin interviews identified but unfortunately dealing chiefly with Switzerland and customs followed by the Swiss in their native land. A few items that have come bearing on Wisconsin folklore have been removed. The writing is sufficiently bad to be amusing at times.

B W.

Potter

December 29, 1936

Principal
Public High School
Lancaster, Wisconsin

Dear Sir:

We are very anxious to obtain the forwarding address of a Mrs. Emily Cronin Fawcett who was a teacher in your school up to within a short time ago. Could you give it to us? We wish to locate Mrs. Fawcett to obtain information concerning Nelson Dewey, the first governor of the state who lived in Cassville and was a personal friend of Mrs. Fawcett's father.

Enclosed is an addressed envelope (which requires no stamp) for the information.

Most sincerely

(Sgd) Dorothy M. Potter

P. O. Box 122
Madison, Wisconsin

Below you will find the address:

Mrs. Emily Fawcett
604 St. Claire Apts.
921 N. Marshall St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin
St. Clair Apts. #604
921 N. Marshall St.
Jan. 7, 1937

Miss Dorothy Potter
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Miss Potter:

Your letter regarding Dewey personal property received. I have several things in which you might be interested. A solid walnut bed and dresser, six solid silver teaspoons, a large thermometer, and Governor Dewey's silver napkin ring with his name engraved on it. He lived in a suite of rooms at the Denison Hotel in Cassville, next door to the home of my parents. He and my father, the late Dr. F. M. Cronin, were great friends and Governor Dewey enjoyed my mother's cooking. In fact, he ate most of his meals at the Cronin home. He left his napkin ring there permanently. I know of no incidents that would be of interest historically, but I do remember two or three things that my mother told me about him. He always called my mother "Mrs. Abby" (her name was Abigail Jane) and he always ate sorghum on his mince pie. My father's hobby was horses - so was Governor Dewey's. He had one highly spirited driving team - "Ginger" and "Lightning" were the ~~horses'~~ names. He drove often to Platteville, Wisconsin and he invariably would decide to go on the most snowy, stormy days. My mother would say, "Why, Governor, you certainly aren't going to start out on such a day as this". And he would say, "Madam, I'm neither sugar nor salt".

I will sell the things of his that I have. I value them very highly and would not sell them for less than $100.00. All the articles are at homes of my friends in Lancaster.

If you are interested, I will give you further information.

Most sincerely,

Sgd. (Mrs.) Emily Cronin Fawcett

T&C 1/5/38 IA.

After Death
For Sale
No Terms

BENNETT, JAMES, Cassville
Dewey's walnut bed given his father by Dewey when married and lived in chicken house. Won't sell or give but if does either will give museum first chance.

BLEWETT, MRS. THOMAS, Lancaster
Dewey's bookcase and desk used in Lancaster when law partner of Barber. $100. At Belmont capitol.

FIEKER, FRANK, Cassville
Dewey's clock. Left in his shop when he bought it in 1900 and told it was Dewey's. $25.

HILGER, JOHN, Glen Haven
Dewey's bill-of-lading book of 1861. Can buy but no price.
Picture of Dewey home from south bluff after fire showing all buildings. Can buy but no price.

ISHMAEL, MRS. VALORUS, Cassville
Dewey's deathbed from Denniston House. Made from doors saved from fire. $30 and will take less.
Dewey's straight, walnut, cane-bottomed chair. $5.

KIMBALL, MRS. CALVIN, 405 Korach Bldg., Akron, Ohio
Dewey's day book. $35.

KIRSCHBAUM, WILL, Cassville
Dewey's loading tools for his gun given to museum by Peter Glassmaker. May be given later.

KLEINPELL, MISS CLARA, Cassville
Great grandmother's day book written in German. 1750. Can copy and may get permanently.

KOPPEN, MISS ELIZABETH, Cassville
Dewey's bedspread. In her custody but property of Mrs. Orval Plank, Madison. With diplomacy may get.

KUENSTER, MRS. GUS, Glen Haven
School certificate from Germany, 1831. No terms.

OBERSHAW, ANTWINE, Cassville
Dewey's safe used when he had an office in Sneclode's home. Not give, no price set.

ORR, MRS. GERTIE, Glen Haven
Dewey's poker. Unable to contact.

ORTSCHEID, MRS. WILLIAM, Cassville
Dewey's straight, walnut, cane-bottomed chair. $4.
Dewey's rocking chair, formerly covered with horse hair. $4.

RINDLAUB, WILL, Platteville
Dewey's spectacle case.
Dewey's beard comb. Both given him by Eastman, owner hotel where Dewey often stopped.
Picture Dewey with state bar 1864. Can have all after death.

SCHNORRENBERG, PETER, Cassville
Dewey desk. Not sell - in daily use.
Dewey office chair. Not sell - in use.
Dewey hand carved, solid walnut, marble topped dresser. $40.
Dewey small, one shelf, walnut whatnot. $5.

SCHULTZ, EMERY, Cassville
Grandfather's day book in which permission asked and received from Dewey to mine upon his property. May give later.

STEVENS, GEORGE A., Cassville
Dewey's armchair. Not sell, give nor loan but may change mind.

TURTSCHER, JOHN, Cassville
Dewey's walnut whatnot. No Terms.
Desk made by Candler, Dewey's carpenter. No Terms.

WEISS, MRS. THEO., 1209 Rutledge st., Madison
Dewey desk lamp. Written - no answer.

Potter Nov. 21, 1936

The attached picture of Cassville in 1829 was given the museum for the Dewey home by Mrs. Foley of Cassville. It is a reproduction of the original which Judge Geiger has in Milwaukee, Mrs. Foley also has given a day book of Dewey's dated 1884, five years prior to his death. It contains much important information and gives a detailed account of Dewey's activities, where he lived, how he conducted his business and his financial affairs. It tells that he last heard of his son two years prior and then he was in Portland, Oregon. It also mentions his daughter and wife being in Milwaukee and Dewey visited Katie twice there. Many important facts could be stated here but they are all complete within the book and would be mere repetition.

T&C-1-4-38-MU

Potter Nov. 12, 1936

Leaving Cassville bound for the old Dewey farm where the road turns left is a very poor looking group of farm buildings and a home. This was the site of Dewey's orchard and vineyard and wine cellar, all of which were then protected by a six foot high board fence with the boards standing endwise and pointed at the top. A man was always on watch and that was one orchard where the boys did not swipe apples. The only remains of that is the wine cellar which is now a pig pen and ice house. It is built much like a root cellar but with a brick floor, stone walls and a curved stone ceiling. The woman upon whose property it is permits investigation thereof. Her name and a history of the sale of the property from Dewey will be sent in later.

T&C-1-4-38-MU

Mrs. Louise Orr, Cassville

Mrs. Orr will be 84 April 15, 1937. She was born in what was then known as Tafton Township, now called Bloomington. Her father, Isaac Burton came from Virginia. She does not recall ever having seen Governor Dewey. She recalls hearing people talk of him and mentioning what a nice place he had and how nice his things were. Mrs. Orr has worked out from the time she was 17. She married a widower 20 years her senior with five children and they had five.

Many years ago she helped on some local farms where they grew hops for commercial purposes. One farm belonged to Uriah Briggs and the other to a Calkins. The hops were planted in hills and poles placed in the center of each hill up which the vines climbed. In the fall when it was time to pick them the men would cut loose the roots and the pole and lay the vine over a long box which contained 4 boxes. Each of these four boxes held 7 bushel and there were 4 girls, one at each box. The pickers were paid according to the number of boxes they filled. They were very careful in picking the hops from the vine for if the cluster broke then it took that much longer to fill the box. Men would carry the box from hill to hill and empty the boxes into a huge sack as they became full. It took several days to do all the picking. At the Briggs farm there were 30 girls who

boarded there until all the hops had been picked. The average per girl was 1½ boxes per day, and they were paid by the bushel.

Mrs. Orr's parents raised broom corn and when it had reached a certain stage they had to break it over so that the straws would be straight for the homemade brooms into which they were later converted.

In the winter 2 or 3 families would go together evenings and prepare their apples for drying. One group would pare, another would quarter and a third would string them to be hung and dried.

When her father settled in this country there were no stores from which he could buy what few groceries he needed. He would make occasional trips to Milwaukee on horseback and bring home a sack of groceries. She never went to school much as there was too much work to be done. There was little recreation as those were hard times and money was scarce. The Orr school, named after the Orrs who gave the land upon which it was built, was one of the first schools in this part of the country. It was made of rough boards 16 feet long with a roof which slanted only one way like that of a leanto. The desks and seats were of one board and were the length of the building. Her father farmed with oxen and had two teams. One was a pair of blacks named Buck and Broad.

Mrs. Henry Kleinpell, Cassville

Her father Erhardt Engler was Dewey's bootmaker. She remembers as a child going into the shop and seeing her father working on them. They were of black leather with morocco tops, which were very shiny. To the best of her recollection Dewey never had boots repaired--he always ordered new ones. They were made much like the riding boots of today except larger about the leg permitting the tucking of trousers and wearing of many sox in the winter. Dewey wore the same kind of boot summer and winter. Mrs. Kleinpell can recall seeing him many times with the boots, trousers tucked in the top, his Prince Albert coat split up the back and his high silk hat. The last he did not wear all the time but she recalls seeing him with it atop his snowy white hair many times.

Potter -1- December 5, 1936

Miss Ida Baumgartner, Cassville

Her uncle Julius Baumgartner was Dewey's tailor and Dewey's brother who lived in Yankton, South Dakota. Her father owned a light, small spring wagon which served in the community as a hearse until Mr. Eckstein came in 1888 with his funeral equipment. Dewey was one of his first customers and Mr. Baumgartner was put out that his light wagon wasn't used for he said that what was good enough for the rest of the people was also good enough for Dewey.

Miss Baumgartner has a large collection of old things and her home is very tastefully furnished in old furniture and accessories. She has a school certificate of her mother's from Germany dated Nov. 4, 1831 bearing her name, Anna Katharina Winterling, in Wurlitz. This she is giving to Mrs. Gus Kuenster.

She has a stove which has served her family and herself over a period of 80 years and is still in splendid condition. It has on it W & J Treadwell, Perry & Norton, Albany, N. Y. No. 9, Pat. 1852. It is of the black diamond pattern, and very unique in design. It was purchased in Cassville.

There is a breakfast castor of four glass pieces on a solid silver standard with eagles, soldiers and women's busts adorning it. There are many pieces of glass ware and pottery, Italian, Chinese,

J. J. Bernhardt, Cassville. His father came from the Rhineland and his mother, Bavaria. They met and were married in this country. His mother, then Matilda Hildeshein, worked for Mrs. Dewey when they lived in Lancaster and Belmont, before moving to Cassville. She was 16 at the time and worked for her for 5 years. Mrs. Dewey was very socially inclined and the servants had a difficult time getting along with her as she was very particular. Matilda was a combination nurse girl for the three children and a seamstress. One time when they were going down the river to St. Louis everyone of the party except Matilda got sick. Mrs. Dewey called her and asked what she had eaten. Matilda told her the number of things she had Mrs. Dewey was provoked and retorted that she must have a stomach like an ostrich. Matilda always had to see that the children got the proper food. Mrs. Dewey was very fond of birds and had many birdhouses around the place. She was also very fond of horses. When they drove from Lancaster to Belmont they never drove the same team all the way they made it in relays. When Mrs. Dewey got mad, and she often did, Mr. Dewey would leave the house and go for a walk.

The Dewey's had three children, one boy died leaving Katherine (Kittie) and Nelson Jr. (Neddie). Kittie went from institution of learning to another. She was very bright and could speak a

Dresden, etc. all of which are for sale. She has a very beautiful, old and unusual parlor piece or whatnot of walnut, a very long and large bevelled mirror, and a six piece castor set.

She also has bound volumes 14, 1896 through volume 26 of Munsey's magazines.

number of different languages.

Bernhardt was a young lad when the Dewey home burned but he worked for Newbury and remembers Dewey very well.

Nelson Dewey always wore boots of good cowhide and he always wore black clothing. In the summer he wore a linen duster, and the longer ~~the slit was in the back~~ of it the better he liked it. He rode horseback a lot and drove a carriage with two horses. He could swear and had a remarkable memory. There would be many men working on his place but he knew where each tool had last been used and could anyone where to find it. He would call the sons of the men whom he knew by their fathers' names. Mr. Bernhardt's name was Jake and his father's John but Mr. Dewey always called them both John. He always gave his help work and lots of it to do. Just to give the men something to do he would have them pick up and pile chips left from cutting trees and stones in the fields.

Susan Armitage loaned Nelson Dewey a lot of money.

Dewey owned most of the property on which Cassville now stands. He sold it to individuals when it was mortgaged without telling the purchasers the conditions. To straighten the mess he formed a stock company on the Denniston Hotel and some out lots which he owned and sold the stock to the local people. The money thusly raised he

paid off the mortgage with. Eventually the property owned by the stock company, except the Denniston Hotel, was raffled off among the stock holders. Jake's father got his land in this manner. The stock holders suffered no losses in fact they gained considerably. No stock certificates were issued in the company--Dewey's word was as good as any written agreement. The Denniston house sold.

Dewey would rather pay the men working for him than eat. He would rather starve than not pay them. He usually went bareheaded about his farm. He wouldn't allow men on the job who wore gloves. He was never intoxicated but he liked his wine. He smoked a cigar but never a pipe. He liked to be where men were working. He never wore jewelry of any kind, no tie pins, no ring no watch chain. He was not in the least superstitious. He was a grand old man and very law abiding. He was slow and deliberate. Never mixed up in a scandal of any kind. He did not do manual work of any kind but he watched and looked after his workers. If he had some business with a person he spoke of it immediately without any preliminary words. He was abrupt but to the point.

Originally there were 2700 acres in Dewey's farm. Much of the stone for building was dragged by oxen on stone boats and must have cost him about $5 a rod when it finally reached the house. The

north side of his property was the only one to have other than stone fences and that was rail. He planted evergreens around the house, many of which are still living. He cultivated only about 340 acres of the bottom land. There was a 380 acre pasture on the hill for the stock. He obtained title to much of his land from the Mineral Point land office.

When Jake was a small boy he and his father walked past the vineyard and orchard, which was protected by a high board fence. There was a strawberry bed just inside and next to the fence. There were small cracks between the boards and Jake's father cut and split a hazel branch, would push the branch through the crack, get a strawberry with it and pull it out. Both father and son would watch for the old man who guarded the place and the father would pull out the berries while Jake ate them.

Dewey would get provoked at his men but he did not discharge them. "He had a good temper."

Dewey attended the state Democratic convention in Madison, which was held after he had served as governor, and because he did not get the recognition which he thought was due to a former governor he up and left and came back to Cassville. He was a very public spirited man but others had to think as he did, and they had to be a

Democrat. He was on the Platteville council at one time.

He had a pet sorrel team which he drove most of the time. He would not permit nor tolerate unkindness to animals.

Dewey's home burned down on a Thanksgiving day during a snow storm. Men from the farm came to town in long sleds with teams to get help to put the fire out. Several teams would run in get men, take them to the farm and come back after more. Bucket brigades were the only means of putting out the fire. The doors of the home were saved and some of the buildings in town now have them. The Sherman House, built by a steamboat captain across from Foeheringer's has some of the doors as does the Baptist Church and Lawrence Bausch's Tavern. The door knobs were silver plated and the hinges hand wrought. Goods saved from the house were strewn all over the place.

Dewey did not like to fish. His children lived here until they went to better schools. Gov. Dewey was married when he came here, and he had been governor. The daughter Katherine was very "common". She always talked with everyone and was not socially inclined as was her mother.

Jake helped with the farm work. The house was left standing in ruins for a number of years after it was destroyed by fire. Shortly after the fire the Dewey's separated. The story is that he borrowed

$40,000 from General Newbury and gave it to his wife in settlement of the separation. The general received as security for the loan a mortgage upon Dewey's farm. Dewey moved to the Denniston Hotel where he lived intermittently until his death there. He would leave for a month or so but always return. He started living there when it was still owned by the stock company. It was then sold to Ishmael and then to the present owner Peter Snorenberg. Mr. Bernhardt (Jake) says that in the later years when Dewey was so hard up financially his friends would pay his bills for him. As yet I have been unable to verify this. He was never the object of ridicule either by adults or children. He was an easy man to meet, well mannered, never sarcastic but blunt. If you started a argument with him you could make up your mind you had a job on your hands.

Jake's sister was called for petty jury at Lancaster some years after Dewey's death and while in Lancaster went to see his grave. She was very disappointed because it was so neglected and said so to a Lancaster woman who had accompanied her and added, "If you people can't take better care of the governor's grave than that we'll move him to Cassville." The next time she saw the grave there was a marked improvement.

Jake's father was a tailor and he did sewing for the Dewey

family. Jake still has his father's iron, scissors and ironing board which he has said the museum may have for the Dewey home.

When Jake's mother worked for Mrs. Dewey there were four girls employed in the house.

A poor family by the name of Herring lived in a log cabin near what is now the railroad tracks. There were two boys and a girl of the same ages as the Dewey children. They often played together. John Herring was walking down the street in Cassville just after the funeral of Dewey when John saw Katherine Dewey, the daughter across the street. He wanted to duck in somewhere because he did not want her to see him. She did see him however and called him across the street to talk to her.

Jake also worked for General Newbury after he took over the farm and rebuilt the residence. The General was very military in appearance, thought himself very important and wanted you to know that he was. He tried to carry militarism into his private life. He was well dressed, smooth shaven. He didn't live here--only spent a few weeks here bringing a party with him and then leaving. At this time Jake and his brother ran a butcher shop in Cassville and Newbury was one of his best customers. He had a cook who ordered the very best and she told them what to charge for it too. Jake would buy

veal from him and he could get only one at a time as it would not keep. He went to the farm one day to ask about buying some veal and Waterman, the manager, told him to talk to the General. The later had some guests with him but Jake went and asked him "What do you want for the calves?" General Newbury replied in a not very pleasant voice that he should go and get them and if they didn't allow him enough for them he would let them know. He told Jake to drive the mother and calf down and then take the mother away after killing the calf. Thus did not work so Jake went up to the pasture, where the stock ran wild, shot his calf and took it. He did this very successfully a number of times until one day a calf he shot did not drop but ran off with the other stock. The pasture was several hundred acres and full of brush and combined with the animals being wild he couldn't get anywhere near them. He finally asked Waterman what he did when he salted them. The reply was that Waterman always rode a horse and they didn't seem to mind that. Jake then rode a horse amongst them and they were not in the least frightened. He found his calf and after that he had the farm deliver the veal to him. Newbury had the farm only for 4 or 5 years. His wife was an invalid and he threw many parties. He would come and go by train. He farmed some and raised horses for sale in Chicago for which he got a good price because his name was associated

with them.

Jake's two younger brothers Pete and Frank were interested in lead mining many years ago and they formed a partnership one fall and started a mine up on one of the bluffs on the family farm. They sank a shaft would work in shifts, one digging at a time in it. One morning it was Pete's turn to go down and Frank was standing near the windlass to which the bucket was attached, but not touching it. Pete jumped into the bucket without saying a word and before Frank could grab the handle it had started spinning around and he couldn't touch it. Pete landed at the bottom in a lump and fainted. He was bruised but not seriously injured. Frank slid down the rope, found that Pete was not badly hurt, climbed back up the rope and pulled him up in the bucket. That ended their mining venture and they put a wooden railing around it to keep the stock off. Some time later Jake was working down near the barn when it was time for the cattle to be coming in. One of the cows, Daisy, could not be found. Finally she was located sitting on her rump in the bottom of the mine shaft. She had leaned against the railing to get a tempting morsel of hay, had lost her balance and broken the railing and slide tail first into it. They got her out with ropes and a block and tackle, left her on the ground for the nite and the next morning she was about as spry and chipper as ever.

There used to be a smelter in Cassville and ore would be brought in from Beetown to be smelted. Ox teams and mules were used and wagons made of huge wheels and small boxes were especially made for the lead. Many men used to mine in the old days. Old Man Aparath went in over 1100 feet on Jake's farm and made money. How there is only one man doing it and he is always just three feet from the ore. It used to be a good winters occupation when the farms did not require so much time nor work.

A friend of Jake's used to be called Diamond Joe. His real name was Joseph Luttiger, of Swiss parents who lived in Cassville. He became a railroad man and was a very flashy dresser. Later he was the yard master at La Crosse. The older he was the more he liked flashy clothes and jewelry.

R. N. Ackerman, Cassville

Mr. Ackerman is 77 years old and he worked for Dewey after he had left Stonefield on what was called the lower farm. His job was to fill in the old mining holes to prevent stock from falling into them. He worked 10 hours a day 6 days a week and got $1.25 a day. Dewey paid him every Saturday afternoon with cash and the exact amount. Phillip Berntgen was the straw boss. Dewey would go there daily and see if the holes were shut good. He always walked.

Ackerman and the other men with him worked all one summer cutting brush and grubbing. The governor's conception of grubbing was the cutting of the stumps right to the level of the ground. They also set posts and made a board fence. The posts were cut and peeled and holes bored in about 6 inches from the top and just above the ground on the bottom and a preservative poured into them and plugs were then inserted. One of these posts so treated is at the Dewey farm now being preserved. Each post was placed in the ground three feet. Some were circular and others were square. Old square nails were used in nailing on the boards. No wire was used at all. When the men stopped working there were about 150 posts left without anything on them. Mr. Ackerman thinks there still is one standing on the Oakey farm which used to be Dewey's lower farm. The fence was made 5 feet high and for horses, some of it was

completed. The fence meandered and was not straight but between 5 and 600 posts were put in. Dewey himself plumbed each post.

The men also did sprouting, cutting off of sprouts which had grown from stumps. All the grubbing was done with cutting axes, which were pole axes. Dewey furnished all the tools necessary.

Dewey was there every day chewing on a stub of a cigar which was never lit. He wore overalls, the pants being tucked into the top of knee high black leather boots. He wore a brown hat of felt and brown jacket and coat, and no necktie. He would see if things were going all right and that the men were doing as they had been told. He never heard Dewey swear. Dewey did no manual work.

After this summer's work Dewey used to call for Ackerman regularly every Saturday and have him go with him to old Stonefield. The things saved from the fire were stored in the upper part of the corn crib. Dewey would give him the key and have him unlock the door where he would stay until Dewey had come out. Doors from the old home and furniture of all kinds were stored there. Dewey would come out, hand Ackerman the key, with which he would lock the door and return the key to Dewey. This was in 1882 and Ackerman never saw the things after that.

The Dewey's had warm and cold water upstairs.

Alfonse Moore was a brother-in-law of Dr. Cronin and they were partners. Cronin was Dewey's doctor.

There was a wooden shed near the barn in which carriages and machinery were kept. The stone addition to the barn in the rear was added by Newbury. The barn was not heated.

The summer Ackerman worked for Dewey on the lower farm there were always two jugs of water for the men to drink out of. It was Ackerman's job to keep them filled, and it was a lengthy trek from the spring, down the base of the bluff, up to where the men were working. Dewey would come to see the men working, give them all a drink from one jug and then pour the rest out, and in another hour he would repeat the process with the remaining jug and then Ackerman would have to go down and fill them up again and he would cuss lustily because he had to make so many trips.

Irwin Way, Glen Haven

Mr. Way is the son of Otis Mason Way who originally came from Ohio and who settled on the 80 acres which Irwin now farms in 1874. He has on his farm many of the tools and implements which his father made by hand. Today Mr. Way gave to the museum two ox yokes, and two hand made cultivators and a wooden barrel used by his father when a young man in hoisting ore from the shaft of a mine by windlass. These are in the possession of Mr. Foehringer who will keep them until the Dewey home is ready, or they can be brought to Madison if desired. Next spring someone is to call on him again and he will pile up all the documents and historical pieces which he is through with and give them to the museum.

The miner's tub, as the wooden barrel is called, is still used by the men who go out mining on their own and is a common means of getting ore and debris from the diggings.

Mrs. John Thomas, Cassville

John's father Ruben Thomas rented the Denniston Hotel and ran it for about 20 years. He was running it when the Deweys lived there while waiting for Stonefield to be finished. The children were with them and all four ate and slept there. After they moved to Stonefield in or about 1866 Thomas would go horseback riding with Nettie and Katie. She thinks it took very nearly four years to build Stonefield and since Dewey is supposed to have bought the property in 1863 logically they would have moved in sometime in the later part of 1866, which date coincides with that given by Mrs. Huber.

Mrs. Dewey was very particular what the children had to eat while they stayed at the hotel. Mrs. Thomas does not recall where they lived in the hotel but she is sure it was in the brick portion, for at that time there was an L addition of wood in which was the dining room and rooms above. She says Mrs. Dewey was of Pocahontas blood. Mrs. Dewey frankly admitted being part Indian but I doubt the authenticity of Mrs. Thomas' statement.

Traveling salesmen in those days were called bummers. Every hotel, the Denniston house being no exception, had two or more coach drivers and light wagons and top buggys which were hired by the bummers to go to neighboring towns and the drivers always drove for them. This was John Thomas' job when he reached the age where he could be responsible. Room and board at the hotel in those days was $4 per week.

The Thomases gave dances in the upper ballroom and the old dining room which has been torn down.

The first school in Cassville was held in the basement of the Denniston House.

Pitt Dewey, brother of Nelson, was often at the Denniston House.

Mrs. Thomas thinks that Mrs. Dewey was in France educating her children when the house burned down in Cassville.

In the last years of his life Dewey was horse jockeying with Dr. Cronin. They would buy, sell and trade.

Mrs. Thomas recalls seeing Dewey on the street with his high silk hat, very shabby looking, and his worn green looking clothes.

Mrs. Ruben Thomas was from Vermont and had no education. Ruben was a Penn. Dutchman.

Mrs. Thomas' mother, Mary Webster, was widowed with three little girls to raise. She taught the lower grades of the public school and a man taught the upper. In the evenings Mrs. Webster would have classes in German for those who wished to learn German and those who spoke German and wished to learn English. This was a private school and from it she earned extra money. Mrs. Webster was born and educated in Germany. She taught for 5 or 6 years and then married in 1870 John Flesch. She died at 78 and her husband at 95.

Mrs. Thomas' grandfather, Henry De Haunt, was Dewey's gardener and took care of all the flowers and the vegetable garden. He worked

there 3 or 4 years until the house burnt. The vegetable garden was in front of the house where the railroad track now is. He would go to the farm daily carrying his dinner bucket. He lived with Mrs. Webster. He received $1 per day and worked 6 days a week.

In those days there was a rock wall on either side of "The Lane" which led to the house.

Potter Nov. 20, 1936

Frank Hilger, Glen Haven

Mr. Hilger and his parents lived at one time in the old Dewey home after it had been rebuilt by Newbury and sold by him. He has a shipment record book which dates back to 1859 in which are entered shipments of ore, grain and stock by a Brinkman, Wm. Pitt Dewey and finally Nelson Dewey from 1861 on. This was given the Hilgers by Dr. Cronin who was Dewey's doctor. Brinkman was the original manager of the Clint Geiger store in Cassville.

Mr. Hilger does not want to give the book as he has been offered money for it by the government as it shows the transportation available in this section of the country at that time. He does not know what value to place on the book and wants an offer from the museum. If we do not buy it I believe I may obtain it long enough to copy the contents. Could you make an offer so that I could talk to Hilger again? He has a picture of the Dewey home before the fire which I want to get and neglected to ask for in the debate about the shipping records book.

Potter Nov. 21, 1936

Frank W. Feiker, Cassville

Mr. Feiker is the local photographer and bought his business in 1905 from Charles Ishmael. With the business he got a wooden works clock which is supposed to have belonged to Dewey which he now says is stored in his attic and he won't be getting it down for quite some time and he will sell it for $25 and not a cent less. Besides the clock he got plates which had pictures of the Dewey home taken just after Newbury had restored it. There are 3 of them and they are attached with an old picture of Dewey which was also included in the business when Feiker bought it. These pictures show the corn crib which was torn down this past spring and the stone walls which were sold to the government and used in a dam on the river. These too are valuable for information concerning the earlier history of the farm and its buildings. I purchased the four for $1.10.

John Klindt, Cassville

Before the railroad was built through Cassville, and when there was one across the river in Iowa, Klindt & Geiger's store dealt in hogs. They would buy them in the winter, butcher and haul them across the river on the ice and ship them to their destination on the Iowa road. One spring the ice started thawing and threatened to break up much earlier than usual and the store had on hand a large number of butchered hogs. They hired all the available teamsters in and about Cassville with wood racks, piled them with the carcasses and had them hauled across the river as fast as they could be taken. The hogs would be piled like cord wood in the snow on the opposite bank and the teams would come dashing back for another load. The last animal was taken across just before the ice did break. From their cold storage in the snow they were carted by Iowa teams to the railroad and shipped.

Miss Pauline Geiger, Cassville

Katherine Dewey, daughter of the governor was one of the first pupils of the Clark College in Dubuque.

When General Newberry owned Stonefield there were large mirrors above all the fireplaces in the house.

Dewey is not deserving of the recognition being given him by the state as he was not a man worthy of such an honor. He had money but it is easy to do things with other people's money. He borrowed from friends and then purchased land. Eastman of Platteville was one of his friends and creditors.

There was a mine on the Dewey place in what was called Peterman's Hollow, which was off from what is now known as The Narrows.

Miss Geiger has in her home the original picture of Cassville in 1829 which her brother, Judge Geiger of Milwaukee, had framed and sent to her.

Potter Dec. 8, 1936

Mrs. Mae Whitney, Cassville

Mrs. Matilda Allison was the cook of the Deweys when their home burned. She often told how very provoking and ornery Mrs. Dewey was about the house. Mrs. Allison would cook food for the family and Mr. Dewey and the Mrs. Dewey would not let him eat it.

Dewey for years drove a horse called Danger and oftentimes the animal took him as far as Madison. Mrs. Allison many times used to hitch Mr. Dewey's horse for him.

Mr. Charles Woodman, now deceased, for whom Mrs. Whitney was housekeeper, used to go to the Dewey farm and often sat in a chair used in the office at the barn. It was comfortable and he liked it. When the house burned Dewey gave him the chair and itis still in use in the Woodman home where Mrs. Whitney still keeps house for the two brothers, Earl and Edwin, sons of Charles. When a woman was seated in the chair and Mr. Woodman would come in he would get her another to sit in and take his favorite. Ladies had no precedence in that matter.

T&C-1-4-38-MU

Potter Nov. 23, 1936

Eldridge Ishmael, Cassville

Mr. Ishmael is 90 years old and still walks about town getting his mail and doing his own errands. His family moved to Beetown in 1847 and his father went to the California gold rush in '49 and died out there.

He knew Dewey very well and when the governor would be driving through Beetown and stop for a while he would go out and cover up the horse. Dewey drove a red open buggy and a grey horse. He would never stay there overnight but would stop long enough to get warm.

In 1895 Mr. Ishmael bought the Dennitson house. He purchased it from the Cassville Property Association. Before he could get good title to the place Dan Stevens, John Clint, Geiger and Barlhartz went east with money to buy out the remaining interest in the hotel. Ishmael paid $3,500 for it and it cost him $1,800 to have steam heat installed.

Bows for ox yokes were made by bending a peg and the bow to a stump and leaving it there until seasoned. When it was removed it would be permanently bowed.

T&C-1-4-38-MU

Henry Kuenster, Cassville

In 1865 Beetown had a horse race that made local history and a miniature local depression. In those days that little village was a real mining town for there was plenty of ore, plenty of money and more than plenty of free spending. The chief pasttime and sport of the locals was horse racing, and the local favorite, one Beetown Billy, had cleaned up everything which was offered as competition.

Dave Stewart, of Glen Haven, had a friend in California who owned a very fast horse, in fact the fastest horse known in those days. Dave wrote to his friend and asked him to bring his horse to Glen Haven unbeknown to anybody and promised him a profitable race. The horse, jockey and owner eventually arrived from the west. No one was aware of the arrival or its import. The mare was safely secreted in Kuenster's log barn, which was the Harkens place then. The owner went to Beetown, mixed with its inhabitants, got acquainted, drank and visited. The principal subject was invariably horse racing and everyone boasted that their local pride and joy, Beetown Billy, could beat anything. The man said he thought he had a horse that could beat him, but betting at first was not very heavy. With time and conversation the money was forthcoming on the comparative running abilities of the two horses. The place and date of the race was finally set and everyone had something placed on Beetown Billy. On Blake's Prairie there

was a straight mile track used for such occasions. Until the California mare was brought to the track no one had any idea what was going to run against the local equine hero. When the mare was brought up she was horrible looking and was lame besides behaving badly. A man was put on her and she bucked trying her darndest to dislodge her rider. They did everything to try and get her to run, but run she would not. In the meantime more and more money was bet on Beetown Billy and Stewart and the mare's owner took all they could get. Finally the lad who was the jockey climbed aboard the mare and the race was started. Assoon as his foot was in the stirrup the mare became an angel and handled like a dream. She obeyed every signal from the reins and when they were off down the stretch she flattened out like an arrow and beat poor Beetown Billy by so much that there just wasn't room for argument or disputes. The pockets of Stewart and his friend were much fuller and richer and Beetown was much poorer and perhaps wiser.

Potter Nov. 23, 1936

Mr. Kuenster, Cassville

Mr. Kuenster used to own a farm near Glen Haven and on the other side of his property were farms owned by two Wood boys who were brothers. Their families used to visit back and forth using a path across Kuenster's farm to reach each other's homes. Robert lived on the east side and he had a wife who was extremely jealous, and to help matters he never told her a thing about his affairs. She thought that he was corresponding with a girl and one day she found a letter torn to small bits and the most she could make out of it was the letter "ring." She presumed from this that her husband was going to send to this girl a ring. One night Robert came to Kuensters looking for his wife, he called and his brothers and couldn't find her there. Kuenster tried to get up the hired man by telling him that Mrs. Wood had committed suicide but the latter's only retort was that she could pick sometime when he wasn't sleeping and refused to budge. They finally found her in the basement of her home with her throat cut with the gurgling noise which precedes death issuing from her. Mr. Kuenster got deathly sick at the sight of all the blood. They sent his twin brother for the doctor (Dr. Harinter) bareback on a thin horse. He got the doctor but was nearly dead from his ride. The Dr. arrived before Mrs. Wood died but too late to save her.

T&C-1-3-38-MU

Potter Nov. 12, 1936

Cassville

This story was told me by Mr. Foehringer and the names are to be eliminated when rewritten as the man and some of his children are still living, and it is all hearsay.

Eldridge Ishmael is now a man about 90 years old. When quite young a friend of his died at Beetown leaving him a large sum of money in gold. Shortly after that the Civil War was being fought and Ishmael went west to avoid the draft. It is said he went to Montana and assumed another name and under that name he killed a man and was sought by the vigilantes of that state but never found. Mr. Foehringer says that in the records of the vigilantes which were published in some book recently the name under which Ishmael went was listed as being wanted, but never found. Ishmael returned to Cassville after the war and has resided here since. "Old Man" Ganter, another local resident, was supposed to have known that Ishmael had killed a man and all the details and Ganter was always able to get money from Ishmael any time when he wanted it. When Ganter died Ishmael threw a big party.

T&C-1-4-38-MU

Gus Ingler, Cassville--Clerk Klindt & Geiger

When Governor Dewey died at the Denniston House and the word was spread all the kids went to see Dewey. They went to his bedroom and brazenly looked through the door at the remains of the first governor.

Much monkey business and many shady deals were pulled in the early days of Cassville by Dewey, Sneclode and many other property holders and the members of the Cassville Stock Company. Sneclode was known to have changed pegs after a survey was made. In several instances land through which a ditch ran, thus decreasing its value materially, would be bought for a song and then the ditch filled and the water diverted to someone elses property.

Sneclode was considered very smart with figures. A group of men would be around passing the time of day and someone would ask him how much 256792 times 17½ was and he would screw up his face and haltingly give an answer. Everyone marveled at his mental ability but it wasn't for some years that anyone checked him on his mathematics and found the he wasn't so good, it was merely his reputation that was.

Jennie O'Neill Potter, the famous elocutionist was born and lived the greater part of her life in and about Cassville.

Jennings Sherman, known better as Jennings, was known all over Europe and this country for his contortionist performances. He performed before the crowned heads of England and Europe. His boyhood was spent in Cassville and he attended school here. His classmates can well recall when as a youngster he would run up the school steps and upon reaching the top he would all out of joint all over. He would sit on top of an open barrel and slide into it with his feet and hands disappearing last, turn around in the barrel and come out standing up. His father was an old river captain and he saw his son perform in St. Louis under the name of Jennings. This almost caused a rupture for good in the family for the father couldn't see why the family name wasn't good enough to use.

John Klindt, Cassville

Mr. Klindt's father worked for Geiger and later became his partner and finally bought Geiger out. When Geiger's two sons, Otto and Gustav came of age they became Klindt's partners. One Geiger died in 1911 and the other in 1933 and the partnership was maintained until then. Now it is a stock company.

In the early days an adjoining building was used to store and to sell farm machinery and were owned by one Brinkman, who became financially embarrassed and tried to collect on his fire insurance. He sprinkled kerosene in the top part of the Klindt Geiger store which was reached by a wooden ladder. The fire started and worked from the upper part down. A man, who had just donned a newly acquired pair of boots, discovered the fire and put it out. After it was all over he demanded a new pair of boots from Brinkman to replace those he had ruined conquering the fire.

Klindt & Geiger always had a large cash surplus and people would put their money with them without interest rather than trust the banks with it. Many people borrowed money from them and in one instance a farm was bought across the Klindt & Geiger counter. One Jake Kirschbaum wanted to buy a farm but needed money to acquire it. He went to Mr. Klindt who gave him the money across the counter and it was charged in the day book.

Irwin Way, Glen Haven, who gave the ox yokes and other old farm utensils to the museum, had a mother and father who "couldn't hear a cannon go off next to their ear", and a sister who was an idiot. All are now dead but Irwin. When the sister was alive a Mr. Smitherman, teacher in the Glen Haven school brought his class by the Way home on a hike. The Way girl saw them coming and stood watching them in awe. When they reached her she asked, "Are all those your children?" and the teacher replied, "Yes". Her only response was "Jesus Christ!"

More about William Kidd who murdered Catherine Jordan

Mr. Kuenster can remember Catherine when he was a young boy. She was a number of years older and took fiendish delight in freightening people. She used to chase the children with a butcher knife and such things. She was big and stout and unnecessarily rough for a lady.

After killing Catherine Kidd took one of the horses which he was driving and rode her to Boscobel where he tied her in a lumber yard, where she was found the next day. He then made his way west and obtained work on a farm. Some local woman found what his name was and where he was from and wrote to a friend of hers about his being in that locality. The sheriff acted upon this information and went to where Kidd was working. He had just come in, it was noon, from threshing and was washing his hands at the bench and did not see the sheriff arrive in the buggy. The sheriff went around the house and came up in front of him and said. "I've got you." Kidd replied "Maybe you have and maybe you haven't," and he took some poison which he had under his coat and fastened to his shirt and drank it, dying almost immediately.

Miscellaneous, Cassville

George Foeheringer's mother, Mrs. J. G., is very superstitious. Some years ago on her old home a yellow rose bush bloomed at the end of the porch. A very dear friend and next door neighbor died. Shortly after her death a yellow canary was seen continually flying about the yellow rose bush. Mrs. Foeheringer insisted that that was her friend and neighbor who had died and come back in the form of the canary. The canary acted as though it knew her and was very tame. She believed that those who led a good and righteous life on this earth died and came back in the forms of birds, whereas if they were horrid and mean in their life they became pigs and hogs after death. Some 7 to 8 years ago Mr. & Mrs. G. J. Foeheringer had their golden wedding anniversary and the relatives wanted to celebrate but Mrs. Foeheringer absolutely forbad it as she said that if a couple celebrated their golden anniversary one of them would die shortly. There was no celebration.

For years, in fact as long as any of the many old inhabitants of Cassville can recall, there have always, with but few exceptions, been a series of three deaths in the village. If one person dies two more always follow within 10 days or two weeks of the death of the first. Just before I arrived there was a death and since then two more have died with that time of the first.

When a team of oxen were hitched the one on the right always pushed to the center and leaned noticably that way when walking and working. They were guided by yells of gee and haw. When oxen were shod they were put into a box and lifted off their feet by a belt around their middle and then shod.

In the cemetery about 3 miles from Cassville is a tombstone which bears the following inscription:

> In memory of Catherine daughter of Wm. & Martha Jordan
> Murdered by Wm. Kidd
> June 15, 1868 aged 21 years 3 months and 6 days
>
> Virtuous girl lovely dear
> A truthful friend lies sleeping here
> We hope her soul is now at rest
> And in her saviours prison held.

The local story is that Wm. Kidd was very much in love with Catherine and in a fit of jealousy cut her throat. He escaped to California but was captured and while being brought back he took poison and died. He is buried in one of the other nearby cemeteries. The little frame church in the cemetery where Catherine is buried was built in 1874 by G. J. Foeheringer.

It is the local gossip that Dewey was hard up for money and had his house set fire so that he could collect the insurance which he had just taken out. It was believed that one Wm. Maywald, long dead,

was hired and did set fire to the place. This is disproved by facts as Dewey had the insurance many years prior to the fire and he collected a very small amount from the company--nothing in comparison to the $45,000 people say he received. Another version is that Mrs. Dewey had all the servants down in the basement entertaining them with wine when the fire broke out on the second floor. It is proven that Mrs. Dewey was not at Stonefield when the fire started nor immediately before.

Jane Metcalfe lived near Cassville and married John Metcalfe. Both were from England. They were known as Uncle John and Aunt Jane. Aunt Jane had a brother Robert in England who also had a son by that name. John and Jane saved enough money to pay the son's passage from England to Cassville so that he could get a job and earn enough money to get his father out of debtor's prison in England. This young Robert did do and then he married George Foeheringer's sister.

It is a commonly accepted fact in Cassville that if one can hear the train on the Iowa side of the Mississippi in the evening very distinctly there is going to be a change in the weather, and a sudden one.

Two brothers by the name of Young started a store some years ago at Glen Haven. It was not very successful financially and they asked for money to help them from their father. The father always gave to them until the time came when he was pretty well drained and he had to look out for himself and he refused. Albert, one of the boys, threatened to kill him if he didn't give them the money. The father lived on a farm and one day saw Albert coming down the road. The father ran to his room and locked himself in taking a gun with him. Albert tried to locate his father and finally found him locked in his room. He tried to knock the door down to no avail and threatened to shoot his father if he didn't come out. He did shoot through the door, the father opened the door and they had it out. He shot Albert and Albert fired at him killing him. Albert fled to the timber on what is now Irwin Way's farm and taking inventory of himself decided that he couldn't make it as he was so badly wounded so he pointed his gun at himself and shot.

The mother and wife Mrs. Young lived for many years with the other son but finally she hung herself in the barn.

There was another son named Theodore whom everyone nicknamed Brigham.

The wooden machine of unknown purpose was given the Madison museum by Senator E. J. Rothe who with his brother publishes the Fennimore Times. The contraption was in the building which now houses the Times when the Rothes moved in 15 years ago and has been there ever since. A piece of rusty metal, like a screw driver, which came off of it in transit is with the antiques placed on Mrs. Miller's desk.

The black, knobby cane belonged to Nelson Dewey. A Mr. Beckemeir took care of Dewey until his death at the Denniston Hotel and he was given many of the personal belongings of Dewey among which was the cane. John Kirschaum, now 74, took care of Beckemeir when he was ill and shortly before he died he gave John two things, one was the cane of Dewey's and the other was the German meerschaum pipe which was turned in by me with the cane etc. The pipe was brought from Germany by John Clint Sr., now deceased who was the Clint in the Clint Geiger store in Cassville. He brought some 70 with him when he visited his old home many years ago and gave them to his old friends. This particular one he gave to Beckemeir.

The other cane belonged to an old tinner in Cassville who died many years ago called "Bumasee" Weiss. The nickname is a condensed German expression meaning something like "Oh my Lord" which he always said when talking to anyone.

The rusted metal ring is from an ox yoke which was found in the old corn crib of Deweys when it was torn down last spring.

The four different sizes of square nails were taken from the old timbers of the corn crib built by Dewey.

The old deer rifle was Deweys and came from Peter Glassmaker to whom it was given by his brother William who in turn got it from H. D. Zeigler. Have not determined as yet how Zeigler obtained it.

The picture of Nelson Dewey and his daughter Katherine belonged to Mrs. Huber who cooked for the family for three years and has been given to the museum for the Dewey home.

The diary or day book was loaned by "Patty" Grimm whose wife rescued it from a rubbish heap where it was to be burned by relatives of the Herman Grimm who was one of Dewey's closest friends the last few years of his life. The book will not be given until I can see Mrs. Grimm and obtain her consent. It is a very valuable document in that it is of the year in which his home here burned and gives a day by day record where Dewey and his family were after it for the entire year. In the back of the book is listed all the property which he owned and the year's expense of his family. It should be carefully preserved.

The warranty deed signed and made out in Dewey's writing was given by Nelson J. Lau whose father employed Dewey for many years as his lawyer and from whom he bought the property described in the deed.

The caretaker at the Dewey home has put aside the post which was used in the corn crib which has the holes bored in it top and bottom

for the preservative which Dewey used for all the posts used for such things. One hole is without its wooden plug and the other is still plugged.

The old tin handed in at the museum is one of those which Dewey used to cap all his wood with which was used in buildings. That came from the old corn crib.

All these articles are to be placed in the old Dewey home as they were given with that understanding.

Items in Nelson Dewey Homestead Museum, Cassville

The items now stored in the home of Nelson Dewey on his former farm home, Stonefield, near Cassville, were located and obtained by a member of the Folklore Division of the Federal Writers' Project in conjunction with Mr. Harrington of the State Conservation Commission and C. E. Brown of the State Historical Museum. The purpose of the collection is to collect, preserve and present as many of Dewey's effects as it is possible to locate and articles contemporary to the period he lived in Cassville. The Conservation Commission eventually intends to refurnish a portion of Dewey's house as it was when he lived there with at least part of the specimens collected. The rest of the collection will be presented in museum cases etc. Interviews with people who either knew Dewey or about him were recorded. Information from these furnished the material for a write-up on Dewey by the Conservation Commission in their yearly park book.

The items are listed under three heads according to tenure. Some have been donated and are now stored at the house; some may be obtained for display upon request; and a third group has been located but is at present unavailable. Some of the latter cannot be had on any terms, some must be purchased, and some may be acquired after the death of the present owners.

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Items in Nelson Dewey Homestead Museum, Cassville 4"

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Potter Nov. 20, 1936

The following is a copy of a letter which I received from Mrs. Thos. S. Blewett of Lancaster concerning the law cabinet of Dewey's which is now at the old capitol Belmont.

"In the spring of 1838 'The Blockhouse' was erected in Lancaster on the corner where the Union State Bank now is. The upper story was occupied as a law office by Dewey and Barber who purchased this black walnut cabinet for their books, files, etc.

"Edward Lowry became J. Allen Barber's partner after Dewey's election as governor, later George Clementson was associated with Barber.

"E. M. Lowry (another brilliant lawyer) became the proud possessor of the subject of our history--then W. E. Shimmin--who sold it to the late Thos. S. Blewett."

Mr. Grindell, head of the Grant County Historical Society says that the cabinet is well worth the $100 which Mrs. Blewett wants for it. It stands ceiling high, has deep and high shelves and all the glass is intact. There are twp huge drawers at the base of it. He suggests that it would be a good place in which to display personal effects of the Deweys.

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Nelson Dewey had a vast estate including a vineyard and orchard, lime pit, trout pond, the residence; a back house in which was stored his meat with the ice below it in the basement, and servants' quarters on the second floor; the smoke house where his meat was smoked, and the toilets annexed to it; a cistern pump, which is still there; and many other buildings. Behind the residence on a knoll was the reservoir, cement lined into which was pumped, by a hydraulic pump, water from a spring on the other side of the hill in the valley. This water furnished the entire household. It is said that a school house stood near the reservoir but no sign of it now remains. There are many pine trees about which were planted by Dewey. Down over the hill are the milk house and chicken house. The building furthest from the highway is the milk house. Pipes led water into one of the ground rooms into a long retainer where the milk was set. The second floor was furnished so that it could be used to live in. The chicken house is the same in size with the same room arrangements on both floors. The barn, which is across the main highway and the railroad tracks is simply mammoth. In the main door to the left is the office and old grain bin into which grain came down the chute from the loft. There are stalls, wide enough for two horses, wood partitions between and all the windows barred. At the end to the

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left is the old tack room where the leather was kept. Beyond this and a huge wooden door is a barn sized room where there were box stalls of huge proportions. An addition to the barn in front housed a boiler room where power was obtained for the grinding of feed and sawing of wood. Still beyond this barn is what remains of the old cattle shed. It was burned in 1910 and there remains only the three huge stone walls. Mr. Newberry added a race track to the accoutrement just beyond the cattle shed but no trace of it remains. With the exception of the corn crib (now torn down) and the residence itself all the buildings were built of native limestone, cemented with lime quarried and burned in Dewey's lime quarry. The window and door sills of all the buildings are single blocks of cut limestone which were hauled from the community of Flat Rock, 7 miles east of Cassville by ox cart. All buildings had rooms fit for living quarters with stoves in each one. Each building also had a chimney of red brick to which the stove pipes were attached. The chimneys and the holes in them are still preserved. The fish pond in the valley was presumably kept by Dewey for his friends as I have been able to find anyone who ever saw him fish. The roofs were all shingled and everything very well built. The architecture is eastern resembling that of the state from which Dewey came--Connecticut. At the end and peak

of all the roofs, be it on dormers or simply the ends of the buildings there always is a long oblong piece of wood with a pointed top and a ball bottom decorating it. The point would top the roof and the ball is under the eaves. All down spouts on the roofs ended on stone flags which took the water away from the buildings. All the fences on the farm, except those way back and ending the pasture which were rail, were stone, loose hand piled. There were about 6 miles of them, many of which are still visible. There were extensive gardens and lawns about the house.

The above information was obtained from surveyance of the grounds and from Mr. Poeringer who accompanied me.

Dewey used to have his wooden fences topped with a flat board for the children of that day used to run along the tops of them.

In his last years while living in Cassville Dewey would spend much of his time behind the stove in the drugstore of Alois Grimm, and when it came closing time Grimm would have much difficulty in persuading the old gentleman to go home. Dewey also used to sit on the empty kegs in front of Schmitz's tavern and doze in the sun.

While living and working Stonefield Dewey had built the road which is now called the Narrows. He did this to prevent and stop people from trespassing upon his property. As he owned the land on both sides of the road he had cattle passageways built of rock under the roads so that the animals could go from one pasture to another without having to open and close gates and having to cross the road. Two of these passageways are still visible although they are pretty well demolished and no longer in use. Some of the stone wall is still visible in both. They may be seen on the narrows road just as it climbs to the tableland.

Fon Moore of Platteville was a good friend and thought to be related to Dewey. Dewey would stay many times, even after his home burned, at the old Park Hotel in Platteville, which was located where the Masonic Temple now stands.

The brick on the inside of the fireplaces in the Dewey home are labeled as coming from St. Louis. In what was the dining room with the alcove the hearthstone has engraved in it the date of 1842, which is anomaly for the house was started by Dewey until about 1863. There is a cistern which is under the entire kitchen floor. Water comes into it and as it rises flows over troughs along the sides filled with sand through which it is filtered. Water to be used is drawn from near the wall and is then filtered agua pura.

Mrs. Dewey was considered a fanatic as she would order one thing built one day and the following day have it torn down. She was very fond of children however. Mr. Dewey would always give children something to eat when they came to the house.

Mike Braun had to bore the holes in the metal runners which Dewey was having his father make for a long sled to be hauled by two team of oxen. His father would plumb the drill and Mike would have to do the drilling. It took about 15 minutes to the hole. All this work was done after school and the neighbor boys would often come over and tease Mike as he worked away. Mr. Braun stood the tauntings only so long and then he would chase the whole bunch away. He would watch Mike and the progress he made carefully, adjusting the drill and adding grease when it was needed.

Pitt Dewey made the brick for the Denniston House. There was a house 6 by 8 or 8 by 10 in the Dewey vineyard and orchard for shelter in inclement weather. It was located near the wine cellar.

Christian Saeger, who kept the Dewey vineyard and orchard used to eat and relish bread with lard and salt on the lard, and he lived to be 81!

In the center of Lancaster is the Dewey burial lot, in what was the city cemetery. Dewey was the last person buried there and he was only by special permission of the city of Lancaster. There are three graves on the lot. A large marble column bears the inscription

MY BROTHER ORRIN F. DEWEY
BORN SEPT. 30, 1818
DIED DEC. 13, 1841

next to this is a square monument topped by a reposing lamb. On one side is LITTLE CHARLIE and on the other

CHARLES DUNN
SON OF NELSON & CATHERINE DUNN DEWEY
DIED
FEB. 19, 1859
AGE 7 yrs. 6 mo.
13 days

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord.

In the lower corner of the monument appears A. L. Rogers, Galena.

Dewey's own stone bears the following:

NELSON DEWEY
FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN
A. LEBANON CONN. 1814
CASSVILLE WIS. 1889

The odd thing aboutthis marker is that it bears neither the month nor day he was born nor died.

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Mike Braun, Cassville

Mike is a very odd character. He is one of the numerous bachelors of Cassville and knows everyone, what they have done, who they are related to and what they may be expected to do. Mike also has the unhappy faculty of starting out on one subject and branching off innumerable times until the original lies buried and forgotten under a labyrinth of names, dates and details which are interesting only to himself. The subject inevitably reaches some member of his family and how he helped them financially. He knows all about the river and the boats that did and do ply its waters. He is an authority on wood cutting, brick making and cards. All his sentences, regardless of content are well dispersed with "and don't you forget", "By George Town", "Say, now I tell you", and "I tell you what's the matter". Mike is slightly deaf and doesn't hear questions readily and avoids them anyhow when he is launched on one of his oral masterpieces. Even an exit through the door with apologies does not stop the flow of words. They can be heard pouring forth for quite a distance from the house. He has information unlimited but to get it is quite another matter. I started out with governor Dewey and ended finally in a dissertation on the evils of loaning money to ungrateful relatives.

Mrs. Dewey got money from England which enabled Mr. Dewey

to build his brick home. Dewey always paid his men. He was very proud. Mr. Dewey gave Mike's father an order on Dubuque which Mr. Braun was to fill. He took a load of hogs and wood down and returned with the goods Mr. Dewey ordered. They included bellows, an anvil, vise, coal, dyes etc.

Mrs. Huber was the cook when Mike and his father first worked for Dewey and at that time she had a sore on top of head which was so bad that she had her head shaved.

In the Dewey home the mop boards and wainscotting was of marble.

Mike and his brother George worked for Dewey sawing wood for quite some time. Dewey had some peacocks, 2 males and 1 female. When the males would strut and spread their tail George would hit them and knock out some feathers. These feathers he would save and sell three for 10¢. Mrs. Sperling, the foreman's wife, caught him at it one day and warned him that if Dewey ever found him doing that neither he nor his brother would ever work for him again. George quit that technique but both boys would watch when they flew up on the fence and would go to the fence and see if any feathers had fallen. They found several this way but then George was afraid that Mrs. Sperling would catch him with the feathers and think that he had knocked them again. He would fasten the feathers on the inside of his pant leg at

the side of his hip but sometimes even then they would show as they wore cut off pants in the summer when it was hot. He was not caught however.

Mike and George had to cut 27 cord of wood for Dewey for which they got $1.50 per cord. They received 50¢ extra per cord for splitting and piling it. The piling had to be done so that it would not tip. One time when they were hired for the wood cutting they thought the work had to be done before Dewey came home, and they thought he would be awfully hard to please, so they worked like nailers and got all the wood done and piled and when Dewey arrived he didn't even notice it.

Mike's father made all the locks used on the Dewey place. He also made the metal runners for a long sled which had only two runners, each over 6 feet long. This long sled was hauled by oxen, four of them, and was used for hauling logs. Mike bought one of the runners and still has it.

Mike's father was quite and ingenious soul and made a number of rather remarkable contrivances. One was a hog catcher. It seems that in those days the hogs were big and wild and they did bite men, and viciously, when they were corralled and being separated for butchering. By means of a pole and a strong cord the

man doing the catching could get the metal pincher like contrivance around a hog's leg and pull him out. Another invention was a metal bore which would be put on a stick at a distance from the bottom equivalent to the depth of the hole desired. As the farmer would walk along to plant seed he would have this contraption fastened onto one foot and when he stepped it would make a hole for his seed. Both these were made in large numbers and sold locally. Mike has saved one of each and is giving them to the Dewey museum.

In the years after the home burned and Dewey lived at the Denniston House Mike and others did work about town. When they built an addition to the end of the livery barn Dewey, Grimm and some other old cronies would sit in the shade of the barn and watch the men work. The working men called the group "The delegation".

Mike and a number of others would help husk the corn which the Governor grew on his bottom land when he lived at Stonefield. They would start from Cassville in the early morning before it was light. Mike found that my keeping the wagon a longer distance from him he could keep an ear of corn in the air all the time. He practiced this on the side and then told the men working with him that he thought that was the way they all should do it for it was easy and it would speed up the work. They laughed at him, kidded him

and so on until he was goaded into an exhibition and much was their amazement and chagrin when they found he really could do it.

Mike's mother used to keep boarders. Occasionally when she had hogs which were ready to butcher she would give the local butcher $5 and an eighth of beer and he would come and spend the entire day converting the hogs into every known kind of sausage. There would be head cheese, blood sausage, bologne, etc and the butcher would work many times past midnight until he had used up all the animals.

George Goeller married Mike Braun's father's sister in Germany and then came to this country in a sail boat. He had a terrible time crossing, was caught in storms and taken off the course many times. He wrote his experiences to his wife and said that he would never never take that trip again. He so frightened his wife that she refused to come across and they lived apart for the rest of their lives.

Mike's father's name was George Braun.

Mike went up to Winona one year in search of a job. He tried in vain for three weeks at the docks and was continually put off. Finally he told the men that he really did not want a vacation, he was really just up there for his health and had plenty of money. Then the men took him up town and treated him royally but still he

was minus a job. Finally he bought a skiff and rowed down the Mississippi to Cassville.

Mike was once white washing a cellar in a home occupied by a man in Cassville who played a piano. While doing the work Mike heard the fellow play and as Mike said, "It run a chill up my back it felt so good."

Mike's father and mother both worked for a Huber family in Cincinnati and were married. They came here in '51 and Mike was born in '57.

In the old days when there was a boat excursion on the river the boats had to take a barge along for safety.

Mike's brother Henry was helping to rebuild the Dewey home for Newberry. A very fleshy man, Louis Guentor, carried a board up a ladder to a scaffolding and overbalanced himself when he neared the top and fell. Henry ran to where the man was falling and stooping, braced himself so that the man would strike him and ease his fall. This all happened and when Louis picked himself up, not much the worse for his tumble, he blamed Henry for getting in his way and making him hurt himself.

G. J. Foehringer, Cassville

Mr. Foehringer was born in Baden, Germany and came to this country in 1869. He became an apprentice to Sneclode learning the carpenter trade and worked as such on the Dewey farm. He was only a young lad about 15 (he was born in 1854) and received his room, board, and clothing from Sneclode. His work on the Dewey place was the building of benches and bird houses. The latter were placed in the trees about the house and the benches in what was called "The Park" near the house, and I imagine up on the knoll where there are so many pine trees at present.

The office of the establishment was on the second floor of the ice house in the basement of which was a wine cellar. At this time the cattle shed was just being built.

Mr. Foehringer worked under Mrs. Dewey's supervision and it was a very particular job as she was very definite and exacting. She had her own ideas and Mr. Dewey had his. On one occasion Mr. Foehringer was doing some work as Mrs. Dewey had directed it to be done. Mr. Dewey came along and saw what and how he was doing it and enquired why he did it that way. He showed Foehringer a much easier way of doing it and the young apprentice continued his work as Dewey had showed him. Mrs. Dewey found him doing differently than she had directed and flew to pieces right away and called her husband down. Dewey, as was his habit, merely put his hands behind his back and walked away. He would not argue.

Mrs. Dewey was a well set woman weighing about 150 pounds, good looking with dark hair. At that time the children were grown and away to school.

In the morning when the help was getting up it was Mr. Foehringer's job to hitch up a horse and carriage and drive it to the house and leave them for Mrs. Dewey. She would go to the milk house etc. that way. She would drive and a boy would go along if there were jobs to be done such as repairing.

There was a building behind the ice house but Mr. Foehringer does not recall what it was used for. Occasionally he slept on the Dewey place and then he would stay upstairs over the corn crib. The people hired by the day carried their dinner and the help ate in the house. There were several bosses, Harp was in charge of the men building the stone fences and day laborers. There were about 15 to 20 working around the place.

There was a bridge across the creek to the milk house.

Dewey always wore cowhide boots and was always ordinarily dressed. He donned any kind of a slouch hat. The Deweys had quite a bit of company.

Mr. Foehringer was at Sneclodes when the house burned. He did not go but Sneclode did. Foehringer did not work at the Dewey home after that. The doors on the home were saved. They were very expensive and there are still some of them on the new home.

Governor Dewey kept a memorandum of everything he did daily in a book about 8 by 3 inches, which he always carried in a vest pocket. He even jotted down trips he took.

After the fire there was trouble about the insurance. The original plans for the house had been burned and Sneclode had to redraw them for the insurance company just as the old house was.

Dewey was a goodman to work for. Mr . Foehringer did some work for him later in Cassville and both he and Dewey kept track of the time. When they settled there was a difference of $2. Foehringer figured Dewey owed him that much more than Dewey had. Foehringer said he wouldn't dispute Dewey's word and they settled for $2 less than he thought was due him. A long time later Mr. Dewey came to Mr. Foehringer and aand that he had been right and he (Dewey) was wrong and paid the difference ($2) to Foehringer.

Anyone who was out of a job could always get work at Deweys if he was willing to work, and they were always paid. Dewey did not owe money locally.

Shares in the Stock company were $150 for which the holders were given from 2 to 3 lots. Foehringer got 2 for his upon which he built.

Dewey never swore nor got mad although he had plenty of occasion to with his help. Dewey was always talked of and referred to as "the Governor." Anyone could get money from him but they had to work for it.

Caroline Beilhardtz (Mrs. Huber) worked there while Foehringer was there.

Dewey would not hire men who wore gloves in the summer time. He always chewed cigars. Sam Sperling lived on the Dewey place while Foehringer worked there and for a while after the fire. Dewey was always clean shaven and he spent money on children.

Foehringer worked for two weeks in the vineyard and orchard when "Old Man" (Christian) Sager was in charge. On one occasion Sneclode told Sager to give the boys some wine. Sager was stingy so they helped themselves. There were many different wines made from the grapes grown in the vineyard. Sager tended to the grapes and the wines the year around.

Dewey was gone a good deal. He had business in Lancaster and Madison. He walked about the farm. He drove one horse mostly in a single seater buggy. He never raced,

The cut rock for the old Dewey home was quarried and cut at what was and is known as Flat Rock. The quarry is difficult to discern now as it was abandoned after Dewey's needs were satisfied. It was hauled in a huge 4 wheel wagon by 2 yoke of oxen the five miles from the quarry to the Dewey home. Louis Hess cut the rock. Dewey was using his own quarry and lime kiln but the stone was too small for the windows and sills. Rocks in the present post office building and the Peterson home also came from the Flat Rock quarry.

The oxen were used as the load was heavy and the roads bad and they were patient and slow. The oxen were still on the farm when Foehringer was working there.

Mrs. Dewey always drove a tame old horse. She was in Europe when the house burned.

At one time Dewey was promoting a railroad through Cassville and it was so near being done that all the machinery,horses, and men were assembled in Cassville ready to go to work on the grading, but it was never even started.

There are three blocks on the main street of Cassville which have no streets as the original plans called for a capitol building. Denniston Ave. was made broad as it was expected to be a boulevard.

Henry Willbolm, Cassville

The following is an abstract of the land which Mr. Willcolm purchased. It formerly belonged to the vineyard owned by Dewey and that part of the abstract is given which pertains only to Dewey. The history of this section of land is typical and practically the same as the rest which belonged to his Stonefield.

Patent Aug. 1, 1839 to Daniel Richards
Entry Nov. 20, 1834--158.9 acres

After the patent it was sold and purchased a number of times up to the following deed.

John H. Rountree & Lydia H., wife
to Garrit V. Denniston & Nelson Dewey
Spec, Warranty deed. Nov. 1, 1854. $1200.

Orris McCartney & Ann, wife
to Garrit V. Denniston & Nelson Dewey
Quit claim deed. Nov. 8, 1854. $600.

Grant Co. & State of Wis. by county clerk
to Nelson Dewey & Garrit Denniston
Tax-deed. $13.50. Sales of 1852.

Grant Co. & State of Wis. by county clerk
to Nelson Dewey & Garrit Denniston
Tax deed July 16, 1857.

Wm. T. Richards & Daniel Richards by sheriff
to Robertson Moore
Sheriff's deed on execution Oct. 12, 1857
By virtue of writ fi. fe. execution issued out of the Dist. court of U. S. for Territory of Wis. $1354.

Robertson Moore
to Nelson Dewey & Garrit V. Denniston
Quit claim deed. Oct. 12, 1857.

Garrit V. Denniston
to Nelson Dewey
Warranty deed. Dec. 1, 1839. $2734.55.

Nelson Dewey
to John McArthur
Spec. warranty deed. Aug. 16, 1862. $7000.

John McArthur
to Catherine Amy Dewey
Spec. warranty deed. Aug. 16, 1862. $7000.

Nelson Dewey & Catherine Amy, wife
to Northwest Mutual Life Ins. Co.
Mortgage. June 17, 1872. $12500.

Nelson Dewey & Catherine A., wife (def.) by sheriff
to Northwest Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Sheriff's deed on foreclosure. July 7, 1879. $11,000.

The Northwest Mutual Life Ins. Co., by H. L. Palmer, Pres.,
attested by J. W. Skinner, secty.
to Walter C. Newberry
Warranty deed. Sept. 6, 1887. $9,000.

Walter C. Newberry & Harriet D., wife
to Northwest Mutual Life Ins. Co.
Mortgage. Sept. 6, 1887. $6,000.

Northwest Mutual Life Ins. Co. by H. L. Palmer, Pres.,
attested by J. W. Skinner, secty.
to Walter C. Newberry & wife
Release of mortgage "38-615". Nov. 5, 1892.

Walter C. Newberry, widower
to Harry L. Hollister
Spec. warranty deed. Jan. 18, 1896.

The description of the land involved throughout is N ½ of fraction Sec 19 T3 N R5 W.

Antwine Obershaw, Cassville

Mr. Obershaw is just past 77. His father was French. When a child about eight or nine years old Antwine used to go with his mother to the Dewey home, Stonefield, and help her catch and pluck the ducks and geese. At that time the chickens were kept near where the corn crib stood in a frame enclosure and the geese and ducks resided in what is known now as the chicken house. The young boy helped his mother earn a few extra dollars in this manner for two summers, picking the fowl twice during the season. Antwine would come home from his day of catching the ducks and geese with his knuckles and wrists black and blue where he had been struck at by the frightened and enraged featheredsters. The picking would last for several days and the poor denuded birds would strut and waddle along for several weeks with naught to clothe them but their fuzzy down, when they would start growing another crop of feathers to be converted into more pillows and mattresses in but a few more months. Mr. Dewey must have valued these feathers highly for in his inventory taken after the fire in 1873 he lists them as follows: feather pillows weighing 3 3/4 lbs. each $10.00; 1 feather bed $20.00; 2 feather pillows $6; 1 pair feather pillows 6 lbs. $7.50; 12 feather pillows $60.00; 6 feather pillows $18.00; 5 feather beds new feathers & ticks 100 lbs. $150.00.

Mr. Dewey hired Antwine's mother to do the plucking and when she was wanted one of his hired men would come in a surrey and get her

and then bring her back at the end of the day. His mother also helped with the washing in the Dewey household and the house cleaning. Mr. Obershaw's father was a blacksmith.

Miss Amelia Schultz, Cassville

Miss Schultz's father was a cabinet maker who learned his trade in Paris. He was employed by Dewey and did the finer work at the Dewey home. Mrs. Schultz took Amelia to that home one day when her father was doing some work. She recalls a number of high spots in her trip, for it made quite an impression on her young mind. Up the stairs of the porch and into the first room they went and in that room the floor was made of pieces of light and dark wood diamond shaped fitted together. The water tank in the wall of one of the rooms with a silver cup to drink from attached by a chain to the tank. The tiny log cabin on the knoll back of the house whitewashed on the outside, and scrubbed and polished on the inside until it fairly shone. The high crocks sitting in the crystal clear spring water of the milk house full of rich milk and thick with yellow cream. Everywhere there were men busily working on the house and other buildings for everything was just in the process of construction and nothing was completed.

Later Miss Schultz recalls vividly going to the home, when it was completed and furnished and the Deweys had moved in, seeing Katie sitting in a window of the second floor reading a book.

Mr. Schultz worked for Dewey putting the finishing touches on the home and making furniture for him until his death, which was shortly after Dewey's home built in 1873. The silverware saved from the fire was kept in Renneking's safe.

T&C-1-4-38-MU

Mr. & Mrs. Enoch Groom, Cassville

Mr. Groom's father was born in 1811 and died in '98. He came to the region around Cassville and bought the land for his farm from a Mr. Newbury, not the one who succeeded Dewey known as General Newbury, nor any relation of his. The plot of ground is still referred to by the Grooms as "The Newbury." The home was built about the same time the Denniston House was erected, for Mr. Groom saw a heating stove in the hotel which he greatly admired and he purchased it from Mr. Denniston and removed it to his home. It served him for many years and is now stored away in the attic of the house which now belongs to Peter Glassmaker. The Grooms have given the stove for the Dewey home with another stove which was in the old farm when it was first built. Bridget Malone was Mr. Groom's second wife and the mother of the present Enoch. Bridget was born in 1835 and was brought here by Ellen, her sister, who made a trip to Ireland from Cassville to get her. She married Groom when 30 and died at 38. Her trunk is also stored in the attic of her old home and that also has been given by the Grooms.

The Groom farm and acres belonging to it were as huge in their area and purpose as were those of Governor Dewey's in Stonefield. The Groom home is 80 or over and Dewey's but 70. Mr. Groom hired many men to till and care for his land and crops and he was a prosperous farmer. His supervision was done from horseback as he rode over his vast estate. His was much the same position as the

landed gentry of the south with their huge plantations. His home was made of bricks mixed and baked within half a mile of its site, and the rock for the steps, window sills and thus came from the Flat Rock quarry, from which Dewey later obtained his finished rock. All the door and window frames were made on the place. Every hinge on the gates and doors of the out buildings were made by Enoch Groom.Sr. He was primarily a farmer but he was handy with tools and took great pride and joy in doing work with them. The house he built was and is four stories of red brick, has ten rooms, not including the garret and has two rooms over the kitchen, accessible only from the kitchen, for the hired help. The road from the house to the road he lined with stately Lombardy poplars and the fence beside that road was of cedar posts with split oak shingles which encircled a ten acre orchard. He had two reservoirs dug out of the side of a hill, one below the other, to catch and retain spring and rain water for his cattle. These are still there and still fulfill their original purpose.

The Grooms still have the breaking plow which broke most of the land in and near Cassville in the early pioneer days. It was pulled by six to seven head of oxen in its prime. It has been given for the Dewey museum.

Nelson J. Lau, Cassville

When Mr. Lau was about five or six years old Mr. Dewey was then living in and operating his farm at Stonefield. Dewey would often come to the Lau farm, which was then in Glen Haven township, and buy seed corn from Mr. Lau. Dewey was also Mr. Lau's attorney making out abstracts and deeds for him and conducting any of his affairs which required legal attention.

When Nelson was telling about Dewey he saw the cane which John Kirschbaum gave for the Dewey collection which had belonged to the old Governor. He said that he recalled it very well for Dewey always carried it when he called upon his father. Dewey would sit in a chair with his cane in his right hand tapping the floor with it as he talked to emphasize his words. Many was the time he would say to Nelson's father, striking the floor with the cane at each word, when Mr. Lau was perturbed and worried about some legal matter, "Don't cross the bridge until you come to it."

Dewey had an English bulldog for which he had paid $500 and of which he was extremely fond. When he was away from Stonefield for any length of time he would have him left in the house as a watchdog. The dog was equally fond of Dewey and followed him wherever he went like a lamb. He was left in the house the day that it caught fire and he was burned in it. Dewey said afterwards that he didn't mind losing the house and furniture but he surely was sorry that the dog was gone. The day after the fire Mr. Lau saw Dewey as he had business to transact and needed his services as an attorney.

Dewey was very fond of children and would always pat them on the head when talking to them. If the children's parents wanted to talk to Dewey they would have to wait until he was through conversing with the offspring. He was very kind and a little child always caught his eye. One time Nelson went to the Dewey home with his father attired in a very much patched assortment of clothes particularly his pants. His father noticed it when they were in Dewey's presence and reprimanded Nelson saying that he ought to have changed his pants and not come down that way. Dewey patted Nelson on the head and said "You are better this way."

The legal business of the Lau family was handled by Dewey up to the time of the latter's death in 1889. His charges were reasonable and he never pressed a client for money due him. He charged Lau $25 for getting an abstract, fixing a deed obtaining a farm and transferring the title.

Dewey rode horseback and enjoyed it. He smoked big black cigars. Lau never saw him drink in his life. The Governor wore a plain gold ring about ¼ inch wide on right hand. His boots were always black. When Stonefield was a going concern Dewey kept himself fairly tidy in appearance but when he lost his home and family and took up his residence in Cassville his clothes did not fit him at all. He had an office then in Squire Sneclode's and one could always see him there in the front office.

Mr. Lau saw the picture Mrs. Huber gave of Katie and her father and said, "That's the most natural picture I ever saw of Dewey."

Mr. Emery Schultz, Cassville

Mr. Schultz has in his possession an old ledger account book in which both his father, Herman, and his grandfather kept their accounts, of purchases, labor and loans. In parts it is practically a diary. The first entries are of June 1869 which are accounts of time and wages through the different months to and including February 1870. He evidently received $1 per day. On May 18, 1873 is the notation "by masuring, it shows, that the level on Ben: Huykendalls land is about 124 feet above the railroad, and does opening already dis coveret in Woods hallo, and in Henry hallo are only 20 feet above the Railroad level, By dis, it shows enogh, that the laeter would not make mineral on a higher level." He seems to have worked considerably for Snecload the local carpenter who didmuch of the work on the Dewey farm.

Under Oktol 21, 1871 appears wisky--.40. Asket Mr. Duewy fo the right do digg north of the old range (got it).

Oktol 9, 1871 the first regler train runing from Dubuque to Gutenberg.

Throughout the entire book are amounts sent to A Benkert in Pittsburg. When Schultz died this Benkert came west and married Schultz's widow.

Consistently appears the item of wisky, about every other day. He loaned amazingly large amounts to various different people. April

14, 1872--sent a letter to A. Benkert told him that I intent to get maered & that I am not able to let him have more mony u. asket an account for what I have lend to him alraedy as

25 April 1867. $150.00
7 Novemb 1867: $150.00
7 May 1868 $200.00
9 Obtob. 1871 $100.00

June 9, 1872 loand May the 22 to Carl & Eugen Kleinpell at Cassville for six months, at ten per cent $200.00

June 17, 1872 loand to Carl Spohn for two years at ten per cent $100.00

There appears several items such as stoff for pance $.2000
for making $1.00
andthen the stoff appears but no making so it can be deduced that he got married. He also was engaged in mining according to some of the notations.

Oktober 14, 1872 biught one eight of one tiggins, from G. Schatzle for $50.00, if non of his partners bied over

March 9, 1873 paid Georg Schobel for 32 days work on the south diggens @ 1 $32.00

Februar 28, 1870 John Schobel and me commenst working in the level in partnership equel, I found all the tools, and he will pay for keep them in order. I got shovels and one square one twoo pol pig three thrifting pig plasting tools, as two hamer, two thrill about 32 enge and 24 and so on, for equal sice tub one big one and one old smal one new rope 90 feet long I led our right away. Candels @ 5 .75. Comence on one cake powder nearly full $5.00.

The entire "Time Book" as is written above on each page, is full of prices of the times and very worth getting for the museum. The book was loaned to Mr. Foehringer who kindly permitted me to make a report of it. The present Mr. Schultz is reluctant to let anyone read it as he thinks

there are items in it which his father and grandfather owe people in Cassville. After a careful perusal I can find no such items, so presume the book may be obtained.

Everett Ishmael, Cassville

Mr. Ishmael was born in Cassville, his mother came from New York and his father from Kentucky. He worked for Dewey when the latter lived at Stonefield. He was employed by the day and picked up rock, worked in the flower beds and helped pitch hay. He received 50¢ a day and was paid once a month on only when the governor was there. The money would be given him by Dewey and would be all in a ball as though it had been chewed, but it was always the exact and right amount.

The day of the fire Ishmael did not go to the place until after supper and from what he can recall there was little saved. Later all the rubbish and junk was hauled in wagons to the river and dumped in. The pieces of marble from the house were made into a rock garden in front of the house under the big pines.

Newbury installed the hydraulic ram and Dewey used water from the springs which was hauled to the house. There were always men with teams hauling things on the Dewey place.

At that time Mr. & Mrs. "Dad" Herron kept house in the residence, and lived in the kitchen part. Neither Dewey nor his family were around much. They were back only a short time after the children were educated in France. Mr. Ishmael says that someone told him they had seen Nettie in California some years ago and that he was a bum and drunkard. He thought Nettie was a civil engineer and a lawyer.

Ishmael worked for Dewey in the summer time mostly for a couple of years and then after the home had burned he worked on the lower farm which is now that of a Mr. Okey. He worked 1½ years there. One fall he measured grain for Dewey on all of Dewey's farms in this section of the state, and there were many of them. He had lots of property around Belmont. Dewey later rented his 160 acre lower farm at Cassville to Dr. Cronin who used it mostly for stock. Herman Grimm bought 80 acres of bottom land from Dewey which grew mostly hay.

When Ishmael worked for Dewey at Stonefield Sam Sperling was the manager or foreman. Horses were the principal stock as there was between 500 and 600 acres of pasture on which the stock ran wild. He never worked for General Newbury.

Mrs. Dewey was the best woman the poor folks ever had around here. She saw that people got what they needed in food and she would send it to their home by one of the men.

The men who cared for the stock slept in the barn, the others were day laborers and went to their homes at night. $1 a day was the most Dewey paid, but that was big pay in those days.

There were men working in the vineyard summer and fall under the supervision of John O. Harp, who was also the timekeeper for Dewey. Dewey had his office in the residence in the main or reception room. He sold lots of horses but to dealers who came to the place.

He did not keep nor butcher much beef except for his own consumption as it had to be hauled, there being no train here at that time. The sheds were full of stock in the winter. There were but few milk cows.

They had several pure bred cats and dogs which Mrs. Dewey had brought home from France. Dewey had two pet horses. One was a sorrel mare which he always drove and the other was a bald faced pony named Mac which Harp used to ride about Stonefield and drive when on business pertaining to the farm. Dewey was always a very busy man as he walked all the time and was never still not even in the house.

Dewey always wore fine boots with his trousers tucked in at the top. He always had a beard and was particular about keeping it trimmed. He was shaved in town. He always travelled and was at home only a few days, but he seemed always to be there on pay day. He always paid his help as he thought more of them than anything else. He always told Harp or Sperling what the men should do and they relayed it to the men. They never worked overtime but they did want you there on time. The men were not allowed to work outdoors during a rain storm by Dewey's orders.

After the home burned Dewey slept at the Denniston House and ate at Cronin's. The Cronin daughter married a Platteville man who was a horseman.

Dewey drank whiskey all the time and when he drank he wanted a beer glass full. Ishmael never saw Dewey drunk. All the men who

worked for Dewey had a key to his wine cellar and they got what they wanted and plenty of them got drunk.

All the shovels, picks, etc. had to be picked up, cleaned and put away each day after the men were through using them.

The horses were very well kept. There was no occasion to abuse the livestock. There were several men who did nothing but break colts. Dewey raised mostly what was called Blue Eagle driving horses. They were tan with a blue streak down their back. They were leggy. They were marked but not many were white. They came from the east. They were broken to both saddle and harness for carriage. Dewey had the best saddles and harness on earth. His riding saddle was a western and weighed about 40 pounds. The light saddles were not used very much.

Mr. Ishmael has a bedstead which Bill Dedrick's father made over 100 years ago. It is hand turned hard maple and is in Mr. Ishmael's home.

Otto Schmitz worked for Dr. Cronin.

Dewey carried a watch in a gold hunting case.

Ishmael has a Hamilton which he has carried for 50 years.

DIAMOND JOE REYNOLDS always wore big diamonds on his fingers. He had a crippled foot and was a little fellow but a big financier. All his boats were stern wheelers.

Dewey would walk all day long when he owned Stonefield with his slouch hat and linen duster, up and down hills looking at

his fences. If there was one rock out of place he would have it fixed. When he was having a fence built he would have a peg put in the ground and have another placed 1 rod from there, then from this he would site and have another placed 1 rod distant. This would continue until 100 pegs were set before the fence would be started. The oak post had to be placed so that the peg would be in its exact center. The pegs had to be made just so. These posts were used for stringing wire for a wire fence.

Dewey swore a lot but mostly to himself. He would chew a cigar constantly but never smoke it. If he saw a kid across the street he would go across and shake hands with it, for he liked children.

Towards the last when Dewey was living at the Denniston House it was said that he had to go to bed while his shirts were washed. He died without a dollar. His wife spent a million. They always drank wine, never water. She dressed well and that cost a lot.

The brick for Stonefield was brought down the Ohio and up the Mississippi as was the marble. The marble used for door frames was cut just to fit. Inside of the fireplaces was grey colored marble and on the top and sides was blue with white streaks.

The Story of Red Mike — Very old Irish. Told by Mary Wells — Lodi, Wis

"Curses come home to roost," says Fr. O'Connor to O'Flaherty, in a stern voice, an' it's ye that'll suffer Mike O'Flaherty, an' no one here. Get ye gone at once, or I'll put the word on ye." Whereupon Red Mike replied surlily: "I'll go when I choose, Father O'Connor!" The priest then drew a crucifix from his breast, ~~saying to O'Flaherty that even if he~~ were in league with the devil he could not withstand that. Mike gave a howl like a wild beast, and turned and ran down the glen as fast as he could. The old piper, King, was crossing the moor that night and who should he see but Red Mike

dancing and shouting like mad and screaming in mortal fear. The old piper called out to him "Mike, Mike," but O'Flaherty paid no attention to him, but kept on screaming and shouting out "My time's up! My time's up."

He then started to run and took one great leap, and disappeared in the ground as if he had jumped into the sea. Nothing more was seen of Red Mike in person, but his ghost often appeared in the swamp in the form of a light (will o'-the-wisp) and in Ireland the place is known as Red Mike's Rest.

Miscellaneous.

St Martin's Day, Nov. 11, the day of his burial, is a festival day in several European countries.

St. Martin lived in the fourth century. While a soldier he divided his cloak with a poor beggar who was shivering at the gate of Amiens.

At St. Peter's, Athlone, Ireland, "every family of a village", says Mason, in his, "Statistical Account of Ireland" (1819, vol III p. 15), "kills an animal of some kind or other; those who are rich kill a cow or a sheep; others a goose or a turkey; while those who are poor and cannot procure an animal of greater value kill a hen or a cock, and sprinkle the threshold with the blood, and do the same in the four corners of the house, and this ceremonious performance is done to exclude every kind of evil

2. spirit from the dwelling where this sacrifice is made, till the return of the same day in the following year."

If St. Martin's day be bright and sunny, or if the trees and vines retain their foliage, the winter will be cold. If there is a killing frost before Martinmas the winter will be mild.

"If the goose slips on ice at Martinmas she will stick in the mud at Christmas."

Martinmas is rent-day, debts are paid, and servants change places or are hired on that day. If a person is changeable and flighty, it is said of him, "He'll eat no Martin kail," meaning he'll not stay a year in the same place.

Roast goose is eaten on St. Martin's day for legend has it that a goose betrayed

3 St. Martin by her cries while he was hiding in a stall. Others say that he ate a whole goose at one meal and died from the effects of it. Another tells that a goose so sadly disturbed St. Martin while he was preaching to be out of the way of the geese, but even there the goose followed him, he finally ate the goose which caused his death.

Geese are common property on that day, and anyone finding a flock of geese may help himself regardless of ownership.

There is a superstition that if the farmer has not finished his field-work by Martinmas he will bury his wife before the winter is over.

A German proverb says:

"The hog that's killed at Martinmas
Must be eaten up by Candlemas."

(Feb. 2.)

4. "St. Swithins Day, July 15, if it rains or shines on that day the next forty days will be as that day.-

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain.
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

In "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1697 are the following verses;

In this month is St. Swithin's day,
On which that if it rain, they say
Full forty days after it will,
Or more or less some rain distil.
This Swithin was a saint I trow,
And Winchester's bishop also,
Who in his time did many a feat,
As Popish legends do repeat;
A woman having broke her eggs,
By stumbling at another's legs,

5. For which she made a woeful cry,
St. Swithin chanced for to come by,
Who made them all as sound or more
Than ever that they were before.
But whether this were so or no
'Tis more than you or I do know;
Better it is to rise betime,
And to make hay while sun doth shine,
Than to believe in tales and lies
Which idle monks and friars devise.

July, to whom the dog-star in her train,
St. James gives oisters, and St. Swithin rains.

(very ancient- oisters? perhaps oysters.)

The copyright law was conceived in the Kingdom of Tara, part of Ireland. A monk designed a psalter which was copied by a rival monastary. On hearing the case, the King said, "To every cow her calf," and ordered the infringed copy destroyed.

From - River Times
Nov. 4, 1850.-

The Irish seem to be taking the American sea serpent "quite entirely" out of the hands of the Yankees. It is a difficult labor to imagine an Irish-American sea serpent. The only picture we can draw of him is with a short pipe in his mouth, brandishing a shillelagh with one of his fins, shouting out, "Will any gintleman just thread upon me tail?"

A poor woman who lived in the old country had two children. One died and was buried in Ireland. Soon after coming to America the other one died and was buried here. Wishing to commemorate the place she put up a gravestone with the following inscription:

"Here lies two children dear —
One in auld Ireland, t'other here."

Margaret Dinneen

112 S. Broom St.

B. 3923

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IRISH

Coryl Moran

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DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE GREAT IRISH STATESMAN

"Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Liberator, or Agitator, was born at Corhen, near Calurciveen County Kerry, August 6th, 1775. His direct ancestor was Hugh O'Connell. The family originally came from Limrick. Mayor O'Connell in 1774 married Catherine, daughter of John Mullave, by whom he had 10 children. The eldest child was Daniel, the subject of this autobiography. The O'Connells were a prolific race of people. Daniel had 22 children, and half of them lived to be beyond the age of 90 years.

His Uncle Maurice O'Connell, being childless, adopted young Daniel and educated him, first sending him to a school near Cork, and later he himself and his younger brother were sent to France to study. He also studied in London and applied himself well at his books. It is said that he mastered the English alphabet in one hour. He had a passion for study and whilst his companions were playing "hurley" or the fields, he was pouring over his books.

In 1792 an act of Parliament threw the bar open to Catholics of Ireland. It was a long eagerly coveted concession. It gave rank and status to its members and above all it offered to the poor and friendless Catholic a chance of Justice in the courts. Candidates for legal honors were obliged to study in London. O'Connell, whose talents were of a forensic character, determined to enter the field. Accordingly, in 1794, we find the liberator located in what he considered comfortable apartments in London. Returning to Dublin in 1797 and the following year, he was admitted to the bar. In 1799 and while residing in Dublin, he joined the free and excepted

DANIEL O'CONNELL CON'T.

Masons, but on learning that there was an ecclesiastical centure attached to members of that order, he with-drew—not, however, before he had become Master of the lodge.

He rarely failed in whatever he undertook. He was a wonder at examining witnesses. On one occasion he was engaged in a will case. The subscribing witness swore that the will had been signed by the deceased while life was in him and on being cross questioned would always answer by saying, "There was life in him." "On your oath, was he alive?" asked O'Connell. The answer was that life was in him. "Now I call on you in the presence of your Maker, who will one day pass sentence upon for this evidence. I solemnly ask you, and answer me at your peril. Was there not a fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed upon the Will?" The witness was obliged to confess there was.

The judges with whom he had to contend differed with him in politics and were always ready to manifest their hostility to him, but he proved himself more than a match for the best of them. If they were haughty - he was proud. If they were malevolent, he was cuttingly sarcastic. His reputation at the bar became fully established. His first year of practice netted him 58 pounds, the second 150 pounds, the third 200 pounds, and the fourth three hundred. Later in his career his income reached 900 pounds.

The O'Connells were practical people. His Uncle Maurice of Derryman, or "Old Hunting Cap," as he was called, pitched upon an oak tree out of which to

day pass sentence upon this evidence. I solemnly ask you, and answer me at your peril. Was there not a fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed upon the Will?" The witness was obliged to confess there was.

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The O'Connells were practical people. His Uncle Maurice of Derryman, or "Old Hunting Cap," as he was called, pitched upon an oak tree out of which to have his coffin made and mentioned his purpose to a carpenter. "I will saw the tree into 7 foot planks," said the carpenter. "You will do nothing of the kind," said "Old Hunting Cap," "for I was never more than 5 feet 11 inches in my vamps. "But," said the carpenter,

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speech in Ireland. He informed the meeting that he had resolved to proceed to Parliament in order to counteract the ~~Machinations~~ machinations of a party in England, who boldly asserted that there was no suffering or misery in Ireland. The Duke of Cambridge was the head of this party. "Ireland," said he, "is not in so bad a state as ~~had~~ has been represented." "I understand," continued his highness, "that rotton potatoes and sea-weed, or even grass properly mixed, afford a very wholesome and nutritious food. We all know that Irishmen can live upon anything, and there is plenty of grass in the fields, even if the potato crop should fail."

Notwithstanding the Dukes exalted dignity, O'Connell commented upon this speech with terrible and deserving severely. "There," said he, "is the son of a king, a brother of a king, the Uncle of Monarch. There is his description of Ireland and the Irish people for you. Ireland - that should have her own parliament. He spoke of the many great wars the Irish had won in the past centuries. On a shaft he had this inscription - "Ireland contains 32,201 geographical square miles. Ireland is larger than Portugal, Bavaria and Saxony. Larger than Denmark, Greece, Switzerland, Holland or Belgium. It is in population superior ~~(to eighteen and extent of territory)~~ superior to fifteen European states and has no Parliament.

On January 26, 1846 O'Connell, now rapidly declining in health, started for London, accompanied by two celergyman -- one Catholic, ~~and~~ and Protestant-seeking relief for the starving Irish, Asking for a loan to ~~E.~~ Ireland of 16,000,000

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pounds. This would in a measure give employment to nearly 1/5 of the population. The bill was not carried.

This blow fell with fatal effect upon the ~~agitation~~ agitator. He intended returning to Ireland, but his physicians recomended a milder climate. O'Connell had long turned his eager eyes on Rome. It had been his constant desire to visit the shrine of Peter. Feeling that his end was drawing to a close and his mind no longer able to endure the strain of political labors, he resolved to set out before his declining health would render the journey impossible. His voice was broken, hollow, and occasionally inaudible. The vigor of his eloquence was gone. His appearance was that of one soon to descend into the grave. He made the last feeble rally of fainting powers, in performance of a duty to his country. Prior to quitting England for the continent, he sojourned to Hastings for several days. While there he was visited by three of the most distinguished of the Oxford converts. These gentlemen assured him that the religious change they and numerous others had made was desirable under God to his political labors. He was pleased with this intelligence, his spirit rallied, and he conversed with his new friends for nearly an hour. From Hastings he proceeded to the continent accompanied by his sons, John and Daniel, together with Father Miley his chaplain. Arriving in Paris they consulted with Doctors, who pronounced his disease a slow congestion of the brain. From Paris to Lyons the journey occupied twelve days, as the invalid was obliged to rest on the way. On the 22nd of April, O'Connell left Lyons and

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on the 6th of May arrived at Genoa where his condition gradually became more alarming. On the 15th the Cardinal Arch-Bishop, (who was 88 years old) attended by his clerics, ~~were~~ was called at 2 o'clock A.M. to give him the last rites of the church. Though prostrate to the last degree, he was perfectly in possession of his mind while receiving the last rites. O'Connell was haunted through his illness by being buried alive, which was no doubt produced by the condition of his brain. "I shall have the appearance of death," said he to Rev. Father Miley, "You must take care not to bury me until you are quite sure that I am dead." About 3 P.M. ~~of~~ on Saturday he called his faithful servant, John Duzzan to his bed-side and taking him warmly by both hands whispered his thanks for the rare fidelity with which he had served his master. He grew rapidly worse and at 9:30 P.M. he expired.

For years his life was a continuous preparation for eternity. He had ordered that his heart should be embalmed - placed in an urm and deposited in Rome. The request was sacredly fulfulled and upon the urn was inscribed - "Daniel O'Connell Born in Kerry - Died on 15th of May 1847 in Genova, in the seventy second year of his age."

Dr. Miley and Daniel O'Connell jr. bore the heart of the liberator to the tomb of the Apostles. Arriving in Rome they were ushered into the presence of his Holiness, Pius IX. He drew young O'Connell to his breast and embraced him with the tenderness of a friend and father. The funeral ceremonies lasted

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two days. Father Ventura, (justly called the Bossuet of Italy) pronounced the funeral oration, which consumed four hours in its delivery, and it is said that some 15,000 persons attended these solemn rites.

O'Connell's remains were not removed to Ireland until August. On the silver plate of the coffin were inscribed the following words---

"While proceeding to the threshold of the Apostles, the liberator, Daniel O'Connell, fell asleep in the Lord, at Genoa, on the fifteenth of May, 1847. He lived 71 years -- 9 months -- 9 days. R.I.P." He was carried to Glasnevin cemetery, where the remains were reverently entombed. The procession which followed the Liberator to his final resting place, was far more imposing than had ever honored him while living. All Dublin, with a common impulse and a common sorrow, joined in the last tribute to the memory of a man whose life had been freely offered as a hecatomb upon the altar of his country.

Walks, in Milwaukee.

There isn't a group of people in Milwaukee who go in for singing, particularly hymn singing, in a more enthusiastic manner than the Welsh. They come from Racine & Waukesha to join their Milwaukee countrymen in this "singfests", and those of Milwaukee often go to Racine & Kenosha to sing with the Welsh there. Every year the Welsh within a radius of 30 miles of Milwaukee hold a singing festival where the entire audience sing hymns for six hours, with a rest period of 30 minutes.

Singing is the favorite pastime of the Welsh. The president of the St. David society, a Welsh organization in Milwaukee, said, "There are few things I'd rather do than sing, and I say that for a great number of the Welsh people. The Welsh have no folk dances to speak of; listening to sermons and hymn singing occupy much of their spare time.

The Welsh are inventive, but their ideas are usually commercialized by the British.

They are a calm, patient, peace loving people, and are practically all tectotalers. Due to these characteristics and their listening to sermons & singing hymns, they have very few entanglements with the law.

Wales is a part of the British Isles, but the two languages are very different.

The Welsh are among the pioneer settlers of Milwaukee, many of them settling there as early as 1840. The Welsh prefer a hilly land, as Wales is mountainous, consequently many of the Welsh has drifted to the hills of Waukesha, and to the Northern part of the state.

The "Germans in Milwaukee.

Many of the German youths, devoted to turner societies, say that "keeping fit is the first law of living and to feel ill is next to a sin.

In quoting one of the young German athletes: "There are two ways of trying to keep fit. One is taking healthful exercise regularly and then, smoking and drinking and defeating your own purpose. Too many men do this. The right away is to avoid everything harmful such as liquor and tobacco and exercise faithfully."

Many of the young men in these turner societies have never smoked or touched whiskey or beer, as they think too much about keeping fit, than drink anything wind alcohol in it.

Every member is an accomplished gymnast.

The courts on Germany have ruled that no German father can be compelled to give his daughter a dowry, if she marries a Jew, as he would be aiding and abetting a marriage frowned upon by the state.

Etta MacLeod.

MUSEUM REPORT

I interviewed Mr. John S. Bordner at the Land Survey Dept. in the Capitol.

He began thus: "How do people arrive at certain things?" The stumping ground of his folks was at Cumber, Pa. Here the Pennsylvania Quakers from England settled early and German folks copied their customs. Witchcraft belief as present in the minds of uninformed peoples of the world spread among these peoples. They called witches 'hexes' and the belief hexery. There were some intelligent pastors among these people and one visited a devout but superstitious old lady of his parish. This old woman disliked one of her neighbors and the pastor asked her why this was so. She said her neighbor had bewitched her churn so that she could not use it.

"Why do you think your friend has bewitched your churn and why do you think she is a hexey?"

"I tried and tried to churn my butter several times," said she, "but I cannot break the charm. Moreover, I know it was all right before she came to call on me last."

"Why don't you go to bed early and try it again tomorrow. Perhaps you were tired. I cannot believe that the churn is charmed."

She did so and the next day she had the same results. She said she had hoped the charm would be broken if she did not touch it again. The pastor called again to find her in the same mood.

"What has made you so sure that this especial woman has bewitched your churn?"

"See this paper!" She unrolled a large piece of brown wrapping paper on which were grease markings in grotesque form. "See this is the exact picture of her face."

"My good woman", said the pastor, "That does not look like her face."

"O, but it is," interposed this witch believer."

"Bring out your churn, do just as you have done in making your butter and let me see if I may locate the trouble."

She did so and oh how simple was her method of arriving at conclusions.

"Your cream is too cold and you cannot make butter in this way. It has spilled over the edge of the rim because the dasher did not have the proper rhythm. Try it again. It might help to set the churn in a little pan of hot water."

And low and behold the butter separated from the whey and skim milk. The two neighbors had no more reason to disrespect each other.

Adele Bingham -

Professional men came in the order in which there was a demand for them. First appeared the doctors, some of whom never thought of doctoring until they came to Green County and most of whom were willing to preach. Next were the ministers and then the lawyers.

These first lawyers almost starved for until 1838 the settlers moved have little to do with the law. They resented every ~~court~~ organization little by little public opinion began to change and after these ~~had~~ people had adjusted themselves to the new ~~county~~ organizations and to the courts they ~~little~~ ~~had~~ an exaggerated respect ~~held~~ for the law.

It is said that one member of the Green County, Mr. Paine had forty summons served on him in one day. Prior to this he had been always prompt to pay his debts but with the advent of the courts he refused to pay any

Gregg Montgomery
March 25, 1936

Richmond Van Ness

History

Customs

9

Planting Corn

On sod breaking, corn was often planted by making holes with an axe along alternate furrows, dropping a few kernels of corn into each axe hole.

10

Wheat

Wheat was almost the only commercial produce in the days of the early settlers. In fact the land was wheated to death and many of the sons had to build up the soil again. The wheat was generally sold in the winter or the surplus in the spring after seeding. Many farmers often got together, and made up a caravan to take their wheat to the various markets, stopping along the route at inns where man and beast were cared for. In the district of West Point and Lodi, the main markets were located at Portage, Columbus, Middleton, Sun Prairie and Madison. Pork was another commodity which was sold in a like matter. Live stock in those days was never shipped alive but butchered by the farmers themselves.

Ation of the hog rack

10

Previous to 1872 there was no railroad running through Lodi. Surplus hogs were butchered on the farms and either sold to city markets directly or to buyers from the city, or hauled to the northern pineries. After the coming of the railroad the market shifted to Chicago and the farmers then had to transport the hogs to the railraod center as live weight. This necessitated some sort of a rack for the wagons. Many were the odd makeshifts and contraptions that were concocted. Some were roughly made like picket fences, sometimes a double box was used on the wagon. Walter and Issac Van Ness made the first real horizontal hog-rack to be used in that locality. Ten years later practically every farmer owned one. Today being in the generation of motor trucks the hog rack is fast disappearing.

Gregg Montgomery
March 24, 1936

Richmond Van Ness

Stories and Legends

Deer Slough

One time in the early days a man was walking along the road in West Point and saw a deer sleeping. He cut the throat of the deer and since that time the place has been known as "Deer Slough". This is on the south side of the Rock of Gibralter.

Legend

A giant buck was one time being hunted by some men and their dogs. the buck was forced near the edge of the bluff, which is 100 ft. high, and rather than to be captured he leaped from the cliff with several dogs hanging on to him.

Christian Riblet

Christian Riblet had a contract to cut wood on government land for the use of fire wood on the river steam boats, especially rafting boats. His wife one time asked him if he was sure he was cutting the timber from the right land. Riblet said of course, he knew the markers. The next spring Christians wife went to the woods with him and found according to her suspicians that he had been cutting wood all winter from his own land by mistake.

Smoking out the school teacher

In the old days when a school master was not liked the proper way to be rid of him was to "smoke him out". This might be done by boarding up the chimney or pouring in sulphur. When the teacher found himself "smoked out" he would take the community hint and depart.

The West Point school which was kno

Gregg Montgomery
March 24, 1936

Richmond Van Ness

Van Ness School

The West Point school when it was first built in the year 1854 was known as the Van Ness school. This was an old stone building. A short time ago the old school was torn down and replaced by a new building. It is now called the Gibralter school.

Bear Hunt 1872

In the year 1872 there was a severe forest fire in the north wich drove many bears from the timber land down into the open country. One time some people in West Point were threshing and saw a bear approach. They gathered three dogs together and started to hunt the animal. The dogs were very brave and excited and managed to corner the bear on the edge of the marsh below Gibralter bluff. The dogs attacked the bear who cuffed one with his paw, took the other in his other arm and squeezed it and bit the third dog. The dogs lost their nerve after this attack and ran home. None were seen around again for several days, having hid themselves under buildings until they got over their fright.

Mfs. Margaret Banks N. Smith

Cross Plains Aprill, 36

History

Mrs. Banks came from Hessian, Germany at the age of seven. Eighty two years ago she settled, with her parents at Milwaukee for a time. When she came to Cross Plains there were very few houses, one store and the little, old, log church. There were no seats in this first church in Cross Plains. The people were crowdad together in this small place to worship; and Mrs. Banks said that often there was not space enough that they might kneel, as they stood, sometimes, they would jostle against each other.

There was an old Catholic cemetery where the ball park is at present. Many of the remains were moved to the new cemetery.

There was another cemetery on the hill on the south side of the rail road tracks, where Indians and white people were buried. The hill is very steep and high and the remains were carried up the hill by pall bearers. Later many of these graves were moved to the other cemeteries in Cross Plains. It is believed that there are other Indian burial places in this locality.

White Crow, a Winnebago chief, is supposed to have been buried at Cross Plains. There is a mound also on the south side of the rail road tracks.

Mrs. Banks said the Indians were usually very friendly. She recalls one time three Indians came to her home when she was rather young and at home alone. She was very much afraid of them. They asked for coffee, which she readily gave them, as she was glad to keep them in good humor. She said that they put three spoonfuls

of sugar into each cup of coffee; and seemed to appreciate her hospitality as they thanked her kindly and left without further begging. Stealing was not as prevalent as one would be led to believe. The Indians were numberous, at times, but not hostile. Settlers were not alarmed at their coming.

Mr. Bauhs enjoyed telling of her childhood experiences. She same some little German songs that she had l earned while achild in Germany. Although eighty nine years old her voice is very clear and she had good control in her singing. She was taught these little songs in Germany to be sung with violin accompaniment.

She told of the weeks they were on the sail boat and of the sailors who gave her sugar. When a sailor would climb the rope ladder she, fearing he would fall, would stand with her little apron out stretched to catch him. Her mother found her doing this and would not allow her to continue, saying were he to fall she would be crushed. The little tot was greatly concerned about the safety of these sailors who were so kind to her.

Mrs. Bauhs also told of trips to Milwaukee from Cross Plains with teams of oxen to buy groceries. She said it took them nearly a week to go and return from their shopping.

√Edward Treckoff, Greenfield Town clerk, Coon Valley R1
√H. F. Storandt, Hamilton Town Clerk, West Salem
√Even Solberg, Holland Town clerk, Holmen see about vill also
√Geo. Schaller, Onalaska Town clerk, Holmen
√Lenora Thompson, Vill. Clerk Rockland,
√Ernest Roesler, Shelby Town Clerk, La x R1
√Herbert Burbach, Washington Town clerk, Bangor R2
√B. H. Meyer, Vill. Clerk, West Salem,
√Thomas H. Williams, Pres. Vill. Hazel green
√J. M. Thompson, Mayor City Lancaster
√Henry T. Hansen, " " Platteville
√Lawrence J. Mistele, Mayor City Jefferson
√Mike Heitzinger, Pres. Vill. Junction City.
√John H. Nielsen, Mayor City Kaukauna
√Geo. S. Ives, Mayor City Marshfield.
√Wm Linse, Mayor City Mondovi
√John B. Miller, Mayor City Marston
√E. E. Robison " " New Lisbon
√Albert Nathness, " " Menomonie
√David Hoan " " Milwaukee
√C. R. Kohli " " Monroe
√Dr. L. S. Graves " " Mineral Point
√Richard P. Murray " " Marinette
√E. M. Dohr " " Peshtigo
√L. A. Krueger Pres. Vill. Pound
√Hiram Stevens, Town chrm., Pembine
√Frank Heuser, Pres. Vill. Mount Horeb
√H. E. Schultz Pres " Prairie Du Sac
√Edw. Burroughs " " Pewaukee
√Geo. Coutts Mayor City Waukesha

30
23
26
19

Letters to

40. - SENT — —
41 - Fremont — — E. A. SADER, Pres. Vill. Fremont ✓
42 - Fifield — —
43 - Galesville — —
44 - Glidden — —
45 - Hembird — —

√Herman Benzo, Pres. vill. Marion
√A. J. Rieck, " " Weyauwega
√F. R. Fisher, Mayor City Waupaca
√Orin H. Robinson " " Park Falls
√Karl Mess " " Phillips
√Ralph Nehls Pres. Vill. Prentice
√Mrs. Theresa Warren, Town clerk, Fifield
√Dr. L. E. Naegeli, Pres. Vill. Galesville
√D. A. Carlson, " " Osseo
√Joe York chrm. Town of Shanagolden, Glidden
√Ray L. Mariner, Mayor City of Medford
√Fred Stallok, Mayor City Neillsville
√Adam Poltl, Mayor City Hartford
√H. C. Rider, Pres: Vill. Hustisford
√John E. Moreland, Mayor City Hayward
√Dan Sullivan, Town clerk Ojibwa Township
on vill. Ojibwa
√A. R. Aichle Town clerk, Bangor, Bangor, R2
√E. A. Merlo Bangor Village clerk, Bangor
√Walter D. Sprain, Barre Town clerk, West Salem R2
√Daniel Shane, Barre Town Clerk, Bangor R1
√W. J. Dawson, Campbell Town clerk, La x R2
√Wm H. Ewert, Farmington Town Clerk, Mindoro

23

William L. Mohr, Mayor City Portage
John A. Patchin, Pres. Vill Wyocena
Theo. M. Wardwell, City Manager, Rhinelander
A.D. Clements, Chrm. Town Board, Tripoli, Wis.
J. H. Wallis, Mayor City of Rice Lake
Geo. Thompson, Pres. Village Readstown
Frank A Chase, Mayor City Viroqua
J. T. Haze, " " Westby
Richard Kuoni, Pres. Vill. Sauk City
Wm Svoboda, Mayor City Racine
H. A. Martin, Pres. Vill. Spencer
F. L. Brewer, Mayor City Richland Center
Millard Kapitz, Pres. Vill. Rob Lake
Peter Vande Boom, Pres " Saukville
Dr. W. M. Sonnenberg, Mayor City Sheboygan
H. H. Meyer, Mayor City Shawano
John MacDonald, Pres. Vill. South Wayne
Henry F. Hoesley, Mayor City Shullsburg
D. H. Ravenscr, Pres. Pres. Vill. Spring Green
Geo. B. Sage, City Clerk, Spooner
A. L. Stauffer, " " Shell Lake
Ted Willsey, Pres. Vill. Solon Springs
J. B. Wilson, Mayor City St. Croix Falls
G. D. Carlson, Pres. Village Sister Bay
H. J. Greene, Mayor City Sturgeon Bay
John Iverson, Pres. Vill. Soldiers Grove

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May the Tours Staff have a carbon?

Dear ~~Be~~ Mr. Alsberg:

Enclosed is the information requested concerning Wisconsin tours and ~~the~~ the present status of checking. We have just finished checking ~~some~~ 890 miles of highway which will be written up and sent to your office as soon as possible. We are undecided at present about the advisability of checking some 900 or 1,000 additional miles. ~~Reasons for rechecking these highways are inadequate or poor work done by original field workers early in the life of the project, and the~~ additional miles of highway in which the original coverage, done some time ago by inexperienced workers, is poor or inadequate. Because of the difficulty of ~~xx~~ raising money to finance this travel, and because existing regulations make such travel a hardship on the worker, we may decide to improve these tours as much as possible at this office and not recheck. It will be impossible for us to begin such rechecking in any event until sometime after July 1, when our workers are reimbursed for their June travel. At that time we will be in a better position to consider our finances and needs.

Status at present, therefore:

Total tour mileage --5,550.

Total mileage checked --5,550.

Mileage checked on most recent trip --890.

Mileage that may be rechecked --900.

Because our plans are still tentative it seems unnecessary to send in a weekly report as suggested. However, if we do decide to recheck any routes, we will notify you immediately.

Send letters on tourist camps:

Mr. Bryn Ostby - Mayor of City of Superior

Mr. O. E. Broberg, Pres. Village of Webster
also inquire of Mr. Webster of the camping facilities in Danbury
and of the camp where State 35 crosses the Namekagon a
short distance north of Danbury.

Mr. Wm. Jensen, - President of the Village of Frederic
P. Peterson, - President of the Village of Luck
inquire of him about the camp at Interstate Park near Luck

Hanno A. Stalling, President of the Village of Osceola
Niels Clausen, President of the Village of Somerset
Dr. J. E. Newton, Mayor of the City of Hudson
W. M. Sutherland, Mayor of the City of River Falls
A. C. Knowlton, President of the Village of Ellsworth
Wm. Halverson, President of the Village of Maiden Rock
H. G. Allen, President of the Village of Pepin
H. F. Stohr, Mayor of the City of Alma
Arthur Haeuser, President of the Village of Cochrane
E. Malles, President of Village of Trempealeau
Dr. K. E. Naggeli, President of the Village of Galesville
O. J. Collins, City Clerk of City of Onalaska
Fred Kramer, City Clerk of City of La Crosse
C. C. Olson, President of the Village of Stoddard
J. A. Macauley, President of Village of De Soto
inquire also of another camp near by- visit publicly or priv. owned

A. W. Thompson, Mayor of City of Prairie Du Chien
inquire also of the tourist camps facilities at
Nelson Dewey State Park.

Yr Humble and Most Obt Servt as Compleat

J Gary

V1 - V. L. Dickinson, Mayor City Augusta
V2 - Dr. J. M. Dodd, " " Ashland
V3 - James A. Berto Pres. Village Amherst
V4 Ray Braybach " " Auburndale
V5 - John Goodland Mayor City Appleton
V6 - William Daley Pres. Village Abbotsford
V7 - Edwin W. Blomquist, Mayor City Adams
V8 -
V9 - Carlton R. Hornung - Mayor City Baraboo
V10 - Conrad J. Hames Pres. Village Belgium
11
V12 - D. B. Kenney Pres. Village Baldwin
V13 - Charles Reetz, Mayor City Bloomer
V14 - Claire B. Towers, Pres. Village Bruce.
15
V16 - Hiram Pettey, Pres. Vill. Brillion
V17 - Anton Haugen, Mayor City Black River Falls
V18 - Henry R. Praetzmers " " Burlington
V19 - Park Minor, Pres. Vill. Belmont
V20 - Albert Hufnenbecker Mayor City Bonduel
V21 SENT
V22 - Alfred Kalkofen, Mayor City Crandon
V23 - J. E. Sager, Pres. Vill. Coleman
V24 R. J. Speers, " " Cameron
V25 - John Zasiger, Mayor City Chippewa Falls
V26 - B. A. Thronson Pres. Vill. Cambridge
27 SENT
28 SENT
V29 - Rudolph Rupiper Mayor City De Pere, 444 Grant St.
V30 - L. S. Lieffring, " " Durand
V31 - H. C. Knowlton Pres. Vill. Ellsworth
V32 - Robert Persohn, " " Eagle River.
V33 - D. D. Lockerby Mayor City Eau Claire
V34 Ralph E. Duxbury Pres. Vill. Elva
V35 - Harold Reed, Mayor City of Elkhorn
V36 - Albert M. Wenn " " Evansville
V37 - Harry S. Pierce Pres. Vill. Friendship
V38 - O. A. Freck Pres. Vill. Fall River
V39 - Adolph Kubera Pres. Village of Fairchild
40 - SENT

Sapora

State 30
Tour 23

Nashotah House

Turn (R) at the junction of County Trunk GG with State 30 and continue on GG to its junction with County Trunk B, just beyond ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY. Left on County Trunk B 2.1 m. [illegible] St. Johns Military Academy is NASHOTAH HOUSE (R), the oldest Episcopal Seminary in the Middle West. Inspired by Bishop Kemper, three young men, James Brock, William Adams, and Henry Hobart Jr. came from the East in 1841 to found a mission along monastic lines. The clergy were to remain celibate and to wear a religious garb. Self-denial was the keynote of the mission which was to serve the Indians and white men and train candidates for the priesthood. In 1842 the mission purchased from the government a square mile of heavily timbered land on Upper Nashotah Lake and erected a small blue house to shelter the students. The same year Dr. Brock and Mr. Adams walked 250 miles through the wilderness to Green Bay for ordination. At that time Bishop Kemper and two other clergymen were the only Episcopal clergymen in Wisconsin Territory.

The mission was supported by a farm, student labor, and contributions from the East. The students were allowed six weeks' vacation during harvest time to earn money for their clothes. All manual labor was performed by students and faculty. Working in the laundry

T&C 10/5/37 AV

~~was considered the position of honor.~~ By 1847 the monastic idea had failed, and the community ~~was~~ incorporated with university powers by the legislature ~~and~~ became ~~chiefly~~ a seminary. Among the students at this time were 3 Oneida Indians, 1 Englishman, 1 Irishman, 2 Swedes, 1 Dane, 1 Norwegian, a converted Jew, and 12 Americans. By 1848 there were 29 lay brethren, and facilities were so limited that five students ~~lived~~ slept in the ice house. A page from a student's diary, July 22, 1845 illustrates the primitive conditions. A clergyman from Milwaukee and one from Cleveland ~~came to visit~~ visited the "mission." The larder was bare, as usual. ~~Only one~~ A tough old rooster, one hen, and one pullet remained in the poultry yard. John was excused from Morning Prayer with orders to kill the rooster and the hen. Above the chanting of the Venite sounded the crack of John's gun. The breakfastless students soon saw John pass the chapel window with the dead rooster. During the Te Deum John chased the old hen and the pullet, gun in hand. A crack and a series of cacklings announced that the hen had been caught. ~~Soon John walked by the chapel with the hen.~~ Orders had been ~~more~~ given to make chicken soup ~~and to use~~ with plenty of pepper. Three hours later a large tin pan was placed ~~in front of~~ before Dr. Break. The only virtue of the soup was that it was hot, for Brother Keene had more than followed his instructions. The guests departed without breakfast,

leaving behind a ten dollar bill. A student ran several miles to Summit for seventeen pounds of beef, and a holiday spirit prevailed. The pullet became Nashotah's mascot and was tenderly watched over until it died from natural causes. ~~It was then~~ And was buried with fitting solemnity near the root house.

In 1842 the Red Chapel, dedicated to St. Silvanus, patron of the woods, was erected. A tall, ~~pointed~~ pointed preaching cross ~~of rough granite~~ marks the site of the altar of this first chapel, which ~~now~~ in its old age stands next to the faded Blue House. The chapel remains practically unaltered. In a bare white washed room are a simple altar, a crude ~~wooden~~ altar cross, carved nearly a century ago by some forgotten student, two wooden candlesticks holding tapers of brown wax, and rough wooden benches. In this frail old chapel is held each year on Commencement Day a requiem Eucharist ~~for Nashotah~~ graduates.

In sharp contrast to the early buildings the long darkened cloisters, the shaded facades, and the beautiful Gothic Tudor chapel of St. Mary the Virgin against the mirrored background of the lake lend an irresistible enchantment. ~~Activities center about this chapel, one of the most beautiful in the country.~~ Among ~~its~~ the art treasures in the chapel are the holy figures of Our Lady, St. John, St. Lawrence,

and St. Stephen which flank the delicately carved oak rood screen. The hand carved oak altar in the main chapel and the Stations of the Cross harmonize with the rest of the interior. Noteworthy also, is the ~~Gold Mosaic cement~~ shrine to the Madonna, the work of an Italian artist.

Mattins, the Holy Eucharist, and Evensong are said here daily. Fortunate, indeed, is the visitor who arrives for Evensong at 5:30. Down cloisters leading to the chapel, under carvings brought from Oberammergau, cossacked figures ~~wind~~ wend their way to the chapel. Psalms are sung to the ~~old~~ plain song melodies of a bygone age, a setting unique in the American Church. The service ends with the prayer, ~~which has been~~ said here daily for nearly a century, beginning: "Bless, O Lord, this House, set apart to the glory of Thy great name and the benefit of Thy Holy Church." The rays of the setting sun, filtering through the stained glass windows into the incense-filled chapel, seem a benediction not only on those actually present but also on those ~~three~~ young men who first followed the beloved Bishop ~~Kemper~~ to Nashotah.

In a picturesque log tower facing the cloister ~~stands~~ is hung the sweet toned bell, Michael which may be heard for four square miles. It is rung daily for Mattins, the Angelus, and Evensong.

Left from the road overlooking the lake is the cemetery, often called the Westminster of the American Church, for here are buried founders and benefactors of NASHOTAH HOUSE, Bishops from home and abroad, deans, missionaries, humble parish priests, and staunch laymen. A monumental cross marks the grave of James Lloyd Breck, first president of Nashotah House, ~~whom~~ called by the Archbishop of Canterbury ~~called~~ the Apostle of the Wilderness. Nearby are buried Bishop ~~Jackson~~ Kemper, ~~Bishop Armitage~~, and other pioneers ~~of the Church~~ in the ~~wilderness~~. Palms are scattered over the graves on Ash Wednesday and flowers ~~are strewn over them~~ on the great Church festivals.

Although the present stately buildings bear little resemblance to the first rude shelters, ~~the spirit remains much the same.~~ Students ~~are more comfortably housed, more abundantly fed, and perhaps better educated, but~~ the old missionary sturdiness still persists. Amid a world of modernism, the old Anglo-Catholic ideals and traditions ~~remain~~. There are seminaries richer and more popular than Nashotah, but there is only one Nashotah.

State 60 Grafton

Not used

MIRACLES DON'T HAPPEN

Miracles don't happen. At least that's what they say in 1937 and what they probably said way back in the early seventies in the little town of Grafton, perched along a small river in an obscure corner of southern Wisconsin.

It was the behavior of that little river one Sunday spring morning some sixty-odd years ago that led later to vehement debates between the rationalists and the believers. For the rationalists maintained that the so-called miracle was a phenomenon resulting from an abrupt but natural weather change; the believers as stoutly affirmed that death and destruction were averted only by deep faith and stubborn religious observance.

Spring, as a rule, came gently to the countryside. The snows disappeared gradually; the rains fell with quiet benevolence. But this particular spring followed a winter of raging blizzards, a sudden thaw, and turbulent downpours. Fields were inundated,

roads were mud-bogged, and the placid, shallow little river became a raging torrent tumbling down the side of the hill on the edge of the town.

The little wooden bridge was strong enough in normal times to bear the wagons that brought the farmers in to town to trade and frolic and to worship. But now, as the river's waters rose higher and higher and the brush and small trees uprooted by the violent storms came down and lodged against the pilings, the frail structure threatened to break from its moorings and temporarily separate village from farming community.

The farmers did not know this on the Sunday morning when the waters were at their height. Though the wind lashed their bodies and the rain drove stinging needles into their faces, though the mud-churned roads put incredible hardship on man and horse and wagon alike, [redacted] not one family failed to start the long trek for church in the village. That was their upbringing and they did not question it. Simply because it was inconvenient to travel you did

not miss Mass, for thereby you committed a sin. And in those days you did not commit sin light-heartedly.

When they reached the river they halted their horses, got out of the wagons, grasped the children firmly, and fought their way to the bridge. But there they stopped short. To cross that shaking, quivering span was to court suicide, and suicide was another sin. Either way they were damned.

Meanwhile, the villagers, who were more worldly than the farmers, had looked out upon the lowering skies, had heard the shrieking wind, had seen the blinding rain, and had decided to a man that these were acts of God absolving them from church-going and so had turned over in their beds for another forty winks. Only the priest was in the sleepy little church on the village bank of the river. He looked with rueful tolerance upon the empty pews and made ready to say Mass without server and without worshipper. His vestments on, he gazed out of the win-

dow across the bridge and beheld the group of farmers who feared to come forward and dreaded to go back.

He hesitated not a moment. Here was the church, there were the church-goers. The church-goers could not come to the church; he would take the church to them.

In his sacred robes embroidered with loving care by village lady and farmer wife, carrying chalice and altar cross, the priest left the quiet sanctuary of the church for the violence of the storm, stepped upon the swaying bridge, and (it seemed to the fear-stricken group on the other side) walked across it with firm, erect tread, though the rain beat at his robes and the wind bore down upon him with furious malevolence.

Still on the bridge, he stopped and started the ritual of the Mass. A brave soul came forward, took the cross, and made the responses. Their voices were lost in the clamor of wind and rain, but so familiar were the farmers with the service that they followed it without the help of sound.

There came the supreme moment of the Mass, the holy sacrifice, when a cry went up from one in the group. All eyes save the priest's turned to the crest of the hill. A huge tree came plunging down the side and on toward the bridge. Certain destruction loomed for the two men and the bridge when that tree should strike. But the priest seemed unaware of imminent death. With unhurried calm he raised the chalice high. The wind rose to a shrilling pitch, then didd to a thin whisper. The rain, no longer lashed to driving sheets, settled to a monotonous downpour. The river's waters, once a raging cauldron, ebbed to a steady lapping. All this occurred in but a moment of actual time, yet an eternity of human experience.

But there was still the tree. Ironically, it remained a menace, though the storm had abated. Its headlong rush was checked, but still it came inexorably forward. The group on shore, torn between

religious duty and craven fear, knew not whether to bow in reverence or flee the spot. Spiritual training prevailed, and eyes were lowered. Abruptly, then, the tree veered, turned its full length across the stream, and came to rest on either bank, damning the waters behind it.

And at last, while the priest still held the chalice aloft, the bridge stopped its shuddering tremors and settled to its old security.

Natural phenomenon? Miracle? Which?

SPOONER

On the banks of Spooner Lake are some Indian mounds, village sites, and planting grounds.

SHELL LAKE

An old Indian trading post was located on Middle Island in this lake.

CUMBERLAND

On the shores of Beaver Dam Lake at Cumberland there was a Chippewa Indian village in 1877. There were prehistoric mounds, camp sites, and cemeteries here also.

"OLD LADY LAKE"

Near Hayward is Smith Lake, to which the Chippewa Indians gave the name of "Old Lady Lake." The story of how the lake obtained its name has often been told.

Some Indians who were traveling north over a trail had in their party an old Indian woman. She was very infirm and they thought that she would not be able to stand the hardships of travel. When they reached the shores of Smith Lake they made her as comfortable as possible and left her behind to die. No one ever knew what became of her. For many years Indians traveling over this trail saw, or thought they saw, the spirit of this old lady near the shores of this lake and so the lake was called by them "Old Ladys' Lake."

B.

The region is one over which the Dakota (Sioux), the original inhabitants of this region, and the invading Chippewa (Ojibwa) bands fought for several hundred years, it is said, to control the wild rice beds of the lakes and streams. ~~There were many bloody encounters.~~

Snake Medicine

The lakes of this region abound in local legends, being strongly based on fact. The following years ago a Chippewa Indian left his home at the Lac Court Oreille lakes near Hayward on a journey to Chequamegon Bay, at present Ashland. ~~Before he left,~~ Upon departing an old Indian woman gave him a packet of snake "medicine," the powdered root of an herb, ~~and told~~ with instructions on its use. ~~his how to use it~~. There were then known to be many rattlesnakes and other snakes in this country. The Indian tramped all day through the dense forest and at the approach of night built a small camp fire in a clearing. Before lying ~~down~~ to rest he took the packet of "medicine" and strewed its contents in a circle about his camp site; He then wrapped ~~himself~~ in his blanket and went to sleep. The next morning when he awoke he found a number of large snakes (ginebig) lying with their heads at the edge of his "medicine" circle. They had tried to get at him when he slept but had not been able to cross ~~the line of~~ the powerful medicine. Thus his life had been preserved. In later years this Indian always cultivated a few plants of this snake medicine in his garden.

(over)

2 -- Snake Medicine

Hayward was, for a number of years, the summer home of Dr. Charles Eastman, the noted Sioux Indian author and lecturer.

Delavan	Romeo, the Thief is Apprehended
Browntown	The Lost Swiss
Shullsburg	Cornish Pasties
Hazel Green	James Gates Percival

ROMEO, THE THIEF, IS APPREHENDED

Romeo was an elephant brought from England, by the Mabie Brothers, to Delavan, where the Mabie Brothers Circus had its winter quarters. He was not the largest elephant ever to be displayed but at the time was considered the longest. Romeo made his debut into Delavan society some time around the year 1870 and had a reputation of being a "bad actor," due to his proclivities of occasionally getting loose and causing no little disturbance.

On one occasion the cook made several pies and when they were baked put them on a rack on the window ledge, made for the purpose of cooling. Romeo, smelling the warm food, lifted the latch of the door in the barn and made for the pies. Everything might have remained peaceful, except for the cook, if the pies had not been hot. Romeo, in his haste to devour as many as possible before being caught, burned his mouth and in his pain and anger began to stampede. His trainer tried to calm him, but Romeo was mad and in no mood to be pampered, so Warren Jenkins was treed. Then Romeo set to work to pull down the small tree and teach his keeper a lesson in minding his own business.

2 -- Romeo, the Thief, is Apprehended

On the property and connecting two buildings was a drop trap built for the purpose of catching animals who wandered from their private quarters. The trap would hold the weight of a man, but a heavy animal crossing it would cause it to drop several feet into a pit. It was across here that one of the men encouraged Romeo to chase him. The elephant fell through the trap as anticipated. They raised him by means of pulleys, and when he was back on level ground once more he was punished with hot irons until he "squealed." This experience kept the big pachyderm tractable for some time after that.

THE LOST SWISS

A Rip Van Winkle tale is connected with the Swiss cheese region. In this county there lived a young Swiss, recently from the old country, who was employed on the farm of a relative. He was a hard-working young fellow but with a spirit for adventure. When not cultivating the fields or minding the cattle he loved to wander over the wooded hills or down the valleys of the surrounding country.

One day he found a cave in the side of a hill. Its entrance was blocked with fallen rock, earth, and brush. By hard work he removed these obstructions and entered the cavern. When night came and the young men did not return to help with the farm chores, his relatives were worried. He did not return on the following day or on the day after. A wide search was made for him but he was not found. It was feared that he had met with an accident or that he had been killed by Indians or wild animals. Months and years passed, but he did not return.

After fifty years there came to this locality a stranger. He made inquiries for certain people, but most of these had

died or left the country. He told his story to others and was finally recognized as the lost farm hand. He had entered the cave and had become lost and wandered on and on in the darkness. At last, weak from the lack of food and several days of walking, he had come to an opening. He crawled out, half-blind, and found himself in a new country and among a strange people. These people were engaged in lead mining. They cared for him and he remained among them. His memory had gone during his hard experience and he could not remember who he was or where he had come from.

After fifty years the lost Swiss' memory had suddenly returned. Like Rip Van Winkle he had set out to find his own countrymen.

CORNISH PASTIES

A girl from the lead regions was telling some associates about how the old Cornish folks in her home neighborhood made the very toothsome and nourishing pasties.

She explained how they cooked the meat and vegetables and enclosed these in pie crust. These pasties, she said, the men wrapped in a newspaper and put in their inside coat pockets when they went to work, to keep them warm. One of the girls who heard this afterward went to Louisiana to teach school. There she told her pupils about these Cornish pasties and how they were made. Later she received a note from the mother of one of the girls asking how to prepare those meat and vegetable pies "which the Cornish miners cook in their shirts."

DEATH FORETOLD

Father Andrew Ambaum, a native of Switzerland and a priest in St. Joseph's parish at Dodgeville for over fifty years, had a great fear of automobiles. Besides his own parish he served two out missions known as Pancake and Pleasant Ridge. To reach these missions every fourth Sunday he was in the habit of hiring a driver and an old horse and buggy to convey him the fifteen miles.

About eight years ago the Reverend Father started on a trip to Holy Hill. He made the journey by train as far as Milwaukee, but from there he was compelled to complete his trip by car.

While driving along, the kindly old priest asked the driver, "In case we meet with an accident, would you be prepared to meet your Maker?" The man replied that he had driven the road for almost twenty years without an accident. "Well," said the priest, "if we do, we shall have to face Him the best we can."

They had gone but a few miles further when an accident occurred. Father Ambaum was severely injured. He was rushed to a hospital, but died without regaining consciousness.

RICHLAND CITY, "GHOST TOWN."

On the banks of the Wisconsin River in the sixties and seventies, in the old lumber-rafting days, was the flourishing river town of Richland City. This town was a stopping place for rafting crews. Here they tied up their rafts while they went ashore for food supplies or liquor.

A "Whisky Jack" of this place says that a raft crew of which this fabulous river character was captain once landed here. All were thirsty but no one had any money. One man went ashore with a bundle of laths, which he traded to the tavern keeper for drinks. On leaving, he was told to leave the laths outside the rear door. This he did and returned to the raft. Another raftsman then went to the rear door, took the bundle, entered the front door, and also traded it for drinks. This stratagem was worked until the entire crew had had their liquor. After the last man had left, the tavern keeper looked out to see his accumulation of lath bundles and found not a single one; the last man had taken the bundle with him.

Richland City is now a "ghost town." Only a few houses remain there. When the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul

State 60

2--Richland City, "Ghost Town"

Railroad built its line on the opposite bank of the river the fortunes of the town began to decay. Houses were moved to the other bank and many people left the place. River floods of recent years have carried away large areas of the river bank. Today most of the original site of Richland City is in the bed of the Wisconsin River.

PREFACE TO EVANGELISM

At the first annual meeting of the Old Settlers of Crawford County at Prairie du Chien in 1875, the Rev. Alfred Brunson told this story of his arrival at the Prairie as a missionary to the Indians in 1835.

"On reaching the south bank of the Wisconsin River, the road came to an end. But seeing a house on the hill on the other side, I hailed, and soon a flat-boat came to ferry me over. On the boat I inquired, 'Is this the Wisconsin River?' 'Sees bitts,' was the answer. This I understood to be the ferriage. I then motioned to the water and asked again. The answer was, 'Oui, M'sieu', Wisconsin, Wisconsin.' 'How far to Prairie du Chien?' 'Sees mile,' was the answer. I felt as if I had got to the end of the world and the jumping-off-place.

"The first man I met on the Prairie was staggering his way home on the Wisconsin bottoms. I inquired for Samuel Gilbert. 'Is he your brother?' was the answer. 'No, except in the Lord,' I replied. 'Oh, may be you are a missionary?' 'Yes, I profess to be.' 'Well,' said he,

'Sammy Gilbert is a good man. If it wa'nt for him and I this Prairie would sink.' I concluded that if he was all that saved the Prairie it must be in a bad fix. I afterwards learned that he was a backslider, but still believed that he was one of the elect, though, as he said, he had swallowed two thousand dollars worth of whiskey.

GHOST TOWNS

Along the course of the Rock River between Beloit and Lake Koshkonong are the sites of no less than ten "ghost" towns. They were once known by such names as Carramana, Newburgh, Warsaw, Kuskanong, and Wisconsin City. These phantom municipalities were laid out by land speculators in early years of the state's history. Their owners hoped to reap a harvest of golden shekels from the sale of building lots in these paper towns of their dreams. Attractive maps and plots were prepared to engage the interest of investors. On these sites lots were often set aside for a "university," an "academy," and one or several churches. Many persons in the East purchased lots in these townsites which were never settled. They are dead towns.

POYNETTE

The village of Poynette should have been called Pacquette, after Pierre Pacquette, the noted early Indian trader and strong man of the Wisconsin portage. Through an error in spelling, it became changed to its present form. Pacquette was the son of a French officer and a Winnebago mother. He was the interpreter of the treaties with the Winnebago at Green Bay in 1828 and at Prairie du Chien in 1825. He was active in raising a company of Winnebago to participate with the Americans against the hostile Sauk in the Black Hawk War in 1832. He fought at the battle of Wisconsin Heights. He was a powerful man, and stories of his feats of strength in moving teams and supplies across the portage are recorded. He was shot and killed by a drunken Indian in September, 1836. Pacquette was highly thought of as an honest man and a patriot.

Near Poynette is the State Game and Experimental Fur Farm, the leading institution of its kind in the nation. A total of 40,000 pheasants was released from this farm in 1935 and with the aid of cooperators a thousand black raccoon freed in 1936. The farm specializes in bird and animal rearing and laboratory.

Gregg Montgomery

THE THORNAPPLE CREEK FEUD

Around the year 1905 John Dietz bought a piece of land from the Chippewa Log and Boom Company. The property ran through one gate of the dam on the Thornapple Creek that wasowned by the Company. The land was surveyed many times to prove there was no mistake. Dietz thought it no more than right that he should be paid toll for the logs that came down the Creek, but the C. B. L. & Co. consistently refused to do it. Dietz held back the logs for two years, during which time a feud between the family and the Co. raged.

The logging Co. rather than pay the 5¢ a thousand feet asked by Dietz, hauled its logs several miles overland and drove them dom down another creek, at a price of 4 times what it would have cost to have payed the toll.

At various times shooting occurred when each tried to assert his rights. One time Dietz' daughter was shot in the hip while out getting provisions for the family. Another time the sheriff was killed and Dietz was reprimanded for the murder. Though it was not proven that Dietz killed the man, he was sentenced to Waupaun. He served ten or fifteen years there and was finally parolled because of poor health.

When Dietz was sent to prison the C. L. & B. Co. considered it they had won the battle and began driving and began driving its logs down the Thornapple Creek. According to the belief of some Dietz was right.

Told by Charles Robert, Holcombe, Wisconsin.

THE TERROR OF THE ROCK

(Rock River Myth)

The Winnebago Indians say that when their people and the Prairie Indians (Potawatomi) camped on the banks of the Rock River, there lived in that stream a huge and terrible water monster. This water demon the old people describe as a long-tailed animal with horns on its head, great jaws and claws, and a body like a big snake. It ranged over the whole length of the stream from its mouth to the foot of Lake Koshkonong. It preyed upon both animals and men, seeming to prefer one no more than the other. Hapless deer that went to the banks of the river to drink or walked out into the water were seized and swallowed by the monster, horns and all. At the fording places of the river this demon especially hunted for victims. Indians crossing at these places were dragged down out of sight beneath the water and were never seen again. Canoes in the river were sometimes overturned by its limbs or a slap of its tail and their occupants submerged and lost. Only a few people ever saw this water monster, but its presence in the river was known by the churning and boiling of the water.

2-- The Terror of the Rock

In the spring time its movement in the river broke up the ice and heaped it against the river banks. Its dens were in the deep places. There it slept and devoured its victims. Some Indians believed that there were several of these water monsters in the Rock River. Offerings of tobacco and various articles were cast into the river to appease their wrath when they were angry. These preserved the lives of many people.

When the Indians ceased to camp in numbers along the Eneenneshunnuck (river of big stones) after the white men came, these water demons also left the river. Some Indians thought that they established dens in the Mississippi River where they are today. (Winnebago)

BIG CHARLIE

(Col. Geo. W. Hall Circus Tale)

One of the interesting elephants of the circus world was Big Charlie, whose home for many years - when he was not on the road - was Evansville. He was owned by Colonel George W. Hall, veteran circus man, who made Evansville the headquarters of his show for fifty-four years. He took his last show out of Evansville in 1898.

Col. Hall acquired Big Charlie from the Ringlings, who let the animal go because he was regarded as unsafe to take on tour. At that time he was a member of the noted Lockhart group of performing elephants, the first elephants trained to form pyramids in the ring. But Charlie had taken a dislike to his trainer, Earl Saunders, and one day attacked him. He knocked Saunders down, but fortunately for the trainer he rolled under a friendly elephant who protected him until he could escape.

When the Ringlings sold Big Charlie to Hall, he was carrying one thousand pounds of chain. Hall removed the chain and gave him to his daughter Mabel (now Mrs. Campbell of Evansville) to train and handle in the ring. Big Charlie was

devoted to Mabel Hall and gave her perfect obedience. Once when the show was being loaded in New York harbor for Havana, Cuba, Big Charlie refused to go onto the boat. Mabel was sent for. She walked up to him and said quietly, "Come, Charlie". He followed her onto the boat with the utmost confidence and gave no further trouble. (Mabel Hall Campbell is the first woman ever to have handled elephants and the only woman who ever handled a male elephant.)

Big Charlie was even bigger than the famous Jumbo owned by P. T. Barnum. He was nine feet high and weighed six tons. He became insane, finally, and had to be chloroformed. The Colonel buried him on his home farm near Evansville.

THE SPIRIT RACCOON

(Lake Mendota Legend)

Many centuries ago two Winnebago hunters near the ford of the Yahara (Catfish) River at Lake Monona saw in the sandy soil the tracks of an animal, unmistakably those of a raccoon. They were of unusually large size. The hunters followed them to a wooded point on the eastern shore of Lake Mendota, at present known as Maple Bluff. Here the raccoon had found a hiding place in a hollow log. One of the Indians fitted an arrow into his bowstring and was about to shoot when the animal called to him in human language and besought him not to shoot. It informed him that it was a "spirit" animal and that a dire calamity would befall him if he killed it. The Indian wisely desisted. The other hunter had no such scruples. He said that he did not care whether it was a spirit raccoon (which he did not believe) or not; he was going to kill it, as he was very hungry. So he shot and killed the animal. He skinned and cut up the raccoon, then built a fire and roasted its flesh. Of this he ate heartily, his friend refusing to partake of this feast.

2-- The Spirit Raccoon

The day being warm, the two Indians lay down under a tree and slept. After a while, the Indian who had eaten the flesh of the "spirit" raccoon awoke. He was very thirsty and descended to a large spring once located at the base of the bluff. Kneeling at its rim, he began to drink its water. The more he drank, the more thirsty he became. Finally, his thirst became so intense that in desperation he waded out into the lake. As soon as the water rose above his middle, his dreadful thirst ceased. It returned again the moment he ventured into shallower water or tried to go ashore. In the lake he was obliged to remain until night came, and he then sank into its waters. He was transformed into a fish. His hunter friend stood on the lake bank but was unable to help him.

For many years Indians camping near this bluff have heard after dark, in the deep water, the splashing of a great fish - the unfortunate Indian - followed by the beating of a war drum and the singing of his war song.

From this legend Lake Mendota obtained its Indian name, Wonkshekhomikla, "where the Indian lies."

There is another version of this story in which the "animal" discovered in a hollow tree was a catfish instead of a raccoon. (Winnebago)

THE "GREEN FARMERS" FROM MANCHESTER
(Early settler tales)

In 1845, a large number of Englishmen, members of the British Temperance Emigration Society, came from Manchester and settled in western Dane County - some of them on the site of the present town of Mazomanie. Most of these gentlemen were without farming experience. They were what is called "green," and many an amusing tale is still told of their early experiments in agriculture.

One man procured a quantity of seed corn, prepared the ground and had most of it planted when he found that he had made a mistake. He had planted an entire ear of corn in each hill.

Two of the others were about to clear the timber off a piece of ground when a heavy snow fell. It snowed hard for several days until the snow lay about six feet deep in the woods and a hard crust formed on it. When the weather settled the men began their clearing. They worked on top of the crust, chopping or sawing down the trees and hauling away the logs. In the spring the woodland presented an astonishing appearance, the stumps of the trees standing six feet above the ground.

2-- The "Green Farmers" from Manchester

In one locality one of these Englishmen-farmers was postmaster. It was his custom to carry the mail in his high stovepipe hat. When the neighbors called for their mail he removed his hat and let the letters fall to the ground. After sorting out the mail for his customers he replaced the remaining letters in his hat and the hat on his head.

One of the immigrants, a man named Crother, seems to have been a better agriculturist than the others. On taking over his claim, he was very much dissatisfied with it. He said it was nothing but a "miserable sandy prairie that would not grow white beans." He therefore abandoned it and bought better land. This quite disgusted the officers of the society. Some of them sent word back to England that Mr. Crother had left a nice farm and gone off and settled in a swamp. But Mr. Crother prospered on the good land he had obtained, and in after years when his old friends visited him he would say, "Well, let us go out and look over my swamp land."

COON ROCK CAVE

Old timers insist that there is a cache of gold and silver loot deep in the recesses of Coon Rock cave, seven miles south of Arena. It was supposed to have been the hideout of a crew of counterfeiters. The cave had several secret passages and false walls. Behind one of these the makers of spurious coins worked unmolested for several months. Finally the surrounding settlers drove them away. Their coin they transported down the Wisconsin to the Mississippi, where it was passed in river towns and on steamboats.

The descent to Coon Rock is difficult but one may still enter the cave. With difficulty one may follow the passages almost one hundred feet into the side of the bluff. After this distance the passage is blocked off abruptly. Beyond this wall, some say, the gold and silver ingots still lie.

There are other stories about this cave. In the 1870's one of the banks in this vicinity was looted by four armed bandits. Two days later these robbers were captured and shot. The gold and currency taken from the bank was never found. Two yound farmers did some quarrying at the cave in an effort to recover the loot but with no success. A small kidnapped girl, Wizena Bellezer, was also once hidden in this cave by her captors. Here she was later found and returned to her father.

Such are the stories of Coon Rock cave.

Richland Center

U.S. 14

Bogus Bluff

Not far from the river bank near Richland Center is a high, rugged, wooded hill which is called Bogus Bluff. According to a local legend, near the top of this bluff there was a cave which was tenanted in the seventies by a gang of counterfeiters. In the recesses of this cave, which was difficult of access, these men had a printing press. They printed paper money and also coined silver dollars. They had confederates, gamblers and "green goods men," who passed this money to unsuspecting travelers on the Mississippi River steamboats and in river towns.

The gang retreat was finally raided one night by government secret service men. A gun battle took place in which several of the counterfeiters were killed and others wounded or taken prisoners. Only one or two escaped.

At various times since the raid people have searched the cave for hidden silver and other mementoes of the counterfeiter crew.

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U.S. 14

Lovers' Leap

(A Winnebago Legend)

Viroqua was a beautiful Winnebago girl. She was so very lovely that none of the young Winnebago braves of the neighboring village dared to make any love proposals to her.

But Viroqua's heart had long been given to a young white settler of one of the valleys in the vicinity. He was a hunter and trapper of proven prowess and he loved the Indian maiden beyond all else he possessed in the world. The two managed to meet and to strengthen their love for each other. They might have eloped, but the Yankee was a very upright man and approached the girl's father, asking her hand in marriage. But singularly enough his suit was refused by the old man who had, it seems, at one time or another suffered some injury or indignity from the whites. Viroqua also pleaded with her father but to no avail. Thereafter she was closely watched by her relatives so that no further meetings between the two were possible. In the meantime, her hard-hearted parent planned for her union with one of the older braves of the Indian village.

After enduring this heart-breaking captivity for weeks, Viroqua one day managed to flee the Winnebago camp. Making her way to the top of one of the high bluffs in the vicinity she cast her fair body from its top and was instantly killed. Her Yankee lover, learning of her death, recovered her body and buried her near his log cabin where in his loneliness he could always commune with her spirit.

TOMTE NISSE

(Norwegian Folk Lore)

Among the interesting beliefs and stories which the Norwegians have brought to Wisconsin from the homeland are those which tell of the tomte nisse, household dwarfs. These small, bearded men wearing tippet capes are supposed to assist in work about the peasant home. At night it is customary to set out a bowl of porridge or other food for the household elf on the doorstep or in the kitchen. In return for this kindness they wash the dishes, sweep the kitchen, mind the fires, and perform other useful tasks for the housewife. Sometimes they also assist the husbandman about the barn.

One old farmer set aside in his fields each year a small fenced enclosure where he planted wheat and vegetables for the use of the fairy folk.

TUG-HOUSE TALES

Ever see a seasick sailor? Salt water men who never suffered mal de mer on the ocean frequently become seasick on their first experience on the fresh water lakes. It was so with half of the crew of the schooner W. B. Allen when she went down to Manitowoc in 1880.

The Allen had been ashore on one of the islands in the lower end of Lake Michigan and when she was taken off in the fall of '79 it was too late in the season to finish the journey to Chicago and she wintered in Traverse City. The Allen was in a leaking condition when the tug Caroline Williams put in a line on her in the spring but the pumps were able to keep ahead of the in-flow.

There was a 100-fathom tow line between the stern of the tug and the bow of the schooner. Off Manitowoc a gale came out of the northwest with a blinding April snow storm. The nine on the schooner couldn't see the tug, 600 feet ahead and by the same token those on the tug couldn't make out what was happening on the Schooner. Solid seas boarded the vessel and to seal her doom the water swamped the fires under the boilers that powered the pumps.

The first intimation of anything wrong came to the pilot-house of the tug, when it was apparent that the tow boat was running free. That meant that either the tow line had parted or to save themselves those on the schooner had cut her loose. With the pumps out of commission the nine on the Allen knew that she never could keep float and had given themselves up for lost.

But they had reckoned without the fortitude of those on the tug. Although it was a dangerous maneuver, to turn and come back in search of the foundering schooner, and the Williams leaned on her beams end in coming about, nevertheless she came up on the Lee quarter of the doomed Allen.

Half a dozen times the maneuver was repeated and each time the tug managed to come close enough to permit one or two to make a leap from the deck of the schooner to the tug. Then with the nine safely aboard, the tug squared away and headed for Milwaukee, leaving the Allen headed for Davy Jone's Locker, long before the lee shore could snatch her.

But it was a sorry bunch of rescued sailors that put foot on the dock in Milwaukee. All of the salt water men were too sick to more than varely stand and some of them vowed never to sail the lades again.

10

THE WATER MONSTER

WAUPACA

Ma sheno mak was a water monster with the form of a giant fish, who overturned canoes, caught unwary swimmers and fishermen, and dragged his victims to the bottom of a lake or stream, and there devoured them. He was responsible for the disappearance of many Indians. Manabush was at last appealed to by his people, and he determined to destroy the monster, if possible. Locating his lair, he allowed himself to be swallowed.

In the body of the huge fish he found his brothers, the Bear, the Deer, the porcupine, the Raven, and the Pine Squirrel. All had been made captive and swallowed like himself. Ma nabush had his singing stick with him, and he began to sing his war song and to dance. His brothers joined in the dance. As they danced round and round in his body the monster began to reel. As Ma nabush passed his heart, he thrust his knife into it once and then three times. Now the big fish began to quake and to reel more and more violently. Ma nabush now said, "Ma sheno mak, take me to my wigwam." Then all became unconscious. When

Ma nabush awoke, the monster was dead. He cut a big hole in his side, and through this he and his brothers escaped to their wigwams.

Indians say that in the old days a favorite lurking place of this giant fish was in Mc Crossen Lake. This water bore a bad reputation, because when a wind was blowing from the east or the west through either of its entrance channels, its navigation by canoe was dangerous. This some white canoeists also know. Ma sheno mak was always on hand to seize the unfortunate.

RIVER LORE

A well-known river hobo was familiarly known as the "Owl." Once when he was drunk, he jumped off the bridge at Prescott, Wis, spreading his arms and saying as he did so, "The 'Owl' has wings and the 'Owl' can fly."

On another occasion the "Owl" and two other hoboes, known as the "Camel" and the "Fox," were in a skiff which overturned and cast all of them into the water. To a party who came to rescue them, the "Owl" said, "Save the 'Camel' and the 'Fox;' the 'Owl' can swim."

THE NEILLSVILLE HERMIT

It looks like an architectural mishap, that small tar-paper covered hut out north of the "mound" wherein lives a man known to his countryside neighbors as "the hermit." He is an unkempt person, apparently of the most careless habits, and his abode is still less tidy. Yet there lives a man whose environment belies him, for he is a person of unusual attainments. He is holder of two degrees from the University of Chicago and his mental hobby is digging into the ancient classics printed in the original Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

He lives in his little shack on the bank of a small trout stream three miles northwest of the city and spends most of his time in meditation and study.

He has not always been "the hermit." He came here 14 years ago with his wife and purchased 40 acres of land where his shack now stands and began farming. Shortly afterward his one child died and his wife went away.

The hermit was born in Watertown. He attended Carroll College at Waukesha and from there went to Beloit College and later to the University of Chicago, where he received the degree of bachelor of arts in 1905. A little later

he received the degree of bachelor of divinity and took up preaching for awhile in the Baptist church.

His devotion to his books is intense. He does much of his reading at night by the flickering light of pine knots burning in an open stove. He has no lantern. The smoke from the knots fills the single room and blackens everything, even the face of the ardent student. Neighbors say that they have passed by the little hut at 4 and 5 a.m. and have seen him still reading by the light of the stove.

Above the small rough table in the hut are a few board shelves and on these are piled the works of Cicero, Virgil, Caesar, and ancient Hebrew authors which he delights in reading. One book, a large Hebrew Bible, is practically worn out. There are other books there, borrowed from the public library and from the libraries of ministers, for, living as meagerly as he does, the hermit cannot afford to buy all the books he likes to read.

If one can engage him in a discussion of those classical works in which he is so interested, he will draw the hermit out of his reticence and will find himself a welcome visitor at the hut. He likes to discuss grammatical constructions and other technicalities of language.

Naturally there has been much conjecture as to the cause

of the hermit's retirement from the world at large. Several attempts have been made by his neighbors to determine the reason, but these are all guess work. Those who know him are certain that the separation from his wife did nothing more than present the opportunity to take up the life he now leads. It really seems most probably that his all-consuming desire to sink deeply into study and meditation over those works of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew led him to shake off the ties of the world and assume his lonely existence.

BILL NYE

River Falls, the present location of a State Teachers' College, was the boyhood home of Bill (Edgar Wilson) Nye, famous American humorist of a generation ago. Two of his best read books were his Baled Hay and his Comic History of the United States (1896). His first published volume was Bill Nye and Boomerang, which appeared in 1881.

Even in his boyhood Nye had a rare turn for saying humorous things. As he sat and whittled, his neighbors and others gathered about him to hear his droll sayings and remarks. In an old barn on the Nye farm place Bill Nye, George B. Merrick, and Bill's brother practiced circus stunts.

Nye came to Wisconsin with his parents from Shirley, Maine, in 1854. When a young man, he went to Wyoming Territory and there studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1876. Later he returned to Wisconsin and engaged in newspaper work at River Falls. He once traveled with James Whitcomb Riley on lecture tours. He died at Asheville, N. C. in 1896.

PRESCOTT

This town was the boyhood home of George Byron Merrick, historian of the steamboating period of Upper Mississippi River history. His father, Laban Merrick, agent for the Northern Packet Co., 1855, had a warehouse on the levee. In this warehouse (upper story) George and his brother Sam had their sleeping quarters. There at night the boys slept, keeping an ear open for the arrival of the big and little river boats. They knew nearly every boat by its whistle and bell. George was so fascinated by river life that he took a job as pantry boy on one of the boats (Kate Cassell). Later he became an assistant engineer and then a cub pilot. His book Old Times on the Upper Mississippi was published in 1909. A state park near Fountain City has been named in memory of George Byron Merrick.

Prescott was also the home (1861-69) of the noted newspaperman, Lute Taylor, who wrote the Chip Basket.

HORTONVILLE CACHE

The caching of various materials was practiced by the primitive peoples of America as well as those of Europe and of other regions. The usual method employed by the American Indians in securing some of their personal possessions was by burying them, favorite places of concealment were in the vicinity of village and workshop sites, near watercourses and along trails, at the margins of springs and in caves, the hiding place depending somewhat on the nature of the articles to be secreted. In Wisconsin many caches of stone, bone, shell, and metal implements have been unearthed. One of these, a hoard consisting of a fine copper axe and two harpoons of the same material, was found in 1888 by a man engaged in quarrying limestone at Hortonville. The implements had been carefully concealed beneath several layers of rock slabs.

These implements, hidden in prehistoric time, came into the possession of the former noted Wisconsin collector, Frederic S. Perkins of Burlington. No one will ever know why their aboriginal owner hid them as he did.

CHIEF KEWASKUM

The village of Kewaskum received its name from that of Kewaskum, a quite noted Potawatomi chief of early days of settlement who once had a village, or encampment, on the Milwaukee River at this place and who is reported to have been buried here. The significance of the name is explained as derived from the Indian word, giweskam, (his tracks are toward home).

Kewaskum had villages at other places in southern Wisconsin -- on the shore of Lake Koshkonong (1850), on the Rock River near Rubicon, and at Pike Lake near Hartford (1849). Kewaskum was well known and well liked by the early white settlers. The story is told that when he had a camp at Lake Koshkonong a settler had a field of water melons which he allowed the Indians to have, and they loaded their ponies to the full extent with them. Several of the biggest melons were reserved for Kewaskum and his family. As a return gift he sent the settler a gift of muskrats which his people were then smoking and packing for winter use.

THE MONSTER STURGEON

Lake Winnebago was believed, by some Indians, to be inhabited by a monster sturgeon. He ranged over the entire large lake. This fish had a great appetite for elk and deer and would catch them as they swam in the waters of the lake or crossed from one bank to another of its tributary streams. These it bore beneath the water and devoured, horns and all. After many such kills the great sturgeon was found by some Indians, floating on the surface of the water near the shore. He was dead. In searching for the cause they found the branching antler of an elk protruding from his stomach. He had swallowed a large elk and had been unable to digest its horns. Thus Lake Winnebago was freed of a greedy water monster.

HALES CORNERS

This small settlement near Milwaukee was once a famous horse and cattle trading and buying center. Farmers and horse traders came for many miles to engage in trades. There were several tavern hotels, the bars of which were always well patronized. Gamblers and card sharks were sometimes about. Stories were told of farmers who came to buy a team and who returned home without horses or money.

TREE SPIRIT

An Indian woman was once gathering maple sap for the making of maple sugar. She was very old and not very successful in her undertaking.

One day when this old woman was emptying her bark buckets, a tree spirit appeared. The next day when she again visited her sap troughs she found a lump of maple sugar adhering to a cut she had made in the bark of the tree. The tree spirit told her to take this lump and mark her kettle with it near its rim. Whenever she boiled sap in this kettle it would rise to this mark no matter how little sap she had in it. Now the old lady always had an abundance of maple sugar.

There were innumerable places in Wisconsin where the Indians and the white settlers made maple sugar in past years. Wisconsin once was one of the greatest maple sugar producing states.

State 28
or
State 67

Mayville

HERMITS

Herman Stroede, 74, and his brother Julius, 70, lived as hermits in a log cabin at the base of a ridge near the Horicon marsh near Mayville for a half century. The house in which they resided was old and rather dilapidated. It was surrounded by heaps of rubbish picked up from dumps and ash cans around Mayville and carted to their home by the brothers.

They died during a spell of very cold weather in January 1930. One fell dead of heart disease and the other died about two weeks later, probably starved and frozen to death. More than $700 was found hidden away on the premises after their death. The floor of their house was covered with corn husks to a depth of a foot or more.

O'MEARA'S DISCOVERY

One night in October, 1837, O'Meara, an Irishman, camped on the bank of a stream near Linden. While preparing a brush bed he stubbed his toe on a stone. He became angry and threw the stone across the stream. Next morning he happened to look where he had thrown the stone and discovered a lead outcrop. He went to Galena and soon after returned with a friend, Morgan Keogh. The two men erected a rude sod shelter, now called Keogh's Grove, and engaged in digging for lead ore.

Having little knowledge of the science of mining, these early miners were called "suckers" because they did their digging so near the surface and in such a haphazard fashion. Their diggings were known as "sucker Holes." Their idea of blasting rock was to burrow a hole a few feet in the ground and toss in a quantity of powder and then set it off by pouring red hot coals on the powder. Only the bravest man of the miners would take coals on his shovel, empty them, and run as fast as he could before he was hurt. Often casualties resulted.

NELSON DEWEY

At Cassville the State of Wisconsin has acquired for state park purposes the early farm home of Nelson Dewey, governor of the state from June 7, 1848, to June 5, 1852. This estate stretches for a mile or more along the bank of the Mississippi River and contains a residence, cattle and horse barns, and other interesting structures.

Nelson Dewey was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, December 19, 1813. He came to Wisconsin Territory in 1836, settling at Cassville, where he found employment. In 1837 he removed to Lancaster, the county seat, where he engaged in the practice of law. His legislative career began in 1838, when he was elected to the Wisconsin House of Representatives, where he continued until 1842, being speaker of that body in the session of 1840. He was a member of the council from 1842 to 1846.

The significance of his administration as Governor lies in its pioneer character. He is described as a plain, unpretending, democratic citizen, of excellent talent, much originality, and the highest integrity of character. After 1855, he dropped out of public life. His private fortune, once large for the time, was lost. He died at Cassville, July 21, 1890. All of the old residents of Cassville knew and liked Nelson Dewey. In that town there still stands the old Dennison House where the Governor boarded during the last years of his life and where he and his cronies played cards and told stories.

VOREE

Near Burlington a small colony of Mormons established themselves in 1845. This settlement they named Voree. The colony did not remain long in Wisconsin but removed to Beaver Island, Michigan. Their leader was James Jesse Strang, known as King Strang. While at Burlington they published from September 1846 to September 1847 the Times Herald, which name was changed to Zion's Reveille and then to Gospel Herald.

CUDAHY

Cudahy was platted in 1892 and 1893 and the large Cudahy Brothers Co. meat packing plant located there. Mr. "Pat" (Patrick) Cudahy was the fat and genial head of the plant. Every morning the millionaire packer rode from Milwaukee in an early train which also conveyed the workmen and surveyors and others to this town site, mingling freely and swapping jokes with all. Everybody liked "Pat" Cudahy.

In these years three professional baseball players established a large chicken farm at Cudahy and engaged in raising chickens. They invested a lot of money in the adventure and expected a golden return. Meat scraps and bone from the packing plant were to provide some of the food. But the rats of the country round gathered near the farm and these and other destructive causes made away with so many of the chicks that the venture was soon an utter failure. Their golden dream had vanished.

BEETOWN HOTEL

In 1844 there was only one hotel in Beetown (originally Bee Hollow), and that had the sign of a Scotch (straw) beehive. Twelve or fifteen persons were boarding there. All these people, wrapped in Mackinaw blankets or buffalo robes, slept in one large room. The room below was a sort of store where a few groceries, overalls, cider, whiskey, and playing cards were sold. It was frequently used at night for gambling purposes. When one of the miners got "broke" he usually took a tallow candle and went up stairs and peered into the faces of the sleepers to see if he could find a friend who would lend him a sovereign or two or a few five-frame pieces, as a stake, so that he could renew the contest. This was often done four or five times in a night.

EGG HARBOR

This town takes its name from an incident which took place near here in the summer of 1825. Four large Mackinac boats belonging to Mr. Rolette, a prominent and extensive Indian trader, were proceeding from Green Bay to Mackinac with the returns of the years trade. When the boats were abreast of Egg Harbor, one of the boats attempted to take the lead of the Rolette boat and a friendly battle of eggs (of which there were a large quantity on board the boats) took place. The battle kept up for some time, but at length the Commodore's boat triumphed and the other boat was obliged to fall behind.

THE GRANT OF GILLS ROCK

Allen Bradley, the so-called "Grant of Gills Rock," a pioneer settler of Door County in the late thirties, was a man of incredible strength. He is described as "a good natured, square-dealing person, more than six feet tall." He measured more than four feet around the chest, had hands as broad as shovels and was obliged to wear moccasins because no shoes could be bought that were big enough.

All of the old settlers knew him as "Old Bradley, the timber chap who lived like an Indian and could cut seven cords of body maple in a day." He was a leisurely fellow, a hunter, fisherman, and maple sugar maker. His feats of strength consisted of dragging heavy fishing boats up on the shore and lifting great rocks, timbers, and heavy barrels. He would allow a man to take hold of his thick beard and walk around a room with him hanging suspended from it. His home was at Gills Rock, formerly known as Hedgehog Harbor.

He enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War. Once he was captured by the Confederates. While being taken to the rear he seized his two guards and carried them back behind the Federal lines.

Bradley died at Sturgeon Bay, February 11, 1885.

FIRST SCHOOL HOUSES

The first school house on the site of Boscobel was a small building of rough logs, lighted by one small window and with rough boards for desks. A second school of the same character was built in 1852, near a cemetery. The teachers were men hired for their muscular strength as well as their ability to impart learning. "It is not incredible that the graveyard was started with the small boys killed by the teachers or the teachers killed by the big boys. Some of the affairs in the winter schools must have approached homicide. The summer schools were taught by young women and were more serene. One young lady teacher is said to have improved the quietness so as to make up sleep lost by the too great demand for her company at night by the young men who came to court her." There were some rough times in the schools when the boys decided to "throw out the teacher."

PLATTE MOUNDS

In the summer of 1827 General John H. Rountree and a friend, both from the Fever River near Galena, made a prospecting tour of the lead region in Grant Country. As they saw the Platte Mounds at present Platteville in the early morning, they thought they were one of the most beautiful sights in nature. They climbed to the top of one of them and viewed the surrounding country. It was a wide and lively prospect but an unbroken wilderness.

It was the Fourth of July, the birthday of our national independence, and they were in particularly good spirits. They cut their names and the date on the rocks of the mound.

It was a hot day and they wanted water. So they left the mound and set out for the north. They followed an Indian trail. They had their blankets with them and were prepared to prospect for mineral. They camped near Wingville. Then they turned west, traveling through the present town of Fennimore, camping the second night at a

fine spring. The next day they passed by where Mt. Hope now stands. All this was then a wild, but most beautiful, region. They returned home by way of Beetown.

General Rountree later became the owner of one of the most profitable lead mines located where Platteville now stands. The early Indians are reported to have used the Platte Mounds as a signal station, lighting fires on its top with which to smoke signals to their encampments.

"COUSIN JACK" AND THE DOG

An old Cornish miner was trudging to town, with a bag over his shoulder, to buy some supplies. In walking past the home of a settler he was suddenly set upon by a dog who growled and showed his teeth.

While he was trying to defend himself against Touser by swinging his bag about, the owner of the dog called out,"Jock, that dorg won't bite; 'es waggin' 'es tail."

"I know that," replied Cousin Jack, "'es waggin' 'es tail at one hend end barkin' at the hother. I doan't naw which of 'es hends to believe."

U. S. 118 Dodgeville

MICE IN HIS ROOM

A Cornish miner once spent a night in the old Empire House at Dodgeville. They gave him a room up in the third story. After a while he came down to the hotel office in his night clothes to register a complaint with the clerk.

"There are two mice fighting in my room," said he, "and I cannot sleep." To this complaint the irritated clerk angrily replied, "What do you expect for $2.00, a bull fight?" and the reproved Cousin Jack returned to his bed.

U. S. 118 Dodgeville

BADGERS AND SUCKERS

The existence of lead mines in Grant County became known to the outside world early in the nineteenth century. There were miners here as early as 1822. The fame of the mines spread and the influx of miners increased steadily. Settlements were started at Wingville, Cassville, and Beetown. Those who came from the states farther south considered the country too cold to winter in and returned south at the beginning of winter, thus imitating in their migrations a fish called sucker; hence, the term "suckers" was applied to these men. But the men from the eastern states and from England and Wales could not imitate this practice and had to winter in the country.

Timber was scarce in some places and the miners made for their winter quarters dug-outs in the hillside, the lower sides built up with sod and stones.

By reason of this burrowing they were called "Badgers," and thus Wisconsin became known as the Badger state. Badgers are and have always been a rather rare animal in this state.

SUN PRAIRIE

The early extensive and beautiful prairie lands of southern Wisconsin are commemorated in the names of a number of cities and villages,-Prairie du Chien, Prairie du Sac, Rolling Prairie, North Prairie, Prairie Farm, Pleasant Prairie, Star Prairie, and others.

In June, 1837, a party of thirty-six workmen under the leadership of Commissioner Augustus A. Bird traveled by teams from Milwaukee to Madison to erect a capitol building. They were ten days on the way, making their road as they came and crossing swamps much of the time in a drenching rain. As they reached a point nineteen miles from Madison the sun came out and revived their drooping spirits. This place has ever since borne the name which they then gave to it--Sun Prairie.

The corner stone of the first Madison capitol, which they built, was laid on July 4, 1837. "There was no lack of eloquence to celebrate the event."

VITA SPRING

The region around Beaver Dam had always been a favorite Indian hunting ground of the Winnebago in the early part of the nineteenth century and, later, of this tribe and the Potawatomi. In 1848 the chief of the local Winnebago was Wiscopawis, a rough character but said to have been a mighty hunter.

Vita Spring, in present Vita Spring Park, was well-known to the Indians as a sacred spring, or "healing spring." Muchkaw, the great medicine chief of the Winnebago, continued to visit it until he died, in about the year 1860. It was a past custom of the Indians to cast into this spring-as an offering to a spirit which was supposed to inhabit it--human and animal bones, many of which were found when it was once cleaned of debris. Other relics found were arrowpoints, gun barrels, and gun stocks.

From this spring a trail ran to the Beaver Dam river and down the river bank to the Mud Lake region.

RADISSON

(Named for the famous trader and explorer)

In 1654 Pierre Esprit Radisson and Medart Chouart Sieur de Grosseilliers, daring young adventurers, following in the wake of the Frenchman, Jean Nicolet, set forth from Three Rivers in Canada to discover the great lakes they had heard the Indians speak of. They wintered among the Potawatomi in the Green Bay region.

In the spring of 1655 they ascended the Fox River, portaged across and entered the Wisconsin, spending four months on the trip. They may have reached the Mississippi.

In the spring of 1659 the same men, with other fur traders and a band of Huron Indians, skirted the south shore of Lake Superior in their canoes and learned of the Indian copper mines. Late in the autumn they entered Chequamegon Bay and built a crude fort near the site of Ashland. This was the first white habitation in Wisconsin. They visited the Huron village near the headwaters of the Black River. They wandered into the Mille Lac region in Minnesota, meeting the Sioux Indians.

In 1660 they built a fort at Oak Point, east of Ashland. That year they returned to Three Rivers, after making four journeys to the Iroquois and to the Northwest. Later they transferred their allegiance to England and were among the founders of the Hudson Bay Company.

INDIAN POTATOES

This large lake in Rusk county is said to have been named for the arum-leaved arrowhead (wabasi, or white potato), a water plant, the root of which the Chippewas, as well as other Wisconsin Indians, use for food. To the Chippewa especially the corms are a most valued food source. "They will dig them if they cannot get them more easily. Muskrat and beavers store them in large caches which the Indians appropriate. They are white inside, sweet, and quite starchy. For winter use the potato is boiled, then sliced and strung on a piece of basswood bark fiber and hung up overhead for storage. They also use the fresh corms, cooking them with deer meat and maple sugar. Some of the potatoes are kept over after cooking and the maple sugar is thickened until they might almost be called candied sweet potatoes." They may also be roasted in the ashes of a fire.

An Indian woman once took some of these potatoes from a beaver cache. The beaver was a powerful spirit. When she reached her wigwam the corms had become a tumbling mass of small mud turtles. She threw them away.

"LOST TRIBE"

Living on the banks of the St. Croix River and in the surrounding counties are a band of Chippewa Indians who became known as the "Lost Band" or "Lost Tribe" of this nation. When reservations in northern Wisconsin were set aside for other Chippewa these Indians refused to settle on any of these, so they were not provided for by the government.

For many years they have not been disturbed in their occupation of the unoccupied lake, river, and forest lands in northwestern Wisconsin. In recent years much of this region has been occupied by summer resort colonies and estates, and the Indians are no longer welcome to occupy these regions where they formerly camped, fished, and hunted unmolested. One of their villages was at "Dog Town" on the St. Croix River. An effort is being made to provide other lands for them.

LAZY TIM WOODEN

One of the earliest settlers (1839) of the town of Grafton was Timothy Wooden.

"Tim," as he was familiarly known to the old settlers, was quite a character. He used to say, when asked where he came from, that he didn't come at all but grew up with the country. From the originality of his character and the manner in which he used to thrive without work (he never denied being lazy) many were led to believe that he really was a favorite child of the forest. Yet with all his antipathy to anything requiring physical or mental exertion, Tim Wooden did succeed in acquiring considerable property. This puzzling trait in Tim's character is best illustrated in the following little story:

A party of Menomonee Indians, who probably understood Tim's character, once enticed him to Menomonee Falls, now Grafton Village. They led him to believe that they wanted his scalp. They bound him to a tree and piled wood

around him and with all the semblance of native ferocity made preparations to burn him. Tim was unmoved by these proceedings. The chief then whispered to him that as the Whites had once shown mercy to him, he would cut Tim's bonds and release him and let him return to his home. He must promise not to mention his capture to anyone. "Walk twenty miles!" ejaculated the heroic Tim. "If you'll lend me one of your horses I'll agree to it!"

THE SAUKVILLE FLOOD

Saukville takes its name from the Sauk Indians, who in early years traveled over the Old Sauk trail, the lake shore trail running from Green Bay to the present sites of Milwaukee and Chicago. This picturesque little hamlet is located on the west bank of the Milwaukee River twenty-eight miles from Milwaukee.

In the spring of 1881 a spring flood occurred, the river rising to the highest point ever known and overflowing the country for several miles on each side of its banks. The village was inundated from two to four feet and a great many families were forced to abandon their homes and find shelter with neighbors who were fortunate enough to have homes located on elevated land. Chickens, pigs, and cows were swept away by the flood. Some wag afterwards said that meat prices came down in Milwaukee after the Saukville flood.



ELKHART LAKE

Near the Sheboygan marsh near Elkhart Lake was the former cabin home of John L. Sexton, "The Old Hermit," a rather famous old educated recluse who was murdered in his home on the night of June 28, 1911, by Tony Umbreilio, an Italian who thought that he had hoarded money. The first school in the Town of Russell was taught by Sexton, who was, in 1861, also the first postmaster of the town. After his death large stacks of newspapers were found in his rooms. During his life he frequently wrote articles for Sheboygan County newspapers.

In this same region was the boyhood home of Francis E. McGovern, governor of the state in the years 1911-1915. Camp Brosius, on Elkhart Lake, is the American Turnerbund summer training camp and is named in honor of George Brosius, noted Milwaukee Turner leader and instructor.

WOODEN SHOES

At Kiel there is a wooden shoe factory. The shoes manufactured there are such as were worn in their home countries by peasants who came to settle in Wisconsin from agricultural regions in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. These are now worn by some men employed in cheese and butter factories. Such shoes were in former years seen hanging from a nail or hook in pairs in general stores in many parts of eastern and central Wisconsin.

CATHERINE STANTON

At Chilton was the site of the home of Catherine Stanton, a Stockbridge Indian woman of Narragansett blood. At an early date when the Indians of other tribes were unruly and threatening to burn and destroy the homes and families of white settlers, this Indian heroine mounted a horse and rode through the surrounding country warning the settlers to arm and be on their guard. Happily, the Indians quieted down and the war raid never got started.

WATERTOWN GEESE

Geese prepared in various delectable ways and dishes have always been a favored food of Wisconsin Germans. Among these are roast goose, goose breast, goose liver, and goose sausage. Over these viands Teutonic epicures smack their lips. The city of Watertown, located on the Rock River midway between Milwaukee and Madison, is widely famed for its geese. These particular birds are prepared for the market by being artificially stuffed and their weight and the fine flavor of their flesh thus increased. Cooked noodles are every day crammed down their throats by their owners, a wooden pestle being used for this purpose. Geese have been hatched and herded at Watertown since the earliest years of its settlement by Germans (1846-47).

This Wisconsin city has also won fame as the early home of the 48'er, Carl Schurz, distinguished soldier and statesman, and of his wife, Mrs. Carl Schurz, who in the year 1855 established here the first kindergarten in America.

THE RIO WRECK

On October 28, 1886, the fateful Rio train wreck occurred, resulting in the loss of a score of lives. A switch had been left open by a brakeman on a freight train which had pulled onto a side track to allow a limited to pass. It was going at a rate of from forty to forty-five miles per hour, which was then considered a high rate of speed. The switch light could not be seen by the engineer until he was within a few rods of it, and then it was too late for him to stop the train. The engine jumped the tracks, ran a short distance and stopped against the side of a bank and toppled over. The baggage car and the two regular coaches also left the tracks and were badly smashed. The four sleeper coaches kept to the rails; the last one was uncoupled and drawn away. With this one exception the entire train was burned, fire having started from the stoves and lamps in the smashed day coach. It was a most horrible and sickening spectacle. The night was made hideous by the screams of the burning victims, while the bystanders were unable to render assistance. One woman could be seen standing in the middle of the car while

the flames enfolded her. Dr. Smith of Chicago was the only one who escaped from the burning coach, with the exception of two small children whose mother, pinioned between seats, moaned, "For the love of God, save my children. I am hurt and cannot get out. Their name is Sherer, their home is Winona." She then passed them through the window to by-standers who cared for them until their father came to claim them. One was an infant a few months old and the other two or three years old. Though strenuous efforts were put forth to save the mother, it was to no avail, for her foot was caught in the seat and the flames driving about the would-be rescuers forced them to relinquish their hold upon her. She fell slowly back into the fire and perished, as did the other unfortunates, with much groaning and shrieking.

The charred remains of many of the victims of the wreck were buried in one common grave in the little cemetery at Rio where afterwards a small monument was set up by a relative of one of them. The monument may still be seen.

PORTAGE

Portage is the birthplace of Zona Gale, famous writer. She received her education at the University of Wisconsin and Wayland Academy. Her earlier years were spent in newspaper work in Milwaukee and New York. Her first book, Romance Island, was published in 1906. Her best known work, Miss Lulu Bett, as dramatized was awarded the Pulitzer prize in 1920. Her girlhood home is preserved in Portage.

At Portage was located Fort Winnebago, a frontier fort constructed in 1828. Here Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, served as an officer. Several of the fort buildings remain.

The Indian Agency House, built in 1831, has become a historic house museum maintained by the Wisconsin Colonial Dames. This was the home of Mrs. John H. Kinzie (Juliette Magill Kinzie), author of Wau-Bun, The Early Day in the Northwest, of which six editions have been printed.

WEYERHAUSER LOSES HIS FUR CAP

In 1887 ~~up on Jump River, Wisconsin,~~ Holland and Barker of Chippewa Falls had a camp putting in Weyerhauser timber. One evening a blind man drifted into camp. He was an old woodsman, ~~but~~ who while working in a quarry the summer before ~~he~~ had lost his eyesight by a premature blast. He also had cancer of the throat and was going around through the lumber camps trying to raise money enough to have the cancer properly treated.

Shortly after supper Frederick Weyerhauser, ~~the lumber king,~~* with three other lumbermen, and a teamster drove into camp. While they were eating supper one of the ~~gang~~ lumbermen at the camp, Al McCaulley, told the blind man to go in and ~~tackle~~ ask the "brass collars." for some money

"All right," he said, "I will." He was gone about a half hour. When he came back Al asked him if they had given him anything. "Yes," he ~~said~~ answered, "they helped me."

"How much did they give you?" McCaulley asked.

At first the old ~~fellow~~ man would not ~~didn't seem to want to~~ tell, ~~but~~ However, he finally ~~said~~ admitted that Weyerhauser had given him twenty-five cents ~~for himself and for his party~~--five cents apiece for each member of his party.

When Weyerhauser ~~came into~~ had entered the camp he had ~~on~~ worn a sealskin cap ~~that cost at least~~ valued at twenty-five dollars. In the morning after breakfast the cap ~~couldn't be found~~ was missing. The sleeping shanty, dunnage sacks, cook shanty, ox hovel, horse bars, and blacksmith shop were all searched but the cap could not be found. Weyerhauser ~~went out of~~ left the camp wearing a big woolen scarf and a little hat about as big as a dollar.

A week or ten days later the cap came into dinner---Al McCaulley was wearing it.

* Frederick Weyerhauser, who was called the "lumber king of the world," operated on the Chippewa river and its tributaries and logged and sawed four hundred million feet of white pine timber in one year. He had many jobbers and contractors and walking bosses and when you figure it out, actually employed about twenty-five men to the million feet to do the work.

There surely was an army of lumberjacks in the great forest of pines. It employed as many more to drive the logs down to the saw mills, separate them at Chippewa Falls and Beef slough, make them into great rafts, and deliver them down the Mississippi river to his many mills.

THE HODAG

Eugene S. (Gene) Shepard of Rhinelander, a former lumber cruiser, was one of the greatest practical jokers the state ever knew. One of his most famous creations was the Black Hodag(Bovinus spiritualis). This ferocious beast of the North Woods, according to its discoverer, lived in the dense swamps of his home region. He found a cave where one of these hodags lived. With the assistance of a few lumberjacks he blocked the entrance with large rocks. Through a hole left in this barricade he inserted a long pole, to the end of which was fastened a sponge soaked with chloroform. The hodag, rendered unconscious by the drug, was then securely tied and taken to Rhinelander, where a stout cage had been prepared for it. It was exhibited at the Oneida County fair. An admission fee was charged and a considerable sum of money earned. Later, Mr. Shep~~herd~~ard claimed to have captured a female hodag with thirteen eggs which she

had laid. All of the eggs hatched. He taught the young hodags a number of tricks, hoping to exhibit them for profit, but all died before they reached maturity.

The hodag ~~had horns on it,~~ large bulging eyes, and terrible horns and claws. A row of large sharp spikes ran down the ridge of its back and long tail. Colored picture card views of this animal can be obtained at Rhinelander. The hodag slept leaning against the trunks of trees. It could be captured by cutting down these trunks. It was a rare animal of limited range.

Shepard was the author of many other outstanding ~~practical~~ jokes. At one time he claimed ~~to have~~ he had discovered some perfumed moss in a swamp and took a ~~lot~~ group of school teachers who were at a summer camp to see it. It had previously been soaked with a jug of cheap perfume. The teachers all sent home samples of this wonderful moss. Once when his potato crop produced many small potatoes he took them to the county fair and sold all at a good price as rare Indian potatoes. One year he conducted a matrimonial bureau in his home town, listing all of the marriageable girls and spinsters. This attracted men to the town from everywhere. He was the author of a book of Paul Bunyan tales which became widely known.

BRULE PORTAGE

An ancient Indian portage connected the Upper Lake St. Croix and the Brule River. Over this portage Indians, voyageurs, explorers, missionaries, traders, and pioneers traveled from the waters of Lake Superior to the Mississippi. They carried their canoes and supplies. The French used it as early as 1680.

In the year 1886 the last Indian party (Sioux) to pass over this portage camped on the shore of Lake St. Croix. The Chippewa called this trail Misakota and the Sioux, Nemetoakouat. The French called it the Bois Brule portage.

Boulder monuments now mark the ends of this historic aboriginal travelway. These were erected by the D. A. R. in 1933.

THE RED BANKS

In the beginning Earthmaker created four men. These four brothers were Kunuga, Henanga, Hagaga, and Nanyiga. These first four he made chiefs of the Thunderbirds. he opened the heavens in order that they might see the earth. He gave them a tobacco plant and he gave them fire. The earth was to be theirs to live upon. And the four brothers flew down to earth and landed in the branches of a tree. This place was at Within Lake, at Red Banks on the shore of Green Bay. They then "lit" on the ground and began walking toward the east. There they selected a camp ground. There they started the first fire. One brother went to hunt for food. He took the bow and arrows which Earthmaker had given them and he killed and brought back a deer. Not having any cooking vessels, they roasted the meat over the fire on sharp sticks.

At this camp ground the Thunderers were joined by other clans. These obtained fire from them. The

first to join them were the War clan people. They came from the west. Then came the Deer clan, the Snake clan, and the Elk clan. The Bear clan, the Fish clan, the Water-spirit clan, and the Buffalo clan followed them. All of the other clans came. Together they formed a tribe, the Hochungara (Winnebago). They began to intermarry. The men of the upper clans married women of the lower clans. They cut poles and stripped bark from the trees and with these built wigwams. From clay mixed with slippery elm bark they made cooking vessels. They formed a village. The members of the upper clans were the chiefs. They organized a council lodge in which the members of each clan had their place.

In the beginning the Thunderers were very powerful. They made the valleys and the hills. They planted the tobacco plant and with its crushed leaves, which they threw into the fire, they made offerings to Earthmaker. And Earthmaker gave to the Hochungara his blessings.

SUAMICO

A Menominee Indian village was very early located at Big Suamico (Mato Suá mako--Big Sand Bar), at the mouth of a river and along the Green Bay shore. This site is famous in Menominee Indian folklore, mythology, and history.

"A great manitou came on earth and chose a wife from among the children of men. He became the father of male quadruplets. The first born was called Nanaboojoo, the friend of the human race, the mediator between man and the Great Spirit; the second was named Chipiapoos, the man of the dead, who presides over the country of the souls; the third, Wabosso, as soon as he saw the light, fled towards the north, where he was changed into a white rabbit and under that name is considered there as a great manitou; the fourth was Chakekenapok, the man of flint, or fire-stone." At Big Suamico Nanaboojoo had various adventures. He taught the people how to make stone

hatchets and arrow and spearpoints to assist them in their hunting and in protecting themselves against their enemies of other tribes.

At Little Suamico (Suamako sa--Little Sand Bar) the Menominee also formerly camped.

~~U. S. 141~~ ~~Port Washington~~

~~ABRAHAM LINCOLN~~

In September, 1855, Abraham Lincoln went to Port Washington with the idea, it is stated, of establishing himself in the legal profession in that city. ~~(He had been in the state in 1832 as a soldier in the Black Hawk War.)~~ While there, he stayed at the Wooster Harrison house. A tablet marks this place.

Lincoln made three visits to Wisconsin in the years 1855 to 1859. On October 30, 1859, he delivered an address at the State Fair at Milwaukee, and after his speech he gave ~~Henry~~ Henry Bleyer, a young reporter of the Milwaukee Sentinel, ~~received from him after his speech~~ the sheets of his address. One of these pages Lincoln had written in pencil on the arm of his seat on the train on the way to Milwaukee. The young reporter kept the sheets of the address for years. While attending a national convention of colored leaders in the East he generously gave away-not knowing their value- all of the sheets except the one written in pencil. A tablet marks the site of this Lincoln speech.

TURTLE VILLAGE

The Winnebago Indian name for Beloit was Kichunk (Turtle). It took its name from Karamaunee, or Walking Turtle, an Indian chief of considerable prominence, who had a village here. This village in 1823 numbered some thirty-five lodges with six hundred inhabitants. Karamaunee is described as a stalwart Indian with a broad pleasant countenance and as a worthy man. He was a principal chief of his tribe and was known in 1832 as the "Councellor." He fought with the Indians under Tecumseh in the War of 1812 and was by his side when the famous Shawnee chief fell at the battle of the Thames, October 15, 1813. In 1790 he went with this chief on a mission to the Indians in New York. He signed the Indian treaties of 1816, 1825, 1829, and 1832. J. O. Lewis painted his portrait at the Little Butte des Morts treaty in 1827.

A PYTHON AT LARGE

Old Popcorn Hall of Evansville spent one winter in bed as a result of a broken hip administered by the wrath of his elephant, Charlie. Among Hall's circus stock was a 23 foot python and a marmoset, which he kept in the house to keep them warm. The snake was kept in a box behind the stove and woke up about once a month to eat. On such occasions he was fed a few pigeons.

One time the local doctor came to see how "Pop" was progressing. During his call the python woke up. Receiving no attention, he set about to create some. The doctor, hearing a noise coming from behind the stove, saw a blanket rusing up over the top of the box. Soon the blanket stretched out over the edge and in a moment the head of the python emerged. The doctor made haste for the first exit and in doing so knocked over the monkey cage. Monkeys are frightened to death of snakes, and this little marmoset set a speed record in alighting on great-grandpop's picture, where he chattered the insult to anyone who would

lend an ear. The room was vacated except for "Pop," the python, and the chattering marmoset; and the circus man, not being able to move, could do nothing but call for some of the animal keepers to come to his aide. One man heard his calls, but when he found the python loose he refused to assist in re-incarcerating the wanderer. The scene that followed continued to be hectic, with the monkey, who had now transferred himself to chandelier, screaming and chattering as hard and fast as he could and with "Pop" swearing at the keeper, telling that **!!..oo+! the snake was harmless, that Lou (his wife) had handled him hundreds of times and he hadn't bitten her. With threats and imprecations "Pop" finally induced the man to get the snake into its box. Picking him up, the snake struck its head against the helper's hand. Thinking he had been bitten, the man threw the snake into the box and ran out the door screaming after the fast departing doctor.

State 13 Roxbury

FATHER INAMA'S SHRINE

In a farm pasture one mile west of Roxbury are the ruins of a Catholic mission church and monastery built by Rev. Fr. Adelbert Inama in 1846. Only the ruins of the good priest's brick-lined wine cellar and a few stone heaps and earth mounds and depressions remain to mark the site of the father's pioneer venture. This church was the mother church of all of the surrounding country.

Father Inama was born in Tyrol in 1798. As a young man he joined the Norbertine order. Following his ordination he served for some years as professor of Greek and Latin at Innsbruck. In 1842 he decided to come to America as a missionary priest. He was sent by Bishop Martin Henni, Milwaukee, to Roxbury, arriving in November, 1845. Count Haraszthy of Sauk City donated one hundred acres of land for the erection of the church and monastery, a German missionary society gave the necessary money.

The Father was an indefatigable worker and traveled

hundreds of miles on foot through the forests and over prairies in carrying out the work of his church. In 1852 his mission consisted of five separate centers --- at St. Norberts at Roxbury; St. Martins at Martinville; Pine Bluff; Lyndon in Juneau; and Sauk City. In carrying out his life's work Father Inama brought the rites of his church not alone to Catholics, but to non-Catholics as well. He baptized Lutherans, Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, and other who came to him for this Christian rite. Even Indians of the Sauk prairie came to him to be baptized. He was looked upon by all creeds as a beloved churchman. He has been called the "Four Lakes Apostle."

It was from this little chapel and monastery, later destroyed by fire, that Father Inama carried on his work. In February, 1853, there were three priests, one student, and five lay brothers at the monastic colony. His parishioners were too poor to contribute much to the support of the venture, and after an impressive beginning the colony languished.

Father Inama died in 1879 and was buried in the St. Norbert's church cemetery at Roxbury.

BEAR HUNT

The present site of Sauk City and Prairie du Sac on the Wisconsin River was in 1840 the place of residence of the romantic pioneer character, Count Agoston Haraszthy. "A native of Hungary, he had come to the new world full of enthusiasm for adventure, sport, commercial enterprise, or whatever the unknown land might offer.

Tales abound of his distinguished appearance and noble lineage, of the courtliness of his manner, of his prowess as a hunter and particularly of his fruitless efforts to establish a large city on the shores of the Wisconsin."

One day during the Count's life in this region Judge Irwin was holding court in a frame building in Prairie du Sac. While the court was in session an individual shouted through the open door in a loud voice, "Bear in the village." In a twinkling every man in the court room was on his feet and judge, jury, lawyers, and prisoners joined the spectators in a mad rush to hunt the bear. All seized weapons

as they ran. The Count, who happened to drop into the village at this time, snatched a large cheese knife from the village grocer and joined in the bear hunt. The bear was quickly run down and killed, and the village enjoyed a feast of this favorite delicacy.

DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN

A well-known Winnebago Indian legend of the Wisconsin River says that its bed was formed by a large serpent which long ago began to move southward from its home in the northern forests. As it crawled, the smaller snakes in its path fled in various directions, thus forming the beds of smaller streams tributary to the Wisconsin.

When this large serpent neared the present Dells of the Wisconsin large masses of rock barred its way. There the rock was rent and broke by thrusts of its great head and twists of its powerful body, leaving them in their very picturesque present day shape.

NAMEKAGON

The word Namekagon means "place where there are many sturgeon (or trout)."

A local Chippewa legend of Lake Namekagon tells of a monster sturgeon which once inhabited this beautiful Bayfield County lake. This fish was so large and powerful that it could overturn the birch bark canoes of the Indians by rising up under them or with a slap of its tail. After a number of Indians were drowned in this manner Winneboujou, the giant Indian culture hero, was appealed to. He came and waded out into the water and after a fierce struggle killed the monster by striking it with his club, the trunk of a tree. For a long time afterward the lake was red with the monster's blood. It bothered the redmen no more.

Winneboujou once rode another monster fish down the Namekagon river.

SNAKE MEDICINE

Years ago a Chippewa Indian left his home at the Lac Court Oreille lakes near Hayward on a journey to Chequamegon Bay, at present Ashland. Before he left, an old Indian woman gave him a packet of snake "medicine," the powdered root of an herb, and told him how to use it. There were then known to be many rattlesnakes and other snakes in this country. The Indian tramped all day through the dense forest and at the approach of night built a small camp fire in a clearing. Before lying down to rest he took the packet of "medicine" and strewed its contents in a circle about his camp site. He then wrapped himself in his blanket and went to sleep. The next morning when he awoke he found a number of large snakes (ginebig) lying with their heads at the edge of his "medicine" circle. They had tried to get at him when he slept but had not been able to cross the line of powerful medicine. Thus his life had been preserved. In later years

this Indian always cultivated a few plants of this snake medicine in his garden.

Hayward was, for a number of years, the summer home of Dr. Charles Eastman, the noted Sioux Indian author and lecturer.

This region is one over which the Dakota (Sioux), the original inhabitants of this region, and the invading Chippewa (Ojibwa) bands fought for several hundred years, it is said, to control the wild rice beds of the lakes and streams. There were many bloody encounters.

"OLD LADY LAKE"

Near Hayward is Smith Lake, to which the Chippewa Indians gave the name of "Old Lady Lake." The story of how the lake obtained its name has often been told.

Some Indians who were traveling north over a trail had in their party an old Indian woman. She was very infirm and they thought that she would not be able to stand the hardships of travel. When they reached the shores of Smith Lake they made her as comfortable as possible and left her behind to die. No one ever knew what became of her. For many years Indians traveling over this trail saw, or thought they saw, the spirit of this old lady near the shores of this lake and so the lake was called by them "Old Lady's Lake."

Miss Jessie Duncan, near Hickory Hill

Knows very little about Muir when he lived there except what she has read in his book. He did often pick herbs and flowers in the woods and study them, all of which his father thoroughly disapproved as being a waste of precious time.

Miss Duncan had a clipping from a newspaper in Kansas written by James Whitehead, a young man neighbor and friend of Muir's when he lived at Hickory Mill and was attending the Univeristy at Madison. The occasion for the writeup was the death of Muir and Whitehead told of some of the things which he recalled about him. The entire content is on what a fine man Muir was and how what he said one cold winter day when walking the 12 miles to Portage to get a train to Madison. He told Whitehead he would have to fight and dig for that which he wanted from life and even if at times events were against him he must never give up. The inspiration gathered from Muir on this walk sustained Whitehead through innumerable battles in which he fought and through his later life.

Potter Dec.16,1936

HARRY W. KEARNS, Hickory Hill, Muir's second home

Mr. Kearns' father bought Hickory Hill from the McReath's who had ourchased it from John Muir's father. Mr. Kearns senior, now deceased, knew many of the stories of John in his invention stage and delighted visitors with the relating of them but he died and his son has taken so little interst in them that he recalls very few of them.

A number of years ago, shortly after the death of Mr. Kearns senior, a Jew peddler came to the farm and made off with a box full of things John Muir had made. They were of brass and copper and that was all the value the peddler saw in them but they were gone. Among these pilfered articles were many locks and keys all made by John and a brass water faucet which he had just completed except for the trigger.

John put locks on the barn door which no one but himself could unlock. One fall day a group of men were thrashing on the farm, helping his father, when a bad rainstorm came along and they tried in vain to gain entrance to the barn to protect the grain, horses and themselves. No John, no admission to the barn. They waited until John came home and let them in.

Many of the weird locks on the ~~Muir~~ Muir farm outbuildings were ingenious contrivances of spools, wires and rope and could only be assembled and operated by their intentor.

Mr. Muir was a hard task master and little time was granted John from the irksome jobs of grubbing etc. to devote to his studies or inventions, and the Scotch father refused permission to use light at nite but granted it for getting up as early as the lad wished in the the morning to study and invent. Most of these two occupations were

indulged in in the basment where neither noise nor light would disturb the paternal family head.

The present home at Hisckory Hill includes the old Muir home for Mr. Kearns built brick around the Muir frame home andadded a coupke of rooms in the rear--hence the basement, pantry, living room, kicthen and upstairs bedrooms are exactly as they were in the original Muir home.

Many years ago when John Muir and his brother David wer grown men they returned to Hickory Hill and reminisced about their early days there. David asked John if he recalled the time they had to water the oxen when they were looking at the old well in which John nearly died, and which he had built. John replied that he would never forget it for a chain was used to pull the buckets up and his hands were covered with blisters. It seems that on the occasion they were talking about their father, at the end of the days labors, had told the boys to give the oxen all they would drink and they drank 70 pails of water!

There is a grapevine on the place which is still flourishing which was planted by one of John's sisters over 70 years ago.

The farm was sold while John was in Madison at school. It was at the time when there were so many private banks in this country which were going broke and so the elder Muir was going to Canada "Where money was always good." And this he did after residing in Portgae for one year.

John spent many hours in the cellar working on a clock which he was going to put either on the top of the house or the top of the barn so that it could be seen from anywhere on the farm. The clock never reached its proposed station of duty and what has becmoe of it Mr. Kearns does not know.

Mr. Muir built his farm in the middle of his property so that no one need waste time getting to any point of it to work.

In the winter time there were often huge snow drifts through which the Muir sisters had to wade and trudge to school, and many times this was impossible. Their father would not have a path cleared for them for that was a waste of time and no money was derived from it. Some of the neighbor boys however took compassion on the two of the weaker sex and dragged brush over the path obliterated by the snaw making the way at least passabel. The Reed boys were the gallant young gentlemen and Mr. Keanrs says that they later married the girls but I have not verified the accuracy of that statement.

An old miner by the name of Duncan came through the Muir property one day when John was down in the well working. His father commented to Duncan that he hadn't heard from John for quite some time, but he did not seem perturbed. Duncan, having had experience in mines knew that he must have been overcome by fumes, immediately ordered him hoisted up. When John arrived unconscious at the top of the well he was nearly dead from enhaling the poisonous fumes.

Potter Dec.17,1936

Some information and documents may be obtained from Mrs. Anna G. Eastman, 2852 Californina street, Huntington Park, Calif., who is the daughter of Sarah Muir Galloway, sisiter of John Muir. Another daughter of Sarah is Celia Galloway, who admitedly has keepsakes of her illustrious uncle. She may be located through Mrs. Eastman. Mrs. Inez Treadway of Napa,California, a niece of Mrs. David Muir, sister-in-law of John Muir, also has documents and personal belongings of John Muir.

Dec.18,1936

I talked with Mr.Rob.Thompson at Pardeeville who was a neighbor to the Muirs when the lived at Hickory Hill but he was completely blank on events of those early years. Also talked with Tom Duncan who is so old now that he himself admits he can't remember abything and try as he would he couldn't. Across from him lives Jennie Lawson, now in her 90's, sister of J.Lawson with whom I taled in Portage, and she is sick in bed and cannot see nor talk to anyone, and she was a friedn and neighbor as was her brother to the Muirs.

Potter December 16, 1936

James McDowell, Altoona

Does not recall a thing about Muir not in his book despite the fact that his parents knew him and of him and told many incidents to him years ago. He did recall that John Muir met his wife in a very unusual way. He was lost in the mountains and near death from exhaustion and starvation when she found him and nursed him back to health after which he married her.

Mrs. Robert McDowell, Altoona

Mrs. McDowell's sisters were great friends of the Muir sisters and spent much time together but she has forgotten all that she was ever told about them or John.

Potter Dec.16,1936

Miss Wells, Library, Portage

Miss Wells father was a very good boyhhod friend of Muirs and used to go hunting and fishing with him. All she can recall her father telling about him was that he cared absolutely nothing for personal appearnace and his long beard, which he wore from a young man until his death, was always unkept as were his clothes. When both were men John came back and went on a last fishing and hunting trip with J.E. Wells on which he used so many unusual expression and odd terms that Mr. Wells was astounded. He didn't swear but he might as well have. Miss Wells cannot recall what any of them were, and both her father and mother have been dead for many years.

Potter Dec,16, 1936

Mrs. Maultbey, Portage

She recalls the description of how Muir used to sit when he returned in about 89 to visit his old home and friedns in and about Portage. He would sit astride a chair facing the back of it and rest his arms on that back while he listened and took active part in the conversation.

Mrs. Tom Duffy, near old Muir home

She can recall little about Muir that is not in his book "My boyhood and Early Youth", with the exception of the few following.

When Joh Muir left his farm home 12 miles north of Portage to become a student at the University of Wisconsin he took with him some shrubs from his home and planted them in Madison--further details as to what they were, where they came from on his farm and exactly where they were planted were not forthcoming.

All the barn doors on the second Muir farm--Hickory Hill, had weird contraptions of pulleys and rope which made them open and shut by a mere pull.

On the farm John had perfected an invention which dumped him out of bed at the correct time in the morning. His sisters scoffed and laughed at it so he, unbeknownest to them, placed the invention under their bed and the following morning when they should have been getting up they found themselves not very lightly deposited unpon the floor.

Mr. W.C.English, Wyocena (caretaker of Indian agency,Portage)

The mother of Harland Rogers, prominent attorney inPortage, was a very good friend of John Muir. She often visited his home in California and he hers in Portage and she has many letters from him, which since her death have fallen into the hands of her son Harland, mentioned above. She likewise was a very good friend of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and saved her leetrs from that famous woman and they too are in the keeping of Mr.Rogers.

The first time the story of Stickeen was told John Muir related it to a group of friends in the home of Mrs. Rogers. After the tale was told Mrs. Rogers told John that he should publish it for it was a splendid tale. He said that he doubted whether anyone would read it but maybe he'd publish it sometime.

Everyone was much surprised when John Muir married for it was taken forgranted that he was a confirmed old batchelor and would remain so to the end of his days. The woman he did marry was the duaghter of a doctor in Califarnia who was very interested in herbs and medicinal plants, and he had many acres palnted with varities from all over the world. It was through his interest in these botanical specimens that Muir met his wife. His proposal was typically Muirish for he said that his life's ambition was to explore the glaciers in Alaska and that he was going on the government boat which was being outfitted for that purpose and would sail soon, and if that boat left the day before they were to be married he would leave on the boat. The woman didn't mind and they were married and the boat did not sail until a year after they had married and only a short time after their first child was born.

When John Muir's children reached school age he did not want them to go to school--he wanted to teach them himself, and he did teach them but only the things he wanted to, such as botany and zoology and left out such bothersome things as mathematics. His older daughter attended a graduating exercise of the local high school and was greatly impressed by what the students got from the school and what they knew. She went home and told her father that she was going to high school and his reply was that she couldn't for he wouldn't let her and he would not give her a cent for such foolishness. She becmae obstinate too and sadi that she was going and didn't care whether he gave her the money or not for her grandmother had left her enough so that she could, and she did andgraduated.

Professor Frost of the universaity found the site of the school in which John Muir tught while going to the univeristy about 10 or 12 years ago near Oregon. He planted a tree there to markthe spot

Potter Dec.18, 1936

Maltb ey
Mrs. Manitxex, Portage

David Muir and a Mrxxxxxy William Perry had a merchandise store in Portage in partnership. They did a very good business and were prosperous. The iron ore was then discovered up near Superior and Duluth and they became interested in the mines and property in the city of Duluth, interested their friends and customers in it also and put $45,000 into them. They had been "swindled" and fooled and as a result had to sell out their entire store and merchandise to settle the notes and then the investors only got 50¢ on the dollar. David wired his brother John in California his predicament and John wired back a terse leffetr to the effect "Hold the forte. Coming." another telegram followed telling David and his wife to come to him in Califnornia immediately. David and his wife packed and left at night without anyone being aware of their departure until long after they had gone. They went to anxxxxxxxxz John who then had a large vineyard which was prospering and he turned the entire outfit over to his bwother and his wife and told them that what they made was their own. The two worked very hard to pay back their sahre of the deficit due the people who had trusted Mr. Muir and Perry and they finally did pay their entire obligation. Shortly after that David died. Perry never even tried to repay his share of large deficit, and merely said that he couldn't for he had no money. There are still notes in the community held by those who invested their money but failed to receive their face value . Mrs. Maltbey has two.

Dec.18,1936

James Lawson, Portage

Mr. Lawson is now 86 years old and he lived neighbor to the Muirs when they were in their first home on Crystal or Muir Lake, and he used to go to church at the Muir home and sleep through the sermons preached by the elder Muir. Mr. Lawson came with his parents when but a boy of 3 from Glasgow, Scotland. His father had been a farmer in the old country and they all thought they could better themselves in this country. Their first home was near the Muir farm but in a tamarack swamp and was built entirely of logs. They had no lights, the feeble light of a wick in a dish of grease being their only means of illumination. When he was a boy he can recall the soldiers at Fort Winnebago. Unfortunately all his recollections of Muir, which could be so great a contribution, are very sadly mixed with Muirs own description of his youth and boyhood in his book of that title. I could get absolutely nothing of any value about Muir, nor early days about the fort and Portage except the usual lack of houses, streets and sidewalks true of any infant pioneer settlement. He did say that in those days you couldn't walk anywhere in Portage without collecting innumerable sand burrs.

Mr. Lawson has some very old dishes which his parents brought from scotland and some from his mother's family in the east that are all well over 100 years old. He thinks it would be a good idea to have them in a museum but is leavingit up to his son. His son lives with him, is Dr.F.S.Lawson, a widower. I did not approach him on the matter.

Potter January 11,1937

Prairie du Chien --John Muir

Mrs. D.H. Johnson, widow of Circuit Judge D.H.Johnson, who was at one time a resident of Prairie du Chien, where for a number of years the judge was editor and publisher of a newspaper, wrote some years ago [redacted] for a newspaper an article on John Muir which might be added to those collected from Portage.

"In September of 1860 the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society's fair was held at Madison, and it was there I first saw John Muir. He came with two clocks and a thermometer which he, a rather clumsy looking boy, had invented. I remember distinctly only one of the machines, and that was a hickory clock shaped / liked a scythe to symbolize old Father Time. The pendulum was a sheaf of arrows, whose ceaseless movement typified time's flight. It was hung upon a branch of an oak tree, and on the snath was inscribed the motto, "All Flesh is Grass."

"Muir and his invention were the chief objects of interest in the Fine Arts Hall at the fair that year. Crowds of people continually flocked around h im and made him explain the contrivances. The clock was so constructed that it indicated the days, weeks and months of the year, and had other virtues which I heard of later.

"I had just been married, and at the close of the fair went with my husband to live at Prairie du Chien. We went to board at the Bondell house, which was built shortly after the railroad reached the little river town. A big boom to real estate had been expected, but it never materialized, and the hotel soon went into the hands of a receiver and was now being run by E.W.Pelton as a family hotel or boarding house.

"John Muir came to Prairie du Chien expecting to work in the shop of a Mr. Wiard, the inventor of an ice boat to ply between Prairie du Chien and St.Paul. But John soon found that Mr. Wiard was too busy to

give much instruction. Even the ice boat never had a chance to make a success. So John looked about for some place where he might work for his board. Mr. Pelton offered him the position of chore boy at the Mondell house, and he gladly accepted.

"One of the vacant rooms of the hotel was fitted up and furnished with a cot bed, a light stand, a stove, etc., and we were summoned to see the working of John's wonderful invention. It was the identical clock which we had seen at the fair, which would at any hour at which John might set it give an alarm, scratch a match, light a candle, light a fire in the stove and finally tip the bed up so that the occupant would find himself on his feet. These performances were a never-failing fund of amusement to the household. John was an efficient and conscientious chore boy, but all his spare time he devoted to his studies.

"There were quite a choice number of intellectual people in the house, and we had weekly gatherings in the parlors, where one after another read aloud some choice bit of literature of his own selection, and interesting discussions would follow. John came to the readings, but I do not think that he ever volunteered to read. I remembered that we had a very nice entertainment on Thanksgiving Day of that year. After a bounteous dinner in the big dining room the tables were cleared away and we had a series of games. "Blind## Man's Buff", "Hunt the Slipper","The Needle's Eye", etc., were all played with zest, till someone proposed a game called "Pig", which was played by all joining hands except one, who stood in the center of the ring blindfolded and held a stick or cane in his hand, which he extended to anyone in the circle whom he could reach. The person reached was expected to make a noise or audible grunt at the end of the stick, and if recognized by the person in the center was compelled to change places with him. It was quite a jolly game, and there were quite

a number of wrong guesses, which made much more merriment for the party. John Muir did not join in the game, and soon retired greatly disgusted. Afterwards he said that he could have stood the foolishness of ~~same~~ most of the party, but there was one man, a Mr. Port, who was a colporteur and agent for the American Bible society--a rather stout man and very grave and dignified on ordinary occasions--whom he thought ought to be above such foolishness. To his surprise Mr. Port entered into the game ~~with~~ as ~~much~~ fully as any of the most frivolous members of the party. As a distributor of the Bible John had set him on a pedestal, and he felt that he had fallen from his high estate, so he left the room in disgust and freely expressed his opinion of the whole performance.

"In the following spring John went to the ~~university~~ university, where he graduated and afterwards went west to pursue his vocation as naturalist, forester, etc. ----------"

The History of Midway.

The history of the Midway Community is an interesting one. Nearly a century has passed since the first white men made their homes in that community. In spite of many difficulties and hardships, the pioneers progressed, and we owe them much for our present advancement.

The first schoolhouse was built of logs. These were placed very similar to rails, on the old rail fences. Between the logs was a layer of clay, which added to the warmth of the building. There were only three small windows on the north side and the schoolroom was not sufficiently lighted. It was a very small building and the enrollment was too large for its size.

In 1882 a new schoolhouse was built. This was a fairly good school and had been in use until 1927, when it burned. Then another school was built. This is a very nice school with all the modern conveniences, such as electric lights and running water. This schoolhouse was built a short distance from where the old one was.

In the pioneer days much enjoyment was obtained by spell-downs in the school. Many schools would compete with each other in much the same way as our schools do now in speaking contests. The Midway school was hard to beat, and many times its scholars spelled-down the teachers from other schools.

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The History of Midway (Cont'd.)

The form of entertainment in the pioneer days were very different from that of today. There were no movies, or anything of the sort. The kinds of entertainment were limited. They had corn-husking bees, at which the farmers would all get together at each other's homes and husk corn. Then they would tear the husks into small strips, and put them in sacks. This was exchanged for furniture. After their work was completed they had lunch, and a social hour. Another form of entertainment was the kraut bees. The farmers helped each other put up big barrels of sour kraut which was shipped to the north and exchanged for lumber. They also had social hours after their kraut bees.

Farming was the chief occupation. They raised a number of sheep and cattle. From the sheep they got wool for making many of their clothes. Some of the women wove cloth and made suits for the boys. The girls all were expected to be able to knit at the age of eleven. They made their own stockings of bright colors, which was fashionable at that time. Instead of going skating in the winter time, as girls do now, they had to stay at home and knit.

The first church services and Sunday School classes in Midway were held in an old warehouse. After this burned down, they had church in a blacksmith shop, owned by a man named Lockman.

The History of Midway (Cont'd.)

People walked for miles to attend Sunday School. The first church in Midway was built in 1882. Rev. Morgan was one of the first ministers.

Game was plentiful in this community. There were partridges and wild pigeons. The wild pigeons came in big flocks, but today they are so scarce that the government offers large sums of money for them. There were also many fox and wolves. A big black bear was killed in a field near the schoolhouse, by one of the first teachers in Midway.

Indians were very numerous in this community. Large bands of them settled near the schoolhouse. One day last week a skeleton was found in a field where a tribe of Indians had lived. This skeleton is believed to be that of an Indian. There was much danger of Indians in the pioneer days. Sometimes a whole band of them came to the houses when the men were not at home, and they would help themselves to anything they wanted. Indian massacres were quite common. One day a band of Indians came to a home where only the children of the household were at home. They peeked in through the windows at first to see who was at home. It happened that this family had a large dog tied up on the porch. The oldest child untied him and the dog chased the Indians away.

The History of Midway (Cont'd.)

They were very much afraid of dogs, so most of the farmers kept a dog for that purpose. There is an Indian grave in a field near the schoolhouse. This Indian had been found dead in the road by one of the farmers.

There were many hardships that the pioneers had to live through. Their means of communication were poor and the only means of traveling was by ox-teams. But in spite of hard times they progressed rapidly and have set a good example for future citizens.

Myrtle Olson

History of Cook Creek

The school in which I have been observing is situated in a beautiful narrow valley.

A creek meanders crookedly down its length.

On either side great rough hills covered with trees seem to keep guard of all below.

In the valley surrounding the school building are lovely old trees. The building itself is not new. Some sixty years ago the people decided they needed a school and the township was divided into four districts. Consequently it made large schools.

This peaceful valley was settled more than seventy years ago, mostly by Yankees and Irish. At the present time there are peoples of a great many nationalities.

Many and hard were the years that the pioneer put in ere he could raise crops sufficient for the needs of family and domestic animals.

The first homes were tiny log houses chinked with mud.

The land was covered with a virgin forest of hard wood. Great piles of logs that today would be worth hundreds of dollars were rolled up in piles and burned to get them off the land.

The first church was built on St. Mary's Ridge and was Catholic.

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History of Cook Creek (Cont'd.)

Game of all kinds was plentiful.

The story is told of one man who went to get his calves. On seeing something by the path, thought he had found them. On going closer he yelled "I'll show ya." The calf turned out to be a bear and not good natured. The man ran through the wall of a shed taking boards and all as he went.

These people churned their own butter when they had any. In summer they had lots of milk but as cold weather came on, with little feed and poor chelter the cows dried up. From then until spring there was little or no butter.

Money was scarce and there was little or no work to be had.

Consequently these people had a very hard time of it.

The nearest market place was La Crosse, and that many miles away. Sparta was closer but there wasn't much there at that time.

For amusements they had dances where one fiddler furnished the music and the ladies furnished the lunch. In the fall there would be husking bees. And when a new building was needed the men would gather, cut and trim logs. And then roll up the building notching them in the corners to make them fit.

History of Cook Creek (Cont'd.)

There was no such thing as finished lumber in those days. For floors they split boards from logs and nailed them together, for shingle they cut a piece the desired length and took a 2 and wooden mallet and split them.

Today as we go with car the length of the valley and see the cleared, fertile fields and the lovely homes it is hard to believe it was ever a dreary wooded wilderness. In the pastures we see pure bred stock. And the machinery is modern.

It seems almost unbelievable that that tiny log building over in that coolie by the spring at one time housed a family.

Neoma Lindley

Bits of Community History

Smith School is situated in Vernon County, two miles south of Westby on highway 11-61-27.

A man named Kikoying came from Madison between 1840 and 1850 to select land for himself and his friends who were at that time residing around Madison. He chose plats of land where the Smith School now stands. He returned to Madison after his work was completed, to bring his family and his friends and their families back with him to this new frontier. When they came back, some one else had come and settled the land which he had selected. They were two brothers-in-law, Smith and a Frenchman, Lamois. The people from Madison moved on and found land a little farther south.

Later on, the Irish moved in in great numbers, and Smith and Lamois, with their families, moved on across the Mississippi to the prairies. These Irish were industrious farmers, tilling the soil very well. They became rich, for this virgin loam or prairie soil was of the best to be found in the entire territory which is now the state of Wisconsin.

This rich land attracted others, among whom were the hardy Norwegians. These Norwegians had never seen the like of this wonderful country. It was a strange contrast to their rocky and worn-out hillside soils. They were willing to lay down their lives to gain a foothold here in this land of "milk and honey" for their

Bits of Community History (Cont'd.)

children. This was in 1854. At that time, more and more Norwegians came, and the Irish moved on to the new frontier which was fast moving westward.

The hardy Norsemen did not take time to build themselves homes before they began tilling the soil. A hastily constructed log hut was good enough for them until they had laid acres upon acres under the steel share of the plow. Although they did the plowing by foot, they used six yoke of oxen on their plows. These oxen stopped for nothing, and it was well that they didn't for there was no dynamite available for clearing the land. At least, these farmers could not waste the money for it when there were other means at hand. They cut down the great oaks, some of them centuries old, close to the ground. Then they hitched six yokes of oxen to their plows and pulled the trees up by the roots when they made their furrows.

There were few social gatherings because people were too busy taking care of the land they had and acquiring more land. Nevertheless, there was a brotherhood and a loyalty of spirit seldom found in this age. These people looked upon every man as his brother and were as eager to help him. They worked every day of the week harder than their sturdy oxen, but on the seventh they rested, for they were God-fearing people. Then they hitched up their ox-teams

Bits of Community History (Cont'd.)

and went many miles to their simple meeting house to hear God's Word expounded by one of their number or by a wandering preacher or layman. There they laid aside their cares and listened with rapt attention to words of peace which were like music to their souls. After the services, they exchanged pleasantries on the crops and the weather with their neighbors. By the time they came home, there was little time for leisure. It was time for chores and the never-ending tasks of the barnyard, but they never forgot these times of rejoicing for their souls.

The wagons they rode in were not designed for comfort. They were made of rough boards with the ends of a log sawed off for wheels. They were as sturdy as the oxen which pulled them. It took a long time to drive a mile, but the changes were that they would not get stuck in a snowdrift or a mudpuddle.

School was held during the winter months when there was nothing for the children to do at home. The schoolhouse was a simple building of logs, as simple as their homes. Rude benches were made of logs by sawing the log in two. The children sat on the sawed side. Paper was scarce and every child had to bring his piece of slate and piece of hard chalk. The schoolmaster was probably a farmer of a little more learning than the rest. He would know how to read, write, and figure simple and practical mathematical problems.

Bits of Community History (Cont'd.)

The school would be divided into two or three divisions, the primary classes, the intermediate, and a few who were more advanced. Very few went long enough and learned rapidly enough to reach the advanced grade which was about the limit of the schoolmaster's knowledge. Discipline was maintained by means of the birch rod, and it often happened that a school won a reputation of being "tough" by overpowering the schoolmaster and throwing him out. Although a school of this kind was hardly of the type which could be called advantageous for higher learning, there were many lessons of heroism, right living, and right thinking taught if the schoolmaster himself was truly highminded. However, times went on, and these farmers gained earthly goods. Conditions improved, and educational advantages became greater. Today, Smith School has one of the best school systems in Vernon County. There is little to indicate the early practices.

These are but a few of the interesting historical episodes of those early times. Most of the early pioneers are dead, and their children do not respect the memory of that thrilling past as they should. They, too, are busy gaining more land and more wealth and in their hurry and rush to become prosperous they forget the lofty ideals which their forerunners set up. They have more leisure and yet they have less time for their Lord and Master, and more time to seek their own pleasures, which is after all but a poor means of satisfying their souls.

Esther Flugstad

Esther Flugstad.

Bits of Community History 24

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Later on, the Irish moved in in great numbers, and Smith and Lamois, with their families, moved on across the Mississippi to the prairies. These Irish were industrious farmers, tilling the soil very well! They became rich, for this virgin loam or prairie soil was of the best to be found in the entire territory which is now the state of Wisconsin.

This rich land attracted others, among whom were the hardy Norwegians. These Norwegians had never seen the like of this wonderful country. It was a strange contrast to their rocky and worn-out hillside soils. They were willing to lay down their lives to gain a foothold here in this land of "milk and honey" for their children. This was in 1854. At that time, there were none but Irish in this community. As time went on, more and more Norwegians came, and the Irish moved on to the new frontier which was fast moving westward.

The hardy Norsemen did not take time to build themselves homes before they began tilling the soil. A hastily constructed log hut was good enough for them until they had laid acres upon acres under the steel share of the plow. Although, they did

Local History of Holland Township,
La Crosse County

Black river, dividing La Crosse and Trempealeau counties, formed a formidable barrier to travel in the early days, and was crossed by two ferries before the day of stationary bridges. These were known as Gordon's Ferry and McGilvrays.

The old Hunter's bridge, removed but a few years ago when the new modern structure was built, spanned the Black where the old ferry operated.

Eliphalet Gordon, for whom the first ferry was named, came into the section about 1849. A lumberman, the pioneer was traveling west, with the rich forests of Oregon in mind. He was born in New Hampshire, in 1801, and for many years in the lumber industry in Maine, Gordon entered Wisconsin expecting to continue west. He stopped for a time at Oshkosh. Continuing his westward journey, he was attracted by the timber along Black river, and halted to remain for a time. He took up five hundred acres largely wooded, along the Black river, on both sides of the river. He then made preparations to float log rafts down the Black.

With well-laid plans, and piles of lumber cut and sawed for a dwelling, Eliphalet Gordon began the journey back to New Hampshire to return with his wife and three children. His plans went wrong, and the traveler reached his home ill and near death, 1854. Before his death he convinced his wife that the buildings

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here were worth her leaving the east to take them up. At that time, the railway extended only to Rock Island, Ill., and from that point the widow traveled up the Mississippi by boat and reaching La Crosse, probably journeyed overland to her husband's land.. Much of the lumber so hopefully prepared for the new home was not needed, and was sold.

Mrs. Gordon, in spite of her promise to her husband, found difficulty in establishing the claim to rights on the river, and these were gradually relinquished. However, she owned the first ferry which operated across the river at the present Hunter's bridge site, and employed men to operate the convenience. Years later, her son, Dan Gordon, operated a later and improved ferry at that place, up to the time when the first bridge was built across the river. The vigor of Mrs. Gordon has been proven in the fact that nine times she returned to her eastern home, and that she brought with her countless articles for home and wear, among them some priceless heirlooms still treasured by her descendants.

The Gordons were of Scotch ancestry. Mrs. Gordon was of Irish ancestry.

Daniel K. Gordon was born in Penobscot county, Maine, in 1839. He was reared on a farm in his native county and received his education at Orono, above Bangor. He was a youth of 13 years when he came to Wisconsin. Here he worked on a farm and one winter he spent in attending school in Illinois. In the fall of 1863 he

returned East and enlisted in the Ninth Maine Infantry Volunteers Company I and served about two years. He was first stationed on Morris Island, near Charleston, South Carolina; was in the army of the James under General Ben Butler; was with his regiment in front of Petersburg for a time in 1864; in 1864-65 wintered at Chapin's farm in Virginia, was at the capture of Fort Fisher; marched to North Carolina with General Scofield and joined General Sherman's victorious troops at Raleigh, where was held a grand review. He was honorably discharged at Augusta, Maine, after which he returned to La Crosse county, Wis., and here he made his home.

Mr. Gordon owned a farm of ninety acres. His house was built in 1889, and is located on the Hunter Bridge site. His house was built in 1889. It burned two years ago. In the fall of 1860 he married Miss Anna Irvine, who was born in Nova Scotia, and who was eleven years old when she came to Wisconsin. Here she was reared and educated. Her parents were Scotch Irish and were born in Belfast, Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had five children, viz. Dudley J.; Anna, who was the wife of Ed. Henry, died 1890 leaving two children; Margaret, the wife of Martin Hanson, of Holland township, La Crosse county, have six children; Henry in Onalaska now; Ruth, who is now Mrs. Sylvester is living above Holmen; Dudley, living in South Dakota; Roy of La Crosse, Hugh of Onalaska and La Verne in Green Bay.

During twenty winters he was engaged in working in the woods and driving team.

The land now occupied by the Boy Scout Camp on Black River was formerly owned by the Gordons.

Another pioneer family was the Sacia family.

Mr. Harmon Van Slyke Sacia was born in Schenectady, New York, 1817 of French and German parentage.

At the age of seventeen Harmon and his brothers started for Milwaukee by way of Chicago. They went by stage coach to Chicago, which was only a small village, they learned that the only way of reaching Milwaukee was by walking. There were only four shanties between Chicago and Racine. When they arrived in Milwaukee they found only a trading post of French and Indians.

In 1837 the three brothers took provisions on their backs and started for Watertown where they found a few white settlers. Here they took up a claim and built a log cabin. A. A. Bird and Company of workmen stayed with them one night. They were on their way to Madison to begin work on the capitol.

The food of these pioneers consisted of bread and pork varied by wild game, birds and bear steak. Neither salt nor matches could be obtained this side of Milwaukee and many settlers lived on fish without salt. The only method of building fire was by striking flint.

In 1841 he married Cordelia Packard of Milwaukee. She was born in Vermont in 1826 of an old New England family, her family having come to America in 1638.

When Mr. Sacia heard of the discovery of gold in California, he left his family with relatives, and made the trip with friends to California in a covered wagon. On the way they were attacked by bands of hostile Indians, and ware keenly disappointed in not finding gold. He returned by boat around South America and up the eastern coast to New Orleans, up the Mississippi River and overland to Milwaukee. The family next lived in Galena, Illinois.

In 1850, Mr. and Mrs. Sacia and four children came by boat to La Crosse, then only a hamlet. Leaving his family Mr. Sacia set out on foot looking for a suitable place for a home. He chose a spot in a valley six miles northeast of Holmen, and this was the first home of the Sacias in this locality.

Here they lived in a rude shelter made of rough boards and poles covered with sod and furnished with only home-made furniture.

The Indians were friendly and would bring the family venison.

The nearest neighbors was a family by the name of Jenks, who lived six miles South, Wells in Lewis Valley and the Gordon family to the west. The nearest trading post was La Crosse and annual trips were made to Milwaukee for clothing and other supplies. Indian trails through the woods were the only roads.

To be on the main trail from Black River Falls to La Crosse and to near a spring of fresh water, the family in 1852, moved a mile northeast and settled on what is now the Vern-Sacia farm. Here a log house was built and it was here that Harmon G. Sacia was born.

A few years later Mr. Sacia erected a large residence where the family kept a hotel and a store. This was the social center for the community for miles around. Later a dance hall was built.

When the Civil War broke out Mr. Sacia enlisted in a Wisconsin Infantry. One son, born in 1860, and was named for Abraham Lincoln. He is still living in the town of Holland. Frank Sacia, who was only sixteen years of age, enlisted and fought shoulder to shoulder with his father until the close of the war.

In 1877 the family purchased a farm near Galesville where Fred Sacia and son still have the apple orchard. Some of the apple trees set out by Mr. Sacia over fifty years ago are still bearing fruit.

The farm near Stevenstown came into the possession of the late H. G. Sacia some years after his parents purchased the farm in Trempealeau county, and his son Vern now owns the farm which has been in possession of the Sacias since 1852.

Mr. and Mrs. Sacia were the parents of ten children, two of whom are living. These are Lincoln of Holmen, and Clarence of Galesville.

Mr.Sacia passed away in 1893, and Mrs. Sacia in 1908.

Harmon G. Sacia was born in Holland township, La Crosse County, on a farm in 1855. He was reared at the old homestead, and received his education in the district of the neighborhood. Mr. Sacia was married in 1881, to Lena Halter. She was born in Norway, but has lived in this county since she was a child. He died just a few years ago.

Frank Sacia, who has been a resident of Holland township, La Crosse County, since 1852. He was born in Jefferson County, Wis., July 8, 1846. He received a common school education. During the Civil War he enlisted in Company I and served until the war closed. After receiving an honorable discharge he returned to his home in La Crosse County.

He was married in 1872 to Miss Rosalie Costly. She was born in Steuben County, New York, was reared in Pennsylvania and Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Sacia have three sons, viz: Frederick, who runs the apple orchard at Galesville, Percy and Cleveland who also live in Galesville.

Stephen Lambert settled in Holland township in 1858. He was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania in 1844. His father, John Lambert, was also a native of Pennsylvania and was a descendant of German ancestry. His mother nee Catherine Brockem was born in Pennsylvania, the daughter of Pennsylvania-Dutch people. Grandfather

Brockem served in the war of 1812. John died when Stephen was three years old. His mother came to La Crosse county, and passed the rest of her life here, dying in 1876 at 67 years. She was a devoted Christian woman, and a member of the Methodist Church.

At the age of fourteen years Stephen came to La Crosse county. For several years he was variously employed, working on the farm, in the woods, and at sawmilling. He gained what schooling he had in Philadelphia before coming west. When the war came he enlisted in February 1862 in Company D, Fourteenth Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers. He took an active part in many of the engagements of the war; was with his regiment at Shiloh, when they covered themselves with joy and honor by capturing a New Orleans battery. He was honorably discharged at Cairo, Illinois, after a service of three years.

Mr. Lambert purchased a farm of 180 acres of well improved land in 1870. The farm was first class for those times. It is located on the Hunter Bridge hill on the La Crosse side.

He was married in 1878, to Dora Grassma, a native of Minnesota and a daughter of Bowker and Clara (Turkler) Grassma, natives of Holland. Her father died in 1875. Mr. Grassma served in the late war as a member of the Fourteenth Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers, being one year in the regiment with Mr. Lambert.

John, the son of Stephen, lives in the town of Holland in La Crosse County. John Lambert married Bertha Gooden. Her parents were settlers in the town of Holland.

Mrs. Johanna Holseth was the first white child born in this community.

Mr. Black came from a place in Norway called Black Holo, which was the origin of his name. He was a carpenter on the Shonsby estate in Norway, and his wife was a housemaid there. They were married in Norway in 1847, where their son, Ole, father of Fred Black, was born. They left Norway in 1850 to come to America. The ocean trip required 22 weeks, and Mrs. Black was ill during the entire voyage, leaving the care of their baby to Mr. Black.

Arriving in Dane county they remained there for two years. Here their second son, Gilbert, father of Oluf and Isaac Black, was born. The next summer, with the two infants, Mr. and Mrs. Black started out on foot for La Crosse county, driving a cow before them.

Upon their arrival in this vicinity they found the land had not been cultivated and was entirely covered with a growth of hazel brush. The Blacks followed the bluffs up Amsterdam Prairie to the present Fred Black farm where they made their home the rest of their lives.

The following year after their arrival in La Crosse county, their first daughter, Johanna, was born.

Mr. Black had to walk sixteen miles to La Crosse to get flour, and was compelled to carry it home on his back.

Their first home built of logs had no floor. The roof was thatched with straw, and the bed was made of leaves. More than

once Mrs. Black was startled to find a rattlesnake in the house. In a corner of the room was a fireplace fashioned of stones and clay, and in an iron kettle Mrs. Black baked her bread.

Mr. Black was a man of highly religious nature, and often had public services conducted in his own home before a church was built.

After the arrival of more settlers in the community Mr. Black canvassed the vicinity with the Rev. Frick and helped to organize the Lutheran congregation here.

Mrs. Holseth remembers many a visit at their home from the Indians, but they were always friendly and never did any harm. On one visit they took Mrs. Black by the hand and wanted her to accompany them. She soon found that they wanted her to give them a watermelon they saw growing in the garden. They brought her venison in return.

Mrs. Holseth grew to womanhood on Amsterdam Prairie, attending school until she was confirmed.

The marriage to Gilbert Holseth secured sixty years ago. They were the parents of 14 children, 12 of whom survived until 1910.

She has spent all her life here.

Ruth Hanson

HISTORY OF SOUR CREEK

Homesteaders

Sour Creek, a small prosperous country which in the middle of the nineteenth century was the scene of a few log cabins scattered throughout the locality, has steadily increased to the various modern farm homes of today. This small tract of land is located in the northern part of La Crosse County, lying partly in the towns of Farmington and Holland. Previous to 1867 the part now called Farmington was known as Town of Jackson. This land, the same as other, belonged to the government and was a vast wilderness.

As far back as can be remembered the first homesteader in this locality was Ole Anderson (Bekkemellum). His brother selected this tract of land for him and another brother. In the fall of 1853 Ole purchased it from the government. He, like other pioneers came empty handed and was compelled to borrow money to pay for his homestead.

His own story, as related to another to show some of the hardships he met with and also his success runs like this: He borrowed money from a party in La Crosse paying him 40% interest. This shows the scarcity of money at that time. To

meet his debt he worked in the woods during winter, and spent the summer on the river. While working there, he had the misfortune of breaking his collar bone, and evidentally was unable to work for some time, still he managed to save enought to pay for his land within one year. A rare incident to note about this homestead is, that it has passed from generation to generation, from grandfather to granddaughter namely Mrs. Alex Hendrickson formerly Laura Anderson who with her husband and family are at present occupying the place. We also find on this farm, li ing in another residence, Mr. and Mrs. Math Anderson. Mr. Anderson has the distinction of being born on this place and has lived there his entire life.

Mr. Anderson's good example of taking up a homestead was soon followed by others who were equally anxious to establish a home of their own. One of these was Dave New Comb Jr., who purchased the farm owned by Palmer Mahlum, most of Even Mahlum's and a portion of Odell Evenson's. He erected his cabin on that part of his homestead now owned by Palmer Mahlum.

Otto Stumlin built his home where Albert Amundson now lives. He in turn sold this to Andrew Amundson. Mr. Amundson was unfortunate in losing his home by fire. Instead of rebuilding on the same place, he chose a new site which at the

present time, is on the farm owned by Herman Amundson, his grandson.

The farm owned by John Fonstad, now tenanted by Ansel Evenson was homesteaded by Gilbert and Andrew Ekern. They sold this to Rasmus Johnson.

Among these homesteaders, we have Gunnar Bokrestad who settled on the H. B. Peterson farm now rented by Clarence Amundson. Mr. Bokrestad sold his homestead to Halvor Hanson still remaining there the rest of his life. He reached the ripe old age of 103 years, the most advanced age anyone in this community has reached.

We then go on and find another by the name of Ole Peterson, (Satre) on part of the farm now rented by Oscar Flatten. Upon the death of Mr. Peterson, Mrs. Peterson remarried. This time marrying a soldier of the Civil War, Nels Anderson, (Morkved.)

Ole Hemma homesteaded the Albert Mahlum farm. He remained here but a short ime, selling to Peter Nelson, Sr. (Hemma), Mr. Mahlum's grandfather.

The farm now owned by S. N. Johnson was the homestead of Par Amundson, who in turn sold it to Christian Mahlum.

Another was Christopher Hanson, who sold to Iver Amundson. This is now owned and operated by John Fonstad.

The place on which Lawrence Mahlum now lives was homesteaded by Ole Amundson, (Bakka.) Upon his death, the farm was operated for many years by his widow and children. Mrs. Amundson sold her farm to her oldest son Andrew. After his death his youngest brother, Otto purchased the estate. Later it was sold to Lars Larson, (Roterud.) This place in time became a part of the farm where William Severson now lives and which he owns.

Dave New Comb Sr. homesteaded the Iver Johnson farm.

Ole Hanson, (Bolig) on the farm now owned by John Anderson.

On the place now owned by Christ Mahlum were two homesteaders, one by the name of Lars Emerson (Kviselstugen) who erected his cabin on one part and Mr. Larson built on another part. These two homesteads in time became the property of one owner, Mrs. Amund Emerson. A third site was selected for the present dwellings.

Early Settlers

Some of our ancestors were not homesteaders but instead early settlers. We also find that a number of these homesteaders stayed for only a short time, selling to these early settlers who on the whole remained for a longer period to see the progress of the community.

The first to mention among the early settlers, we have Johannas Johnson (Anderkvein.) He sold his farm to Erik Larson (Roterud.) He like all the rest had to labor hard to pay for his home. There were various means of earning a little extra money. He as a tinker went from home to home doing tinker work while his family looked after the farm. This farm is now owned by William Severson.

Another early settler was Andrew Seeberg, settling on the present Ole Seeberg place. Ole, the youngest son of Andrew, was born, raised and still lives on and operates the farm. In the later years another brother, Lars bought and built a home for himself and family on the Lars Seeberg farm, now rented by Albert Thompson.

At the close of the Civil War another settler came to this section. Ole Larson (Haave), a Civil War veteran, purchased his farm from Mathias Johnson (Ustby). Mr. Larson's life was not all pleasure. Besides experiencing many hardships in the army, he had yet to meet with the most heartfelt sorrow. Only a few days previous to Christmas in the year 1881, death entered this home and claimed Mrs. Larson, leaving him with a large family, the youngest being only ten months old. The next year, Mr. Larson sent to Norway for his sister to help

care for the family. With the aid of his sister and children, he managed to operate his farm for many years. Some years later a son became the victim of the dreaded disease, diphtheria. Advanced in age, Ole sold his farm to his only remaining son, L. C. Larson (Haave.) This farm is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Adell Evenson, Mrs. Evenson being a granddaughter of Ole Larson (Haave.)

The present Even Mahlum farm was purchased and settled by Mathias Simonson.

During the latter years another place was settled which is the present Mellian Mahlum home. This farm was purchased by Mathias Thompson from Lars Knutson. Mr. Thompson cleared the land and built himself a home which is still standing.

Soldiers.

There are still two persons who need mention. They are Lars Larson (Haave) who made his home with his son, Ole Larson (Haave) and Christian Nelson who made his home with his sister, Mrs. Halvor Hanson. These need mention because of being war veterans. The former of the foreign war between Norway and Sweden, and the latter of the Civil War. We had in

our community, at that time, only four soldiers, three of the Civil War and one of the foreign country. The other two having been mentioned in previous paragraphs. Today we may boast of having seven World War veterans added to our list.

Log Cabins

We will note that in this part called Sour Creek, we can still find three of the old log cabins erected in the early days still standing, not merely standing, but are the dwelling houses of three families. Although some improvements have been made, the original log cabins are the same. They are Palmer Mahlum's, Albert Mahlum's and Ole Seeberg's homes.

Home Furnishings

The household furnishings of the pioneers were very simple, only what he himself was able to manufacture. Benches, made out of planks took the place of chairs. Often small planks were carried home from the river to be made into some piece of furniture. The tables were also home made. The beds were made with straw or corn stalk ticks. To illuminate their homes, they lit a strip of cloth placed in a saucer filled with grease. This method of lighting up the homes was soon improved by the

use of home made tallow candles. A few years later kerosene lamsp came into use.

Implements

The implements in use were also very crude. The sleighs were home made. The wheels of the wagons were cut from large logs with tires shrunk on. All the work was done by hand. The grain was seeded by hand, cut with a cradle and bound by hand. The hay was cut with a scythe, raked with a hand rake and stacked outside. As machinery was less available at that time, it required a longer ½eropd tp harvest the grain. Therefore, the women took an active part in outdoor work. The wooden beam plow was prominent in those days. There were no pumps nor windmills. The water was carried from the creek or springs, some using buckets, others a yoke. No threshing rigs hummed. Grain was threshed by the use of a flail, later by the horse power. The first windmill was erected on the oldest homestead, and the first binder was also owned and operated on this place. The first hay fork outfits including fork, rope, three pulleys and grab hook to be installed in their barns was purchased for the sum of $13 each by Ole Larson and Ole Anderson.

Livestock

Livestock was rather scarce. A yoke of oxen was the main means of conveyance and use on the farm with the exception of a few teams. Sheep and hogs ran wild in the neighborhood. As a rule the farmers owned a cow or so, enough for their own use and if they could manage they would churn and sell a little butter.

Nationality, Church and School

As to nationality we find that Sour Creek has almost been entirely in the hands of Norwegians, and can say that at the present day there are only Norwegians and all belong to the Lutheran Church. In the early days, the people of this locality had no church of their own but assembled in a school house to worship.

The same in regards to educating their children, they were compelled to send them to distant schools, until in the year 1900 when Sour Creek saw the erection of a small school house in the heart of the community where the children of today receive their first education.

Modern Improvements

We like other communities have attained several modern

developments. In the early days, mail was received once a week at Union Mills while today we have the rural free delivery. Telephones are found in most of the homes. Every farmer has in his possession at least one car, while in the year 1912 the first car was purchased by L. C. Larson now residing at Holmen. Good roads are found throughout. Among other modern improvements found in this locality are radios, milking machines, tractor and an electric light plant.

Had No Regrets

If our forefathers could have lived to see the things of today, they would have said: Commencing in 1853, hard times and poverty often stared us in the face and sometimes came near looking us out of countenance; yet, through all those long years of failures and successes, of sorrows and of joys, we never lost faith in the future, nor once regretted having made our home in Sour Creek.

Manley L. Mahlum

History of the Holmen Schools

The history of the Holmen Public School dates back to about 1860 when the first a one roomed schoolhouse was built on the farm now owned by Mr. Kreuger. It was moved one half mile south about fifteen or twenty years later. In 1905 this became a State Graded School and moved into its present quarters.

In the year 1898, Maurice Casberg had a vision that there would some day be established in this vicinity a high school. Mr. Casberg died in the Spanish American War. In his will he endowed our school with $1,000.00, the interest of which was to be used to beautify the school grounds.

It took fourteen years for his vision to come true. The urgent need for a high school was realized in 1912. In August, 1912 a high school was established to a public election. The following board of education was elected: Director, K. O. Gaarder; treasurer, Emil Knudson; clerk, C. F. Hoffma. School opened on September 30, 1912, with William H. Stevenson as principal and only faculty member that year. The first years classes were held in the north room on the second floor of the Holmen Graded School building for which the high school paid

one dollar per term for three years and one-third of the fuel and janitor expenses.

Our school developed rapidly until in 1919 work was begun on a new building for the high school which was completed by Peter Nelson & Son, contractor, in 1921. It was the biggest improvement yet made and crowded condition were relieved. It contained a gymnasium which afforded a greater opportunity for Holmen to compete in athletics with other schools.

Our school progressed through the faithful efforts of the following board of education members: C. F. Hoffma, Emil Knudson, K. O. Gaarder, W. H. Kreuger, Manley Libokken, Marvin Nelson and V. S. Keppel.

The Holmen High School has been aided by the services of the following principals: Wm. H. Stevenson, E. A. Reynolds, C. L. Vander Bie, U. U. Smith, P. H. Brown, A. J. Anderson and Wm. O. Nilsen. They were aided by the following teachers: Veronica Murphy, Amy Becker, Miss Boughton, Laura Ruegsegger, Abbie L. Fauver, Bertha Blanchard, Iona Wessel, Loraine Lomas, H. H. Daley, Mildred Berg, Winifred Gorden, Gertrude Duel, Elizabeth Keli, Pearl Pederson, Myrtle Hendrickson, Dorothy George, Violet Skinner, Leona Wood, L. A. Vennes, Vivian Lewis (Mrs. O. Herbert), D. E. Fields, Mrs. A. J. Anderson,

Henry Trammal, Esther Smith, Lilah Sholes, Mary Reed, Blanche Oliver, W. D. Brownsen, H. H. White, Agnes Risetter, Sophia Vosseteig, Alan C. Webber and Gus C. Boll.

Some of the student activities of the high school are: Community Fair, Literary Society, Forensics, Glee Club, Community Entertainment Course, Science Club, Track, Baseball, Basketball, Tennis, Volley ball. We have the Girl's Athletic Association and the Owl Club or the Boy's Athletic Association.

Ragna Berg.

History of Half Way

Orange Smith, an ambitious middle aged pioneer, loaded his few possessions into wagons drawn by sturdy oxen and set out for Wisconsin 1852 to seek new lands and a new home. With him was his family of four girls and three boys. Their mother had died a few years previous. From his home in Illinois he traveled to Prairie du Chien, Then he followed the Mississippi River to La Crosse. Leaving La Crosse, he traveled to what is now known as Half Way and settled on the present Oscar Lee Farm.

Here they erected rude shelters from brush and canvas from their wagons and lived in them while Mr. Smith and his boys felled and hewed trees and erected their first house of logs.

This house was built near the road which led to Black River Falls, at that time a very important town. This road was traveled to a great extent local people and business caravans. The far seeing Mr. Smith built an addition to his house and formed a hotel. Here he did great business because it soon became a regular stopping place for travelers.

Orange Smith saw the possibilities of a great farming country so he secured as much land as possible before he retired to West Salem. He owned the farms now owned by Tom Johnson, John Olson, Oscar Lee and Abner Smith as well as some farms in Spring coulee.

When Mr. Smith retired Tom Johnson's farm was given to his daughter who married Sam Smith. Sam Smith sold this farm to John Rightsma who in turn sold it to Theodore Skogen who sold it to the present owner.

The John Olson farm Mr. Smith sold to Christ Buerker who sold it to John Olson who now owns it.

Oscar Lee's and Abner Smith's was given to Thomas Smith son of Orange, who worked it until his death. Abner Smith then bought it from the estate and settled on it. In 1916 he divided it up selling part to Oscar Lee and keeping the rest for himself where he built new buildings and is now residing.

The rest of the land in Half Way was owned by speculators.

Able Nutting owned the Schaller farm. Orange Smith's hotel was discontinued so Nuttings built a hotel and saloon to take its place. When Able Nutting died, Richard Hossfield bought the home and lived there for a year when Frank Schaller moved on it in 1884. After his death, the Schaller Bros. run it for a time. When it was divided, George remained on the homestead and Frank Jr. built new buildings.

Geo. Willey owned the Jenks, Weverstad, and Peterson farms. In late years it was divided Jenks bought one part and Horace and Jewitt whowere sons of George were given the rest.

Later Lewey Peterson bought Jewitt's share and Weverstad Bros. bought Horace's share.

The Kreuger farm was speculated upon for years when it was bought by Will Kreuger who worked it for a time and then rented it.

The Stevenson farm was also speculated upon until bought by Oscar Heath who sold it to Tommy Stevenson.

Stuhrdaul owned the Hossfield and Nuttlemen farm. Nuttleman sold his farm to John Drogseth who sold it to Emil Knutson who now owns it. The Hossfield farm never changed hands.

Emil Knutson bought his farm from the Lutheran Church Congregation when they moved the Parsonage. On this farm was built the first Lutheran College in 1860. It burned down in 1865 and then moved to its present site at Decorah, Iowa.

The first Half Way Lutheran Church was built in 1864 near the Parsonage on the Knutson farm. The cemetery was near this church. The first minister was J. B. Stubb, and L. Larson was the first minister located here and he was also the professor of Lutheran College. In 1912 this church burned to the ground and was rebuilt near Abner Smith's farm where it now stands. Rev. Smeby is the minister at this time.

4--History of Half Way.

The Half Way school was built about 1860 it was one of the first in the county. The school had a large attendence during the time it was in session which was the winter months. Pupils came from Sweden coulee, Spring coulee, Johnson coulee and Half Way. This school was very sturdily built and except for a few alterations and modern equipment it stills is used today.

Smith was the first postmaster. He held this post for many years until he retired. Then it was transferred to Able Nutting. In 1880 it went to John Olson. Then it came to Schallers where it remain until it was moved to Holmen.

The name Half Way was applied by the mail carriers who would start from La Crosse carrying the mail to Black River Falls. They would get to the hotel at noon where they would eat and go. When going back the next day again they would be here for noon. This was the half way line of their trip thus it derived its name.

Willard Schaller

Community and School History of Midway

When the early settlers first came to Midway, they jad many hardships to withstand. The lady whom I spoke to told me some of them that happened to the Filler family, I will write a few here.

When the Filler family first came to Midway they settled near the place where the homestead is now. Their home was made of logs. In between the logs there was a mixture of clay and putty. The windows were ½ the size of those that we have now. There were 2 or 3 windoes on one side of the house.

There were very many Indians in this territory then. They would come to the homes in large bands usually when the men were away. One day, just after the Filler family had butchered, the Indians came and took all the meat that they wanted. After this they decided to get an ugly dog to scare the Indians away.

Another day, when the men were away the Indians came again. The children were very frightened and crawled under the tables. The Indians came to the front of the house while the daughter went out of the back door and let the dog out. The dog barked, chased and bit some of the Indians but they ran

in every direction and never came back to bother the Filler family again.

At this time there was much wild game. Wild pigeons which are very seldom seen now were very plentiful then. There were also many prairie chickens, deers, and one black bear which was killed by an old school teacher.

Farming was the chief occupation. The people raised many sheep. In the evenings the father would comb the wool and the mother would sit near with the spinning wheel. Sometimes the women wove the cloth to make boys' overcoats and suits. At the age of 10, the girls had to learn how to knit and darn stockings.

For amusements, the people had community spelling contests, corn husking bees, and gatherings for making kraut. One community would spell against another community. This was considered great fun especially if someone could speel down the teacher. The corn husking would meet at different homes in the community. The corn husks were sacked and exchanged for furniture. The kraut was put into barrels and exchanged for lumber from the lumber camps.

The first schoolhouse was an old wooden building but

there is no record of this. The next was a little one-story building with 3 windows. This was built in 1884. The first teacher was Z. Mesterhouse. There was 8 months school terms - 5 months in the winter and 3 months in the summer. Usually a male teacher was hired in the winter and a female for the summer months.

The teacher wrote his or her own contract. It always stated something similar to this: That they had the authority to teach, govern, and conduct the common school and to preserve in good condition and order the schoolhouse property. The terms for which they were hired was usually from 2 to 5 months. The first contract wages were $30 a month.

In 1903 the school term was changed to 9 months which started September 1. School was continued in this one-room building until 1926 when it was burned down.

In 1927 the modern building that now stands was built.

Church and Sunday School was first held in an old warehouse in Midway. This burned down and then Lockman's two story blacksmith building was used. In 1883 the Midway Church was built. A man by the name of Morgan was the first minister.

Jessie Hoogenhouse

Luther College

When the synod of the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church of America was organized in 1853, it soon becamé apparent that large numbers of the growing Norwegian population in this country would be spiritually neglected unless men could be found to supply the urgent need of ministers. The number of ministers who came over from Norway was insufficient, and as the synod had no college or theological seminary, it had no way of properly educating young men for services in the church. Norwegian students, however, even later welcomed by the German Missouri Synod to avail themselves of its colleges and theological seminary, and an arrangement whereby the Norwegian Synod appointed and supported a professor of the German institution in St. Louis. This professorship was held by Professor Lour Larson for about two years 1859-1861; the Civil War then caused such a disturbance in St. Louis that the school closed in April, and the Norwegian professor and his students soon after left the city.

At the meeting of the synod at Rock Prairie, Wisconsin in 1861, it was decided to found a college at Decorah, Iowa. In anticipation of this decision the Rev. V. Karen had already secured a beautiful tract of land for the college northwest of

the city. The charter members of the college corporation were the Rev. H. Amberg Preus, President of the Synod; Thore Peterson, and G. T. Lornmen.

No arrangements had been made for suitable quarters at Decorah, and it was thought best to conduct the school, during its first year, on a large vacant parsonage, at Half Way Creek, Wis. about thirteen miles from La Crosse. School was opened Sept. 4, 1861 with a faculty if two teachers, Pres. Lour Larson and Professor J. A. Schmidt, and an enrollment of five students. Later in the year the number of students increased to sixteen, and then decreased to nine.

In 1862 the college was transferred to Decorah, and for three years occupied a building which had been purchased by the Synod, and which is now known as the Union Hotel. Later an adjoining building was erected to meet the requirements for more room.

In the meantime the Synod erected a building on its thirty-two acre tract. This building was dedicated Oct. 4, 1865 and was used by the college. The south wing, which had not been built at this time and the erction of which remained to complete the structure according to the original plan, was added in the course of time, and the college grew and prospered. May 19, 1889,

the building was destroyed by fire. The loss was keenly felt, and it was decided to rebuild without delay. In the meantime, classromms were fitted up in the basement of the first Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church and other buildings in the vicinity, when temporary quarters had been secured, and the work of the college was resumed the following school year under many disadvantages. The new building reared on the foundation of the old, and the same demensions, was completed with all possible speed, and was dedicated and ready for occupancy Oct. 14, 1890. Since then the equipment, faculty and number of buildings have been steadily increased.

In 1911, the late Mr. James J. Hill, of St. Paul, Minnesota, contributed $50,000 for endowment on condition that $200,000 additional be raised. This was done, largely through the efforts of Dr. H. S. Stub, 1866. In 1926 Luther College and St. Olaf College made a joint appeal for $550,000 additional endowment, in order to meet the requirements of the North Central Association of colleges and Secondary Schools. The amount pledged to the endowment of these two colleges in this appeal was about $1,400,000 payable in three equal annual installments.

In 1929 the Luther Corporation purchased the farm of

360 acres adjoining the campus on the north. This farm is to be operated in the interest of the college.

In 1902, after fourty-one years of faithful service, President Larson requested the Synod to relieve him of the duties of the Presidency. The Synod granted his request and elected as his successor the Rev. Christian K. Preus, who served as Pres. until his death, May 28, 1921. On the death of Pres. Preus, Dr. Olson was made acting Pres, and in June 1923 was elected President.

Luther College now has a very fine campus of 32 acres, recently a farm of 360 acres, has been added. Some of this will be used for campus purposes. Recently a few acres have been given by Mr. Nustad, of La Crosse, Wis. to be used as a football field.

Other buildings are the main building of four stories, has beautiful structure; a large dormitory building called the Lour Larson Hall. Loyalty Hall as the dining hall accommodating 275 persons. The Koren Library now having about 40,000 volumes, and containing many objects which eventually will be placed in the museum building.

The gymnasium is one of the finest in our Lutheran Colleges in our Lutheran Church.

Luther College has also braodcasts from KWLC four days out of the week, and on Sundays.

Helen Smetry

The Early History of Holmen

In the year of 1857 the roads around La Crosse were not much more than trails through the woods, and much of the journey was made by ox team or on foot; but that seemed only a small hindrance to the settlers who in 1863 came to the town that is now called Holmen.

Funds were collected and the first business place was erected, which was the blacksmith shop. The blacksmith shop was operated by a man named Frederick - usually called Frederick, the blacksmith.

The second business place was the flour mill started by Mr. Helgeson. However, before the building was finished, it was purchased by William Pfenig from whom Mr. Casberg bought the mill. Five weeks after he became owner, the mill dam went out and had to be rebuilt. This was just one hardship among the many. A large residence was erected near the mill in which the help roomed and boarded. Later the Casberg family moved to a house on the north side and the "mill house" as it was called was occupied by several families until a few years ago when it was razed and part of it used to erect another residence.

About the same time two young men operated a very small store but soon tired of it and left the place. This store

was located in the dwelling, which still stand, behind the present brick store of A. O. Jostad and Company.

In the fall of 1870 Mr. Peter E. Sjolander with his wife, Olivia and son C. A. Sjolander, moved to Holmen and purchased from Mr. Lytle about one and one half acres of land including the blacksmith shop on the corner where the Jostad store now stands. Mr. Peter E. Sjolander then started and operated a small store in the rear part of the dwelling which was operated as a place of business about two years. In the early past of 1873 the business was taken over by the son, C. A. Sjolander, who rented a building from Harry Mulder, standing on the corner where Knudson's store now stands. This was used about a year and a half, when Mr. Sjolander purchased a partially completed frame building, which was then moved to the corner, where the brick building now stands. Later improvements were made as the business required them. It should be stated that Mr. Harry Mulder also owned a small store for a short time in the same building that Mr. Sjolander occupied.

About this same time the hotel was built and changed hands several times until finally it passed into the hands of Even Casberg, a brother of Carl Casberg, who occupied it for

some time. Since then it has changed hands several times.

In 1875 the Holmen Post Office was established. Mr. C. A. Sjolander was the first post mawter. He had to agree to carry the mail free of charge as the government would not pay a salary for a carrier. Such was the mail system for a few years; later a carrier was furnished. For many years the mail carriers had to walk many miles with the mail, through the snow and mud and also many other inconveniences.

In 1886 Mr. C. A. Sjolander established the first creamery in Holmen and operated and managed the same for about three years, when it was overtaken by the farmers and has been conducted a cooperative organization since then. Mr. Sjolander had some difficulties in starting the creamery, insomuch that he had to go from farm to farm each day to get the milk. Although it was hard work he kept trying and finally made a success of it.

I am sure that these people worked hard to make this community a success. Although there were a few hardships they continued their work until they succeeded.

Margaret Sjolander

Haug Family History

Peter Haug, born in the year of 1822, lived in the Ness village in Norway; he was a coach driver in this village so he had to be ready to drive people anywhere and at anytime of day or night.

In the days before the tallow candle was introduced in this village he had to use the following device to get light. He first wound a small stick with cloth; this stick was dipped into oil. They then hollowed out a potato and placed the stick inside of this. The potato served as a protection from the wind.

One year when the crops froze unusually early so the people of this village had to grind the bark of a certain tree, which they mixed with a little flour. This was then made into bread.

Of his five children, four came to America. They are Johannah, Martha, Lena, and Ole. Mary stayed in Norway to take care of some aged relatives.

Ole and his wife landed in Quebec, Canada in 1851. They then came to La Crosse. They came to La Crosse County because many of their old acquaintences lived here and because they thought this would be a good place to start out in this new world.

When they came to La Crosse they were to be met by Mr. Lars Olstad of Long Coulee. They arrived in La Crosse a day sooner than they expected to so Mr. Olstad was not there to meet them; they then had to start out walking. They had to carry a 2 year old girl named Bertha, who was born in Norway in the year of 1850, and a six month old girl named Mary. They soon became so tired that they were forced to seek shelter for rest in a little, old shack along the road. After they had made themselves comfortable and were about sleeping they were awakened by a man who claimed to be the owner of the shack. He chased them out so they had to sleep on the ground the rest of the night.

The next morning they were met by Mr. Olstad who had started out to meet them. He drove a team of oxen on a crude lumber wagon. Mr. Olstad took this family into his home until they moved to their new home. This farm is now the Ustby farm in Long Coulee.

After a few years he moved to the present Haug farm one mile north of Holmen. On this farm he built a log cabin and a log barn. The only implements he had was the plow and a grain cradle.

There were thirteen children in this family namely, Bertha and Mary, born in Norway, Peter, Minna, Hans, Ellen, Oluff, Mary, Mina, Carl, Amalia, Tillie and Hulda, born in Long Coulee.

Some of these children died in infancy.

Peter Haug lived on a farm in Amsterdam Prairie. After this he worked in La Crosse as a teamster for a lumber mill. He later moved to a farm near Whitehall, where he died. He had 3 children, Ole, Emily and Smith. Ole and Emily live in Whitehall. Ole has three children, Palmer, Agnes and Tillman.

Tillie Haug married Mr. Amos Ustby. They had two children. Mr. Ustby and a little baby girl are deceased. Their son, Milo is living on a farm near Mindoro. He is married and has one child.

Mina Haug married Mr. John Anderson, who had seven children, Elmer, Ira, Myrtle, Myena, Russel, Arthur, and Eleanor. Of these, Mr. Anderson, Elmer, Arthur, and Myena are deceased. Ira, Myrtle and Eleanor are living in La Crosse, and Russel and his mother are living in Pierre, South Dakota where Russel is a minister.

Hulda Haug was married to Even Gudsos of Cashton. They have two children Helen and Alta.

Oluff Haug was a resident of Long Coulee and Holmen until his death in 1929. He lived on a farm one mile north of Holmen, the same farm as his father lived on. He had 3 children, Oscar of Galesville, James of Long Coulee (on same farm as his father and grandfather had owned) and Mrs. Harry Schilling of Sand Lake Coulee.

James Haug has eight children namely, Orel, Lucille, Donald, Joyce, Harris, Agnes, Marian and Joanne.

Mrs. Harry Schilling has 2 children, John and Lillian.

Oscar Haug has no children.

Lucille Haug

Gregg Montgomery
March 27, 1936

Richmond Van Ness
Lodi, Wis.

Return Call

Old Days in West Point

1

Wammus

Wammus was the name, Mr. Van Ness' New England granmother who came to West Point in 1851 called a jacket.

2

Brewery

When Peter Van Ness came to West Point in 1851 he found the log buildings on his farm not to be large enough to comfortably accommodate his family and stock. The house could be used so he started to build his barn first. It was a frame building and the first of its kind in the neighborhood. A man traveling past noticed the large new building and on arriving in the village of Lodi remarked that West Point was a funny place to be building a brewery.

3

Why the pioneers picked hilly country for settling

Mr. Van Ness once asked his grandfather why he came through all the nive prairies on his way from Milwaukee and settled in the barren hills of West Point. The answer was "wood and Water". The hilly part of the country presented problems of being hard to cultivate, the problem of eternal soil erosion and the difficulty of building roads among the hills. The prairies had for their advantage their rich, level soil and the fact that they were well drained; yet the pioneers chose them last in settling.

4

Burr Oak Openings

Settlers in Columbia county found only groups of mature trees here

and there. Mostly burr oaks in park areas. These were called "burr oak openings". The rest of the forested area was second growth from 6 to to 10 ft.tall.

Breaking was done with plows which would throw 18 to 20 inch furrows. It was said that these plows could turn under anything which the yolk oxen could bend down under their heavy yolk. 5

No Fences _ 6

Since in the early days there were no fences the cattle usually ran loose all summer on the hills. A farmer would occasionally jump on his horse and ride miles with salt to give to his cattle. Usually by the end of the summer cattle from several herds would be together so in the fall there would be a general round-up and separating of the herds.

Apples and Rabbits 7

Peter Van Ness stopped at Bugfalo on his way to Wisconsin partly to outfit for his new home. While there he visited a nursery and ordered over 100 apple trees to be delivered i n Madison on an approximate date. He had them sent to Madison because it was the nearest railraod caenter. He took a chance on their arriving when they were supposed to and drove over rough trails the 25 miles to get them. Fortunately they arrived on schedule.

The reason Peter Van Ness ordered so many trees was because (1) In the east he was used to having a large orchard and expected the climate in Wisconsin to be about like that in the east. (2) The apple was a very necessary item of their diet proving a source of minerals and vitamins during the long winters when there were no raw fruits and

8

Apples and Rabbits(Cont.)

One orchard enemy Van Ness feared was the rabbit because it frequently barked young trees in the winter time. He told his two sons that if they ever saw a rabbit to kill it if possible. He even told them to drop eve every thing else and tend to exterminating the pest. Yet at the time of this proniuncement rabbits were very scarce. Despite their efforts the rabbit tribe increased as civilization spread. This has always been so. The older brothers lived to see rabbits so thick that hunting them in a small swamp during a winters day they would have enough to make a sizeable pile. on the ground.

9

Gregg Montgomery
Mar. 26, 1936

Bert Richmond
Lodi, Wis.

Return Call

Story

In 1859 Edgar Richmond and two other men from West Point started for Pikes Peake in a covered wagon. They earned their way as they went along by camping outside the village and giving a musical program at night. They took a dog with them who got lost somewherre in Iawa, sometime later when they returned home, they did not make the complete trip, they fotd the dog had crossed the Mississippi and found his way home. During their trip west the men encountered two Indian tribes who were at war. One night they were awakened by two Indians who asked in sign language if they had seen their enimies. After learning that the strangers had not come upon the enemy tribe that day the two braves departed without causing trouble.

Traditional saying

About fifty years ago Lodi had a band in which big John Frye played the Tuba. One time while the band was plying at a lawn party John stopped plying and being asked why he had stopped he said,"I stopped to catch up". The saying has became traditional and is still used - especially at local band practices.

Hail Storm

In 1887 Lodi had a terrific hail storm that broke every window on the north side of town.

Gregg Montgomery
March 26, 1936

Bert Richmond

3

Big Fire

In 1882 a fire broke out which swept about a half of a city block. The old "bucket brigade" finding the fire to be beyond their reach enlisted the help of the Madison Fire department. The equipment was hurried up on a a railroad flat car.

4

Freak Railroad accident

In 1894 before the time of automatic couplings and air-brakes a freak accident happened in Lodi. A freight train was coming down the hill from Dane. One car had a load of emty egg cases. Suddenly one set of trucks(the wheels on each end of the car are called trucks) under the car containing the egg cases broke loose rolled off the tre track. About ½ mile farther down the track the other truck came out and the car rolled down the bank, into the filed and landed right side up without so much as breaking an egg case. The train proceeded on to the village as though noyhing had happend. It stopped in the town, coupled up the space left by the missing car and went on.

5

Mr. Rapp registers his eland claim

When Wm. Rapp took up his claim west of Dane he ran night and day until he reached Mineral Point where he filed the claim to his homestaed.

Mar. 18, 1936

Joseph McChesney
Dane, Wis.

Mr. McChesneys father, Rudolph McChesney , hired himself out before he had become of age, chopping wood and doing odd jobs. By his hard labor he was able to buy himself a horse, harness, wagon, and and axe. He continued working hard then until he was able to buy himself free from his mother. He then left his home in Oswego, N.Y. and took one of the first steam vessels on the Great Lakes to Wisconsin, which had a national reputation of being a veritable Eden . he settled in Rock County first. This was in the year 1848.

Rudolph's mother was granted 160 acres of land as a widow's pension. In those days those granted government land could choose it whereever they wanted. So sight unseen , andby the reputation Wisconsin had gained through hearsay, she took 40 acres near what is now the village of Dane and the remainder in Marathon Co. The 40 acres near Dane proved to be very fertile, while that in Marathon Co., was timber and not fit for cultivation. She never came to Wisconsin to live. On her daeth she willed the 40 acres to her son Rudolph and the timber land to a daughter. Rudolph then settled on his small tract of land and began buying additional acres.

It is believed that before Rudolph McChesney came to Dane there was an Indian village on his property. It is known that there was a flint mine on the property that was worked by the Indians., and many interesting Indian relics have been found around there.

In the year 1866 Rudolph McChesney built the house in which the McChesney hou

Joseph McChesney

McCesney family still live. He dug the stones from the surrounding hills and hauled them to his farm.

3

At the time Rudolph first came to Dane everyone was a pioneer and suffered the hardships of poverty. Many built log cabins because sawed lumber was too expensive to get. Rudolph soon began rafting lumber down the Wisconsin river to Okee where it was hauled to various settlements. He would take neighbors with him to fell, saw and raft the lumber t For their pay they could have either money or lumber. He worked up quite a business for himself and helped many other pioneers get a start.

4

Rudolph was inmthe habit of sticking lumber into his rafts that was not the usual thickness or lenght of ordinary boards used for building purposes. The object of these strange boards was soon learned by needy neighbors. It seems that at the time of a death in the neighbor - some people would be too poor to even buy lumber for a coffin. So when a neighbor died, old Rudolph would work all night making a coffin out of the boards he brought for that purpose, and the next morning the bereaved would find a sturdy, well built coffin outside their door so that the deceased might have a respectable burial.

5

Dane School

In the year 1870 the first railroad was built through Madison to Baraboo . The station agents at that time spent many long and not too busy hours in their stations. Agent Taylor at Dane would become very lonesome at his job so he began inviting young men there to visit and keep him company. Soon he began teaching them their three R's , and it was

Joe McChesney

not long before some of the boys had gained enough education from him to hold station agent jobs elsewhere, and also other jobs that required a little education.

Gregg Montgomery
April 14, 1936

Inez Sesston

Miss Sesston's grandfather, William Sesston came to America from Bolsover, England in the year 1845 with a family named Gillets. He first came to Springfield with his wife and two children and stayed there a year. The family then went to a house one mile north of Marxville where he and his wife kept house and ran the farm for a family named Davis. The men of the Davis family had gone on a hike to Pikes Peak, these being the days of speculation in land.

Davis Cows stray

One day the Davis cows strayed and while down in what is now known as "Half-Way Praire" looking for the beasts Mr. Sesston saw the place he wanted to buy. He told his wife about his find and her laconic reply was ,"Well, we have 50 cents". He told Mrs. Williams an old lady who also lived with the Davis family , of his ambitions to buy the land and she said,"Well, you know if you haven't the money, I have," and cooly counted out the necessary $45 to buy the tract of 40 acres. That very day Mr. Sesston started out for Mineral Point, the U.S. land office, to file his claim. He walked all night and arrived at the land office at 8 o'clock the next morning.

Another 40

When he returned Mrs. Williams said,"Forty acres ain't much. You better get the next forty too. And you had better hurry back because some one may get ahead of you". She handed him an additional $45 and he started off again for Mineral Point. Before he got to the land office he was taken ill with the ague but continued doggedly on

his way to the land office and got his papers. As he was leaving the office he saw his neighbor, Mr. Ford , entering. He had come to file a claim forthe same forty that Mr. Seston had just bought.

Lewis Seston is born

3

William Seston built a small log cabin on his new land and in May 1852 moved in with his family before the new home could boast of a floor, doors, windows or even the spaces between the walls chinked. Here it was that Lewis Seston, the father of Inez Seston was born. He weighed only three pounds at birth. At the time the baby was born Squire Lewis, a surveyor, was laying a road between Ft. Winnebago and Mineral Point, and had asked to spend the night at the Seston cabin. On being told of the event which had happened in the night Squire Lewis said,"I want to pay for his first suit of clothes, but on one condition- that you name him Lewis. He is needed to help clean up the country." When the boy was old enough for his first suit of clothes those from Squire Lewis arrived - The suit was a Scotch plaid with kilts.

4

Row of Evergreens

During the Civil War, a mother's club in the town of Berry, planted an evergreen tree for every boy who served from that community. The trees were planted in a row on Mr. Seston's "80". Tags with the name of each boy was placed on each tree, but now though the trees still stand, the tags have grown into the bark. There were about 25 trees planted at that time.

Half Way Prairie

berry Haney was the first mail carrier between Cross Plains and Sauk City, and the township of Berry gets its name from him. Halfway Prairie, which is just below the present Seston home, was so called because it was the halfway station where the mail carriers of those days stopped to change horses, or to have their meals, or to stop over night as the case may be. The mail route between Ft. Winnebago, At Portage, and Sauk City, The Dells and Spring Green came through Halfway Prairie, as did the mail route from Milwaukee to Mineral Point.

Gregg Montgomery
April 14, 1936

Inez Seston

The following is an interview given to I.M. Kalnes by Lewis Sesston in March 1934. Quote:

Is the world getting better or worse? Thats a question that never seems to be settled by argument as there is plenty evidence both ways, But dishonesty is not a new invention at any rate.

Lewis Sesten of Berry Township tells how many settlers were swindled.

A Temperance Society back in England promoted a great colonisation project through which many familiesdwere swindled on their purchases of Berry and Manomanie lands. Officers of the Tempe rance society were no doubt honest, but some of their agents and empolyes here wem were far from honorable.

The temperance society had purchased a large treat of land in Berry. This was sold by contract to English emigrants before they left the old sod. The contract promised that out of each forty acres there should be a cerbain number of acres of plowed land, but it was so worded that the men who were employed to plow land for the temperance society hit upon a trick of making a furrow six miles long.

Using oxen for motive power, this meant a great saving in time, as it was not necessary to make many furrows six miles long to get the required number of acres as per contract. The new settlers were stung, of course, but with the other party of the contract across the wide Atlantic and the unscrupulous plowmen here being irresponsible, there was nothing to do about it. Technically, the contract had been carried out.

Oxen were valuable animals in the earliest pioneer days. Mr. Sesten tells about trading "the best riding horse in the country" for a yoke of oxen. He liked the horse better than the oxen, but he needed the oxen in his business of breaking new land and for heavy pulling otherwise.

Horses were not considered equal to oxen for general farm work in the early days. The oxen made a steady pull while the horses were too quick, too jerky, for the early pioneers.

Religious Camp Meetings 2

Religious camp meetings were great gathering places. Since there were no other attractions to compete with the meetings, every one went.

During the Civil War, the camp meetings were used as recruiting stations for the army of the North as well as for the army of God. The North had the edge in many cases.

Death in the army was pictured as most glorious by those camp meeting preachers. The boys were told that if they were shot in battle, they would be sure to go to heaven.

mr. Sesten's father, independent thinking Englishman as he was, became so disgusted with one of the camp meeting preachers and his enlistment campaign that he got up in the meeting and talked right back to the preacher.
"I came here to hear the word of God and not to listen to such drivel," he shouted at the preacher, and then stomped out of the meeting to the great delight of others of like mind who didn't have the nerve to express themselves bluntly.

"Old Lady Fowler"

Mr. Sesten tells about "Old Lady Fowler" who started a school. Tuition- 50 cents a month was charged at the Fowler school. Her husband was a preacher and Old Lady Fowler also preached quite frequently.

One of her favorite songs, which she had her congregation sing over and over, started out, "Can't you hear the devil a-howling, on that great day? The rest of the song was an exhortation to sinners to

Gregg Montgomery

Inez Sesten

turn and repent in order to escape the great fire.

Mrs. Fowler had a powerful voice and could be heard on still nights for miles around when she lifted her voice in song or speech.

One of her sons, John Fowler, became a great violinist.

Wisconsin

FOLK LORE AND CUSTOMS

In Czecho-Slovakia

As Told By

Stephen Kliman

FOREWORD: Religious observance and superstitious practice mingle freely in the simple lives of Czecho-Slovakians. This is not because the villagers lack in reverence, but because the performance of church duty becomes more colorful and less austere by the addition of certain rites having their origin in supernatural belief. Personal behavior and civic obligations also are influenced for the better by the fear of offending pagan dieties. Greed, indolence, scandal-mongering, selfishness, extravagance, are all restrained by this dual credence in the spiritual and the mystical.

The Czecho-Slovakian is charmingly direct in his thinking, is frugal, industrious, generous, and possesses an eager, childlike zest for life. Though the struggle for existence is hard, though privation and tragedy walk with him through the years, he softens his day and enriches his fate by simple pleasures, quaint legends and picturesque customs. He asks little of life in the way of luxury and ease, yet of himself he unsparingly demands integrity of soul and fidelity to virtue.

* * * * * * *

Church holidays form the nucleus of social life. There is the Easter Week, which although solemn, is

nevertheless a season of good cheer and rejoicing. The Passion is sung with reverential feeling but with gusto, for these people never fail to lift their voices in song when the occasion permits. They know, of course, that they should attend church faithfully, yet field and stream beckon with alluring hands during this time of spring awakening. To get them into church the priest no doubt winks at this superstition:

The mountains are said to contain great treasures -- gold, precious stones and fabulous minerals -- which they guard jealously. But sometimes a mountain has been known to open, and should you be fortunate enough to be there at the time, you simply walk in and help yourself to as much as you can carry. If, however, you should happen to be within its bowels when the priest says mass or holds other service, the mountain will close and you will be trapped until the next year.

Other times the mountains hold their treasures against the unworthy with the help of the gnomes living in caves in the woods. These delightful little people, known as the mining spirits, are two to three feet high, wear red pointed caps, blue trousers, white? which coats and tall boots. They smoke long pipes and sit on mushrooms. They are a peaceful people and dislike noises, particularly whistling. If you whistle in the woods they won't show you their treasures. But they are generous if you are respectfully quiet and do not violate the canons of the woods.

The woods likewise yield natural treasures, in abundance, to get which they exact certain proprieties. Strawberries, for example. Each villager is permitted to fill a good-sized jug. But before he gathers a single berry for himself, he must remember to pick one and throw it away for the gnomes. Another for the nymphs, one for the snake, the frog, the rabbit, every creature that lives in the woods. Next for his patron saint, for his priest. Then, if the patch is not denuded and his patience not exhausted, he may proceed to fill his jug.

Later, in the mushroom season, he must follow the same practice. But because the mushrooms are very large, in this instance he throws away only a piece of the first specimen for eachof the above.

Nature's sanctuary is preserved also by the spirits of the springs. Beautiful nymph-like girls these are, who live in the water. They are fair, with white flowing robes and long golden hair. On a night of the full moon they have been seen dancing on the mountain tops, but only from afar. For if you get too close they will tear you to pieces. You may visit the springs and enjoy them, but if you spit in them or otherwise pollute them, the nymphs will descend upon you, day or night, and rend you limb from limb.

Before I tell of the other church holidays and the rites connected therewith, I should like to tell of a charming custom to celebrate the coming of spring. This ceremony had its origin in pagan times, and takes place

in the village proper. The girls dress in costumes of vividly harmonious colors. From house to house they carry a statue of Morena, Goddess of Winter, sometimes called Goddess of Death, garbed in richly embroidered robes, singing as they go. The housewives throw pennies to them. The boys follow them. When each home has been visited, the boys seize the figure and throw it into the river. With the proceeds of the procession the young people stage a supper and dance.

St. John's Day, which occurs around June sixth, is also observed with pagan rites. On the eve the girls build a huge bonfire and sing while it burns. The boys demonstrate their bravery and prowess by jumping through and over the flames.

Cupid is indefatigable on this occasion, and many marriages result. But a girl who fails to find her mate on St. John's Eve need not worry, for there is always the marriage broker to arrange an alliance for her, through the medium of her parents. This broker is a most important individual. In his head he carries an index of marriageable boys and girls, with due regard for compatibility; proximity and extent of properties, and harmony of station or employment. When he finds two young people who meet these requirements, he calls upon the girl's parents. He indicates his purpose by carrying a cane with all manner of ribbons dangling from it. The daughter is promptly sent from the room, and for two or three hours the plotters engage in conversation on every conceivable

subject but the one for which they have met. Finally, all other topics exhausted, they settle down to a discussion of marriage. The broker reveals the name of the boy he thinks suitable. If the parents accept the possibility, the intermediary ferrets out the size of the girl's dowry, the number of livestock, the amount of linens and cloths, furnishings.

A meeting is then arranged between the prospective fathers-in-law. Certain signs indicate acceptance of the marriage proposal. The girl's father may offer the boy's father a drink or a cigar; if he does not choke on the former or get a headache from the latter, the marriage may be said to be as good as consummated. The girl and boy are then notified.

The wedding is most elaborate. All blood relations and most of the villagers are bidden to attend. An old woman, carrying an apple on a stick, ribbons streaming, goes from house to house announcing the nuptials.

At once the best man is chosen. In Sunday attire he calls upon the girl's parents and formally asks for her hand in the name of the bridegroom.

Because the wedding feast lasts indefinitely (sometimes long after bride and groom depart), both houses seethe with activity for a week before the day. Poultry and livestock are slaughtered, breads and cakes baked, other viands prepared. Each guest provides meat, or fowl, or a basketful of baked goods, or wine.

The wedding day arrives. Old women dress the

bride. The bridal dress, embroidered in gold, is taken from the chest whence it has reposed from generation to generation. A wreath of wax mock-orange blossoms, ornamented with beads and streamers, is placed upon the bride's forehead and allowed to fall gracefully over her shoulders to her back waistline. More like a headdress, it is a symbol of her chastity. The groom, should his morals have been proved impeccable also, wears a boutonniere to match.

(A disconcerting custom that has not survived the olden days gave further proof of the bride's virginity. Should her maid of honor be satisfied as to her purity, a rooster was led from house to house. But should the maid of honor dispute her fitness, there was no rooster procession.)

The gypsy band strikes up its lilting music. The bride appears. The best man, who acts as master of ceremonies, once more asks the parents for the hand of their daughter and congratulates them upon bringing such a fair flower to maturity.

By twos the procession marches to the church, the gypsy band bringing up the rear. The best man escorts the bride, the bridegroom walks with his prospective mother-in-law. A young man leads the way, carrying a specially baked cake in the form of a wreath, and a jug of wine with its narrow neck thrust through the cake. In the cake are strips of paper with various matrimonial prophecies: you will marry a blacksmith, you will marry a miller; you may not, alas, marry at all.

Mass, in all its rigorous beauty and solemnity, celebrates the marriage service. The wedding party is reverential and decorous. But after the ceremony unrestrained jollity reigns. It begins with rolling the cake down a hill, the girls running after it. The cake bursts and the girls scramble for the strips of paper. The wine is distributed.

Feasting and dancing crowd the hours that follow. The bride dances with everyone, for a consideration.

At midnight the bride's wreath is removed and a small, exquisitely made cap is placed upon her head. With tears that are sometimes real but oftener feigned, the bride accepts this symbol of her wifehood. A collection is taken, not the first of the evening.

With the break of dawn the groom carries the bride across her threshold. Before her parents' door stands a wagon drawn by oxen. The wagon is piled high with her dowry: feather bed and pillows, linens and cloths, a small painted chest which is greeted with shouts of laughter. For in the chest is the underwear which the bride has made all through her girlhood for her future, perhaps unknown, husband. (These garments are made of rough, scratchy homespun and in one of only two sizes, small or large. They probably do not fit the husband, but he must suffer them all his life, for they never wear out.)

The groom places the bride on the very top of the pile and, walking beside the oxen, drives her to her new home.

If that new home is in another village, the youth of her native community accompany the bridal pair. At the churchyard they stop the wagon. Beside the gate, draped in red or blue ribbon, are a bottle of wine, two glasses and the ubiquitous collection plate. The disgruntled youths express their high indignation at the loss of the bride. The bridegroom appeases their wrath by putting money in the plate, which later is spent for a supper and dance. The healthof the bridal couple is drunk and they are permitted to go to the groom's home.

Her happy, carefree girlhood surrendered, the young wife takes her place beside her husband in barnyard and field. She cares for the poultry; feeds the livestock with carefully selected weeds; and, except for the seeding of grain and the plowing and harvesting of wheat, tends the crops. She raises four or five crops in a field at once; say, potatoes, beets, beans, corn and poppies along the edges and in the corners. She raises the hemp and the flax.

Spinning occurs in the winter. The women and girls meet at different homes, much as our American forebears gathered for the sewing and quilting bees.

Each girl sits on a flat board, to which is attached a staff with the hemp or flax tied to it. With one hand she pulls the hemp, twists it into thread, moistens it with her lips, and winds it on the spindle, a little wheel on an axle held in her other hand. She keeps thisup for hours, her tongue wagging incessantly,

until she has spun two or three hundred yards of thread. The hemp or flax disposed of, the women turn to the goose feathers, stripping the down from the ribs. The pile of down reaches to the ceiling, a signal for the incorrigible practical joker to blow pepper in the air. A light supper is served, with tea or coffee substitute, made of roasted wheat or corn.

Here Comes then the Christmas season, again a strange admixture of spiritual habit and mystical custom. Preparations start on St. Lucius Day, about December fourteenth. To exorcise the witches, you begin on St. Lucius Day to build a little stool, working on it day by day until it is finished Christmas Eve. The stool and a bag of poppy seeds you carry with you to mass at midnight. You stand on the stool. If the witches are so bold as to appear in church, at a certain point in the service they turn their backs to the altar and make for you. You throw the poppy seeds about you. The witches must stop to pick them up before they can pursue you.

They may appear, too, in your own garden. So, with one blow each day from St. Lucius Day on, you hammer a good-sized spike into a trough tree trunk. The witches stop to pull out the spikes, break off their teeth, and then can do you no harm.

But otherwise Christmastime is a period of touching naivete and poignant simplicity. At Christmas Eve supper, dishes are served which are eaten at no other time in the year. Fish is permitted, but no meat nor

fowl save the aquatic species, as duck or goose. There is a special bread, made of dough pulled into sticks, cut into blocks, decorated with sweetened water and poppy seeds, and baked in huge ovens. It is piled high on platters and wreathed with garlic and onions. Sauerkraut with dried mushrooms. Wafers of unleavened dough baked in sheets in waffle-like irons. Honey, jars of apples, nuts, Beer, or wine in the well-to-do homes.

Because no one is permitted to leave the table during the meal, everything is piled on at once. Master, servant, house animals, even the bird, sit at one table. A deeply religious attitude prevails. The head of the house makes a long, wearisome speech, a genesis from Adam and Eve to the present day, and ends with his paternal blessing.

Each helps himself from every dish. But before eating, he puts aside a little of each dish in a small pile beside his plate. Supper over, the head of the family gathers up the little piles, takes them to the barn, and feeds the cows, the pigs and the sheep. He thanks them for the past year's benefits and asks for increased productivity in the coming year. He calls upon the chickens, then goes into orchard or garden. He digs a hole at the foot of each tree and buries what is left.

And do you know that animals talk on Christmas Eve? Don't be skeptical. Many a girlhas learned the name of her future husband from the family milch cow.

(I digress to speak of another way to foretell

the future. Take an ordinary housekey, pour molten lead through the hole, then cold water from a jug. The lead assumes fantastic, significant shapes, from which you divine your future.)

Meanwhile the children and young people, on this benign, holy eve, escape from the home and stroll from house to house, singing carols under the windows. Housewives shower pennies on the children and ply the young men with wine. Blessings are exchanged, blessings upon every known relative and circumstance. In a short while these blessings may be chanted backwards, whether by reason of sharp memory or potent wine I am not prepared to say.

The village shepherd assumes importance of almost biblical proportions. In his full regalia, carrying an ornamented whip, he goes back and forth, blowing his horn lustily.

On the Day he is the first to wish the household a Merry Christmas. He carries a basket of birch twigs with woven ends. The housewife selects one, not with her bare hand, goes to the barn and switches each animal, to promote fecundity. If a child under fifteen happens to lie abed at the time, he is switched also. The housewife rewards the shepherd according to the number of animals he takes care of during the year.

It is indeed a season of beneficence. Golden flour, even, has been milled on Christmas Eve. That is, if all religious and superstitious requirements have been

met. These date as far back as the Day of the Three Wise Men, occurring in January, when the miler pours water or honey from a jug in a circle around the mill, to ward off evil spirits. The old-fashioned grist mill is located a mile or two away from the village, near a romantic spot in the woods, where the gnomes and spirits of the spring keep guard over it. On Christmas Eve absolute silence must reign in the mill. The master mill turns the machinery backward. He sends his apprentice helper to midnight mass, and outside the church door stations his journeyman helper (a roving miller who goes from mill to mill and in his wanderings gathers a store of gossip and folk tales).

When the priest elevates the Holy Host, the apprentice gives a sign to the journeyman, who runs back to the mill. The master turns on the water. And golden flour comes.

But once upon a time an avaricious journeyman, seeing the golden stream, cried out, "We'll be rich by morning!" There was a crash. Evil spirits swarmed over the mill and destroyed it. In the morning the journeyman was found two miles away with the print of a big hand on his cheek. The master miller was beaten and the golden flour turned to fertilizer.)

There is no doubt that Satan and his minions have great power. They can grant any wish, but you must pay with your immortal soul. You may desire a certain girl, or to be wealthy, or to wreak vengeance on a neigh-

bor. At midnight of the full moon you go the crossroads, draw a circle with chalk and sit within it. Apparitions, in the form of devils or wild horses or black knights, appear. If you are afraid or start to run, they will slay you. If you courageously stay within the circle, Satan arrives and you sign your name with your blood in his black book. He grants your wish. But when you die Satan claims your soul.

Now the Water Manis not a devil, but he will try also to get your soul. He is not a ghost, for there are villagers who have actually seen him. My grandfather, who transportedtimber on the river, talked and walked with him. He told me that the Water Man looks like any other man. He dresses in a long cloak, slit into tails. You may recognize him by the water dripping from hishandkerchief thrust into the slit tails.

His castle is situated in the deepest part of the river. His family consists of three generations. They can be seen walking on the water at any time save the ringing of the Angelus during the noon hour. Then they lurk in the castle and woe betide the boy who is swimming there at the time. For the Water Man ties a hair from a horse's tail around his big toe, drags him down and drowns him. He seizes the boy's soul, and thrusts it into an earthenware pot mounted on a tripod over a big open hearth. The soul boils for a year.

You are incredulous? Here is proof: Each year the merchants from all over the country hold open

market in the village. It is quite an event. Everyone attends. The Water Man is there, too, to buy new earthenware pots. Hard-headed merchants do not trade with wraiths.

And for further proof there is the tale of the girl who went swimming at the forbidden time, sank and supposedly drowned. She found her way into the kitchen, inquisitively poked among the pots on the hearth and lifted a cover. Out flew a soul. She uncovered all the pots and released other souls. Then she too escaped.

And there was the immodest woman who in an open meadow brazenly removed her footwear and bathed her feet in a shallow pool. Not two feet deep was it, yet the Water Man tried to snare her big toe with his horsehair. But the woman screamed and ran away.

So it is no wonder that the belief in the Water Manis very deeply rooted. As deeply rooted as the conviction that certain trees and plants have supernatural powers. No secrets, for instance, are every told under willow trees, particularly during the night, because the souls of women go to sleep in willow trees. And you know the weakness of women withsecrets. Besides, a willow twig makes an excellent whistle, and when the whistle is blown the secret comes out.

Then there is a plant which blooms only on a midsummer night. If on St. John's Night, in the full of the moon, you find it blooming, and you pick it, the mountain will open its treasures to you. I knew once

ofa shepherd who walked in the field on such a night, saw the mountain open, beheld its treasures; but feared it would close upon him, and ran away. Next morning, between the lace and tongue of his one-piece leather moccasin, he found the flower. Had he seen it at midnight he could have gone into the mountain and made himself a rich man.

Plants have curative powers. This belief, of course, is based on definite experiment. If my grandaunt had used their medicinal properties at the time her daughter was ill with scarlet fever, the beautiful girl might still be living. But she tried to cure her by methods no longer believed in by even the most credulous of village souls. She gathered seven kinds of dirt or refuse - a skull from the cemetery, a tire from a wagon, cow droppings, and the like. She boiled these in a great iron kettle and bathed the girl in it. The girl died.

Midwives, by combining superstitious lore with practical experience, have been known to cure diptheria, pox, fever and even to set broken bones. There is rarely a doctor in the village. In times of birth, of course, the midwife is competent and indispensable.

When she is called to the prospective mother's home, she hangs before the bed a special piece of cloth which has been used on such occasions in the family for generations. This cloth is larger than a bedsheet and embroidered with the delicate needlework for which Czecho-Slovakian women are famous. The mother stays

behind this screen or curtain during confinement and for ten days after delivery, when she receives her church purification.

Each day one of the neighbors brings in beef or chicken soup, honey, a bottle of wine. She is treated with great respect and a strict ritual of etiquette, even when she calls with empty hands, for the guest is regarded as a sacred person.

Upon her arrival she is escorted to the table. On this table is a wooden tray covered with an embroidered napkin. A big, round loaf of bread, in a jacket of homespun, lies on the tray. Its cut side is turned fromthe door, so the bread won't walk out. A knife, salt on a small platter, accompany the bread. The guest takes the loaf, makes the sign of the cross over it, cuts a small piece, dips it in the salt, utters a wish of good will, and eats it. Only then is she offered a chair.

The newborn child, dressed in special robes, is christened as soon as his godparents are selected, usually three or four days after birth. Frequently he is named for the saint on whose name-day he arrives.

As ceremony attends the coming of a soul, so it accompanies the soul upon its departure. When life leaves a loved one's body, the survivor immediately goes to the garden, knocks on the beehive, and informs the bees. He returns to the house, stops the clock, and covers the mirror. Else, in the mirror's depths, he may see Death.

Yet these people do not embrace the usual conception of death. Their beloved ones have not departed, they have merely changed their abode. They know what you are doing and they keep an eye on you. They live in their graves, from which they emerge at night to attend church. With the first crow of the rooster they return to their resting places.

And if you are kind, you will take my word for this and not invade the churchyard at night. Except on All Souls' Eve, in November. Then the graves are decorated and candles placed on each one. It is a weird, not unhappy scene. Flickering lights make distorted shadows of the living as they move among the mounds and the cast-iron memorials, until you believe with these sincere, trusting people that there is no real parting; and that the deep love of family and country that welds them into a God-fearing, law-abiding community, persists even after the seeming extinction of physical life.

* * * * * * *

Florence May Swan,
Madison,
Wisconsin.

November 4, 1936

Jane Olson

Mr. Herbert Hale, clerk of the Federal Court, was in the lumbering business from 1891 to 1922, located at Bayfield, Wisconsin.

Among the well known lumbering companies in northern Wisconsin were, Pike Lumber Company, Knight Lumber Company, Sprague Lumber Company, Keystone Lumber Company, Cranberry Lumber Company and Dalrymple Lumber Company, also Corcoran Lumber Company.

Mr. Hale explained that the tote roads were those used to haul supplies to the lumber camp.

The logging roads were wider with a gauge of eight feet to be exactly in line with the runners of the logging sleighs. These roads always ran downhill to a loading point.

The lumber camps were always centrally located for convenience of unloading logs lumber and supplies secondary.

One team of horses could haul seven or eight thousand in one load feet of logs, in good hauling weather.

When the hauling season began, ruts were made and iced to conform with the runners of the big log sleighs. If some places on the steep hills were dangerous there were men placed at these places who would put a certain amount of hay or straw on the track to avoid any danger. These men had to be somewhat skilled. The foreman of this crew was called the "straw boss."

The ruts were iced with a tank sleigh all during the

hauling season.

All logs were scaled at the end of each day.

The managers of a lumber camp consisted of the Camp Foreman who was Commander-In -Chief, than the cook who had complete charge of the kitchen, Timekeeper, Landing Boss who had charge of the unloading, and top loaders who generally could arrange logs on a sleigh in a very scientific manner. This work recuired skill in any man that did this kind of work. There were road monkeys who cared for the hauling roads, totteteamsters who hauled all the supplies of the camp and then the teamsters who hauled the logs to the shipping point.

In Northern Wisconsin years ago, hemlock, hard wood, cedar and pine were cut.

Before the first logs were hauled to the lake for shipping, large logs called "head blocks" were laid at an angle at the bottom of the lake or river to hold the logs and then when they were to be hauled in the spring these heavier logs in the lake were removed and this forced the new logs into the lake. Sometimes they were dynamited. to start them.

Dry ground logging and swamp ground logging were done differently. Swamp logging always took place later in the season.

Years ago generally the same group of men would return year after year to the same camp. The coming of the railroad brought many transients to the camps.

A tug boat can haul a boom of logs measuring about 1,000,000 feet. The speed of a boat hauling a boom is about a mile an hour. There is always an open space in a boom directly back of the boat, and this space has to be watched so as to not become very large, because that will force the logs into the rear of the boom and weaken it there. This is regulated by the captain of the tug boat, hauling the logs.

Lumber camps used to employ between two hundred and three hundred men. Absolute silence is required in the cook shanty and watched quite carefully in the sbunk house" (sleeping quarters).

The bar tender was considered the best friend of the lumber jacks in years gone by. When the lumber jack would come to town the townspeople more or less ignored them. Sometimes their clothes were infected with vermin and they were considered more or less of a riff-raff class, or so were more less ostracized.

Mr. Hale explained how a courageous and upright the real lumberjack as a man really was. His hard ex-

periences with his difficult labor, the severe weather he had to work in continuously, his loneliness in camps made a real soldier and he was often misjudged. The bar tender acted as a banker, adviser in many difficulties, ~~often acted as a [illegible]~~n, stopped many a man from making a fool out of himself when drinking. The many years ~~XXXIXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Mr. Hale experienced with the lumberjack has ~~XXXXXXIXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ given him a thorough understanding that outsiders may not ~~have told~~ many atrocious stories of the lumberjack which should have never been printed. have been related and be more or less untruthful to say the least.

Logging camps were generally started during the first freezing weather and closed down with the first thaw of the spring.

LUMBERJACK LORE

Logging Crews

The size of a logging camp depended on the number of logs that were to be cut. A big camp consisted of one foreman, 8 road teams (4 horse), 16 to 20 sawyers, 8 or 10 undercutters, 8 or 10 ox teamsters, chain tenders and swampers, 10 road monkeys, 12 road cutters, 9 loaders, 1 scaler, 1 stamper, 6 landing men, a shanty boss, 1 or 2 cooks, a cookee, a blacksmith, a wood butcher, and a tote team.

Undercutter - His job was to look overa tree, superintend its cutting and determine which way it was to fall. He could determine within two feet which way a tree would fall.

Skidding Crew - Ox teamster, Chain Tender, and Swamper.

Swamper - The swamper cuts the road for the skidding team, puts the bark mark on the log and peels the end of the log that is going to slide on the ground.

Sawyers - This crew fell the trees. Their tools consisted of axes, cross saws from 6 to seven feet long, a saw wedge and a saw hammer to drive the wedges. Each sawyer had his small can of kerosene used to keep the pitch off their saws.

Skidding Crew - This crew got the logs from the place they were cut to the loggong road where they were loaded onto the sled. The Their equipment consisted of a go-devil to lay the end of the log on so that it would not gouge into the ground, a snake chain, bunk chain, and swamp hook. The crew consisted of a swamper, ox

CIRCUS LORE

The Circus Parrot - Told by Louis Skavlem to Charles E. Brown at Lake Koshkonong, June 6, 1937.

Dave Watt of Janesville, Wisconsin, an old circusman and former employee of the Barnum & Bailey shows told the following story of a circus parrot:

This bird was Barnum's pet and sat on a perch at the entrance of one of the big ticket office tents. He was considered a valuable bird. One day he got away from the circus, no one knew just how. After his disappearance Dave and another circusman set out to look for him. They had a horse and buggy and drove through the town where the show had a "stand" making inquiries for the lost parrot.

At the edge of the town they heard a flock of crows making a lot of noise in a corn field. Tying their horse to the fence they went in among the corn to investigate the cause of the commotion and noise. There they found Mr. Parrot wrapped around a corn stock with crows flying all about screeching and pecking at him. Above the screeching of the crows could be heard the parrot saying, "Keep quiet! Don't crowd! One at a time please!

this carbon for Mrs Montgomery

ELEPHANT TRICKS NOT IN THE ACT

(As told by Charles Hampton -"Baraboo Red"-A Elephant trainer with Ringling's Circus.)

When the elphants retire for the night, the herd spreads out to such an extent that often there is not room for all to lie down. When this happens, the one left standing waits until his neighbors are asleep; then he reaches out a sly foot and stamps on the ear of the one nearest him. Up jumps the terrified elephant - and perhaps one or two others roused by the sudden commotion. This gives the guilty party his chance to grab himself a bed and let someone else be "It".

Sunday nights the show stays on the lot, and invariably some mischief results in spite of the watchfulness of the attentants. Sometimes two or three elephants pull t their stakes and sneak over to the cookhouse where they eat all the bread they can find and ~~—~~ any orangeade that may be left in the barrel. If they are caught in their stealing, they run back to their places with guilty haste - and they usually get a beating.

The night attendants make a bed for themselves by shaking out seven or eight bales of hay to be used the next

2-- Elephant tricks not in the act.

day and spreading their blankets upon it. They go to bed hoping that the elephants will sleep - so that they can, too. But more than likely they will soon be awakened by feeling their mattress slowing oozing out from under them. As soon as he sees he has been detected in his hay-stealing, the culprit shambles back to his place in the herd.

Coco, a little elephant which the Ringling's acquired with the Barnum circus was a ringleader in these night p ranks, and the cunning he showed was amazing. All elephants, when caught out of order, resume their places as quickly as possible. But Coco was not satisfied merely to be found in his place. He would slip his stake in just where it had been when he had pulled it out, and would even coil his chain around it. Then he awaited developments with the utmost composure.

Coco's superior intelligence was early recognized by his trainer who taught him to mount a tub seven or eight feet high and stand on it on his hind legs. One day when he was being broken in to this act, Coco slipped and fell from the top of the tub. He lay on the ground dazed, and the men feared for a moment that he had been killed by the fall. But suddenly, Coco jumped up and without waiting for a com-

3-- Elephant tricks not in the act.

mand, he astonished them all by mounting the tub and doing his stand perfectly. Probably he had feared punishment for his failure; but he was generously rewarded for his success.

GERMAN SILVER WEDDING POEM

Des Lebens Mai blüht einmal und nicht wieder,
Sollt in der Zeit es wirklich also sein?
Und wären sie verrauscht die Jubellieder,
Der Flöten süsse Klänge und Schalmei'n?
Wär' es ein Traum, ein süsser nur gewesen,
Als selig heut vor fünfundzwanzig Jahr
Sich in den Augen hat ein Paar gelesen:
Nun bin ich dein du mein für immerdar.

Verehrtes Paar, in fünfundzwanzig Maien
Saht ihr vereint den Frühling nun erblühn,
In selger Liebe durftet ihr in Treuen,
Zusammen durch das Erdenleben ziehn,
Schon ziehet sllbern euer Hochzeitsmorgen
Herauf in Duft und Glanz und mildem Schein,
Ja, preist nur laut des Himmelstreues Sorgen
Auch künftig wird er euer Führer sein.

Und blickt ihr rückwärts in vergang'ne Zeiten,
Hebt sich das Herz euch nicht zu Dank und Preis
Fü eures Gottes liebevolles Leiten?
Schon schimmert's in den Haaren silberweiss,
Doch jugendfrisch ist euer Herz geblieben
Und frisch und freudig, frölich euer Sinn.
Euch ward fürwahr ein grosses Glück, ihr Lieben,
Und heiter fliesset euer Dassein hin.

So blicket denn am Silberhochzeitstage
Mit neuem Mute in die Zukunft aus,
Und was sie auch für euch im Schosse trage,
Getrost, es geht hinauf ins Vaterhaus-
Gott hilft die Bürden tragen, die euch drücken,
Auf dunkle Woklen schickt er Sonnenschein,
Er wird auch euren Lebensabend schmücken,
Dass euer Fuss nicht stösst an Dorn und Stein.

Mög' noch ein weitrer Hochzeitstag euch glänzen
Euch golden steigen an dem Himmel auf,
Die gold'ne Myrte auch noch euch bekränzen,
Eh' ihr vollendet euren Pilgerlauf-
Und geht's zu Ende, möge euch berühren
Der Tod mit stillem sanften Weihekuss
Die Stirne, und euch sanft hinüberführen,
Ins grosse schöne freie Himmelshaus.

My mother gave this poem at the silver wedding of a minister and his wife July28, 1935, Milbank,S.D.

Erna H. Schneck
La Crosse, Wisconsin, 1936

THE BRIDE'S MYRTLE CROWN

Erna H. Schneck, 1936

So steht ihr denn im Festgeläut,
Auf eurer Lebenshöhe heut,
Und strahlt so froth im goldnen Glanz
Wie einst im grünen Myrtekranz.
Du goldne Braut, du goldnes Paar
Vereint nun volle fünfzig Jahr
Heut legt ihr wieder Hand in Hand
Wie einst im jungen Ehestand
Und einer theilt des andern Last und seiness Alters
foldne Rast,
Und Gottes Gnade geht mit Euch bis auf zum schönen
Himmelreich.
Ja, Gottesliebe, euer Hort, so wandelt denn des Weges
fort
Und dankt dem Herrn für so viel Glück und so viel gnädiges
Geschick
Und freuent euch je mehr und mehr am jungen Leben um euch her.
O dass uns dieses Freudenfest der liebe Gott erleben lässt.
Wir alle heben foh und gern heut Herz und Hände auf zum
Herrn
Und flehen treu herzinnighlich du goldnes Paar, Gott segne
dich.

This poem was recited at the golden wedding celebration in honor of two couples, ~~who had been married 50 years.~~

Poetry

"GONE"

Gone is his wigwam from the village site away,
Gone, his canoe from the Lake and the Bay;
Gone, the papooses; Gone, the young and old-
Only through his relics, the story is told.
To appreciate them, you must see'em.
They are on display at Jacobsen's Museum.

— Jens Jacobsen

Mr. Jens Jacobsen is the poet-historian of Washington Island, Door County.

Poetry

JEPSON'S FERRY

From Washington Island to Gills Rock shore,
The green waves flash six miles or more.
Where the Indian crossed in his frail canoe,
A ferry now carries you--auto too;
So while you are touring this "land of the cherry,"
Don't miss a boat ride on Jepson's Ferry.
Just drive on board and e're you are far,
You see the historic Door ajar;
Magnificent islands along the way,
Divide the waters of lake and bay.
And Washington Island, although it is small,
Has room for a few with baggage and all.
Secure a cabin and move right in:
You will come every year if once you begin.
We have movies and dancing with Tom, Kling and Harry,
And fine transportation on Jepson's Ferry.

--Jens Jacobsen

Mr. Jens Jacobsen is the poet-historian of Washington Island, Door County.

THE SHANTY-MAN'S ALPHABET

Sung by Mr. Joe Bainter, Gordon, Wisconsin

I.

A is for axe you very well know, and
B is for boys that can use them just so.
C is for chopping, and now I'll begin; and
D is for danger we oft times run in.

Chorus

And so merry and so merry are we.
No mortals on earth are so happy as we.
Hi derry hi, and hi derry down.
Give the shanty-boys grub and there's nothing goes wrong.

II.

E is for echo that through the woods ring, and
F is for foreman, the head of our gang.
G is for grindstone, so swift it doth move, and
H is for handle so slick and so smooth.

III.

I is for iron we mark our pine with, and
J is for jobber that's always behind.
K is for keen edge our axes do keep, and
L is for lice that around us do creep.

IV.

M is for moss we stag our camp with, and
N is for needle we patch our pants with.
O is for owl that hoots in the night, and
P is for pine that always falls right.

V.

Q is for quarrels we never allow, and
R is for river our logs they do plow.
S is for sleigh, so stout and so strong, and
T is for teams that will haul them along.

VI.

U is for use we put pur teams to,
And V is for valley we haul our logs through.
W's for woods we leave in the spring .....

VII.

There's three more letters I ain't put in rhyme,
And if any of you know them, please tell me in time.
The train has arrived at the station below,
So fare you well, true love, it's I must be gone.

Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy
by Franz Rickaby

SAVE YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

Sung by Mr. Arthur Milloy, Omenee, N.D.

I.

Come all you good shanty boys, come listen to me awhile,
A story I'll relate to you, a story to beguile.
A story I will tell you that many's a man has told.
It's save your money when you're young, you'll need it when
you're old.

II.

Oh, if you're a single man, I'll tell you what to do,
Just court some pretty fair maid that always will prove true.
Just court come pretty fair maid that is not over-bold,
That will stick to you when you are young, find comforts when
you're old.

III.

And if you are a married man, I'll tell you what to do,
Support your wife and family; you're sworn that to do.
Keep away from all those grog-shops where liquor's kept and sold,
For all they want is your money, boy. You'll need it when
you're old.

IV.

Oh, once I was a shanty-boy, and wasn't I the lad?
I spent my money foolish, I swear it was too bad.
And now I'm old and feeble, and wet out in the cold.
Oh, save your money when you're young, you'll need when
you're old.

V.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
But you'll see the day, my boys, when wet out in the cold, . . .
Oh, save your money when you're young, you'll need it when you're old.

Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy
by Franz Rickaby

***

JIM PORTER'S SHANTY SONG

Sung by Mrs. J. S. Murphy, Minto, N. D.

I.

Come all ye jolly good shanty boys, come listen to me a son,
For it's all about the shanties and the way they get along.
For a jollier crew of fellows never can you find
Than those good old shanty-boys a-cutting down the pine.

II.

The choppers and the sawyers lay the timbers low,
The skidders and the swampers they holler to and fro.
Next comes the sassy loaders before the break of day.
"Come load up your teams, me boys!" And to the woods they sway.

III.

For the broken ice is floating, and our business is to try.
Three-hundred able-bodied men are wanted on the drive.
With cant-hooks and with jam-pikes these noble men to go
And risk their sweet lives on some running stream, you know.

IV.

On a cold and frosty morning they shiver with the cold.
The ice up their jam-pikes, which they can scarcely hold.
The axe and saw does loudly sing until the sun goes down.
Hurrah, my boys! For the day is spent. For the shanty we are bound.

V.

Arriving at the shanty with cold and with wet feet,
Pull off your boots, me boys, for supper you must eat.
Then supper being ready, to supper we must go,
For it's not the style of one of us to lose our hash, you know.

VI.

Then supper being over, to the apartments we must go.
We'll all load up our pipes and smoke till all is blue,
To nine o'clock or there about. Our bunks we then do climb.

.....

VII.

At four o'clock in the morning our foreman he will say,
"Come, roll out, ye teamsters! It's just the break of day."
The teamsters they get up, and their things they cannot find.
They'll blame it on the swampers, and they'll curse them till
they're blind.

VIII.

But as springtime rolls on, how happy we will be,
Some of us arriving home, and others far away.
It takes farmers and sailors, likewise merchants too, -
It takes all sorts of tradesmen to make up a shanty crew.

IX.

So now my song is ended. Those words they say are true.
But if you doubt a word of it, go ask Jim Porter's crew.
For it was in Jim Porter's shanty this song was sung with glee.
So that's the end of me shanty song. It was composed by me.

THE SHANTY-BOY AND THE FARMER'S SON

Sung by Mr. Ed. D. Springstad, Bemidji, Minn.

I.

As I walked out one evening just as the sun went down,
I carelessly did ramble till I came to Trenton Town.
I heard two maidens conversing as slowly I passed by.
One say'd she loved a farmer's son, the other a shanty-boy.

II.

The one that loved her farmer's son those words I heard her say:
"The reason that I love him, at home with me he'll stay.
He'll stay at home all winter; to the shanties he will not go,
And when the spring it doth come in, his land he'll plow and sow."

III.

"All for to plow and sow your land," the other girl did say,
'If crops should prove a failure and the grain market be low,
The sheriff he would sell you out to pay the debts you owe."

IV.

"All for the sheriff selling us out, it doth not me alarm.
You have no need to be in debt when you're on a good farm.
You raise your bread all on your farm; you don't work through storms of rain,
While your shanty-boy he must work each day his family to maintain.

V.

"Oh, how you praise your shanty-boy, who off to the woods must go.
He's ordered out before daylight to work through storms and snow,
Whilst happy and contented my farmer's son doth lie,
And he tells to me sweet tales of love until the storm goes by."

VI.

"That's the reason I praise my shanty-boy. He goes up early in the fall.
He is both stout and hearty, and he's fit to stand the squall.
IT's with pleasure I'll receive him in the spring when he comes down,
And his money quite free he'll share with me when your farmer's sons have none.

Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy
by Franz Rickaby

Gregg Montgomery

Henry McCann

Jack Haggerty - Song Composed about him.

I'm heartsbroken raftsmen, from Greenville I came,
My virtues departed, alas I deframe,
When strong darts of cupid has caused my much grief,
My heart's broke within me, I can ne're get relief.

My story I ll tell you withouf much delay,
A sweet little lassie my heart stole away.
She was a blacksmithe daughter by the East Riverside
Flat
And I always intended to make her my bride.

I worked on the river and earned some large stakes,
I was steadfast and steady and ne're played the rake
I was the boy who stood happy on the bright rolling stream,
My thoughts were of Hannah she haunted my dreams.

One day on the river a letter I received,
She said from her promise herself she relieved,
For it's married to another she had long since delayed,
And the next timeI'd see her she would not be a maid.

To her mother, Jane Tucker, I lay all the blame.,
She has caused me to leave her, go backon my name.
She has cast off the riggin' that God would soon tide,
And caused me to wander until the day that I die.

Now come all you Flat River men, with hearts strong and true,
Don't depend on the women, you're left if you do,
But if you should happe to meet one with a dark chesnut curl,
Just think of Jack Haggerty and his Flat River girl.

Came from around Wasau

JACK HAGGERTY

The following is a song composed about Jack Haggerty, a lumberjack from around Wausau.

I.

I'm a heartbroken raftsman, from Greenville I came,
My virtues departed, alas I deframe,
When strong darts of cupid has caused me much grief.
My heart's broke within me, I can ne'er get relief.

II.

My story I'll tell you without much delay,
A sweet little lassie my heart stole away.
She was a blacksmith's daughter by the Flat riverside,
And I always intended to make her my bride.

III.

I worked on the river and made some large stakes,
I was steadfast and steady and ne'er played the rake.
I was the boy who stood happy on the bright rolling stream,
My thoughts were of Hannah, she haunted my dreams.

IV.

One day on the river a letter I received,
She said from her promise herself she relieved,
For it's married to another she had long since delayed,
And the next time I'd see her, she would not be a maid.

V.

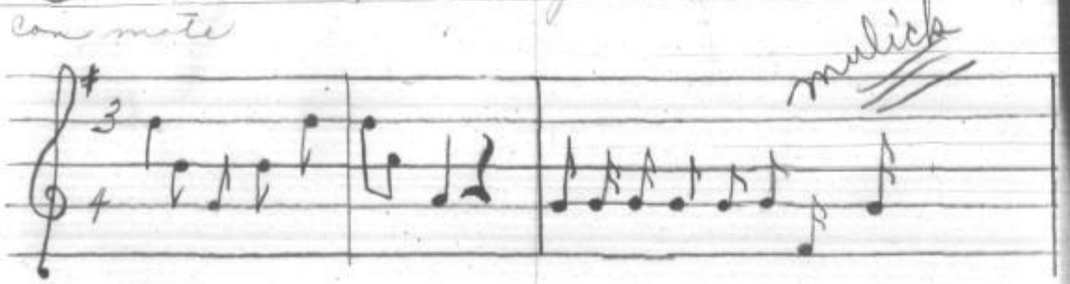
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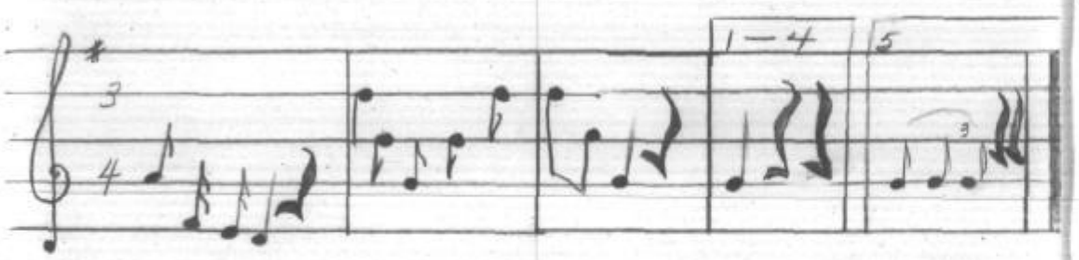
VI.

Now come all you Flat River men, with hearts strong and true;
Don't depend on the women, you're left if you do,
But if you should happen to meet one with a dark chestnut curl,
Just think of Jack Haggerty and his Flat River girl.

(1) Hpist på en gren en Kråke

Con moto





1. Hpist på en gren en Kråke, sinsaladim bamba
saladin saladim! Hpist på en gren Kråke
satt: lavende.
2. Så snek der sig en jeger, sinsala o. s. v.
Så snek der sig en jeger, frem.
3. Han skjøt den stakkars Kråke, o. s. v.
Han skjøt den stakkars Kråke ned.
4. Men da et år forgangen var, o. s. v.
Men da et år forgangen var.
5. Da blev den stakkars Kråke, o. s. v.
Da blev den stakkars Kråke levende!

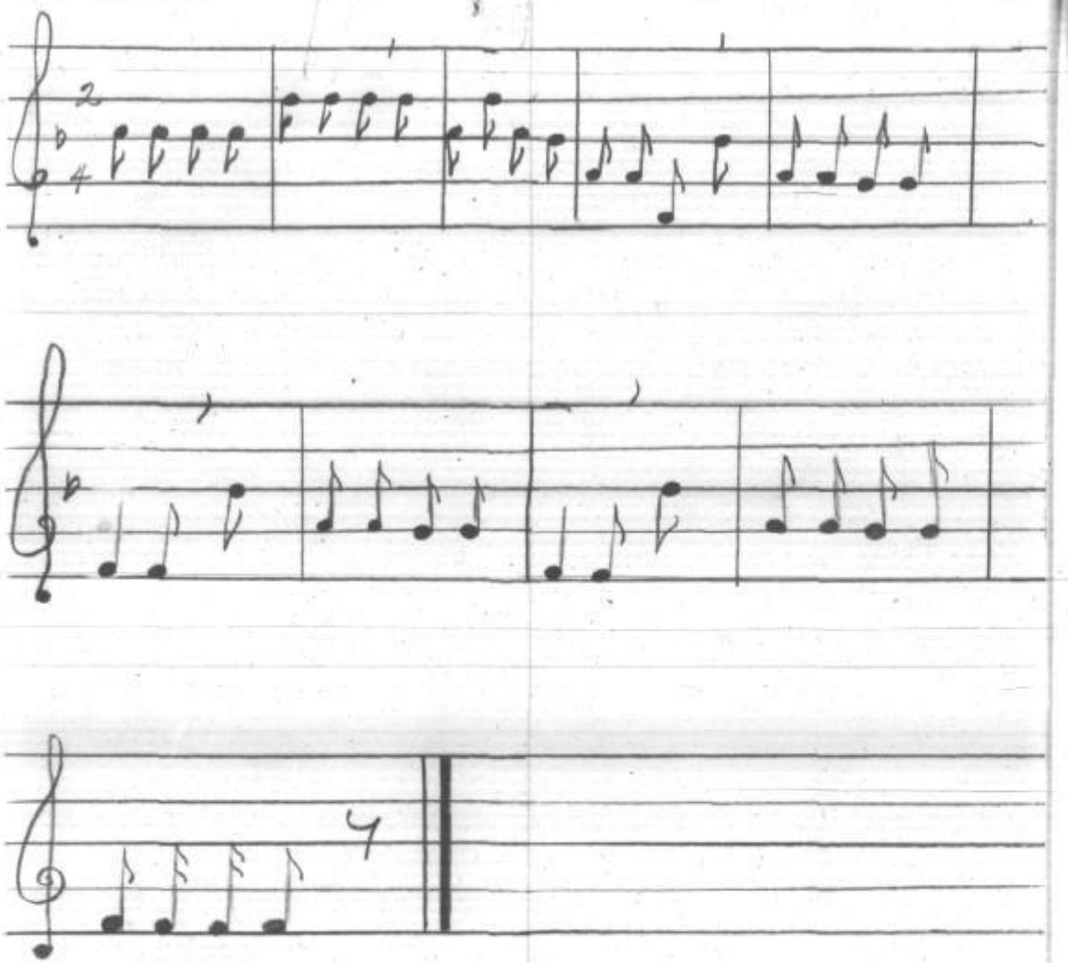
Explanation: 1 v. I holder hænderne på pulten mens de gjør knebøining i takt med sangen.
1 v. 2 gjør de fremover i lystende stilling med geværet i: hpre under arm klemt inn til siden og hånden rettet frem.
1 v. 3 står de ved siden av sin pult og stikker albuene ut og hpre arm ut til siden. Hodet vridet med. På „ned" setter alle sig på

(2)

plass, overkroppen på pulten, hodet hviler på armene, hele stillingen slapp, og sangen meget dempet. På „levende" spretter alle op igjen.

Ane gane –
Mrs. Selvaag – born in Norway,
3118 Center Avenue –
Interviewed by:
G. S. Mulick – April 20, 1936

Title Vinde, vinde nøstegarn



Words: Vinde vinde nøstegarn så fint, så fint som snellegarn.
For Aase (O-lav) vil vi neie for Aase (O-lav) vil vi bukke, for Aase (O-lav) vil vi vende oss om.
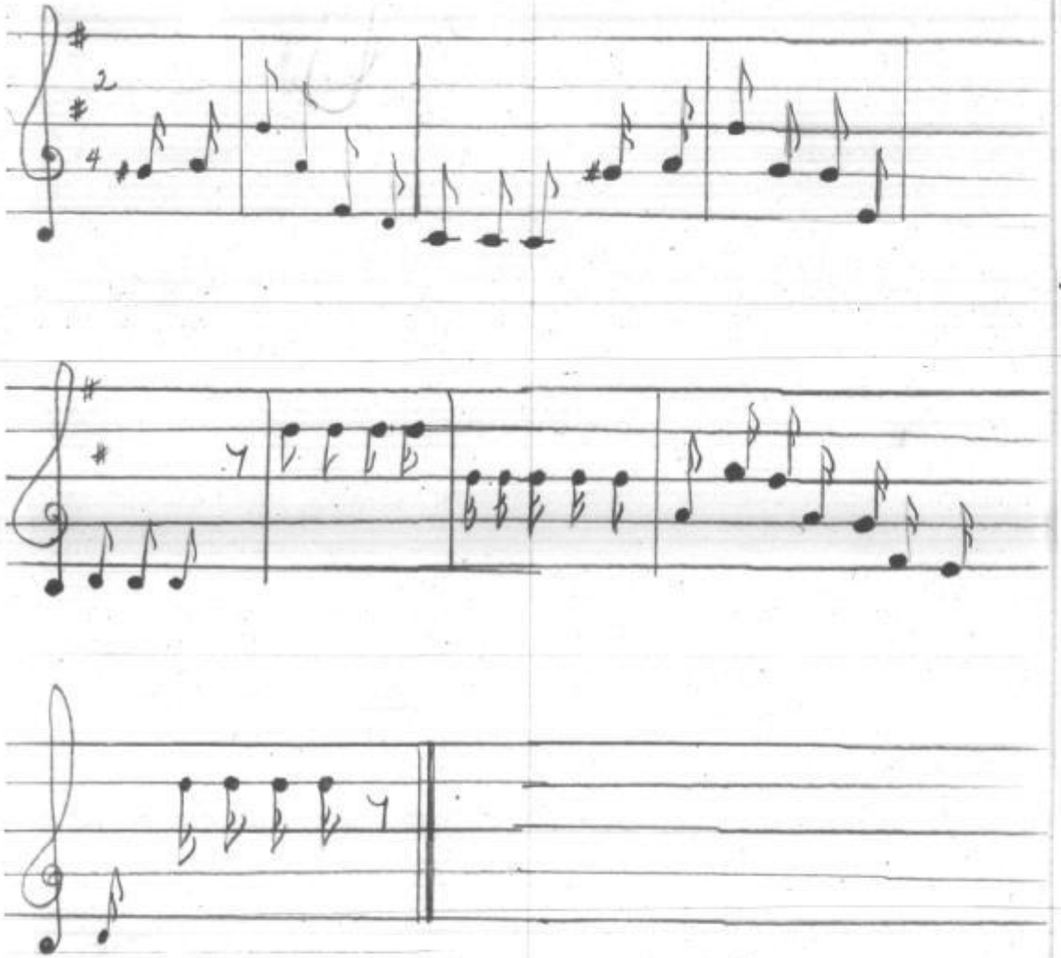
Explanation:— Barna tar i ring og går rundt til „snellegarn". Her stanser de, slipper hverandres hender og „neier", „bukker og vender sig om" for den som paa forhånd er utvalgt dertil, idet ordet synges. Så tar de i ring iggjen, gjør i motsatt retning og „neier" o.s.v. for nælstemann.

Aue Game — Norway

Mrs. Selvaag — 3118 Center Ave.

Notation by G.S. Mulick
April 20, 1934

Titte Med min hånd jeg klapper 1.



Words:- 1. Med min hand jeg klapper klapp, klapp, klapp; med min fot jeg tramper trapp, trapp, trapp! En, to, tre, et bitte lite hopp, sådan vi danser inntil leken holder op.

2. Og så tar vi to og to i ring, og vi svinger oss så glad omkring.

En, to, tre o.s.v.

Explanation:—

2 og 2 tar hinannen i hånden, og alle stiller sig i ring, slipper hinannen i hånden, og alle stiller sig i ring, slipper hinannen og vender sig til høire eller venstre. Alle går nu efter hverandre i ring, klapper og tramper når ordene synges. På „en, to, tre vender 2 og 2 sig mot hinannen og truer med pekefingeren; på „et bitte lite hopp" gjør alle et hopp med vending så ansiktet

Lille Ned min hånd jeg klapper

venden inn i ringen, tar

hverandre i hendene og

danser rundt resten av verset.

One game - Norway

Mrs. Selvaag - 3118 Center Ave.
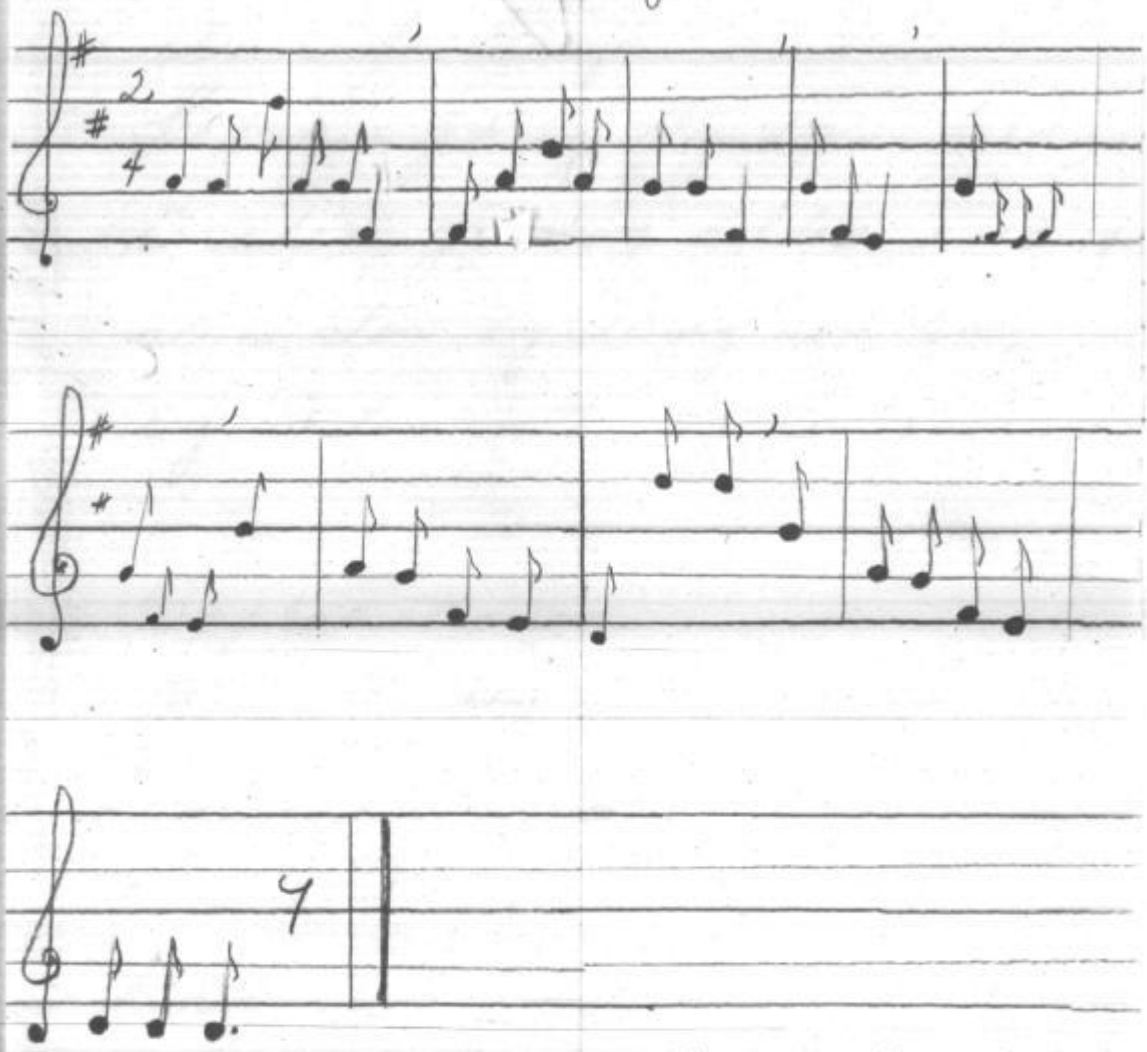
Interviewed by -

G. S. Mulick - April 20-1936

Pages listed in ink - 1. 2. 3

Lille Ro, ro til fiskeskjær I

Moderato



Texten.-1.) Ro, ro til fiskeskjær! Mange fisker får vi der! Een til far og een til mor, een til søster, een til bror og to til den som fisken fikk, og det var lille Frederik!

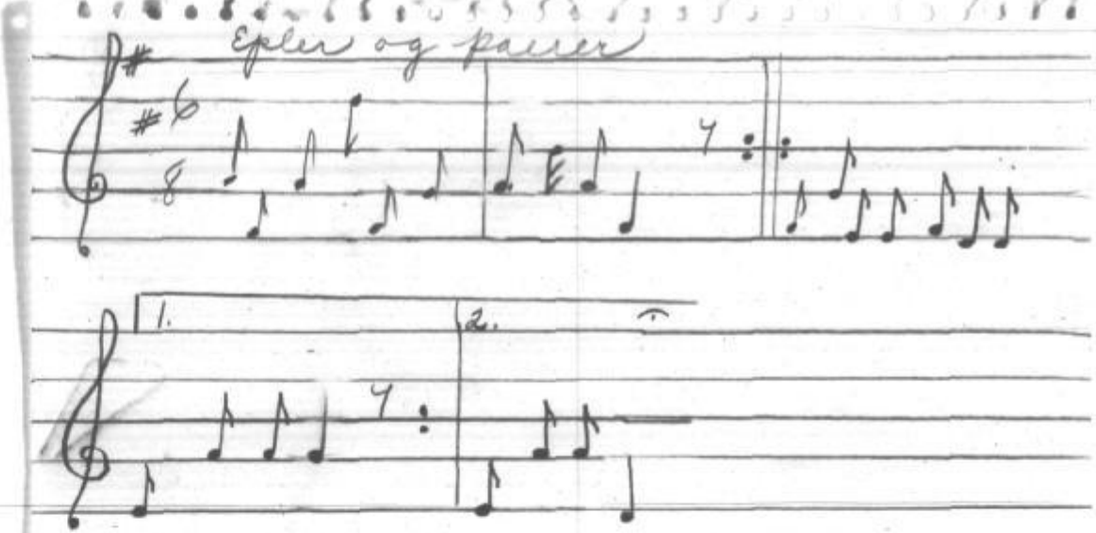
2.) Ro, ro til fiskeskjær! Hvad

Title Ro, ro - til - fiskeskjær II

slage fisker får vi der?
Laksen fet og flyndren bred,
torsken grå og silden små og
ålen stor og lang som så,
og ålen stor og lang som så.

Explanation:
Barna sitter 2 og 2 vendt mot
hinannen med et ben på
hver side av benken. De rekker
hinannen begge hender. Ol
takt med sangen beveges
overkroppen fremover og
bakover med rett rygg og
rette armer.
Ol siste vers opphører bevegelsen
på „og ålen" og på „som så" fører de
begge armer utad.

Eple og pærer

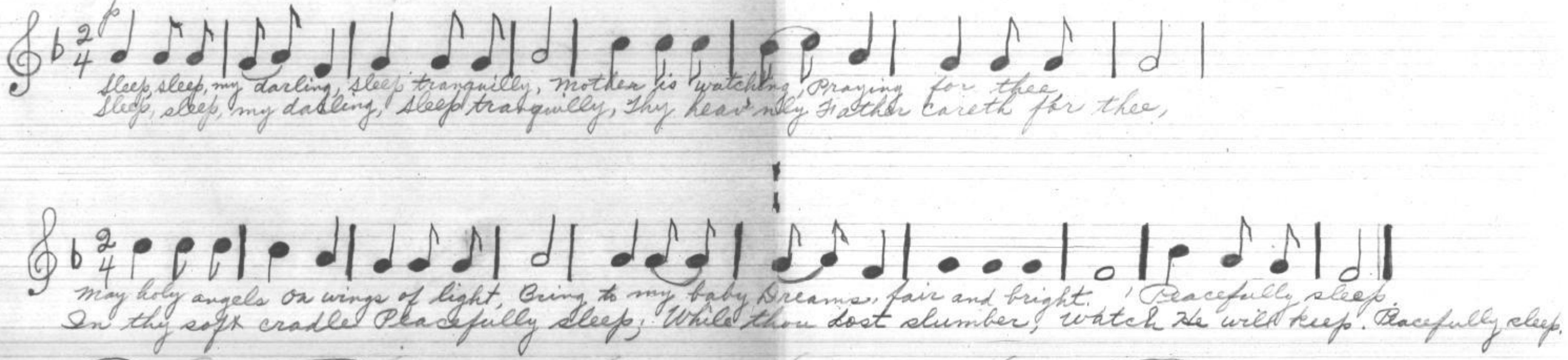


Kvad Epler og pærer de henger
på træer. Og når de er modne
så falder de ned. falder de ned.
Explanation: Barna gå hurtig i ring -
uten å slippe hverandres
hender løfter de armene i veiret og si
„henger", så „ned" setter de seg på huk.

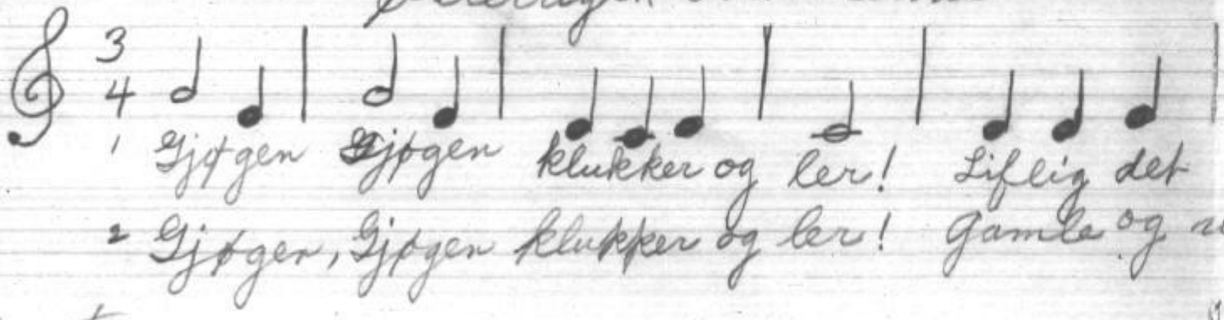
Ole Game from Norway -
Mrs. Selvaag - Norway - Contributed by G. S. Mulick

- One game from Norway -
Mrs. Selvaag from - 3118 Center Avenue
Interviewed by:
G. S. Mulick - April 20 - 1936

Slumber Song



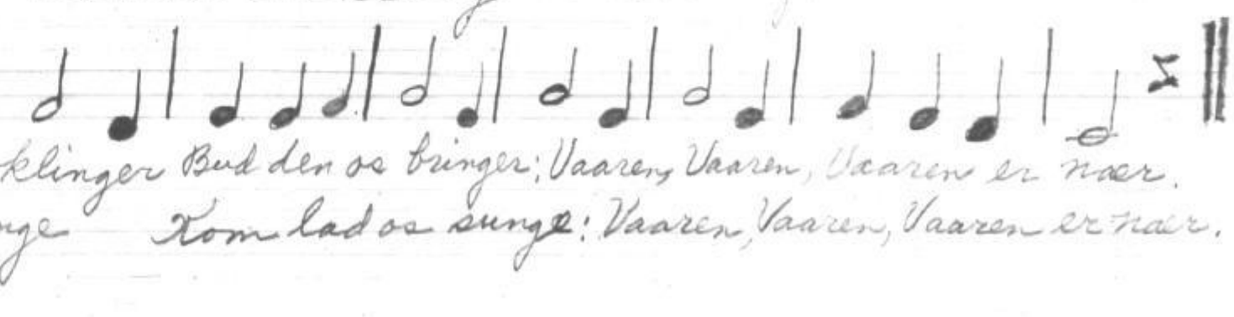
Østerrigsk Folkemelodi



tr.

1 Cuckoo, Cuckoo, calls and cries! Lovely it sounds
2 Cuckoo, Cuckoo, calls and cries! Old and young,
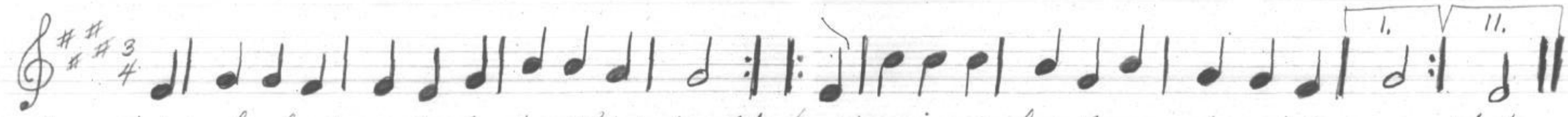
Eastern Folksong — Norwegian



Message we brings: Springtime, Springtime, Springtime is near,
Come, let us sing; Springtime, Springtime, Springtime is near,

O, var jeg en Sangfugl

O, were I a song bird.



1. O, var jeg en Sangfugl som Fuglen paa Kvist, jeg véd, hvad jeg gjorde hver Morgen for vist, — vist.
(tr) O, were I a song bird like the bird on the twig, I know what I'd do each morning for sure, — sure,
2. Jeg laerte mig Sange med Triller og Slag og sang saa for Mor min hver eneste Dag, Dag.
(tr) I'd learn me a song with trills and warble and sing it for my mother every single day, day.
3. O, var jeg en Skraedder med Synaal og Saks, saa gik jeg med Naalen til arbeidet straks, straks
(tr) O, were I a tailor with sewing needle and scissors so I'd go with a needle to work at once, at once,
4. Jeg sydde mig Klaedder af Uld og af Lin min Mor min jeg gav dem af Silke saa fin. fin.
(tr) I'd sew my clothes of wool and of linen (but to mother mine I'd give them of silk so fine. fine.

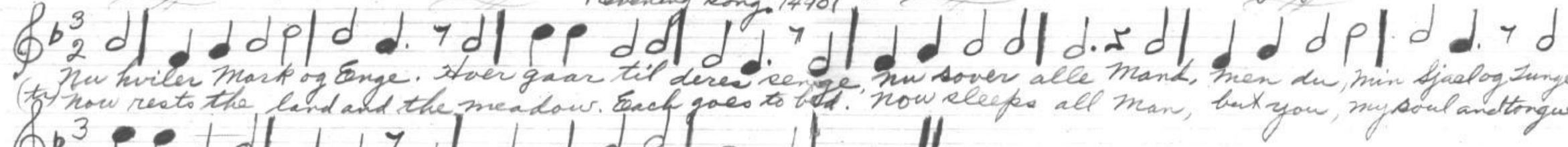
Een deilig Aften lukker -

a beautiful evening closes -

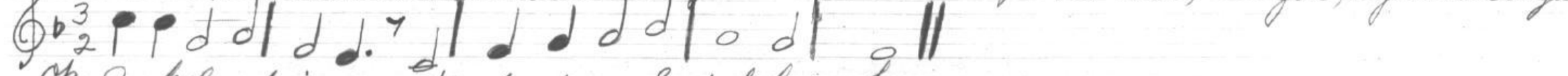


1. Een deilig Aften lukker sig over Dagens Pragt og Voven Rosen plukker, som Solen den har bragt.
(tr) a beautiful evening closes after the day's splendor and bold roses gather what the sun has brought.
2. Men hojest over Skoven en Stjerne traeder ud og minder: Hjt heroven er evig Lys hos Gud.
(tr) But high over the forest a star comes out and reminds: High hereover is an everlasting light with God.

Evening song. 1490



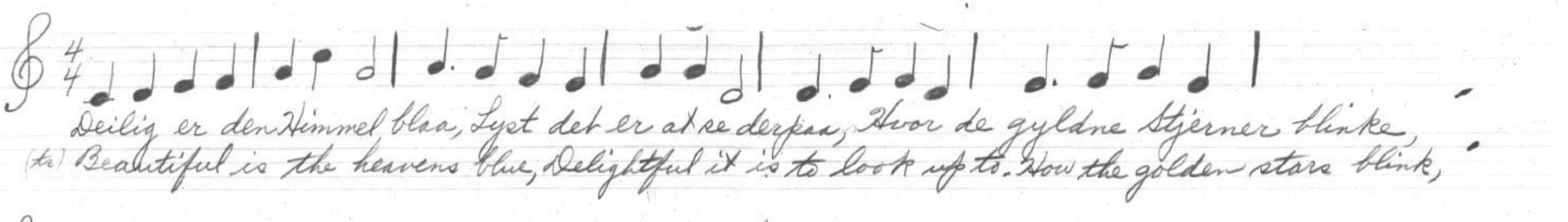
Nu hviler Mark og Enge. Hver gaar til deres senge. Nu sover alle Mand, men du, min Sjael og Tunge, Op,
(tr) now rests the land and the meadow. Each goes to bed. Now sleeps all man, but you, my soul and tongue, up



Op, I skal udsjunge, Hvad eders Gud behage kan.
(tr) up, I shall sing out, whatever, please God, I am able.

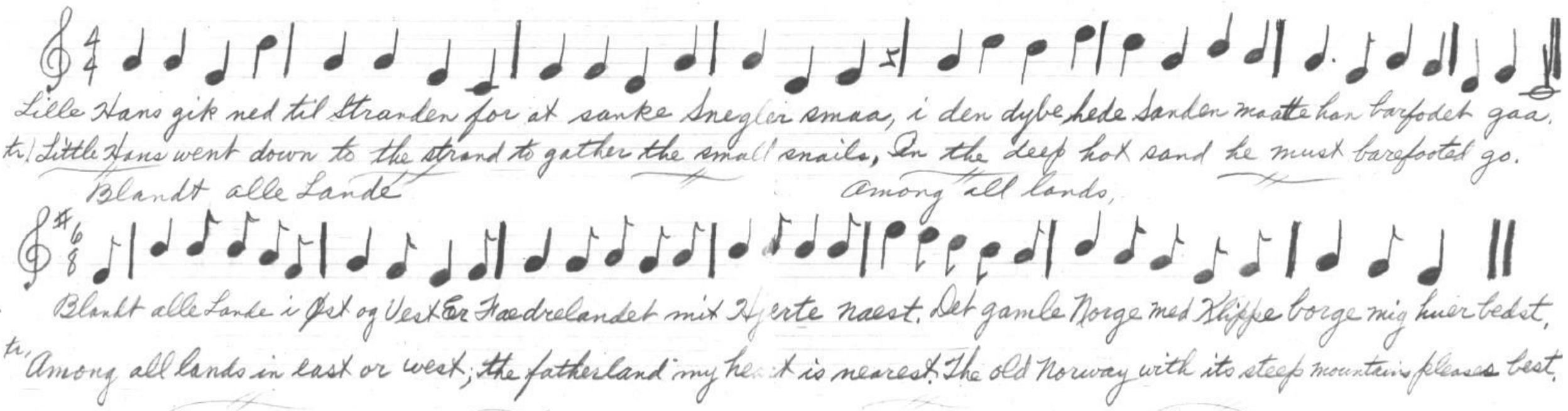
Deilig er den Himmel blue

Beautiful is the heavens blue.

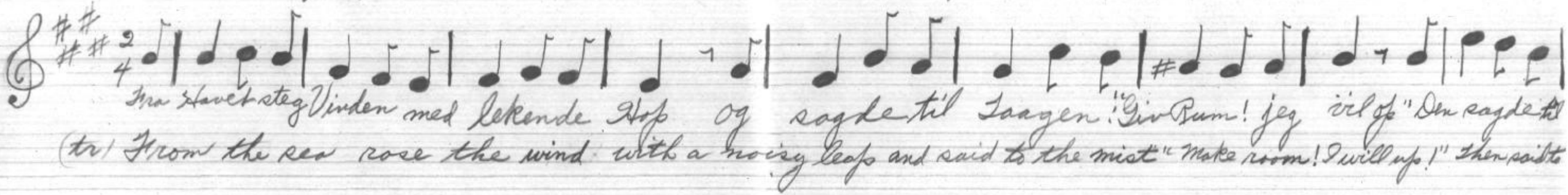


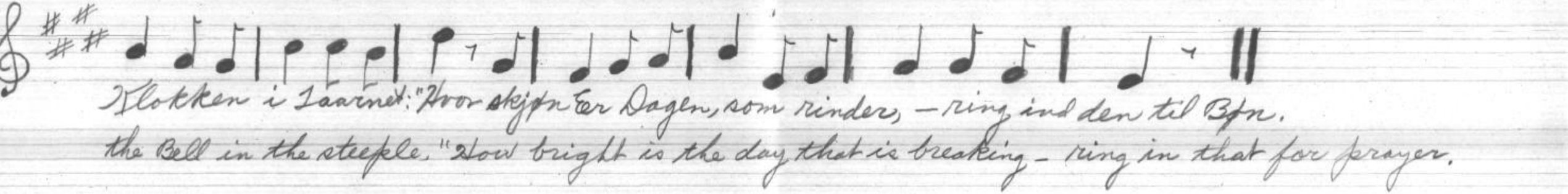
Lille Hans.

Little Hans

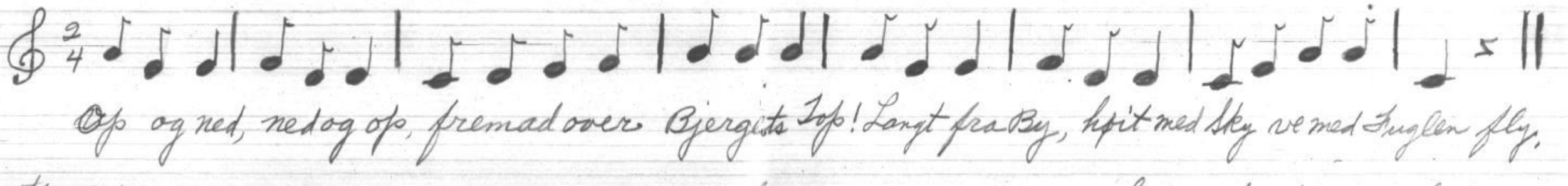


1. Vinden fra Havet. Wind from the sea.





Op og ned — Up and Down.



music.

Fra Havet steg Vinden med lekende Hop Og sagde til Taagen: "Giv Rum! jeg vil op!" Den sagde til Klokken i Taarnet: "Hvor skjøn er Dagen, som rinder, – ring ind den til Bøn!"

tr.
From the sea rose the wind with a noisy leap and said to the mist: "Make room! I will up!" Then said to the bell in the steeple: "How bright is the day that is breaking, – ring in that for prayer."

(music)

1. Gjøgen, gjøgen klukker og ler! Lifligt det klinger, Budden os bringer; Vaaren, Vaaren, Vaaren er nær!
2. Gjøgen, gjøgen klukker og ler! Gamle og unge, Kom! lad os sjunge: Vaaren, Vaaren, Vaaren er nær!

tr.
1. Cuckoo, cuckoo calls and cries! Lovely it sounds, Message us brings, Springtime, Springtime, Springtime is near.
2. Cuckoo, cuckoo calls and cries! Old and young, Come! let us sing: Springtime, Springtime, Springtime is near.

Songs.

Op og ned, ned og op, fremad over Bjergets Top!
Langt fra By, højt mod Sky vi med Fuglen flyv.

copied

(tr) Up and down, down and up right on over the hill top
Far from town, high toward the sky, we with the bird fly.

Deilig er den Himmel blaa, Lyst det er at see derpaa,
Hvor de gyldne Stjerner blinke
Hvor de smile, hvor de vinke Os fra Jorden op til sig.
Os fra Jorden op til sig.

copied

(tr) Beautiful is the Heavens blue, Delightful it is to look upto,
How the golden stars blink
How they smile, how they beckon, Us from earth up to them

Lille Hans gik ned til Stranden for at samle
Snegler smaa, i den dybe hede Sanden
maatte han bar-fodet gaa . . . copied
tr. Little Hans went down to the strand to gather
the small snails, in the deep hot sand
he must bare footed go.

3.

Blandt alle Lande i Øst og Vest, Er Fædrelandet mit
Hjerte nærest. Det gamle Norge med Klippe borge mig huer best.
(copied)

Among all Lands, in East and west, The Fatherland my heart
is nearest, The old Norway with its steep mountains please best.

1. O, var jeg en Sangfugl som Fuglen paa Kvist
jeg ved, hvad jeg gjorde hver Morgen for vist.
O, were I a song bird like the bird on the twig
I know what I'd do each morning for sure,
2. Jeg lærte mig Sange med Triller og Slag
og sang saa for Mor min hver eneste Dag.
(Copied)
I'd learn me a song with trills and warble
and sing it for my mother every single day,
3. O, var jeg en Skrædder med Synaal og Saks
saa gik jeg med Naalen til Arbeidet straks,
O, were I a tailor with sewing needle and scissors
so I go with the needle to work at once,
4 Jeg sydde mig Klæder af Uld og af Lin
men Mor min jeg gav dem af Silke saa fin.
I'd sew my clothes of wool and of linen
but mother mine I'd give them of silk so fine

Mrs Canoga
Elgin Pl.

N. M. 8

H.
En deilig Aften lukker sig over Dagens Pragt, og
Voven Rosen plukker, som Solen den har bragt.

2.
Men hjiest over Skoven en Stjerne traader ud og
minder: Hjit heroven er evig Lys hos Gud.

(tr) 1. A beautiful evening closes after the day's splendor and
Bold roses gather, what the sun has brought.
2. But high over the forest a star comes out and
reminds: High hereover is an everlasting light with God.

Evening song

Nu hviler Mark og Enge, Hver gaar til deres Senge, Nu
sover alle Mand, Men du, min Sjael og Tunge, Op,
op, I skal udsjunge, Hvad edere Gud behage kan.

tr.
Now rests the land and the meadow; Each goes to bed. Now
sleeps all man, but you, my soul and tongue, Up,
up, I shall sing out, Whatever, please God, I am able.

1.

Song -

From - Mrs. Oscar Olson -
(Denmark)

The following is a little song Mrs. Olson used to sing when she was a child in Denmark.

Det Doende Barn.

1.

Moder jeg er træt, nu vil jeg sove
Lad mig ved dit hjærte slumre ind
Græd dog ej, det maa du foret mig love
Thi din taare brænder paa min kind.

2.

Her er koldt og ude stormen tuer
Men i drømme der er alt saa smukt
Og de søde englebørn jeg skuer
Naar jeg har det trætte øje lukt

3.

Gult og grønt og vådt for øjet svæver
Det er blomster engelen udstrøer
Naar jeg ogsaa synger mens jeg lever
Eller, moder, naar jeg dør?

4.

Moder ser du englen ved min side?
Hører du den dylige musik?
Se han har to vinger smukke, hvide
Dem han sikkert af Vorherre fik.

5.

Men saa maa du ikke længer sukke
Græder du saa græder jeg med dig,
Oh jeg er saa træt maa øyet lukke
Moder, see! nu kysser englen mig.

1. Translation

The Dying Child.

1

Mother, I am tired, now I will sleep
Let me near your heart slumber.
Weep not, ~~that you must first promise~~
For you tears burn on my brow.

2

Here its cold, and outside the storm threatens
But in the dreams it all is beautiful
And the sweet angel children I behold
When I have my tired eyelids closed.

3

Gold and red and white before my eyes glimmer
They are the flowers the angels scatter.
Will I also have wings while I live,
Or, mother, will I have them when I die?

2/ 4

Mother, do you see the angel by my side?
Hear you, now, the lovely music?
See it has two wings, beautiful and white.
They have certainly from Our Lord received.

5
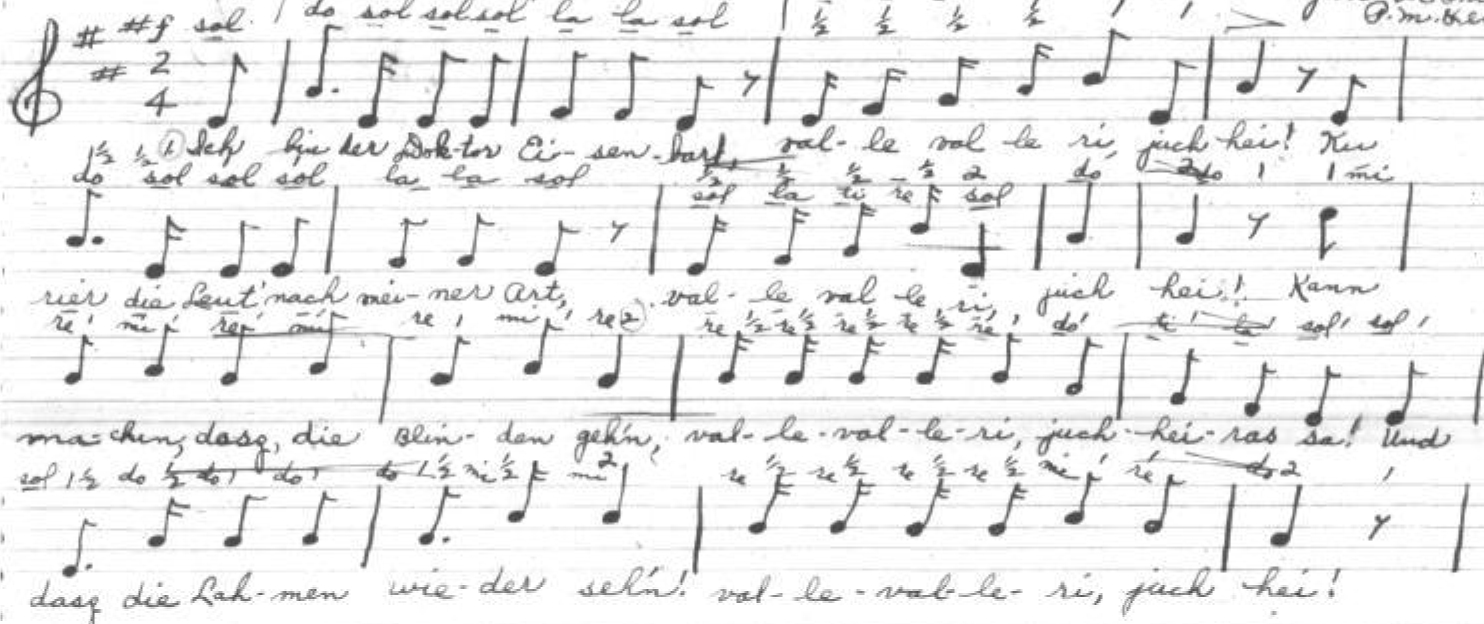
But then you must not longer pine
If you weep, then I'll weep with you.
Oh I am so tired, my eyelids close,
Mother, see, now the angels are kissing me.

Key A

Doktor Eisenbart

(Volkweise)

Etta MacLeod
Jan. 23 Thurs.
P.M. Evening



8. Das ist die art, wie ich kurier',
Sie ist probat, ich bürg dafür;
Dasz jedes Mittel Wirkung tut,
Schwör ich bei meinem Doktorhut.

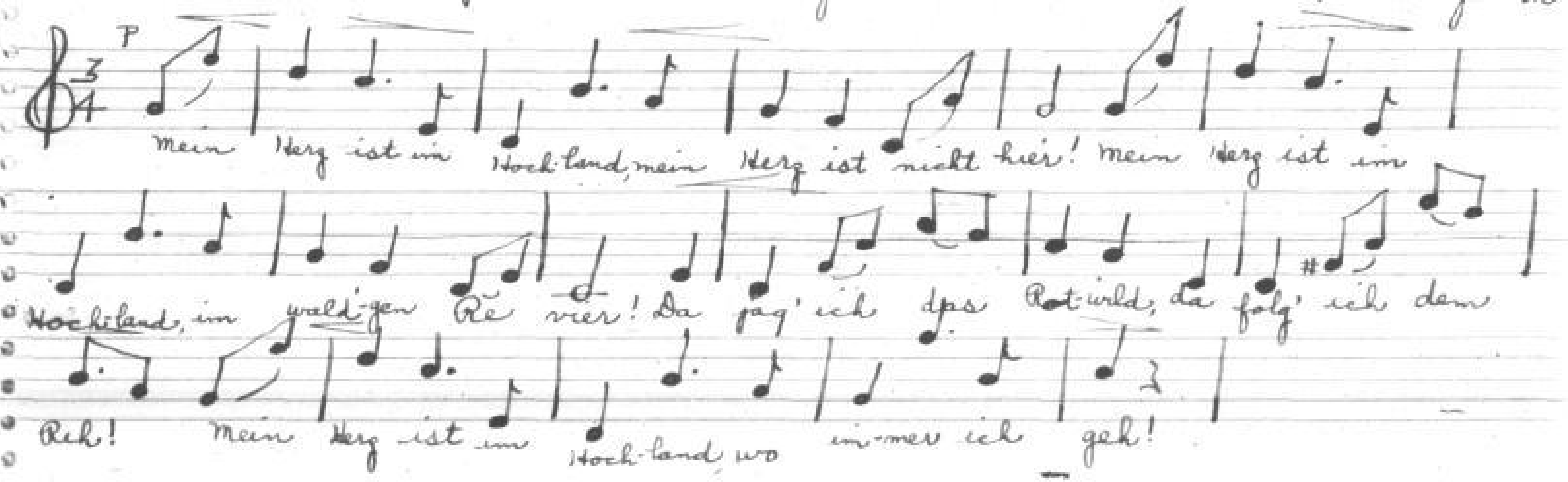
These songs came from: Deutsche Lieder by Joseph Haas & Christian Knayer
Pub. Sulze & Galler - Heinz Mueller Stuttgart.
$2.25

I knew the folk dance.
This not in the book;
I wrote it from memory.

Bought by Mrs. Fred Crogg - 1323 St. James Ct.
1935

My Heart's In The Highlands

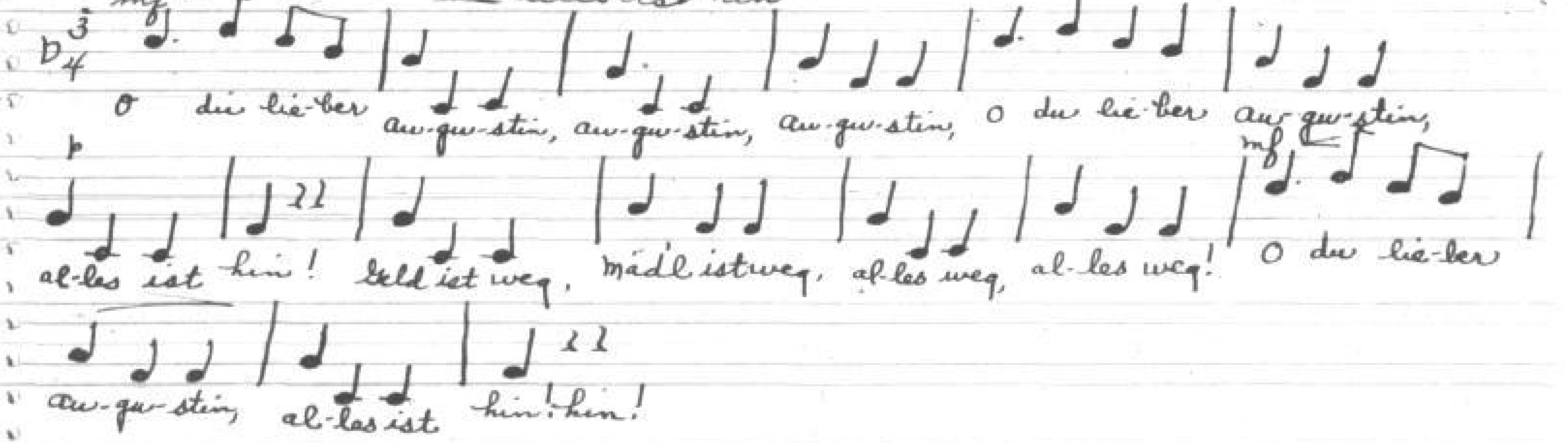
(Volksweise)
Etta MacLeod - Jan. 23



(Whirling Waltz)

Alles ist hin

(Volksweise)



2. Zu Potzdam trefspanier/te ich, val-le-val-le-ri, juch-hei!
Den Koch des grossen Friedrich, val-le-val-le-ri, juch-hei!
Ich schlug ihn mit dem Beil vorn Kopf, val-le-val-le-ri, juch-hei-ras-sa!
Ge-sto-ben ist der arme Tropf! val-le-val-le-ri, juch-hei!

3. Zu Ulm kupiert ich einen Mann, val-le-val-le-ri, juch-hei!
Dasz ihm das Blut vom Beine rann: val-le-val-le-ri, juch-hei!
Er wollte gern gekuhpockt sein, val-le-val-le-ri, juch-hei-ras-sa!
Ich impfte ihm mit dem Brat-spiesz ein. val-le-val-le-ri, juch-hei!

4. Des Küsters Sohn in Dideldum
Dem grab ich zehn Pfund Opium:
Drauf schlief er Jahre, Tag und Nacht,
Und ist bis jetzt noch nicht erwacht.
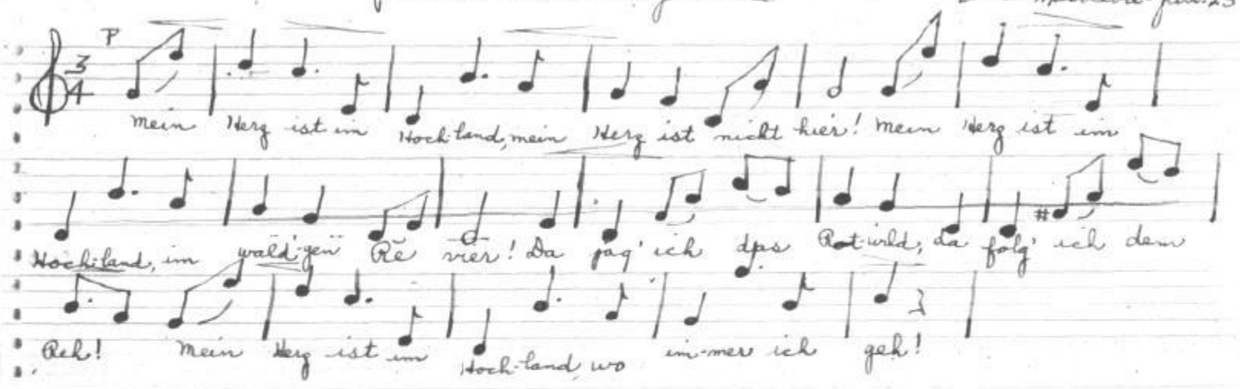
5. Sodann dem Hauptmann von der Lust
Nahm ich drei Bomben aus der Brust;
Die Schmerzen waren ihm zu grosz:
Wohl ihm, er ist die Juden los.

6. Es hatt ein Mann in Langensalz
Ein'n zentnerschweren Kropf am Hals:
Den schnürt' ich mit dem Hemmseil zu,
Probatum est, er hat jetzt Ruh!

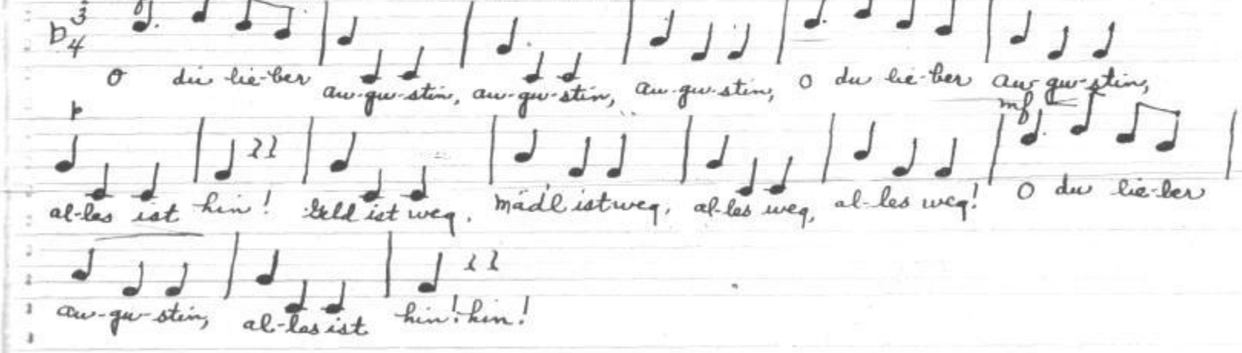
7. Zu Prag, da nahm ich einem Weib
Zehn Fuder Steine aus dem Leib;
Der letzte war ihr Leichenstein:
Sie wird wohl jetzt kurieret sein.

When we were children, the little Germans played this game at the Beer Garden in Bay Claire. We sang slightly different words, simply to practice our recall. I know the yodeling part was:
Yullie, Yulle Willkommen, Yuhu, huhu, huhu!
On the words hum, hum, hum, we puffed out our cheeks and sang the words with an explosive sound to imitate the cannons roar.

My Heart's In The Highlands (Volksweise, Etta Macleod-Jan-23)



(Thirling Waltz) Alles ist hin. (Volksweise)

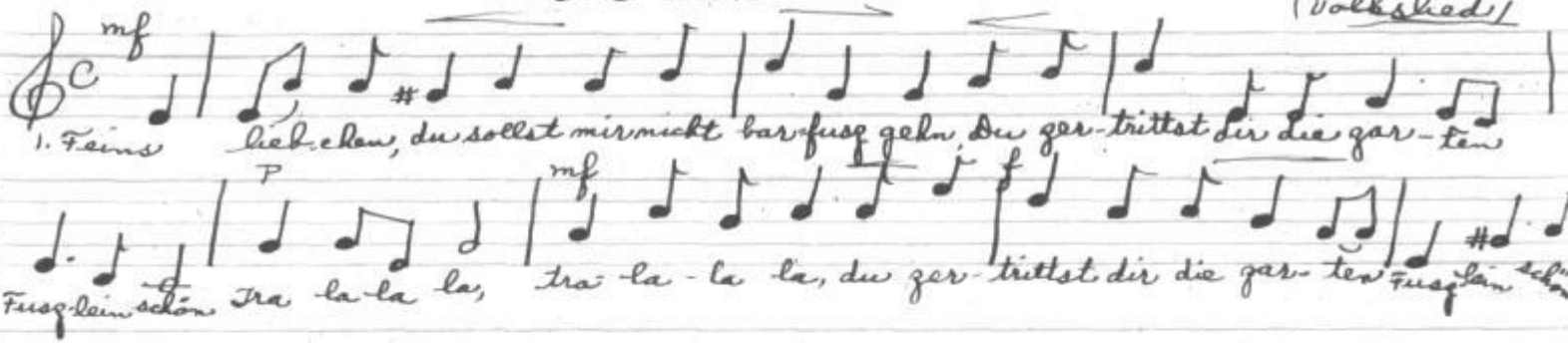


(Boy sings one part, the girl the other)

Etta MacLeod
Jan. 23

Feinsliebchen

(Volkslied)



2. Wie sollte ich denn nicht barfusz gehn,
Hab keine Schuhe ja anzuziehn.
Tra-la-la-la, tra, la, la, la, hab keine Schuhe ja anzuziehn.

3. Feins liebchen, urlist du mein eigen sein,
So kaufe ich dir ein Paar Schüblein fein.
Tra-la-la-la, tra, la, la, la, so kaufe ich dir ein Paar Schüblein fein.

4. Wie könnt' ich euer eigen sein, Ich bin ein armes Mägdelein.
5. Und bist du auch arm, so nehm ich dich doch, du hast ja Ehr und Treue noch.
6. Die Ehr und Treue mir keiner nahm, ich bin, wie ich von der Mutter kam.

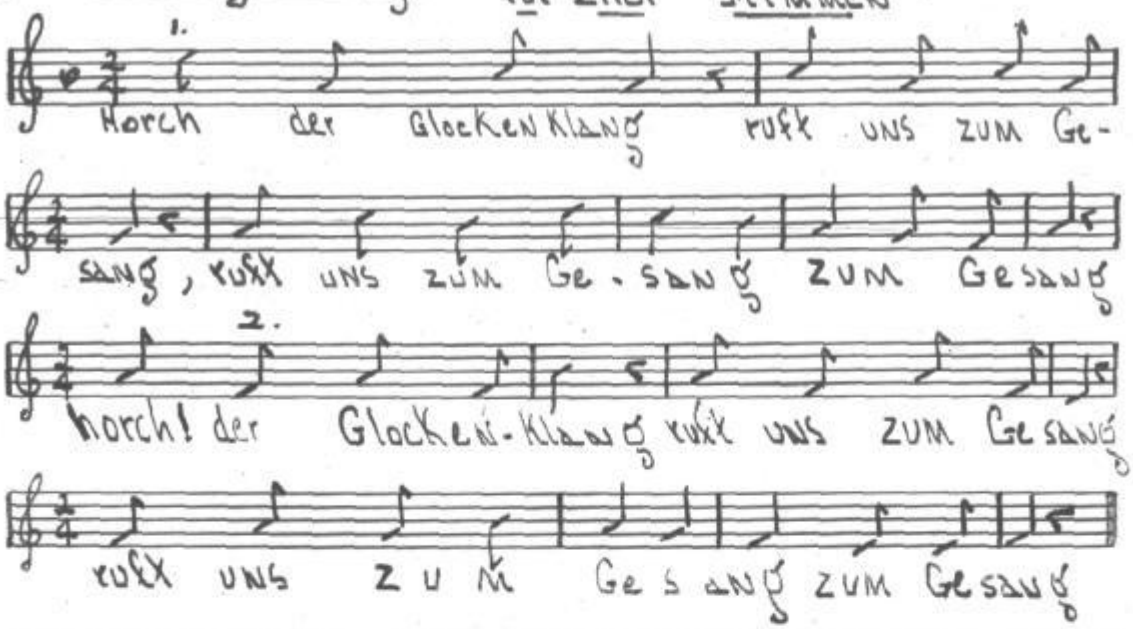
1. Was zog er aus der Tasche fein? Von lautrem Gold ein Ringelein.

M. Jones
2-16-36

Rundgesänge

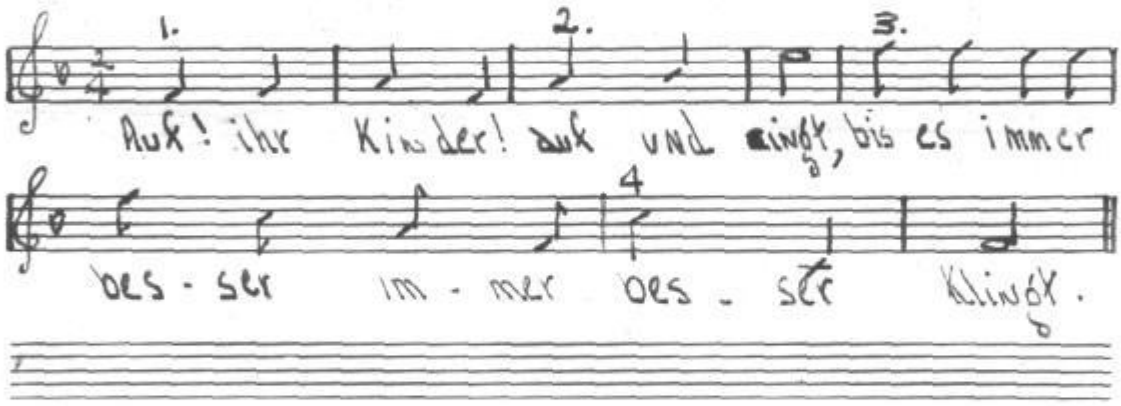
I

For zwei stimmen

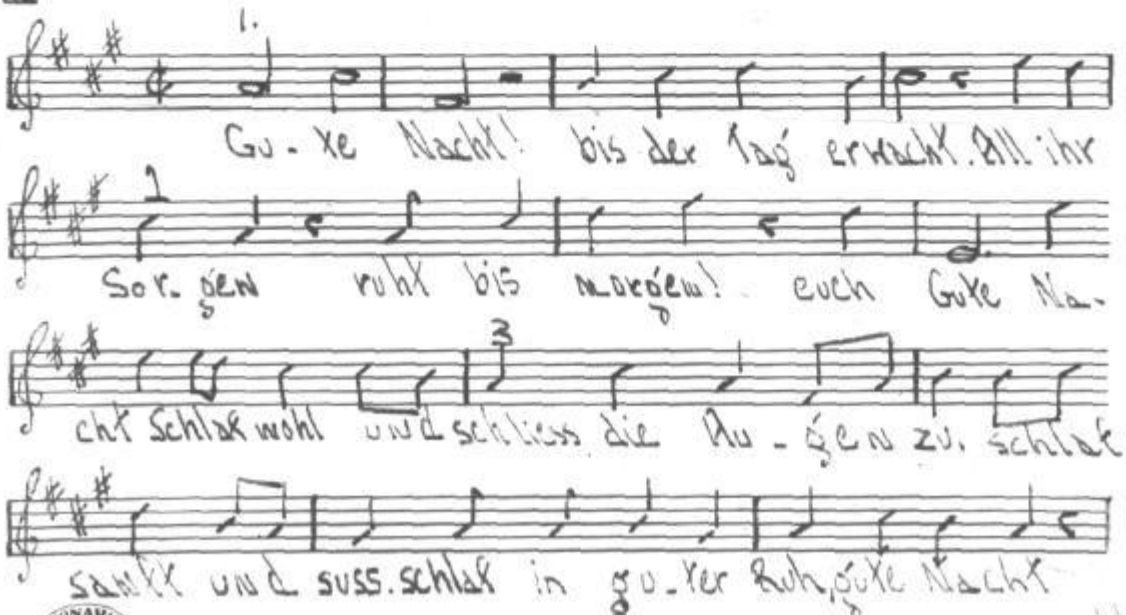


II

For vier Stimmen
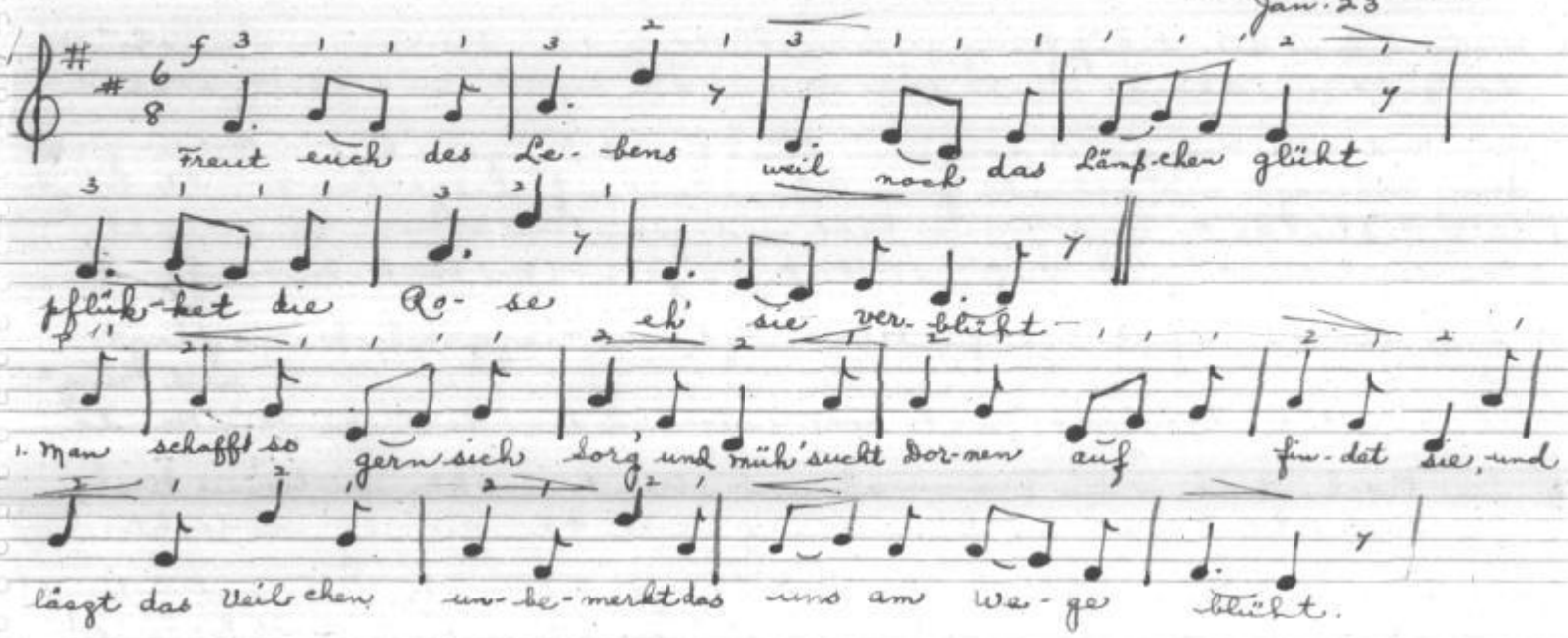


III



Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 17 - 12 lines.

Freut euch des Lebens

(Folk Dance)
Etta MacLeod
Jan. 23



(Come let us be joyful) (while life is bright and gay)
(Gather its roses) (ere they fade away.)
(We're always making our lives so blue)
(The look for thorns) (and find them too)
(And leave the violets all unseen)
(That on our way do grow.)

Girl Boy Girl
X O X

Girl Boy Girl
O

- Join hands shoulder high on each side.
- Advance walking steps to meet at center. {Bow on joyful, Advance and
- Retire to place - 2nd. half 1st line & bow. Girls curtsey on blue
- Boy turns girl on right - 1st half 2nd. line. Boys wave hand.
- Boy turns girl on left - 2nd half 2nd. line.
- All advance to center as before and bow on blue.
- Boys turn opposite girls right & left - 4th line.
- Join hands & guide to center as before & bow unseen.
- Join hands back to place & bow on grow on 6th line.

(over)

2. Wenn schon die Schöpfung sich verhüllt und laut der Donner oft uns brüllt
so lacht am Abend nach dem Sturm die Sonn' uns doppelt schön!-

3. Wer Neid und Misgunst sorgsam flieht und Genügsamkeit in Herzchen zieht
dem schießt sie schnell zum Bäumchen auf, das goldne Früchte trägt.

4. Wer Redlichkeit und Treue liebt und gern dem ärmern Bruder gibt,
bei dem baut sich Zufriedenheit so gern ihr Hüttchen auf.

5. Und wenn der Pfad sich furchtbar engt und Misgeschick uns plagt und drangt,
so reicht die Freundschaft schwesterlich dem Redlichen die Hand.

6. Sie trocknet ihm die Tränen ab und streut ihm Blumen bis ans Grab;
sie wandelt Nacht in Dämmerung und Dämmerung in Licht.

7. Sie ist des Lebens schönstes Band. Schlingt, Brüder, treulich Hand in Hand!
So wallet man froh, so wallet man leicht ins bess're Vaterland!

SONG

The Ghouls Club

Humorous song written by Even D. Flint (Past Redemption Flint), a Milwaukee "poet," rhymster and character of the nineties. Sung to a guitar and mandolin accompaniment by members of the Ghouls Club, a quite noted musical and literary club of Milwaukee in those years. Their club rooms were in the old John Callahan building, then located on Grand Avenue (now W. Wisconsin Avenue) between Second and Third Streets.

The gory Ghouls Club has been here
And made a snatch at me.
I wonder why such fiends as those
Won't let a body be?

Don't come and weep above my grave
And think that here I be,
For they haven't left an atom
Of my anatomy.

Charles E. Brown
August 19, 1936

THE SHANTY-MAN'S LIFE

Sung by Mr. A. C. Hannah, Bemidji, Minnesota

I.

Oh, a shanty-man's life is a wearisome life, altho' some think it
void of care,
Swinging an axe from morning till night in the midst of the
forests so drear.
Lying in the shanty bleak and cold while the cold stormy wintry
winds blow,
And as soon as the daylight doth appear, so the wild woods we
must go.

II.

Oh, the cook rises up in the middle of the night saying, "Hurrah,
brave boys, it's day."
Broken slumbers ofttimes are passed as the cold winter night
While away.
Had we rum, wine, or beer our spirit for to cheer as the days
so lonely do dwine,
Or a glass of any shone while in the woods alone for to cheer
up our troubled minds.

III.

But transported form our lass and our sparkling glass,
these comforts which we leave behind,
Not a friend to us so near as to wipe the falling tear
when sorrow fills our troubled minds.

IV.

But when spring it does set in, double hardships then begin,
when the eaters are piercing cold,
And our clothes are dripping wet and fingers benumbed, and
our pike poles we scarcely can hold.
Betwixt rocks, shoals, and sands gives employment to all hands
our well-banded raft for to steer,
And the rapids that we run, oh, they seem to us but fun,
for we're void of all slavish fear.

V.

Oh, the shanty-lad is the only lad I love, and I never will deny the same.
My heart doth scorn these conceited farmer boys who think is a disgraceful name.
They may boast about their farms, but my shanty-boy has charms so far, far surpassing them all,
Until death it dowed us part he shall enjoy my heart, let his riches be great or small.

Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy
by Franz Rickaby

LITTLE BROWN BULLS

Song composed and sung on the Chippewa River

I.

There was nothing on the river that McCluskey did fear,
When he swung the goad stick o'er the big spotted steers.
They were tall, quick and sound, girded eight feet and three.
"Oh," says McCluskey, the Scotchman, "They're the laddies for me."

Chorus

Derry down, down, derry down.

II.

When along came Bull Gordon, from skidding was full,
When he'd say, "Wahush" to the little brown bulls.
They were short legged and saggy, girded six foot and nine.
"Too small," says McCluskey, "To handle our pine."

Chorus

III.

It was three to the thousand our contract did call,
Our hauling was good and our timber was tall,
So McCluskey declared he would take a day full,
And skid two to one to the little brown bull.

Chorus

IV.

When up spoke Bull Gordon, "It's that you can't do,
Though I know that your steers are the pets of the crew.
But mark me my lad you will have your hands full,
If you skid one more log than the little brown bulls."

Chorus

V.

So a day was appointed and soon did draw nigh,
For twenty-five dollars, their fortunes to try.
All eager and willing that day did appear,
When judges and scalers arrived on the ground.

Chorus

VI.

When along came McCluskey with a whoop and a yell,
And his big spotted steer with their cuds in their jaw,
When up spoke McCluskey, "Boys, hold your mouths full,
We can easily beat them, the little brown bulls."

Chorus

VII.

Says McCluskey to Sandy, "Now strip to the skin,
We'll dig a hole and we'll tumble them in.
We'll teach the damn Yankees to face the bold Scotch,
We'll mix them a dose and will feed it them hot."

Chorus

When along came Bull Gordon with his pipe in his jaw,
And the little brown team with their cuds in their maw.
It's little thought we as we saw them come down,
One hundred and forty would they jerk around.

Chorus

IX.

Says Bull Gordon to Stubbins with blood in his eye,
"This day we must conquer McCluskey or die."
When up spoke old Kennebec, "Never you fear,
You ne'er shall be beat by the old spotted steer."

Chorus

X.

When the sun had gone down, the foreman did cry,
"Turn out boys, turn out, it's enough for the day.
We've counted and scaled, each man to his team,
And very well knows which one kicks the beam."

Chorus

XI.

When supper was over McCluskey appeared,
With a belt he'd made for his big spotted steers,
And to form it he'd torn up his best mackinaw,
He was bound to conduct it according to law.

Chorus

XII.

"Hold on," says the scaler, "just hold you awhile,
Your big spotted steers are behind just a mile.
When you have your hundred and ten and no more,
And Gordon had beat you by ten and a score."

Chorus

XIII.

The shanty did ring and McCluskey did swear,
He tore out in handfuls his long yellow hair.
Says McCluskey to Gordon, "My colors I'll pull,
So here take the belt for your little brown bulls."

Chorus

XIV.

Here's a due to Bull Gordon and Kennebec John,
The biggest day's work on the Chippewa is done,
So fill up your glasses, come fill them up full,
And drink to the health of the little brown bulls.

***

THE FALLING OF THE PINE -

Sung by M. C. Dean, Virginia, Minn.

I.

Come all young men a-wanting of courage bold undaunted,
Repair unto the shanties before your youth's decline.
The spectators will ponder and gaze on you with wonder,
For your noise exceeds the thunder in the falling of the pine.

II.

The shanty is our station and lumbering our occupation,
Where each man has his station, some for to score and line.
It is nine foot of a block we will bust at every knock,
And the wolves and bears we'll shock at the falling of the pine.

III.

When the day it is a-breaking, from our slumbers we're awakened.
Breakfast being over, our axes we will grind.
Into the woods we do advance, where our axes sharp do glance,
And like brothers we commence for to fall the stately pine.

IV.

For it's to our work we go through the cold and stormy snow,
And it's there we labor gayly till bright Phoebus does not shine;
Then to the shanties we'll go in and songs of love we'll sing,
And we'll make the valleys ring at the falling of the pine.

V.

When the weather it grows colder, like lions we're more bolder,
And while this forms grief for others, it's but the least of mine;
For the frost and snow so keen it can never keep us in,
It can never keep us from the falling of the pine.

VI.

When the snow is all diminished and our shanty work all finished,
Banished we are for a little time,
And then far apart we're scattered until the booms are gathered,
Until the booms are gathered into handsome rafts of pine.

VII.

When we get to Quebec, O my boys, we'll not forget,
And our whistles we will wet with some brandy and good wine.
With fair maidens we will boast until our money is all used,
And, my boys, we'll ne'er refuse to go back and fall the pine.

Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy - Franz Rickaby

YE NOBLE BIG PINE TREE

By Shan T. Boy

Sung by Mr. W. N. Alken (Shan T. Boy) Wausau, Wis.

I.

'Twas on a cold and frosty morning
When the sunshine was adorning
The boughs of ev'ry lofty pine,
Making them in radiance shine.

II.

Through the forest lone I wandered
Where a little brook meandered,
Gurgling o'er the rocks below,
Wading deep through ice and snow.

III.

On its banks and right before me
Stood a pine in stately glory.
The forest king he seemed to be.
He was a noble Big Pine Tree.

IV.

I gazed upon his form gigantic.
Thoughts ran through my head romantic.
These were my musings as I stood
And viewed that monarch of the wood.

V.

"For ages you have towered proudly.
The birds have praised you long and loudly.
The squirrels have cahttered praise to thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

VI.

When the lumberjacks first spy you,
They'll step up to you and eye you.
With saw and axe they'll lay you down
On the cold snow-covered ground.

VII.

"Your fall will sound like the distant thunder
And fill the birds and squirrels with wonder.
The snow thy winding-sheet will be,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

VIII.

"Were you punky, were you hollow,
You had been a lucky fellow;
Then they would have let you be,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

IX.

"But seeing you're so sound and healthy,
You'll make some lumberman more wealthy.
There's scads of wealth concealed in thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

X.

"When your branches cease to quiver,
They will haul you to the river,
And down the roll-ways roll you in
Where you'll have to sink or swim.

XI.

"They will measure, top, and butt you.
Into saw logs they will cut you.
The woodsman's chains will fetter thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

XII.

"In the spring the agile river driver
Will pick and punch you down the river.
There'll be little rest for thee,
O ye noble Big Pine Tree.

Mrs. Elizabeth Allen
Poynette,
Wis.

Old Scotch Song.

I

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're
livin' in the noo',
An' sunny is the lan' that noo we often trav'l
But in vain we look for something here to
which oor hearts may cling,
For its beauty is as naething tae the palace o' the King.
We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snawflakes an' the
doon on Winter's wing
It's fine to ken it dauma touch the palace o' the King.

II.

~~Then again I've just been thinkin' that when a' thing~~
Here's sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi'
quiverin' licht
The ocean i' the simmer; or the woodland i'
the spring,
What maun it be up yonner i' the palace o'
the King.

2.- It's here we hae oor trials, and its here that
He prepares His chosen for the raiment
Which the ransomed sinner wears,
An' its here that He wad hear us mid oor
tribulations sing, "Will trust oor God wha'
reigneth i' the palace o' the King."

III

Oh! its honor heaped on honor that
His courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin' anes He died for i'
this warl' o' sin an' pain.
An' its fu' est love an' service that
The Christians aye should bring
To the feet of Him wha' reigneth i'
the palace o' the King.
The time for sawin' seed, it is a wearin',
wearin' time,
An' the time for winnin' souls will be
ower vera sune.

Then lat us a' be active, if a fruitfu'
sheaf we'd bring to adorn the
Royal table i' the palace o' the King.

IV.

Then let us trust Him better than we've
ever done afore
For the King will feed His servants frae
His ever bounteous store.
Let us keep a closer grip o' Him for
Time is on the wing
And sune he'll come an' tak' us tae the
Palace o' the King.
It's in' wy halls are bonny upon which
the rainbows shine,
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi'
a never fadin' Vine,
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a
glorious radiance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers
i' the palace o' the King

V

Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an' nae
desolation sea,
And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i'
the city o' the free.
There's an everlastin' daylicht, an'
a never fadin' spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the
Palace o' the King.
We see our freens await us ower yonner
at His gate;
Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken
its gettin' late;
Let oor lamps be brightly burnin',
Let us raise oor voice and sing,
For sune we'll meet, to part nae
mair, i' the palace o' the King.

Viands

Scotch Short-Bread and Christmas

Particularly a Lenten, season favorite. Place two pounds of butter into a mixing bowl and warm, then cream with a wooden spoon. Add slowly one and one half pounds of fine granulated sugar, or sifted crushed loaf sugar, stir well, add flour enough to make stiff dough, flavor with lemon juice or vanilla. - Roll and cut into small squares, Pinch the edges with fingers. Sprinkle with sugar, caraway seed also may be added. Bake in moderate oven about thirty minutes.

In games, to choose the leader, like "eeny, meeny, miny moe - etc."

In the "nineties" Children sang:

"Monkey, monkey, bottle of beer;
How many monkeys are there here?
One, two, three, out goes he!"

Another ditty that was popularly sung "years ago," —

Did you ever, ever, ever,
In your life, life, life,
See the devil, devil, devil,
Kiss his wife, wife, wife?

No I never, never, never,
In my life, life, life;
Saw the devil, devil, devil,
Kiss his wife, wife, wife.

Danish
Mrs. O. Olson

Vaarens Tid - (Springtime)

Nu er den deilige Vaarens Tid
da alting grønnes paa Marken
Og Vinden leger saa varm og blid
Og Træt blomstrer i Parken
Da gald kladt Brivil i Rosen gjynger
Og Svanen svømmer med
Unger paa Bølgen blaa.

(tr.) Now is the lovely Springtime,
When all things grow upon the earth
And the wind is so warm and calm
And the trees are blooming in the park.
The gold clothed ~~Sunset in roses~~ glitter
And the Swan swims with
The young ones on the waters blue;

Daniel - Mrs. O. Olson

Befal du dine Veie
Og al din Hjerte Sorg
Til (hans) trofaste Pleie
Som bor i Himlens Borg
Han, som kan Stormen binde
Og lede Bølgen blaa
Han kan og Veien finde
Hvor paa din Fod kan gaa.

(tr) Commend your ways and all your
hearts sorrow to His trustworthy guidance
Who dwells in the Heavenly place.
He who can stay the storm and
Calm the Ocean blue
He can also find the way
That your feet can go.

1

1.

On the Mountains -
Til Saeters -

When the girls who herded cattle and goats on the saeter sang to each other they called it "lalle."

A herd boy seeing a herd girl at a distance guesses her to be Ragnhild and he sings:

:|: Aa lalla Ragnhild, aa lalla me! :|:
Aa eite du Ragnhild, so svara du me,
Jaa lang'n lei, o Lonne de,
du svara vael me, naar e lalla te de!

If he guesses correctly, she answers:

:|: Aa tak ska du ha, fjor du lalla te me! :|:
Den finaste jenta e jeva ska de,
o den ska du ha, fjor du lalla te me!

Then he replies:

:|: Aa tak ska du ha, fjor du svara no me! :|:
Den finaste guten e jeva ska de,
o hann ska du ha, fjor du svara no me!

2.

(to.)

:|: Oh tol-lol Ragnhild, oh tol-lol me! :|: (repeat.)
Oh is your name Ragnhild, so answer me,
with lang'n lei, and you reply;
you answer me well, when I tol-lol to you,

If he guess her name correctly she answers:-

:|: Oh thanks shall you have, that you tol-lol to me (repeat) :|:
The finest girl in all around is for you,
O, this shall you have, because you tol-lol to me.

Then he replies:-

:|: Oh thanks shall you have because you answer me now! (repeat) :|:
The finest boy in all around is for you.
O, him shall you have, because you answered me now.

Welsh Story.-Robin Ddu-Distance Mystery.

The Black Robin who was supposed to be very a very wise man wrote the following little rhyme and called it a distance mystery. At that time he had no conception of what might happen in the way of travelming,and so he said that traveling a great distance in a short time would be practically impossible. To-day, howver with modern means of travel,the rhyme doesn't mean much.

Codais,ymolchais yn Mon,
Boreu bryd yn nghaerlleon.
Canol bryd yn y Werddon mawn yn Mon.

Translation:

Up and bathed in Anglesey,
Breakfast in Nghearlleon,
Mid-day meal in Ireland,
Supper by the hearth at Anglesey.

Das zerbrochene Ringlein
Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff

In einem kühlen Grunde
Da geht ein Mühlenrad,
Mein' Liebste ist verschwunden,
Die dort gewohnet hat.

Sie hat mir Treu' versprochen,
Gab mir ein'n Ring dabei,
Sie hat mir Treu' versprochen,
Das Ringlein sprang entzwei.

Ich möcht' als Spielmann reisen
Weit in die Welt hinaus,
Und singen meine Weisen
Und geh'n von Haus zu Haus.

Ich möcht' als Reiter fliegen
Wohl in die blut'ge Schlacht,
Um stille Feuer liegen
Im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.

Hör' ich das Mühlrad gehen:
Ich weiß nicht, was ich will —
Ich möcht' am liebsten sterben;
Dann wär's auf einmal still!

1.

Freundschaft
Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt

Wenn jemand schlecht von deinem Freunde spricht,
Und scheint er noch so ehrlich: glaub' ihm nicht!
Spricht alle Welt von deinem Freunde schlecht:
Mißtrau' der Welt und gib dem Freunde Recht!
Nur wer so standhaft seine Freunde liebt,
Ist wert, daß ihm der Himmel Freunde gibt.
Ein Freundesherz ist ein so selt'ner Schatz,
Die ganze Welt beut nicht dafür Ersatz;
Ein Kleinod ist's voll heil'ger Wunderkraft,
Das nur bei festem Glauben Wunder schafft,
Doch jedes Zweifels Hauch trübt seinen Glanz,
Einmal zerbrochen, wird's nie wieder ganz.
Drum: wird ein solches Kleinod dir beschеert,
O trübe seinen Glanz nicht, halt' es wert;
Zerbrich es nicht! Betrachte alle Welt
Als einen Ring nur, der dies Kleinod hält,
Dem dieses Kleinod selbst erst Wert verleiht.
Denn wo es fehlt, da ist die Welt entweiht.
Doch würdest du dem ärmsten Bettler gleich,
Bleibt dir ein Freundesherz, so bist du reich;
Und wer den höchsten Königsthron gewann
Und keinen Freund hat, ist ein armer Mann.

4.

Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit
Otto Roquette

Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit,
O du schöne Welt, wie bist du so weit!
Und so weit ist mein Herz, so klar wie der Tag,
Wie die Lüfte, durchjubelt vom Lerchenschlag!
Ihr Fröhlichen, singt, weil das Leben noch mait:
Noch ist die schöne, die blühende Zeit,
Noch sind die Tage der Rosen!

Frei ist das Herz, und frei ist das Lied,
Und frei ist der Bursch, der die Welt durchzieht,
Und ein rosiger Kuß ist nicht minder frei,
So spröd' und verschämt auch die Lippe sei.
Wo ein Lied erklingt, wo ein Kuß sich beut,
Da heißt's: Noch ist blühende, goldene Zeit,
Noch sind die Tage der Rosen.

2.

Ja, im Herzen tief innen ist alles daheim,
Der Freude Saaten, der Schmerzen Keim.
Drum frisch sei das Herz und lebendig der Sinn,
Dann brauset, ihr Stürme, daher und dahin!
Wir aber sind allzeit zu singen bereit:
Noch ist die blühende, goldene Zeit,
Noch sind die Tage der Rosen!

1 and 2 were sung at parties fifty or more years ago.

Willkommen
Albert Träger

Wenn du noch eine Heimat hast,
So nimm den Ranzen und den Stecken,
Und wand're, wand're ohne Rast,
Bis du erreicht den teuren Flecken.

Und strecken nur zwei Arme sich
In freud'ger Sehnsucht dir entgegen,
Fließt eine Träne nur um dich,
Spricht dir ein eing'ger Mund den Segen:

5.

Ob du ein Bettler, du bist reich,
Ob krank dein Herz, dein Mut beklommen,
Gesunden wirst du alsogleich,
Hörst du das süße Wort: Willkommen!

Und ist verweht auch jede Spur,
Zeigt nichts sich deinem Blick, den nassen,
Als grün bewachsen ein Hügel nur,
Von allem, was du einst verlassen:

O, nirgend weint es sich so gut,
Wie weit dich deine Füße tragen,
Als da, wo still ein Herze ruht,
Das einstens warm für dich geschlagen.

4 and 5 were sung forty years ago.

Mrs. Dorothy Hemiebaan Schultz
238 Washboard Street - Upper flat - No phone.
Interviewed - Saturday, December 7 - 1935
Gertrude L. Mullick

1

Aufmunterung zur Freude

Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty

Wer wollte sich mit Grillen plagen,
So lang' uns Lenz und Jugend blühn?
Wer wollt' in seinen Blütentagen
Die Stirn in düstre Falten ziehn?

Die Freude winkt auf allen Wegen,
Die durch dies Pilgerleben gehn;
Sie bringt uns selbst den Kranz entgegen,
Wenn wir am Scheidewege stehn.

Noch rinnt und rauscht die Wiesenquelle,
Noch ist die Laube kühl und grün;
Noch scheint der liebe Mond so helle,
Wie er durch Adams Bäume schien.

Noch macht der Saft der Purpurtraube
Des Menschen krankes Herz gesund,
Noch schmecket in der Abendlaube
Der Kuß auf einem roten Mund.

Noch tönt der Busch voll Nachtigallen,
Dem Jüngling süße Kühlung zu;
Noch strömt, wenn ihre Lieder schallen,
Selbst in zerrissne Seelen Ruh!
O wunderschön ist Gottes Erde,
Und wert darauf vergnügt zu sein;
Drum will ich, bis ich Asche werde,
Mich dieser schönen Erde freu'n.

2

Oktoberlied

Theodor Storm

Der Nebel steigt, es fällt das Laub;
Schenk' ein den Wein, den holden!
Wir wollen uns den grauen Tag
Vergolden, ja vergolden!

Und geht es draußen noch so toll,
Unchristlich oder christlich,
Ist doch die Welt, die schöne Welt
So gänzlich unverwüstlich!

Und wimmert auch einmal das Herz, —
Stoß' an und laß es klingen!
Wir wissen's doch, ein rechtes Herz
Ist gar nicht umzubringen.

Der Nebel steigt, es fällt das Laub;
Schenk' ein den Wein, den holden!
Wir wollen uns den grauen Tag
Vergolden, ja vergolden!

Wohl ist es Herbst; doch warte nur,
Doch warte nur ein Weilchen!
Der Frühling kommt, der Himmel lacht,
Es steht die Welt in Veilchen.

Die blauen Tage brechen an;
Und ehe sie verfließen,
Wir wollen sie, mein wackrer Freund,
Genießen, ja genießen!

3

Schuberts „Ständchen".

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir,
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht,
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst du Nachtigallen schlagen? —
Ach, sie rufen dich!
Mit der Töne süßem Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich:
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen,
Komm, beglücke mich!

4

O halte fest am deutschen Wort!

O halte fest am deutschen Wort!
O lieb' und üb' es fort und fort!
Schließ' in das Herz es treulich ein
Und hüt' es wohl wie Edelstein . .
Zu jeder Zeit, an jedem Ort . .
O halte fest am deutschen Wort!

Vergiß es nicht dein Leben lang,
Das Wort, das dir die Mutter sang,
Wenn feiernd sich gesenkt der Tag,
Und auf dem Pfühl der Liebling lag:
„Schlaf' Herzenskindchen!" klang's dann fein,
Bei deutschen Lauten schliefst du ein.

War „deutsch" nicht auch dein erstes Wort
Im trauten Elternhause dort?
Welch' Wonne schloß für „Groß und Klein"
Der süße Name „Mutter" ein!
Vergiß die Sprache nicht so bald,
Die du als Kind zuerst gelallt!

O sei kein undankbarer Wicht
Und schäm' dich deines Stammes nicht!
An seiner Brust, in seinem Schoß
Wurd' Wahrheit und die Weisheit groß.
Stets war er deutscher Freiheit Hort —
D'rum halte fest am deutschen Wort!

O halte fest am deutschen Lied,
Das brausend durch die Seele zieht,
Wenn's ernst an hohe Pflichten mahnt,
Wenn's melodiereich glaubt und ahnt
Daß bald ein Völkerfrühling blüht —
O halte fest am deutschen Lied!

O deutsches Lied, — o, deutsches Wort,
O lebt gepaart noch lange fort! — —
Was von den Vätern hier geschehn,
In Wort und Lied laßt's übergehn
Auf Kind und Enkel allerort —
Ehrt deutsches Lied und deutsches Wort!

Riesengebirglers Heimatlied

O. Fibiger

Blaue Berge, grüne Täler,
Mitten drin ein Häuschen klein,
Herrlich ist dies Stückchen Erde,
Und ich bin ja dort daheim.
Als ich einst ins Land gezogen,
Ha'n die Berg mir nachgesehn
Mit der Kindheit, mit der Jugend,
Wußt selbst nicht, wie mir geschehn.
O mein liebes Riesengebirge, wo die Elbe so heimlich rinnt,
Wo der Rübezahl mit seinen Zwergen heut noch Sagen und Märchen spinnt.
Riesengebirge, deutsches Gebirge, meine liebe Heimat du.

Ist mir gut und schlecht gegangen,
Hab gesungen und gelacht,
Doch in manchen bangen Stunden
Hat mein Herz ganz still gepocht,
Und mich zog's nach Jahr und Stunde
Wieder heim ins Elternhaus,
Hielt's nicht mehr vor lauter Sehnsucht
Bei den fremden Leuten aus.
O mein liebes Riesengebirge, wo die Elbe so heimlich rinnt,
Wo der Rübezahl mit seinen Zwergen heut noch Sage und Märchen spinnt.
Riesengebirge, deutsches Gebirge, meine liebe Heimat du.

Heil'ge Heimat! Vater! Mutter!
Und ich lieg' an ihrer Brust
Wie dereinst in Kindheit Tagen,
Da vom Leid ich nichts gewußt.
Wieder läuten hell die Glocken,
Wieder streichelt ihre Hand,
Und die Uhr im alten Stübchen
Tickt wie Grüßen von der Hand.
O meins liebes Riesengebirge, wo die Elbe so heimlich rinnt,
Wo der Rübezahl mit seinen Zwergen heut noch Sagen und Märchen spinnt.
Riesengebirge, deutsches Gebirge, meine liebe Heimat du.

Und kommt's einstens zum Begraben,
Mögt ihr euren Willen tun,
Nur das eine, ja, das eine:
Laßt mich in der Heimat ruhn!
Wird der Herrgott mich dann fragen
Oben nach dem Heimatschein,
Zieh ich deutsch und stolz und freudig
Flugs ins Himmelreich hinein.
Bin aus dem Riesengebirge, wo die Elbe so heimlich rinnt,
Wo der Rübezahl mit seinen Zwergen heut noch Sagen und Märchen spinnt.
Riesengebirge, deutsches Gebirge, meine liebe Heimat du.

Sung in Southern Germany

Mrs. Dorothy Hemilechsan Schultz — 238 Waubesa Street, Eliterprised Saturday, Dec. 7-1935 Gertrude S. Mulick

Aus der Jugendzeit

Aus der Jugendzeit, aus der Jugendzeit
Klingt ein Lied mir immerdar;
O wie liegt so weit, o wie liegt so weit,
Was mein einst war.

Was die Schwalbe sang, was die Schwalbe sang,
Die den Herbst und Frühling bringt:
Ob das Dorf entlang, ob das Dorf entlang
Das jetzt noch klingt?

„Als ich Abschied nahm, als ich Abschied nahm,
Waren Kisten und Kasten schwer;
Als ich wieder kam, als ich wieder kam,
War alles leer."

O du Kindermund, o du Kindermund,
Unbewußter Weisheit froh,
Vogelsprachekund, vogelsprachekund,
Wie Salomo.

1.

O du Heimatflur, o du Heimatflur,
Laß zu deinem heil'gen Raum
Mich noch einmal nur, mich noch einmal nur
Entfliehn im Traum!

Als ich Abschied nahm, als ich Abschied nahm,
War die Welt mir voll so sehr;
Als ich wiederkam, als ich wiederkam,
War alles leer.

Wohl die Schwalbe kehrt, wohl die Schwalbe kehrt,
Und der leere Kasten schwoll,
Ist das Herz geleert, ist das Herz geleert,
Wird's nie mehr voll.

Keine Schwalbe bringt, keine Schwalbe bringt
Dir zurück, wonach du weinst;
Doch die Schwalbe singt, doch die Schwalbe singt
Im Dorf wie einst:

„Als ich Abschied nahm, als ich Abschied nahm,
Waren Kisten und Kasten schwer;
Als ich wiederkam, als ich wiederkam,
War alles leer."

Waldandacht

2.

Frühmorgens, wenn die Hähne krähn,
Eh' noch der Wachtel Ruf erschallt,
Eh' wärmer all' die Lüfte wehn,
Vom Jagdhornruf das Echo hallt:
Dann gehet leise
Nach seiner Weise
Der liebe Herrgott durch den Wald!

Die Quelle, die ihn kommen hört,
Hält ihr Gemurmel auf sogleich,
Auf daß sie nicht in Andacht stört
So Groß als Klein im Waldbereich;
Die Bäume denken:
Nun laßt uns senken
Vor'm lieben Herrgott das Gesträuch!

Die Blümlein, wenn sie aufgewacht,
Sie ahnen auch den Herrn alsbald
Und schütteln rasch den Schlaf der Nacht
Sich aus den Augen mit Gewalt;
Sie flüstern leise
Ringsum im Kreise:
Der liebe Gott geht durch den Wald.

Mein Vaterland — mein Vaterhaus

3

Einst zog ich in die Welt hinaus
Vom Vaterland — vom Vaterhaus
Nun bin ich hier im fremden Land
Wo ich für mich ein Plätzchen fand.

Bin nun schon fort so manches Jahr
Vom Vaterland — vom Vaterhaus
Wo ich ein glücklich Kindlein war
In meinem lieben Elternhaus.

Es packt mich oft der Sehnsucht Qual
Heimkehren möcht ich noch einmal
Ins Vaterhaus — ins Vaterland
Dorthin, wo meine Wiege stand.

Die Gärten, die Wiesen, die Wälder, die Au'en
Ach, alles wohl möcht ich noch einmal schau'n
Die Flüsse, die Berge, den Elbestrand
Das Vaterhaus — das Vaterland.

Doch sehe nie wieder die Heimat ich
So ruf ich im letzten Gebet noch aus
Herrgott beschütz, ich bitte dich
Mein deutsches Land — mein Vaterhaus.

3.

Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen, vor dem Tore, da steht ein Lindenbaum,
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten so manchen süßen Traum;
Ich schnitt in seine Rinde so manches liebe Wort:
Es zog in Freud' und Leide zu ihm mich immerfort.

Ich mußt' auch heute wandern vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkeln die Augen zugemacht;
Und seine Zweige rauschten, als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle, hier find'st du deine Ruh!

Die kalten Winde bliesen mir grad in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe, ich wendete mich nicht.
Nun bin ich manche Stunde entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen: du fändest Ruhe dort!

4.

Nach altdeutscher Weise

Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rat,
Daß man, was man am liebsten hat,
Muß meiden;
Wiewohl nichts in dem Lauf der Welt
Dem Herzen, ach! so sauer fällt,
Als scheiden! ja scheiden!

So dir geschenkt ein Knösplein war,
So tu' es in ein Wasserglas, —
Doch wisse:
Blüht morgen dir ein Röslein auf,
Es welkt wohl noch die Nacht darauf;
Das wisse; ja wisse!

Und hat dir Gott ein Lieb bescheert,
Und hältst du sie recht innig wert,
Die Deine —
Es werden wohl acht Bretter sein,
Da legst du sie, wie bald! hinein;
Dann weine! ja weine!

Nur mußt du mich auch recht verstehn,
Ja, recht verstehen!
Wenn Menschen auseinander gehn,
So sagen sie: auf Wiedersehn!
Ja Wiedersehn!

5.

freuen uns.

Muttersprache

Max von Schenkendorf

Muttersprache, Mutterlaut!
Wie so wonnesam, so traut!
Erstes Wort, das mir erschallet,
Süßes, erstes Liebeswort,
Erster Ton, den ich gelallet,
Klingest ewig in mir fort.

Ach, wie trüb' ist meinem Sinn,
Wenn ich in der Fremde bin,
Wenn ich fremde Zungen üben,
Fremde Worte brauchen muß,
Die ich nimmermehr kann lieben,
Die nicht klingen wie ein Gruß.

Sprache, schön und wunderbar,
Ach, wie klingest du so klar!
Will noch tiefer mich vertiefen
In den Reichtum, in die Pracht,
Ist's mir doch, als ob mich riefen
Väter aus des Grabes Nacht.

Klinge, klinge fort und fort,
Heldensprache, Liebeswort,
Steig' empor aus tiefen Grüften,
Längst verschollnes altes Lied,
Leb' auf's Neu, in heil'gen Schriften,
Daß dir jedes Herz erglüht!

6.

Ueberall weht Gottes Hauch,
Heilig ist wohl mancher Brauch.
Aber soll ich beten, danken,
Heb' ich meine Liebe kund,
Meine seligsten Gedanken
Sprech' ich wie der Mutter Mund.

1, 2, 3, 4 were sung in school in Husum, Schleswigholstein, Germany fifty years ago — Dorothy Hemilechsan Schultz 238 Waubesa Street

In trying to save the time it would take her to write and all these German songs, Mrs. Dorothy Hemilchsan Schultz hunted through copies of old German magazines for these copies. These copies may be kept by Mr. Charles E. Brown.

Mrs. Schultz lives at 238 Wambesa Street, Upper Flat - No phone -

Interviewed by Gertrude S. Malick Saturday afternoon, December 7- 1935.

Mrs. Esther Stauffacher, New Glarus Swiss

The Swiss, even today, believe that if a couple are engaged and one or the other breaks it the one doing the breaking is cursed by the other and they will have something very unfortunate happen to them. Mrs. Stauffacher's sister Dora was engaged to a man, broke the engagement and married Gilbert Ott. They have had four children, three of whom have died because they did not have soft spots on their heads. The family, not openly, but underneath, believe that that was brought on because she broke her first engagement.

Up to within a few years ago the Swiss in New Glarus observed funerals and mourning in very different ways. The members of the deceased family wore black and the women had heavy black veils over their hats which completely hid their faces. The men wore stripes of black crepe on their hats and right sleeves. The women had to carry black edged handkerchiefs. When a girl was confirmed in those days she was given a black and a white dress--one for joy and the other for sorrow. If a funeral was held during the week the mourners have to sit on the mourners benches in church and they have to go to church the following Sunday. This is called verkiindig. They do not stand to pray or sing, sitting and silent throughout the entire services. The ministers at the opening always says a few words of condolence. Many of the younger

generation are trying to have this discontinued as it is hard on the mourners to have to go through the burial services and then have another the following Sunday. The mourners always pass from the church first after the services are finished. People who have committed suicide are not taken to the church for any services--they are taken to the cemetery from the home and the services held there. Mourning for members of the immediate family has to last for at least six months and most of them mourn for a full year. This period of mourning is called Drura. In the first years of the settlement three cups were used for everyone take communion from. In the earlier years, and up to a few years ago there always had to be singing at the grave regardless of the weather. This was discontinued because of its inconvenience. The Swiss never cremate.

Dried corn is a typical Swiss dish. The corn is picked and husked when it is ripe for eating, placed in boiling water for four minutes, until it is hot all through. It is then cut off the cob and placed on a flat surface and dried gradually either in the sun or oven, and it is turned continually until it is a golden brown. When it is to be served it is boiled in water.

Dried apples are made in the same way. Apples are peeled, and quartered or sliced and placed to dry in the sun or oven. All the drying in the old days was done by the sun. Pears are dried in the

same manner, and when finished they look like small black plums. These are the pears that are used for pear bread.

Fuf hundret fufa fufghst fuscha löshér is a tongue twister in Swiss and means 555 fox holes.

Mr. Brown told me what he knew of the story of "The Lost Swiss" which is supposed to have happened in New Glarus or its environs. The story is concerned with a Swiss man who is employed as a farm hand. One day after his work he went for a walk and was not seen nor heard from for over twenty years. Finally he came back and was recognized by his odd manners and speech by some of those who had known him formerly. He said that he had walked into a cave he had found and had become lost. Finally he came out in the northwestern part of the state among people whose dress and speech were as foreign to him as his were to them. He lived and worked among them for twenty years and then came back to his old home. Mrs. Stauffacher vaguely remembers the story and is checking on it. The name of the man, as she recalls it, was Fabian Streiff, and he disappeared down a fox hole instead of a cave.

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Vollenweider, New Glarus, Swiss

Mr. and Mrs. Vollenweider were born and raised in Zurich. He originally was a farmer, but he learned the lace trade in the factories and became an experienced operator of lace making machines. His wife was the night operator at the telephone office. I think the way they got married is rather different and amusing. He had known her to speak to for some time but had never done any courting. She had told him when she worked on the switchboard. One night he came home quite late--he lived alone and the aloneness seems to have gotten him for he decided he wasn't going to be alone any more. He called the operator and told her who he was and asked her to marry him. She thought he was drunk or it was someone playing a joke so she did not give an answer. He finally got enough nerve the next day to go to her home and ask her father, who was the mayor of the town. The result was their marriage in 1919 and their coming to this country in 1920. Mr. Vollenweider had a lace factory of his own in Switzerland but the war made the business so unsatisfactory and unprofitable that he sold it. He is a dairy farmer in this country but he makes the patterns for the lace factory in New Glarus.

In the old days in Switzerland it was believed that if an apparently healthy cow was suddenly taken ill some neighbor who was not on friendly terms with the cow's owner would have bewitched it. Many suits were filed in court because of this and many people were punished for this crime--some were even killed. There are still

a few of the chopping blocks in existence which were used to behead criminals in the towns of Switzerland.

It was believed too that if a nail were hammered into a tree on a certain day of the year, left there until it was rusty, and then drawn out the person who had done the bewitching would be killed, or die.

If anyone would kill or destroy the red throated wren's nest their cattle would give red blood instead of milk.

Two cantons in Switzerland had a quarrel as to where the correct boundary was between them. Finally a means of making the decision was reached and each agreed to abide by it. Each canton picked a man and both men had to have a rooster. One rooster was very well fed, fat and lazy, whereas the other had just enough food to keep alive on and was thin and hungry looking. It was agreed that on a certain morning the men were to start walking from their canton towards the other at a signal which was to be the crowing of their respective roosters. Where the men met was to be the boundary line. On the day set the thin rooster was the first to crow--he was so hungry he wanted something to eat. Quite some time after the owner of the thin rooster had started walking the fat rooster crowed. He had so much to eat and was so lazy that he didn't overexert himself. The fat rooster's owner than started out walking, but the other man had quite a long head start, so the boundary line gave the canton of owner of the thin rooster quite a bit of additional land, to the detriment of the canton.

The young man asks the consent of the father of the girl he wishes to marry. It does not seem necessary nor usual to ask the mother. If the father agrees the two young people exchange rings. They are plain gold and their names and the date are engraved on the inside. There never seem to be any showers for the bride before the wedding. On the wedding day it is customary for the singing society to come and serenade the young couple. The husband usually goes out with them to a tavern and buys them all some drinks. In some towns the children get a big rope and stretch it across the road so that the newly married couple cannot proceed any further in their carriage. They then shout "How much is the bride worth?" The wedding party and groom then threw out candy and small money for the children and they are then let through. On the wedding day the guests and relatives do give the couple presents. The bride wears a crown of myrtle or orange blossoms. The men wore full dress suits, swallow tails and silk top hat.

The town of Elgg in Zurich, from which the Vollenweiders come, was burned to the ground on a Wednesday many years ago. As a result on the same Wednesday of the same month the village has a carnival and celebration. It is a holiday for all. In German it is called Ascher Mettwoch.

It is considered bad luck if a cat crosses your path on a Monday morning.

"I press my thumb for you," is the equivalent of our "I'm keeping my fingers crossed for you."

On Easter in this village there is an egg throwing and breaking contest. A sheet is fastened to a lean to of some kind and the young people throw raw eggs into it trying to break them. Occasionally one misses the cloth, intentionally, and hits one of the onlookers. Everyone is all dressed up for the event and there is a dance in the evening.

Mrs. Anna Kundert, New Glarus (Swiss)

The enclosed postal cards are from Mrs. Kundert. Many of them she sent her family when she went to Switzerland several years ago. The greeting cards are all Swiss and came from the old country. The postal cards need no explanation as they seem to be self explanatory.

Mrs. Kundert has two old army bottles which were used in the army for water. One is a regular glass bottle covered with leather and the other is enamel. She brought them with her when she came at the age of 18 and worked in and about New Glarus.

It is the custom in Switzerland in Glarus, from where she comes, for the engaged couple to be engaged for a year before they are married.

Brides and women in confirmation classes wear black.

August 1 is the equivalent of our July 4 and on the night of that day there are bonfires built on all the mountains up to the very highest peaks and they are all lit and burn at the same time. The local turnverein gives an exhibition which is usually historical in nature and in appropriate colorful costumes.

If it rains seven weeks after Easter, which is ten days after Ascension Day, it will rain for 7 Sundays.

The Swiss army knife has all the conceivable hardware in it. There are can and bottle opener, cork puller, auger, sliver puller, ear spoon, toothpick, scissors, screw driver, small and big blade.

People who are being confirmed get cards from their friends--they are usually postal cards with appropriate pictures on them.

J. J. Figi, New Glarus (Swiss)

On December 12, 1872 a gentleman in a fine fur coat walked down the market street of Bern. He held his hands in the side pockets; for the wind whirled the snow up to the clock works of the bell tower. The women at the market sat half frozen by their ware, and on one of them the tears ran down her cheeks reddened by the cold. Beside her stood a basketful of eggs, but nobody asked her the price or how many for 60 Ruppen, for the eggs were so small that they looked like dove eggs.

Our gentleman in the fur coat stood before this woman. He understood the reason for her tears. Quietly he approached the sorrowful one, grasped an egg and asked her what the price was. "Ten Ruppen, Mister."

"Ah, what? That is not enough for such a costly egg," answered the gentleman and pressed a silver coin in the trembling hand. He broke the shell and from the egg exhibited to the astonished onlookers a brand new ten franc gold coin.

"Can I have another egg?" he asked.

"As many as you wish." replied the astonished woman.

The second egg contained a similar gold piece, and now the people crowded up and in a short time the eggs were sold and the woman had a hand full of coins in her lap. The other eggs of course did not

contain any more gold coins. A student who observed the whole performance whispered to his neighbor that this was a trick from the magician Agaston.

BELLEVILLE the section which is in Green County

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Hefty
Mrs. Shepard
owner of the newspaper

NEW GLARUS

Mr. & Mrs. Werner Stauffacher
Mr. & Mrs. Stauffacher (Werner's parents)
Mr. & Mrs. Art Theiler
Mr. & Mrs. Ed. Vollenweider
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Grossenbacher
Mr. & Mrs. John Streiff
John Streiff Jr.
Pearl Haldiman and parents
W. A. Weiser
Six employees of lace factory
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Arn
Dr. & Mrs. Francois
Mr. & Mrs. David Kundert Sr.
Mr. & Mrs. David Kundert Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. Zweifel
Mr. & Mrs. Schenkel
J. J. Figi
Mr. & Mrs. Halvor Ness
Mrs. Fred Klassy
Mr. & Mrs. Estervig
Harley Leifler
Postmaster
Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Ott
Henry Stuessi
Melchoir Schmidt
Werner Zentner
Werner Hoesly
Mr. & Mrs. Bertha Miller
Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Streiff
Mr. & Mrs. Ed. Fuhrman
Mr. & Mrs. Elmer Klassy
Mrs. Miller (widow)
Mr. Engler & employees

MONTICELLO

Mrs. Etta Babler

MONROE

Mr. & Mrs. Carl Marty Sr.
Rev. & Mrs. Alfred Schuh
H. Moe & son
Emery Odell
Ingolds
Mr. & Mrs. Adolph Abplanalp
Miss Anna Baumann and father
Miss Freda Marty
Mr. & Mrs. Otto Wertz
Will Dunwoodie
Librarian
Dr. John Schindler
Mr. Benkert Sr.
Kundert & Kundert
Mr. Luchsinger
Leifer

ALBANY

Mr. & Mrs. Comstock
Bobbie and parents
Landlady (whose name I can't remember)

BRODHEAD

Fred Stephens
Mr. & Mrs. Ames
Mrs. Ed Lyon

For the past score and more years Carl Marty, senior, of Monroe, has been collecting and preserving pioneer articles and antiques discarded by other people and as a result has a very sizable collection which threatens to move him and his wife out of their large room. Occasionally Mr. Marty has acquired a very unusual article and such was the case a few weeks or so ago when a man who collects old glassware offered him a pieve of glass at a very nominal sum.

The glass was an old fashioned hip flask which the gentlemen of old used to carry their liquor in. The bottle was a relic of the old days undoubtedly by its shape along, but naught could be told of its color or the pattern in the glass for its last user had evidently used the vessel for a varnish container. Its exterior and interior were thickly coated with the furniture covering and permitted little to be seen of the bottle. If the laborious cleaning, which had to be done, disclosed color or unusual designing the bottle would be a prized possessiom, but if nothing more came to view than was visible, then the bottle was neither rare nor worth a great deal, but Mr. Marty decided to chance it for he thought there was every indication of there being an unusual coloring or design under that varnish. He purchased the bottle.

After hours of soaking and carefully scraping and rubbing the old hip flask stood sparkling and resplendant, a most unusual amethyst color and with a diamond design in the glass! Here indeed was something. Mr. Marty went through his book on old glassware,

which is the authority among collectors and dealers in old glassware, and thumbed through its many pages looking for a likeness of the flask in his possession. Almost at the end of the voluminous book he found its exact duplicate. It was a Steigel pocket bottle, one of the most prized pieces of glass in the country!

It seems that back in 1763 William Henry Steigel came to this country from Germany and settled among the Dutch in Pennsylvania. He was very interested in glassware and soon started a factory making dishes and containers of all kinds which were commonly used in that day of glass. His work was exceptional for he made his products of unusual and beautiful colors, of exceptional quality and patterns which digressed from those commonly accepted then. His product was in fact so good that he could not obtain the price which it merited and he continually ran into debt until he was sold out at a sheriff's sale in 1774.

Steigel's years of producing glassware were limited by his finances and because so little of his product was actually on the market it has perversely become very valuable as a collector's piece. The quality of the work was exceptional and Steigel glass today is rated by those who profess to know and are considered as authorities as the best glass ever made in America.

Mr. Marty's newly acquired collector's pride and joy sits amethystly sparkling and complacent in the place of honor among his

most prized pieces in his den on the top floor of his home. And well might Mr. Marty be proud of that unusual and beautifully colored bottle, for not many are there in this country, or any other for that matter, and collectors of old glass spend their lives trying to get a genuine Steigel piece and never succeed.

Potter May 7, 1936

These postal cards were obtained from the Ferd. Ingold Import Company in Monroe. Mrs. Ingold and her husband ran a little store up town in Monroe for many years, but auctioned off their goods last year and moved it into their home. The rate of exchange between this country and Switzerland made prices prohibitive. Mrs. Ingold comes from Canton Berne and has been here for 35 years and is still unable to speak English. She struggles along with a few words, but is still essentially Swiss. She had in her store an entire rack filled with dried herbs which she imports for Swiss people. They are used for tea which cures everything from liver disorder to pains and headaches. The variety of kinds and odors is amazing. All the directions and explanations are carefully typed on each package. The demand for these has decreased during the past few years.

Carving seems to be a popular occupation and pasttime in Switzerland. There are the carved spoons and forks, tiny miniature figures, whole houses completely furnished carved of a single piece of wood, wooden bears, bowls which sing a tune when picked up. A beautiful standing bear carved from wood hangs on the wall and when a wrap is hung on the horns at his feet he plays a merry tune. There are Swiss cow bells ornately engraved, of all different sizes and tones. There is a set of six which are chimed so that they make a melody when rung together. Many of the Swiss have these bells on

their cattle in Green County and the melody when the herd is grazing is astonishing and beautiful. In Switzerland each cow has to have one. The size of some of the bells is amazing--they would really make fine school or church bells, and they have a very loud and penetrating ring.

There are imported soup pastes which need diluting and a bit more cooking. I was quite interested in purchasing some until a Mr. Leifer told me of his experience with some. The pea variety is very good for a quickly gotten together service for unexpected guests. Mr. Leifer had done this before and on a second occasion as he was serving the soup he looked into it very casually, and upon a second glance he wondered what the heck for among the tiny ships and fish and letters were segmented particles floating about. He recovered sufficiently to holler to his guests not to eat it, which they did not.

There are long black cigars very crudely rolled and bound which are very strong. They're about 8 inches long and at the end which is bitten off have a small piece of wood. I do not know its function, but imagine that it is removed when someone wants to smoke it.

For scouring and cleaning pans and pots the Swiss use a bunch of stiff straws of some kind, bound together in the middle. The straws are about 6 inches long.

In conjunction with the store Mrs. Ingold has about 25 Swiss costumes to rent. They are all of the Canton Berne. I have been unable to locate even one costume in a home anywhere in Green County. They were used so long ago and were so very expensive, due to the silver ornaments, that few families possessed one. They have recently been revived in Switzerland and are now in great demand. Mrs. Ingold will not sell her best costume, which would cost $80 as there is so much demand for it, but if the museum is interested she has one that is historically accurate, but does not have silver for the decorating which she will part with for $20.

Carl Marty Sr., Monroe

These are drawings of Swiss pipes in the collection of Mr. Marty. They are drawn life size.

PIPE A

Black stem, fine grained wood for remainder of stem, bowl of wood. The metal is all of brass.

PIPE B

The drawing shows fairly well what the pipe is made of. The reddish part with the dots is a small branch of some kind with the bark still on. The bowl is of porcelain hand painted. Trimmings of metal are brass. There is no chain, merely a cord.

PIPE C

This is the cowboy's or herder's pipe which I described in a previous report of an interview with Mr. Marty. The bowl is the only part of wood and the metal is all brass. The more ornaments the wealthier the owner.

PIPE D

This pipe is very conservative and plain as compared to the others in the collection. The stem is of some kind of bone, the rest to the bowl is a very fine grained wood and the bowl itself is porcelain, colored as shown, part way up. The brass wiring of the bowl to the stem is unusual as is the chain arrangement.

PIPE E

About four inches of the stem of this was omitted. This is very plain in detail but very long. The stem, except the mouth piece,

is of wood with the bark still on. The bowl is of the same black substance as is the mouth piece. The metal is brass and there are no chains--merely green and brown cord as shown.

PIPE F

This is the hunter's pipe described also in my previous interview with Mr. Marty. The mouth piece is black and then comes the deer's horn. The remainder of the pipe is made of wood with the background black and the carved raised figures in the natural color of the wood--brown. The metal is silver with brass trimming on the lid of the bowl. The tassels are deer's hair.

Jake Benkert, Monroe

One summer sometime in the late 80's the people in and around Brodhead and Albany, where the Sugar and Pecatonica rivers are, found that the clams in those rivers had pearls in them. For three months practically every man, woman, and child spent time getting the clams out of the streams, opening them, and praying that there would be pearls. It was a miniature '49 rush. Men and women would wade into the streams with rakes and rake out the clams onto the banks. The dam at Brodhead was even opened once to let the water out so that the people could get the clams above the dam. People would buy and gather loads of clams, take them home and carefully open each one. Some very good specimens were found but there was no local market so a few local men with some capital started buying pearls on their own. Mr. Benkert was one of these. He owned a merchandise store in Brodhead. The perfect pearls were sold according to weight. One grain brought $1, two grains $3.00, three grains $6 and 10 grains $20. Pearls are formed by a grain of sand or some small irritating particle getting inside the clam shell. The clam gives out a secretion which covers the foreign substance. This is added on layer by layer, the pearl getting larger and more valuable with each additional one. One pearl which Mr. Benkert bought weighed 32 grains, which is exactly a carat. Mr. Benkert bought up some pearls for which he paid $300

and sent them to New York to the man from whom he bought merchandise and men's goods and told him to get what he could for the pearls and to let him know what and how he should buy and give him some information on pearls and he would keep him supplied. On the first group he bought he lost $75 but on the next he more than doubled his money. He was told to buy for lustre, not color, for size and perfection. Pearls who were disfigured and uneven were called slugs and sold for pearl buttons. So many clams were dragged out of the river that they were sold and shipped to pearl button companies.

Mr. Benkert bought pearls in Argyle, Pearl City (named after the rush on pearls and located northwest of Freeport). He had quite a few on hand when Mr. Upmeyer of Bundi & Upmeyer of Milwaukee came up and wanted to buy. He showed them to him and he bought all, including slugs for $5 a grain. Mr. Benkert had bought a carat pearl for $600 at Winslow and sold that to Upmeyer for $1,500. This same pearl he saw on exhibition at the first World's Fair in Chicago some years later when he visited there.

One man had a large pearl at Argyle, but because it was blistered he was unable to get anything for it. Mr. Benkert bought it after Mr. X had refused to buy it. He peeled off the blister and then put the pearl in acid vinegar to take the gloss found between the layers. He then sold the pearl to Mr. X for $500.

It was rumored that there were bigger and better pearls near McGregor near Speck's Ferry, so Mr. Benkert went there to see if he could buy some. There were absolutely none to be had for none had been found. Many people went there hoping to dig clams with pearls.

A year after this pearl craze Mr. Benkert went on the road for the firm from whom he had bought his merchandise. He went through Iowa and Nebraska and there he found a few pearls which he bought. These he took to Bundi & Upmeyer and tried to sell them, but met with very little enthusiasm, so seeing a very beautiful gold watch in the case he said he would trade the pearls for the watch, which was marked $125. The trade was made and he had paid $25 for the pearls. ~~The trade was made and he had paid $25 for the pearls.~~ Two years after that he bought the last pearl he has ever bought and it weighed six grains.

Friends of the family often asked his wife why she didn't wear pearls. Her reply was always because her husband didn't give her any. She went on a trip to some relatives during this pearl period and Mr. Benkert traded some of his pearls for a very beautiful diamond which he had put in a gold ring of his wife's. Thus his wife wore some pearls and the granddaughter now wears that ring. Many thousands of dollars exchanged hands due to the finding of these pearls and no one has since found anything comparable to those found then. I believe it is now against the State law to take clams for pearls but I am not sure.

I heard from the owner of the Eugene Hotel in Monroe that there are a group of people living on the Rock River near Beloit who make their living from fishing for clams. They catch them with their feet, open them for pearls and then burn and grind them and sell them for buttons.

Rev. Alfred Schuh, Monroe

Back in the '80's immigrants came to this country so fast that there were an insufficient number of priests and ministers to care for their spiritual needs. A letter was sent to the theological schools in Europe to send students to take over parishes as soon as possible. Rev. Schuh came from Alsace Loraine with five other theological students. Upon arriving in Milwaukee he was immediately sent to Elkhart Lake where he stayed for 8 years. He then was called to Monroe and will complete his 41st year in this parish this year. His is the reformed church and he has the largest congregation in the city. When he started here his salary was the colossal amount of $25.00 per month.

So far this year he has confirmed 86, all of whom were in one class, the largest in the State, and he has baptised 104. His church records for marriages, births, and deaths have often been referred to to get pensions for widows from the Civil War up to the World War, for qualification under the Townsend act, to satisfy passport requirements, etc. He has preached 1,500 funeral sermons and performed 1,000 marriages. There are four generations in his own family and he has three generations in his church which he has administered to. Children which he confirmed are now grandparents, and still members of his congregation. He also has a congregation in Darlington which he has maintained for the past 30 years.

Rev. Schuh's father was a missionary in the Alsace Loraine Society. The society was so poor that they gave him to the Dutch Society who sent him and his family to Java. It took them 109 days by sailing vessel around the Cape of Good Hope to reach their destination. They were there for 9 years after which the father was transferred to the French Society again and was sent by them to South Africa for 8 years. Members of Rev. Schuh's family are buried in four different continents. One child in Java, two in South Africa, one in Alsace Loraine, and a brother in Milwaukee. The Rev. has confirmed 27 classes in German. Formerly all his sermons were preached in German but he now preaches only in English.

Emery Odell, Monroe

A few years ago the old covered bridge which used to span the Sugar River at Brodhead was removed. It was built in 1866. Prior to that time crossing of the stream was solved by leaving a canoe on the bank for those wishing to cross to use.

Will Dunwoodie, City Clerk, Monroe

The schools around the countryside are all named very oddly. Some are Puddle Duck, Duck's Puddle, Buckskin, Powder Horn etc. —

In Monticello there is a woolen mill which has been operated for many years, first by the father and then by the sons.

In Albany there is a latch works, the products of which are sold all over the world. It is very old and has operated for many, many years.

There are many lost towns in Green County. Where the Pecatonica forks there was a village called Otterbourne, founded somewhere around the late '70's and early '80's. No one remembers it nor knows why it was founded nor why it was abandoned. Wiota was the second town to be founded in the county and it was originally known as Winnoshek. Buckhorn was the name of a village which was where the Illinois Central and Milwaukee roads now join. It is now known as Dill and has a post office. Exeter was on the old lead trail which

went to Mineral Point and was founded by the erection of a smelter. When the mining was abandoned years ago the town disappeared with the smelter. Decatur was a little village west of where Brodhead now is. It died when the railroad came through and Brodhead was started. Cadiz was a little village south of Browntown. It was started when a man started a sawmill there and made staves. When he died the town and business were things of the past. Polk is in Jefferson County but it was quite a thriving little community with a post office, creamery and a number of homes. All has gone except the church which is still in use. It was located near Twin Grove.

Abraham Lincoln camped with his company of soldiers on what is now known as the Montieth farm in Adams township, Green County, when the Blackhawk War was being fought. The soldiers used a spring for their supply of water. Many years later when the spring was cleaned out it was found to contain lead, showing that there was a vein or deposit upon the property.

In 1921 when some streets were being repaired in Monroe some digging was done on the south side of the square, off the business sections, in a declivity. The workmen ran into some huge buried logs. After some inquiries it was found that in the early days of the city there used to be a corduroy road over that section of ground. In 1930

when the present Goetz theater was being built and the cellar excavated an old wooden bridge was found about six feet under the soil. In the early days of the community a stream called Thunder Creek had flown through the town and at this particular spot had been spanned by the bridge. Later the stream dried up but its course is now used for a storm sewer and is called the Thunder Creek Storm sewer.

In 1835 the first house was built in Monroe and that house is still standing on the south end of 17th Ave. and is owned by Thomas Niles.

Occasionally people have found pockets of copper in and about Monroe. Much excitement has been caused but nothing but the pockets have ever been discovered. If large deposits could be found the property owner would indeed be wealthy as copper has and still does bring a very good price.

In the village of Twin Grove in the late 40's and 50's there used to be a pottery factory which was owned and operated by Joshua Sanborn, who hauled his product as far as Milwaukee. Mr. Dunwoodie as a kid used to go there and make marbles. The factory no longer functions nor stands.

In my interviews with people I have always managed to mention the wild pigeon, which has been extinct now for about 50 years. Many

interesting additional facts have been contributed by each person interviewed. Mr. Dunwoodie said that one of his chief occupations when a young boy was to go with the men who trapped the birds and pinch their heads when they were caught. The men used a unique system of catching the huge flocks that migrated northward in the spring and south in the winter. One wild pigeon was caught and stitches taken in his eye lids so that he could not see. He was then tied by a string to a pole. This bird was used to decoy the others into a trap. He was called the stool pigeon and Mr. Dunwoodie firmly asserts that this is where the name "stool pigeon" originated. The trap consisted of a long bed of green grass which covered a big net. When the pigeons landed the net would be sprung and all entrapped. The birds then had their heads pinched, were plucked and cleaned and shipped to New York.

Jacob Regez, who was a cheese maker in Monroe was always raving about how good the imported cheeses were. Finally one time when he was in New York he selected an imported cheese with great care and brought it home with him. When he arrived home he invited his choicest friends in to have some of the particularly delectable cheese. When they had arrived he opened it and there beneath all the fact wrappings was the mark of his own cheese factory. He had bought one of his own cheeses.

Mr. Dunwoodie's daughter lived in Muscatine, Iowa for some time and the man who had been the Swiss counsel under the Cleveland administration occasionally ate at her house. Once when she expected him for a meal she had her father send down some Swiss cheese from Monroe. The ex-counsel took a bite of the cheese and immediately wanted to know who had been at the house who had just returned from Switzerland. He was much surprised to learn that the cheese came from Monroe.

Mr. Dunwoodie was asked one time when traveling in the eyes how the holes got into the Swiss cheese. His retort was that the eyes in the cheese depended upon how sharp nosed the wife of the cheesemaker was. The sharper the nose the smaller the holes.

Carl Marty, Monroe

Mr. Marty comes from Canton Berne, Switzerland. He came to this country when he was 13 years old with his father, in 1887. He had no education after that except a few months spent at a business college. He started to work in a cheese factory in the town of Adams and stayed there for 5 years. His next job was in a grocery store, Steinmeyers, in Milwaukee. In 1893 he went to Bucharest, Roumania and stayed with a sister while he worked in a bank. In 1895 he came back to Monroe and hired out for $9 a week as editor of the German Monroe paper. 1901 found him a cheese dealer in Brodhead at $16 a week. In 1907 he received an offer from a Chicago cheese firm of $25 per week and commissions. In two years he bought out one partner and had paid the $60,000 in three more. In 1915 he bought the entire business and moved the factory under his name to Monroe. He retired from the business 11 years ago and his two sons have been running it since that time.

Mr. Marty has been collecting antiques of all kinds ever since he came to this country at the age of 13. Many of his most prized possessions have been resurrected from dump heaps, ash piles, junk yards, barns and attics where their owners had thrown and discarded them. His collection includes many early American as well as Swiss relics--most all of both date back to the pioneer days in this part of our country.

The pioneers were very poor and had to depend upon their own initiative and ability to furnish necessary implements and utensils. Most everything which could be was made of wood, the cooking and eating utensils. He has in his collection spoons and forks of many different sizes and shapes and condition, crudely fashioned potato mashers, large wooden bowls, beautifully carved spoons and forks for festive occasions.

It is an almost impossible task to even do justice to the things in Mr. Marty's collection as there are so many and it would take weeks to catalogue and describe and write the history of each article, but I have tried to get the high lights in the day I spent going over them with him.

The second floor of the Marty home has Mr. Marty's studio in which he paints and plays a violin and writes poetry. Surrounding him on the walls, shelves, on the mantle and in every conceivable restingplace are his choice antiques. In the center of the mantle of his fireplace is the coffee pot of his mother which she used in Switzerland. It is quite tall, made of tin, three legged and has a copper trimming around the top, spout, handle and lid. A spinning wheel sits beside the fireplace which came from the county Berne which belongs to this grandmother and has the date of 1814 carved on it. It is typically Swiss and very unlike our wheel. The entire wheel and spindle and treadle are confined to the environs of a perpendicular rectangle of wood. The distaff is separate.

There is quite a collection of pipes from Switzerland. Each canton within that country has a particular type of pipe which its natives smoke. There are the week day pays, the Sunday pipes, and the hunting pipes. Most of them are of this shape generally. The portion which is put in the mouth seems generally to be circularly ribbed like this:

The stem is of wood and the bowl of wood or porcelain. In county Glarus a chain is always used to connect the bowl with the stem so that the two can be detached and cleaned without becoming separated. The poorer men have brass chains whereas the wealthier have one of silver. Hunters when they go into the mountains after game dress for the occasion and elaborately. They wear a hat with a green feather stuck cockily in the band, the pipe is a hunting pipe without any doubt. The stem is wood as is the bowl, and both are very large and ornately carved. The bowl has a hunting scene of dogs chasing a deer and the base of the bowl is a deer head. The mouthpiece is made from the antlers of a buck. The tassels are of deer hair. All the pipes have the small lids on top of the bowls which are of metal and fasten firmly down over the bowl. Mr. Marty said they were to keep the fire from falling out. Others say that it is to prevent the air or wind from putting the fire out and eliminating the necessity

of drawing on it continually to keep it going--and still others, to keep the rain out. On the county Glarus pipe the bowl is plastered with miniatures in metal such as a cheese maker, milk pail, cow, cow bell, churn. The more they get on them the more satisfied they are and also the larger number means a wealthier man.

The men from the mountain cantons have suspenders which are fastened by a piece across the chest and on this they wear metal buttons with cows worked on them. The more buttons the more prosperous the man. They also wear a huge metal watch chain with 10 or more huge silver dollars dangling from it, and again the more dollars the more wealth and the more jingling.

On the desk is a Swiss letter weight made of three glass balls with the fourth on top of the three. This is very old. There are the old homemade flatirons with the crude handles like the handle of a cane. There is a very small iron hollow inside which is heated by a piece of metal being put into the fire and when red hot placing it in the hollow iron. The iron is shaped like this:

Hanging above the mantle is a minute man powder horn and bag which are both sewed onto the same soldier strap. The bag is for the bullets and shot and the joining band is very finely embroidered.

In the old pioneer days sugar came in huge blocks or lumps and it was necessary to break it up. On the mantle reposes a very

unique pair of tongs used for that purpose. It took a great deal of enquiring by Mr. Marty before he was able to find out what the utensil was and its purpose for they are very rare.

Other antiques reposing on or about the mantle were an old, old bullet lead melter and a bullet mould, a Germantown percussion capgun, a huge flint lock pistol weighing about two pounds, from Switzerland. This awkward weapon was used by Mr. Marty's ancestors in the Napoleonic War in 1798. It is about 14 inches long, has a wooden barrel bound with a strip of iron and a barrel of about one and a half inches in diameter. There is a Swiss pistol which was used in that country's civil war, and another pistol from our own Civil War. An old pepper box pistol with the six holed barrel which rotates as shot and is good for six shots completes the armory.

Mr. Marty has a very unique Indian copper collection which he has collected in and about Monroe. There are fish hooks, arrow heads, axes and amulets with holes so that they can be hung around the neck. There are a number of implements from the stone age in Switzerland, an ax with an antler handle, grindstone, tomahawk heads and a bronze Roman ax. There are a couple thousand Indian arrowheads collected from around Monroe.

One of the most unique Swiss articles is the purse which his grandmother used to use. It is crocheted of green thread, is about 8 inches long and three wide with two metal rings the size of finger rings. Either end is decorated with beaded tassels. The purse works thusly--the rings are slipped to the center as far apart as will accommodate the money, the bag laid flat and the money placed in it. The rings are then slipped to the ends and the bag draped over the arm of the wearer. It looks like this closed:

There are two very old prints of scenes from the life of William Tell. They are in color and one is William reaching for another arrow from his case just after he had shot the arrow which was aimed at the apple on the child's head. The other is where he is pushing the boat from which he has escaped with his captors in it back into the raging waters. They are about 150 years old, framed in their original mahogany frames. In the early days of Switzerland a great deal of painting was done on glass and two very good examples of this past art are included in the collection. Mr. Marty unearthed two paintings by Adrian Ostade, done in about 1610 on pigskin. They are somewhat damaged due to their bad usage but they are whole and the scenes intelligible.

Mr. Marty has furnished what he calls Grandma's room with antiques. The furniture is early colonial and solid walnut. An old secretary is loaded with whiskey bottles and tankards. As Mr. Marty says, in the Protestant families they were whiskey bottles, but in

the Catholic they were termed grandma's camphor bottles. There are the cornucopia, Jenny Lind, violin and Norwegian bottles. There is a Swiss pewter whiskey container which is the size of farmer's lantern, six sided, the top screws in and a handle is attached to the top, and by this it is carried. It is dated 1798 and has the initials BB scratched on it. There is a German pewter beer mug dated 1742 with the insignia of a butcher on it. A French beer mug has a thumb print glass bottom, a pewter top with a snout and a thumb lift top. There was perfectly beautiful pewter German tankard which stood a foot and a half tall and was ornately decorated with raised work.

The collection is completed with a wine tankard of Switzerland which was in use at the time of the Burgundy war with Charles the Bold. It is very beautiful and exceedingly ornate.

Mr. Marty has a complete collection of Swiss coins from 1500 to the present. The metal used in them was cheap, in the older ones, and they were made of any kind of metal, their value not being in the metal but their face value. They were made of cheap silver brass, etc.

There is quite a collection of old Swiss locks and keys which to me are exactly the same as those of Norwegian make which I have seen

at Slem Anderson's in Stoughton. They are all hand made, are huge and clumsy and no two are alike. Here, too, if a key is lost a new lock and key have to be substituted, as a duplicate key is, or was, impossible to make.

Mr. Marty has some very old and rare Swiss books. A History of Switzerland published in 1548, Zurich by Johannus Stumpfeis and printed by Christopfel Froschauer with beautiful wood cuts. A 11th century doctor's book with overlapping leather binding which hooks together. A Catholic book on Mary published in 1718 in German with wood cut decorations, and a book on architecture published in 1615 in German at Leipzig. He has 10 books of a series of 20 which were published in 1810. They are hand painted and pertain to zoology and botany, are in German and come from Switzerland. The final book of the collection is his mother's prayer book, dated 1668, which he found in her attic in Switzerland when he was there a few years ago.

Another very extensive museum is to be found in the Marty basement--which also includes a very fine wine cellar. There is an old Swiss fireplace pot, which holds gallons, made of iron with three legs and hand made handles. All kinds and descriptions of old flatirons, most of them hand and home made. The most interesting was the charcoal burner into the iron of which is placed burning charcoal. It is a colossal iron and requires a Mrs. Paul Bunyan to handle it. There are simply huge carboys wind blown and hence quite valuable. One whole wall of the basement has shelves upon shelves

of bottles, old styled pop, drug store, hip pocket flasks, earthern jugs which pioneers used for beer, a prohibition whiskey bottle with skull and cross bones and the wording King Tut Drink at Your Own Risk. A whole row of the old, old coffee mills, iron tea pots, a small earthern churn, wooden sugar pail, hand forged forks, all sizes and shapes of copper kettles, huge iron biscuit moulds which would be quite adequate for Bunyan's lumberjacks, the oddest looking hand made frying pans, a Norwegian cheese kettle of handmade copper which was found being kicked about in a cow pasture, another copper kettle with the date of 1791, the first kettles used in New Glarus for cheese making. One of the kettles is on a crane and beside it lay the press table, hoops and copper cheese scoop which were used in those early days. Mr. Marty said that copper was hard and bad to use because of the chemical reaction, but if kept meticulously clean there was no danger. The last of the copper kettles was one which used to be used to make apple butter. There are several very good ox yokes, and old rope bedstead. One entire bench is loaded with tools which the early immigrants and pioneers fashioned for themselves to help in their daily tasks. There are crude planes, augers, screwdrivers, pinchers, a wooden weaving shuttle from Pennsylvania used in carpet and rug weaving, hammers, the hind shoe of an ox, four spinning wheels showing the progress in their construction in Switzerland, from the very first used to the latest. Another shelf holds the craziest and most awkward

dinner pails I have ever seen, lanterns of very ancient origin, candle holders, the bark of a redwood tree which was cut in 1892 and is still two feet thick, and several casters completely equipped with their many bottles.

Against one wall is the skeleton of an old organ which Mr. Marty has made into a sideboard to hold the containers which the old bars used to have for their different beverages. It used to be the custom, before prohibition, for the saloons to get their liquors in barrels and then put it on the bar in fancy and labeled bottles. These fancy and labeled bottles are what Mr. Marty rescued from the dump heap. The bottles are very beautiful, many being blown and of beautiful glass. There is a complete set of them.

There are old, old leather trunks, hand carved wooden shovels, a Swiss hunting bag--the bag being used for birds and a net outside for rabbits. A great many guns from the Civil and World War lean against one wall in a row. Hanging from a beam are some old Swiss saddle bottles which are blown, cannot be set down for they have a rounded bottom. They were tied by the necks and thrown across the horse's withers in front of the saddle and were used to hold any kind of liquid. There is an old,very crude barometer, many old walnut picture frames, a carpet stretcher for nailing carpets, one of the first vacuums ever made, spears and javelins with flint points eight feet and more long. Scores of pottery coffee pots, fruit stands,

four of the very old and rare two handled earthen jugs which held, according to their size, from 4 to 6 gallons.

In the wine cellar is a barrel for apple cider upon which is written in Swiss dialect Apfelmost der nid veil kost. Apple cider don't cost much.

Miss Freda Marty, Monroe

There is an association in Switzerland called the Swiss Castle Association whose members devote their activities to the preservation of ruins and historical spots. Twice a year they go on a tour of inspection to different historical spots. There are about 1200 members all of whom have to pay membership fees. These fees plus private donations make up the fund which pays for restoring and preserving. People are hired who are unemployed. Occasionally there is an appropriation from the Federal government to assist. On the tours each member pays his or her own expenses, but they are invited to many wonderful places and are the guests of wealthy and prominent people. Over 185 went on the four in which Miss Marty participated last year.

In Switzerland it is an old custom for people before Xmas to send a list of things they want to their friends and relatives. The bride sends out the same thing before she is married and informs friends and relatives what she needs for her new home. This list is called Wunschezdtel and even includes furniture.

If a professional man marries he brings his wife a professional title such as Herr Frau Doctor, Herr Frau Architect, as do those who bear a political title.

An unusual thing I noticed in a Monroe store was that they sell gills of cream which is an eighth of a pint. I have never heard of this elsewhere.

The inhabitants of Appenzell Rhoden are so very proud of themselves in character and physique that intermarriage is a common thing. The headdresses of most of the women throughout Switzerland are made of horsehair.

The mountain called Pilate in Switzerland obtained its name from the story that Pilate fled to that mountain after the crucifixion.

In Underwaldner-Trachten, which is the home of William Tell, the costume for the men is the same as history says William wore the day he shot the apple from the boy's head.

When a couple were married they hired, if they did not own, a rubber tired carriage with a coachman, and drawn by two horses, for the day. The bride would be dressed in her wedding gown, the groom in his best plus his tall silk hat, and they would be accompanied by their witnesses. After the wedding they set forth in the carriage and spent the rest of the day driving about and going places.

The mother takes her child to be baptised the first day she is out of confinement. The child is not taken from the house until this occasion. In the canton of Berne each child has two godmothers and two godfathers.

In Zurich March 21 is considered the first day of spring and is celebrated as such. The celebration starts at 6 in the morning. There is a historical parade and an effigy of winter is the central and most important figure. At the end of the parade the effigy is taken to the middle of a meadow and burned. In this parade the guilds exhibit their customs and costumes too. Switzerland is considered the fatherland of guilds.

Miss Freda Marty, Monroe

Miss Marty while in Switzerland witnessed a Langsemann in either Glarus or Appenzell, which are the only two cantons which have it. It was in Appenzell she witnessed the annual meeting, in which the entire municipality votes on old and new laws. It is the same as when it originated in 1413. It is held on a Sunday after church is out, and the people are dressed in their costumes. The voters, who are only the men citizens as women have not suffrage rights, wear their swords at their left side and press a prayer book to their heart. About 11,000 men take part. The chiming of the church bells starts the meeting. This is followed by the firing of some guns. A group of men dressed as spearmen and carrying those weapons escorted by a fife and drum corps, dressed in black and white, enter the arena from the court house. They meet the government officials who arrive in a carriage. They are dressed in black and white also--black on one shoulder and white on the other, and they wear a three cornered hat. The open carriage in which they arrive is black as are the two horses which draw it. The horses are led by the spearmen at the head of the fife and drum corps who escort them to the center of the ring to the tribune, on which there are no chairs. The officials are considered no better than the voters and since the latter cannot sit the officials cannot either. The meeting is then opened by a prayer and then all sing:

All life proceeds from Thee
And produces in a thousand stanzas.
All creation Thine handiwork are we
That we feel that we exist
And Thou oh great our Father called.
Oh we bend our heads before Thee
In unendable ecstacy.
What unboundable comfort
That as the mild ray of the sun
As Thy future love illumines
Thy omnipresence be an angel
That will guide us so our weakness lead us from the goal.

This is sung by the voters and spectators with their heads uncovered. All the past laws are taken up and voted upon by the people and they register their vote by merely raising their right hand. Four times a year each taxpayer gets an exact accounting of how the money has been used and the balance. The acceptance of past laws is followed by affirmation of the council holders. A head of the council is proposed and finally after seven had been suggested by the voters all but one of these was eliminated by voting. Each time a man is selected and elected to a position the men standing about him signify his position by raising their swords in the air. The fife and drum corps come over and escort him to the tribune. He is immediately sworn into office. There are seven on the council and one of them officiates as landweibl or clerk. He is elected yearly. The previous one in this council had held office for 38 years and death was the only thing that prevented his reelection. Five candidates are chosen and they had to give a speech about themselves, life history, qualifications, experience and ability. One is finally elected and immediately

vested with the triangular hat which is the badge of his office. The whole thing lasts only from three to four hours and is closed with a prayer. A male chorus then serenaded the military guests and Federal officials who were present.

Miss Anna Baumann, 1510 23rd Ave., Monroe

Each Canton in Switzerland speak a different dialect.

Mr. Baumann, Anna's father, is from Canton Berne, and the house which he was born and lived in was erected in 1604 and is still standing and still occupied. The Swiss built for permanency and durability rather than for appearances and convenience.

The Swiss of a generation or two ago were very superstituous about planting crops and things pertaining to the farm. Potatoes had to be planted at a certain phase of the moon as did other crops. Sauerkraut had to be made when the moon was waning, otherwise it would rise instead of settle.

It was firmly believed that if someone had wronged another and the wronged one died they would come back and haunt as a ghost the one who had harmed them.

There was a Swiss man in this country who was always swearing and his pet phrase was "The devil will take me." One day he was grubbing out some stumps and he got hot and mad as one simply could not be budged. A friend of his had approached unseen and unheard into a clump of bushes nearby. The Switzer finally swore profusely ending with his pet phrase. The friend said in a low voice, "Now I will take you." The poor farmer thought for sure that it was the

devil and shouted, "Oh no no no I meant take the stump," and away he ran.

There is a story about an old castle which is now in ruins in Switzerland near the former home of Mr. Baumann. Many years ago a man had been given what we would call the contract for building the castle and according to the agreement it had to be done by a certain time or he would not be paid for any of the work or material he had put into it. As the day drew near on which it was to be completed the man realized that he could not possibly get it done. It made him very sad to think of what he was going to lose and he decided to quit then rather to continue and lose that additional work too. Amman came to him and assured him that he could finish that castle for him by the day it had to be done if he would give him his soul on the day it was completed. This was the devil. The man consented rather reluctantly. The work progressed by leaps and bounds and the castle fairly flew together. When they were almost done the contractor regretted his bargain for on the following day, at the completion of the castle, his soul would belong to the devil. He told his predicament to an old woman who was a friend of his. He told his story and said that the work had to be done by the crow of the first rooster which was always about three A. M. The woman said she thought she could fix it for him so the

next morning she went out to the chicken coop and stirred up the chickens long before three. The rooster roused himself and crowed. The devil had planned the work to be finished at three when the rooster usually crowed and when he did crow before that hour the castle was incomplete. The work was so nearly done though that the owners accepted and paid the man but the devil could not claim his soul.

In the days before the modefn dentist the Swiss had a method, which was quite unique, in extracting teeth. The party afflicted would go to the neighbor's house and sit on a lower step. The neighbor would sit above him, clamp the patient's head firmly between his knees and using an iron hook would pry the offending tooth out, for which he would charge 20 centimes or 4¢.

Alpine roses seem to be natives on the Alps only. They grow above timberline on a low shrub, which has a tiny slip of a green leaf and small rose colored blossoms which resemble in both color and shape our roses.

The Edelweiss, national flower of Switzerland, is greatly prized by the Swiss. It grows way out on the crags, in all the most inaccessable places and many lives are lost yearly in trying to pick it. The flower is like a star and feels like felt. The foliage is a greyish olive color.

The Chamois is a wild animal like our Elk which lives in the very tops of the Alps where neither herds nor herders can go. They are very agile and quick and are much sought after by Alpine hunters. Chamois skin, the name, originated from the name of these animals, as it was their skin which we originally used. They have two small straight horns on the top of their heads.

There is so much land in Switzerland that cannot be utilized, as it is covered with glaciers, above the snow line or too mountainous, that every usable inch has to be used. Even the very steep slopes are used and cared for as well as are they level valleys. Fertilizer is carried to them on the backs of the men and women in baskets and the crops are just as laboriously carried down in the same manner.

A braenti is used for carrying the milk down from the alpine pastures. It is shaped much like a flask, except much larger, and has straps which fit over the shoulders and under the arms. It is tin.

The children keep up with their elders in doing the hard work. There is no hectish rush to get things done but the people steadily plod along getting their difficult tasks done by doggedness and determination and a great deal of patience. There are few of the Swiss who ever have nervous breakdowns.

In the fall when the cows are brought down from the pastures

the owners are all at the village to meet them, claim and take them home.

The herders who tend to the cattle up in the mountains during the summer months have much time and no one in particular to converse with. The Alpine Horn is their means of talking to other herders on the other alps within a radius of several miles. The horn is made of pine root and is six feet and more long. The end of the horn is about a foot in diameter and is usually rested on the ground when blown, because the entire thing is so long and unwieldy it is impossible for the blower to hold it up. When one of these is blown its heard for miles and miles and soon another herder will answer by blowing his horn and so it continues.

The Swiss bread is very much better than that which we have in this country. It is made in large loaves and is very tough and comes in three colors, light, medium and black. It is made of whole wheat flour and is delicious tasting. One loaf lasts a family of four a week. It is very coarse in texture as it is made of homemade yeast.

The Swiss were very poor and ate only the hardier foods and simpler. A hot boiled potato with the jacket on and a piece of cheese is a very old and much used Swiss dish. Up in the mountains where the

dishes were very scarce one of the main dishes would be fried potatoes, which would be placed in one bowl and everyone, using their own spoon, would eat from it.

Barns were always built onto the Houses and the cow and live-stock kept in it. The barn and the stock were always immaculate. In this country such a thing is unthought and unheard of.

The two churches of Switzerland, the Catholic and Protestant, were supported by the state and their priests and ministers received their salaries from the state. This permitted and developed a very intensive religious training for the very lowest classes. All were drilled and drilled on the Bible and families always said grace for each meal and had family worship several, if not all, nights of a week.

The fruit in Switzerland is very well taken care of, pre-served and used in all ways possible. Many of the long winter evenings would be spend by the family gathering around the kitchen table and paring apples, which would then be dried and stored for future use.

The Swiss as a race are very honest and fair dealing. They do not buy things until they have money to pay for them.

The lower classes treat their women the same as hired help and sometimes not even that well. The women not only do the housework,

cooking and raising of children but have to go into the fields and work with the men at men's work. Some actually help pull the plough. There still are some sufficiently old worldish that they walk behind their husband when uptown with him.

Each community has its own industry. In the Berne mountains one finds very wonderful wood carving. In parts of Appenzell there is beautiful lace making.

Gregg Montgomery
Jan. 26, 1937.

Charles Ovenden
1026 Drake St.
Madison, Wis.

Personal History

Charles Ovenden came to America from Sussex County, England, in 1887. He was apprenticed to a printer in London as a young lad and worked at that trade for seven years in the city of London.

When Ovenden first came to America he went to Footville where he worked on a farm for 8 or ten years. Later he came to Madison and worked for the Cantwell Printing Co. for 25 years.

Gregg Montgomery
Jan. 26, 1937

Charles Ovenden
1026 Drake St.
Madison, Wis.

Sussex Downs

The County Sussex is especially noted for its downs. These downs are chalk hills 600 or 700 ft. high. There is about 6 inches of sod covering the chalk ~~and this is covered with grass.~~ On the hottest days in the summer one can find a cool breeze on top of the downs.

Birds of many varieties ~~and~~ especially the skylark, build their nests in the grass on the downs.

****

Stiles

Walking through the country in England one does not follow well marked highways as he does in America, but rather follows paths through fields and woods. ~~Whenever a fence is reached it is gotten over by means of~~ a stile or gate. There are two kinds of stiles used, the style with steps ~~and~~ or the hog-stopper. The latter has two curved posts that serve to keep cattle and hogs out of the neighbor's field by means of two curved posts placed closely together. When the animal attempts to pass thru this style he gets caught and is forced to back out.

People can open the small gate between the two parts.

Another means of passing from one field to another is the "kissing gate". This is constructed so that when two people pass through the gate at the same time they are forced to face each other. These gates are popular among the young people.

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Hedges

Many of the fields in England are surrounded by hedges rather than fences. The hedges are kept neatly trimmed and present a pleasing appearance.

Flowers

Wild flowers grow in abundance in England, ~~any number may be picked along paths~~. One must not step from the path to pick any bouquets because of trespassing on the owner's property, but ~~this is not necessary for~~ all the flowers one ~~could possibly want are available within~~ easy reach of the path may be picked.

Among the flowers that grow most profusely are the primrose, nettle, dog rose, Heart's ease, thistle, hedge parsely or rabbit's meat, scabious, jack-in-the-pulpit, and white and blue violets.

Trees in Sussex

Sussex is known for its oak trees. Char coal is made from these trees and most of the gallant old battleships werefashioned from the oak trees of Sussex County.

****

Gregg Montgomery
Jan. 26, 1937

Charles Ovendon (English)
1026 Drake St.
Madison, Wis.

Christmas Customs

To the children of England Santa Claus is a myth, though they think he comes down the chimney and brings them gifts of candy, nuts and fruits. No other presents are given. Christmas is not commercialized in England as it is in the United States. There are no "Santa Clauses" to be seen about the stores or streets. On Christmas morning the "father of Christmas," a man dressed in a costume something like that of Santa Claus, distributes the candy, etc.

Christmas dinner

The two main features of the Christmas dinner are the roast beef or roast goose and the plum pudding. The pudding is steamed in a cloth and is in the form of a round ball. Many times the cook will put in 3 pence and six pence pieces to delight the children.

Bon-bons

Bon-bons are another Christmas delicacy. These are small pieces of candy in a wrapper. A child takes hold of each end of the wrapper and pulls. This causes a "snap" that amuses the youngsters. Inside the wrapper is also a printed motto.

Gregg Montgomery

Charles Ovendon (English)
1026 Drake St.
Madison, Wis.

Saying

When ##### women talk too much it is said their tongues run like a mill clacker.

******

2.- English Customs (Charles Ovenden)

English Waits

About three o'clock on Christmas morning people are sometimes awakened by bands or orchestras that #### play in different sections of the city.

****

- Put with Xmas

Mrs. Adolph Abplanalp, 623 22nd Ave., Monroe.

Mrs. Abplanalp and her husband are from Berne, Switzerland. She has in her backyard what seems to the average person to be a rock garden, but to the Swiss it has an entirely different meaning. The entire garden is built so that it is about eight feet in the back and then slopes down to the ground in front. The back has three rocks representing the mountains near her home, the Iger, Monch and Jungfrau. In front of them is some clear crystal rock representing the glacier which is eternally there. In front of this gravel, which shows once a year during the warmest months when the glacier recedes a bit. From the gravel are two streams which empty into a typical mountain or Alpine lake. From this the water tumbles over a regular bridal falls into a large pool which is supposed to be the large river in Switzerland. There are rough piles of rock where a landslide has happened and the different sized rocks, from the small to the large as the mountains and ranges are in Switzerland. Below the Alpine lake is a typical alp for the cattle to graze on. It has no brush nor trees, just the green pasture and to one side is the bruner trou, or cow trough out of which the cattle drink, with the tiny wooden pump beside it. From the pasture over the river is a birch bridge just as the Swiss have in their native land. Mrs. Abplanalp has planted the sides of her mountain reproduction with typical mountain shrubs and flowers. She has even managed to get

some of her country's native plants. There are a few very prized Edelweiss, flue blumer, Alpine mint which has fiery red blossoms, chives and mandy dwarf shrubs representing those which grow above timberline. Wild violets, honeysuckle and all kinds of small plants and flowers. There is always some plant in bloom on this mountain garden from early spring until late in the fall. One plant which she particularly prizes she found in the Tocle gardens at Baraboo, and it comes from Switzerland. It is an herb called Told Messea and the tea from its dried leaves is used for female trouble.

There are absolutely no weeds to be found in Switzerland, for the Swiss cannot spare the ground for them to grow on.

Swiss families would get together in what would be called a Kaffee Klacht (spelling?) and sing and yodel to the accompaniment of a guitar. Then they have wine and cards.

I would like to add here some of my observation of the Swiss as I found them. They are very friendly and congenial but distinctly of different classes. Carl Marty, despite his money and position, is still very much like the peasant in his treatment of his wife and the conduct of his domestic affairs. He is lord of all he surveys and must be treated accordingly and he has the fallacy of thinking himself well educated when he has no background nor foundation and has read some of our modern literature. The other class were poor but left their peasant ways over there and have become an intrinsic part of

our communities in habits and behavior. Mr. Baumann and the Abplanalps are good examples of that. They had to work hard for their education and labored physically to accomplish what they wished. Both men were cheese makers and in the early days they hardly knew where their next meal was coming from, but today they are gracious, friendly, and not in the least superior nor condescending--they are one of us.

It is a Swiss habit to serve wine to their guests and it is very impolite to refuse and the hostess is very much offended if you do. Mrs. Abplanalp served Miss Marty and myself wine, kisses with whipped cream, Swiss cheese and butter, and a fruit jello with cream. Here a Swiss custom popped up. They eat no butter on their bread when they eat cheese with it. Invariably when you spend any length of time in the afternoon or evening in a Swiss home refreshments are served. Cake or cookies are served with the wine. It does get to be a problem how to ward off the wine partaking though if you make three calls a day and have it offered to you in water tumblers at all three you might readily ruin the reputation of the folklore project for sobriety. I was telling Rev. Schuh, who has a Swiss congregation, my troubles and he told how he avoided it. If he took all the wine offered him at all the homes he visited he would be far from a sober minister, so he goes without any breakfast and uses that as an excuse all during the morning, for one cannot drink wine on an empty stomach. In the afternoon he makes fewer calls and drinks but little at each place and on a full stomach and gets by all right. The editor of the

Evening Times made another suggestion which does work--eat something very fat before drinking wine and it will not bother you at all.

As a whole the Swiss are very neat about their persons, homes and yards and will go to any amount of physical labor to do it. Their homes are usually enormous and very plainly furnished.

Mr. Carl Marty, Monroe (Swiss)

Every five years in Switzerland there is a national shooting tournament. Yearly there is one held in each canton. For prizes each canton gives a medal with the canton's name on it to the winners and they are worth 5 francs a piece. Mr. Marty has quite a collection of them.

In the Ingold Import Shop in Monroe there are wooden stone-fasts which have a hook which fits over the belt. The men use it to carry their stones for sharpening their scythes when cutting hay up on the mountain sides. They are handmade unpainted and undecorated.

It is an annual custom in New Glarus on the first Friday of the first week of school to initiate the Freshmen. The boys have to come to school dressed as girls, with green hair bows, and the girls have to wear night gowns, bathrobes and bedroom slippers. They attend all classes thusly attired and the dance on Friday nite at the end of which they considered fully initiated into the student group.

MISCELLANEOUS, New Glarus (Swiss)

In Appensell, Switzerland the men wear earrings and their ears are pierced the same as the women.

Near the roof of homes, just under the eaves, there usually is a saying on the Swiss homes in Switzerland. I am getting this or these from a Swiss architect in this city.

In the old Swiss homes there were old stone stoves built into a room, and not into the walls. From the side they looked like this.

They were covered sometimes with phrases such as "Death is Sure". There is still a lot I don't know about them and I am going to get more information about them too from this architect.

In the church, the Evangelical Reformed, there are the original wine tankard and three cups which was used in the first church in New Glarus. They are very light and seem to be made of some cheap metal such as tin. There is also the woven covered basket in which the bread was brought to the church and from which it was given to the members of the congregation. When communion was given all the church members drank the wine from the three cups.

One of the first things which the settlers got for their new home was a bell. Few people had watches with which to tell the

time and so it was run at 11 in the morning so that the wives would tell the time and that they should be getting the noon meal. It also rang at 6 in the evening. Many of the Swiss in New Glarus still serve their noon meal very early and it perhaps is a habit handed down from their mothers who governed that meal by the church bell.

Swiss women use spinach water to rinse their hair.

Cooked dried fruit is used a lot at meals with meat by the Swiss.

Potter May 21, 1936

Cemetery, New Glarus

There are a number of things which are interesting about the cemetery. There seems to be no direction required for the burying of the dead--that is any direction which they should face. I found them facing every point of the compass. In some lots the bodies were placed head to head so that the headstones were back to back. This was true of the older graves as was the fact that the inscriptions and lettering on the stones faced the body rather than away from it. One would have to stand on or beside the grave to read it. The earlier graves seem to have been made regardless of families or lots. People were buried in the order they died in rows beside each other. Some of the tombstones of the earliest graves have completely disappeared--they have sunken into the ground three feet and some more. One huge hard wood tree has grown over and around one stone so that only the top can be seen and none of the inscription. Another tree has grown on top of a grave marked 1884--it is a very large pine. Numbers of graves have no markers at all and the only evidence that there is a grave is the fact that the ground has sunken in. All the verses and words on the old stones are in Swiss and many are so worn they are illegible. The oldest date I was able to find was 1854 but I am sure there are older as many stones have deteriorated so that I couldn't read them.

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A curious custom, whether it is Swiss or not I do not know, is the inscribing of both the husband and wife's names on the family stone with the wife's below following the name of her husband's name and His Wife, regardless of who dies first or last. If one is living the death date is merely omitted. One such monument also had the name of the daughter with her birth date but no death date as she is still living. Somehow I would rather not have a monument in the cemetery with my name on it until I was ready to use it. As in the Stoughton cemetery reposing lambs were used on stones marking the graves of children and other favorite emblems were open books and a hand with a finger pointing towards heaven, doves and roses. One very unusual marker was the reproduction of the stump of what had been a large tree, with its bark shaggy and torn and a limb broken and hanging. Where a section of bark was torn and still hanging was inscribed the dates of the deceased who was buried in 1883. A favorite decoration seems to have been the quoting of a psalm on the markers or monuments in German. Something I had not noticed before was that the monument makers put their names on the stone very close to the bottom, but very legibly and where it could be readily seen. Even in those days they seemed to have believed in advertising. One was marked Matt Schmidt Monticello and another J. J. Reide.

Some of the inscriptions I found follow:

Blumen fir die Ervighkeit
Dauem hier nur kurze zeit.

Staub bei staube ruht
ihr nun in dem Friedem
Vollen Grabe,
Mächten rire, wei ihr
Och ruhn
in dem Freidenvollen
Grabe! Ach, der
Welt entraint ihr
schon, Kamt zu eures
Schmeisses Lohn.

Dein Reich Komme

Auf Wiedersehn

Als Tugendbild! bleibst de Lieben au Dir Liebe Lizzie
rvarst uns're Freude Jelzl ruhig schlätst, im Kühlenfirub.

Unch Facles schinerz
Und Grches Rich
Fulirt Cluistus midt
Der it eima dir zu.

Wie die Meereswelle fluthet, Steigt empor des Gaffen Schmerz, Wie aus Todes wanden blutel Da ver waisten kinden Herz. Herz. von Herzen losgerissen, Mussen die Theare missen Wie ste liebend uns begliikt: Ack sie ist ans nun entriiky! Durchst im stillem Schlatgemach Aus von des Lebens Kumer. Sanft weinen wir dir nach, seinft seidein Gerahes Schluiner. Du war est gat mil fastem Muth Ginget du dem. Tod entgegen, Dir folgt der deinen segen.

So Ruh in Kuhler Erde
Du gute mutter du,
Du nirst den Himel erben
Als Dulderin in Gottes Reih.

We had a little treasure once
She was our joy and pride
We loved her all!
Perhaps too well!
For soon she slept and died.

Here lies our loved one
Gone but not forgotten.

Hier ruht in Gott
Gottin V.
Geb.
Gest.

Rube sanft du gute mutter,
Unveryes slich bleibst du uns.

Tch liege und schlate ganz
mil Friedin: denn allein Du Herr:
hilisl mir dass ich sicher wohner. Psalm 4-9

On Sunday and Monday, September 13 and 14, the Swiss of New Glarus celebrated Kilby, in the modern manner with ball games and dances, for which the community has become famous. Kilby (Kerchwert) originated about 100 years ago in Canton Glarus, Switzerland, as the occasion for dedication of the Reformed Church. This custom soon spread to other cantons, and whenever a new church was constructed, its formal dedication was postponed until the last Sunday in September, and then year after year a repetition of this dedication would be held. In New Glarus the festival opens with a religious service on Sunday morning, with more secular activities in the afternoon. The celebration is continued on Monday evening by dancing. After the services, one in German and the other in English, and hymns sung by a men's choir in German, Mr. Jacob Figi calls the confirmation classes starting with that of 1860 as none are alive from the first 10 which started in 1850. None answered their year until 1866 when one person stood. As their year is called those who were confirmed in that church in that year stand. This ceremony occurs only once a year and then on Kilby.

Attached are newspapers clippings, ads and a poster pertaining to Kilby and which are self explanatory. It might well be added that the dances Monday night always have fights thrown in for

good measure. Too much liquor and the masculine weakness of showing off is the usual cause. William Tell Hall boasted of six separate and distinct fights this year. The older married people always to to Salerno's dance as they prefer the old dances and the young people patronize the William Tell Hall.

The district in and about New Glarus seems to go in quite strongly for what they call Field Days. Anyone, or any group of people, who think it would be a good idea to have one get one going. Tugs of war, baseball games and concessions are the usual features. Sometimes a boxing match is thrown in and the evening always has a dance. They are usually given at some very small village or perhaps on a farm. The tug of war teams are very proud of their abilities and are always willing to compete with their neighboring townships and villages to determine who is the best puller. At the last one I heard of one of the pullers fainted from his exertions and was unconscious for two hours. These festivities are most common in the fall when the grain and hay and corn are all in and the farmers have a bit of leisure time.

Attached is a clipping pertaining to one such Field Day and the large poster which I turned in at the museum is an ad for another one which I believe was held at Brodhead.

Swiss

When a person shivers they explain it by saying a goose is walking over their grave. This is not Swiss.

If a Swiss woman gives another a green plant of some kind for a present, the receiver is not supposed to thank her for it for then the plant will not grow.

If a woman is very close mouthed and untalkative the Swiss believe she will get a goiter from keeping so many things in. One Mrs. Miller, a Swiss woman, talks like the dickens and has a goiter too so Mrs. Stauffacher said that the old saying didn't apply here.

General Observations on Swiss, New Glarus

The Swiss are a very frugal, careful and economic race. They buy with a great deal of consideration and thought and almost always pay cash. They are little given to luxuries. Their homes are very plainly furnished and the homes themselves are never ornate-- they are simply plain honest to goodness homes. They are kept immaculately clean as are the clothes and persons of the members of the families. The yards and out buildings and fields of a Swiss family are always tidy and well cared for.

Swiss is still the common language in the stores, banks and on the street. As a whole the people are very kind and willing to help. They are not an emotional people but are neighborly and kindly disposed.

Swiss food is highly seasoned.

A great many of the Swiss are Masons and Eastern Stars. It seems that almost all who are not Catholic belong to the Lodge.

All the children say hello to you whether they know you or not. The older people will always smile but won't speak unless you do.

The majority of the workers in the cheese factories are Swiss. In the Marty factory in Monroe the head cheese maker is

from the old country. These men are giants physically in their necks and shoulders and arms because of their work. They have huge vats of milk which they have to stir as it congeals to break it up into kernels and this takes plenty of brawn. One thing is assured however-- the cheesemakers are always crippled from middle life on for they work in such damp places that they all contract rheumatism and its sister ailments. They are Apollos from the waists up but soon paralised in the limbs. There are many young Swiss men in the early twenties in the factories now learning the business. It is the cheesemakers who do the Swiss wrestling, which consists of throwing the other fellow by the handles which each wrestler wears on his belt.

The majority of the 80 employees at the Pet Milk Company condensery are Swiss.

The Swiss are much like the Norwegians in that they like vivid colors but they have no taste as to combinations of those colors. They wear them all indiscriminately.

The Swiss women commonly have their ears pierced and wear small jewelled earrings.

In Canton Zurich hard cider was used a great deal more than wine.

In this country the Swiss are accustomed to wine daily. Cheese is always served one if not two meals a day.

In New Glarus condensed milk is served unless you specifically request fresh milk. They seemingly are very fond of it and think it a nicer and more desirable than the fresh.

There is a Germania society which has dances occasionally. Swiss dances and programs are the only entertainment. There is also a yodeler's club who sing to the accompaniment of a zither.

In most homes there are an abundance of potted plants. Most of the women have an awful habit of having grotesque bouquets of awful artificial flowers in their homes. Every room in this hotel, which is run by a Swiss couple has such a floral decoration therein. Ugh. My room is a good illustration of the taste in colors of the average Swiss. The woodwork is painted a delicate shade of blue, the wallpaper is pink roses with blue stems on a cream background, and the floor is covered with a green and brown congoleum with different color of green small rugs. The curtains are white with yellow dots, a pillow reposes on the chair adorned with all the bright bits of cloth available in this country I am sure, my bouquet is of feathers and leather and crepe paper in a tin vase and the tray is an old fashioned couple doing a minuet or something under a flowering apple tree. I shall bring smoked glasses next time!

Many of the school children speak German very well and in most of the homes the common language is German.

A joke which is commonly told among the Swiss is the one about the young girl who was sent by her mother to a drug store to get some karmiller (tea) in Switzerland. The young girl ran and as she hurried along she kept saying Karmiller, karmiller, karmiller to herself so she would not forget it. A couple of blocks and she was saying karmiller, karmiller, rosinli, rosinli, rosinli. By the time she reached the store she had forgotten what she was sent for and asked for rosinli which are raisins.

Mrs. Esther Stauffacher, New Glarus (Swiss)

One of the articles exhibited at last falls celebration in New Clarus of 90 years since the first Garners came from the old country, was a scarf. This scarf was thrown over the pillow on which babies were carried to church to be baptized on the first Sunday after they were born--even though they were born Saturday night. This was used by the Elmer family in Switzerland, grandfather Elmer and his brothers and sisters being covered with it on their way to baptism. It is now more than 90 years old.

Werner Stauffacher, New Glarus (Swiss)

YASS

Yass can be played with two, three or four players. All cards from the six up in the four suits are kept. This includes the six spot, which then leaves 36 cards which are played with. The person to the left of the dealer cuts the cards. The bottom card is trump and the deal starts to the right. If playing four handed nine cards to each player and the dealer gets the trump. The cards are lined up by the players in their hands according to suits. The highest card is the bower (jack) of trump, and the next highest is the nell (9) of trump and then the ace, king, queen, etc. follow in order. A meld in Yass is when a player has three or more cards of a suit in order or a run. A meld of 3 equals 20 points, four-50 points, five-one hundred points. If one player has all four jacks he gets 200, or all four aces, kings, queens or 10's he gets 100 points. The king and queen of trump are Stöck and equal 20. All suits except trump count ace as high and then on down. There are 157 points in the deck after the game is played not counting melds.

Jack of trump	20
Nell of trump	14
All aces	11
10's	10
Kings	4
Queens	3
Jacks	2

Werner Stauffacher, New Glarus (Swiss)

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Jacks	2

T&C 1/13/38 AV

The game is played with partners and whichever partners have the most points after the cards are played get one point, except if one side has less than 21 points then they go in the sack and get 1 and the opponents get two points. Seven points is the game. Everything which is meld adds to the total score. It would be necessary to have meld points and cards points which would equal more than half of 157 plus the meld points of partners hands.

In three handed the fourth is played blind. The first hand is dealt to the right of the dealer and he may take it if he wishes, if not the others may have it. In two handed they play 9 cards a piece. Three cards are discarded and three new ones dealt which are kept. Preference continues to the right to the rest of the players.

In Switzerland each canton, of which there are 13, have their own distinctive costumes. The many differences between people in the different cantons has arisen from a geographical circumstance--the same as in Norway. The mountains in the olden days formed barriers which confined people to their own little valleys and communities. They developed their own particular kind of speech, dress and habits. The occupations too differ in the different cantons. Some are herders, others work in the vineyards, others are carvers and so on so the costume also varies with the occupation. A national dress had been considered for Switzerland but it was overruled as the different dress of the 13 cantons are beautiful, individualistic and historic, so they have been retained. In the past few years with modern habits making inroads even into the little alpine homes and villages the old costumes have gradually fallen into disuse. A national movement has been started to revive and perpetuate these. They had been degraded to the point where they were being used as costumes for waitresses. The wealthy and prominent Swiss began a campaign to revive the authentic costumes which were being disfigured by incorrect and nonusage. They employed a costume association who hired artists to study and suggest modernization. A national Swiss Costume Festival was inaugurated which is held every five years in a different city in Switzerland. A parade is held in

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the afternoon in which the cantonal representatives march together depicting, by their dress the three or four different costumes used in their canton. In 1931 the Festival was held in Geneva.

GENEVA

Geneva was the last canton to enter the Swiss Confederation, and also is the smallest. It was the route taken by nobility and royalty for social or political reasons and much pomp attended their journeys. The citizens took part in the feasts and processions which were given in honor of their famous guests. For such guests verses called histoires were written. On December 11, in hymn, song and an annual festival (called Escalade) the Kings of Savoie, former frequent visitors to the city, are made much of with in the celebration commemorating the failure of an assault planned by the Duke in 1602, Dec. 11. On that evening the people sing an old song which voices their thanks for the preservation of their independence due to that failure, and the bells of St. Peter repeat the song each hour during the month of December.

Geneva has had Navigation and Archery clubs for centuries. Watchmaking and enamel and the making of jewelry are the principal occupations. They excel in watch and clock making. Up to this century two makers would pair off in the watchmaking and one would read while the other worked thus making the work go faster.

The costumes of the natives is decidedly affected by the guests of old for the attire resembles greatly that worn by our forefathers in colonial days--long full skirts, full sleeves, lace caps and tiny shawls. The men with their tight fitting knee breeches, long hose, high collars and tails.

VAUD.

The peasants used to work in the fields with a light blue, homespun sleeveless dress, and a blouse with elbow sleeves. The wide brimmed hat was generally trimmed with a black ribbon, and was a protection against the sun and rain. The "chimney" hat disappeared in 1870. It was huge and untrimmed and was used by the women in the vineyards only. The chimney, which comes from the French cheminee, was an elongated button on top of the crown which served as a handle as the hat was soft and had a broad brim which made it difficult to handle. The velvet bodice, green and white striped skirt (cantonal colors) and chimney hat have been replaced by a modern version of the old costume. The shaped bodice now is without stays, trimmed with a dainty thin white scarf and short skirt with a tight fitting lace cap adapted to shorn locks.

In years gone by masks were worn on the streets on New Years. There used to be a group of people called the white niggers of Vevey,

who formed processions and performed ballets throughout the eastern coast of Leman. These masquerades used to represent world famed events, but they are no longer in existence. In Payerne, Vaud, New Years is celebrated by a huge masquerade which is a satire on current and historic events.

On a Sunday night in February fires are lit on the heights and hills of Broye which overlook the Lake of Neuchatel. This is to celebrate the first movements in the awakening earth. This occasion has been planned for by the cooking in frying pans of fritters and marvels. At dusk, brass bands march by, followed by hordes of children carrying lanterns, repeating the chorus "These are the torches of the town of Yverdon."

In May, the boys and girls collect eggs with the Queen of the May, who is a small girl enthroned on a hand cart decorated with greenery and flowers. They sing

Eggs are very good
When one adds flower
Eggs are very good
With butter underneath them....

They are given eggs, flour, butter and even sweets at each house they visit, and then some kind person takes their provisions and cooks croutes dorees for them, which is the same as our French toast. With this they are given chocolate cream.

In summer is the abbayes, counterpart of the Geneva vogue, the Flemish kermesse, the Fribourg benichon, and the kilby of German Switzerland. It lasts three days. On Sunday the society members go to divine service where the minister renders a sermon appropriate to the occasion. At mid-day there is an enormous banquet consisting primarily of solid foods. At one abbaye in the canton there is always served ox tongue, boiled beef, roast beef, roast veal and tart. Speeches follow and then a parade through the village, a reception by the king and queen of the range, and an open air ball on the raised platform. Monday the abbaye begins with all the villagers present with their friends. The doors are wide open and the tables stacked with good things to eat. Boutefas, a stew, leaven bread, marvels and tailles are in the majority. Wine is abundant. To belong to a abbaye a candidate has to be balloted upon, is charged a fee of 150 francs and the rights of membership pass from father to eldest son.

At the end of haymaking and harvesting the master gives a feast which is called Ressat. Often the last cart entering the village has a bunch of flowers on top of the small ladder which holds up the hay in front.

Before winter sets in there is the gathering of the grapes. Young girls from other parts of the country came in to help and it is

regarded as a holiday. The gatherers may take a kiss for each bunch of grapes left on a branch. Through generations the women in the same family go to gather the grapes at the same place.

On the long winter evenings the time is spent nut-cracking. A festivity which is called Gremaillees. In the kitchen the men break the shells and the women take out the kernels, from which is made a sweet scented, amber colored oil. There is singing, laughing and bombarding with shells. At midnight a feast is served.

VALAIS

The earliest festivals were also religious ceremonies, to the patron saint of the village or a pilgrimage to the chapels in the higher pastures. It is Catholic and the country is very mountainous. On Corpus Christi, ascension day, everyone dresses in their finest, the men wearing their military uniforms.

These people have a custom of blessing their houses, fields, troops, produce, flowers, the mountains and all that they know are in the hands of God. Their torrents are blessed and some shepards in the high mountains still conjure the mists.

The Montferrine, Seulataro and Massacrante are local folk dances of ancient origin. The county is famous for its cheese. The Raclette is a very old but still used dish. It is made by taking a cheese, not more than three months old, cutting through the middle and

holding next to a fire. When it has melted and browned scrape this half melted paste onto a plate, sprinkle with a little pepper, add a steaming potato (grive) and wash down with muscatel or Valaisian wine. One of their chief occupations is the making of furniture which lasts for generations.

Ascension, or Corpus Christi Day is full of ceremony and parading. There is a procession which starts with the ringing of the bells at 8 A.M. The church retinue, women in native garb, men in soldiers' uniforms, children etc. form the procession which winds its way through the town or village to the square where an hour is spent chanting. The flower decorated altars, doors and gardens and blessed as the procession passes. After this the women sing folk songs to the rhythm of a woman swinging a beautiful porcelain bowl with a silver coin in it.

The costume of the women is recognized by the long wrist fitting sleeves, small fringed shawls, narrow brimmed high crowned hats which they wear. The brims are dark and the crowns a light color. Some wear lace mitts without fingers.

FRIBOURG

In Gruyere the shepard or armailli wears a suit of heavy blue linen finely dotted with white, a short waistcoat with puff

sleeves, straw skull cap and an iron mounted crooked stick. The waistcoat is trimmed with embroidery worked by wife, sisters or fiancees. On Sundays a white shirt is worn under the waistcoat. In the chalet the farmer works bare armed with the little straw hat balanced on his head or over one ear. A woollen waistcoat replaces the linen in the winter. The women wear a dress with wide pleats, white stockings and black shoes, an apron with a bib, a silk fichu and lace cap or wide straw hat. For grand occasions they wear dress and apron of black silk and fringed shawl with white embroidery called a mouchoir. Yearly in the spring the women of Gruyere have a fete with processions and costumes, historical pageants etc.

In the middle of May the departure of the cattle for the alps is celebrated. The collars of the cows, from which hang the enormous bells, are embroidered with white leather. They are followed by a mule pulling a wagon in which is the cauldron, cheese and chalet equipment, and then the goats and calves. The cowboys wear new clothes and are given a glass a wine at the houses they pass.

Up to 1908 the chief industrial occupation of the village was straw plaiting, at which time the income for the sale of it had fallen off. A Madame Balland, thinking to make it possible for the

women to make enough money to still live in the country, taught them lace making. That locality is now famous for its beautiful and original laces.

NEUCHATEL

This canton has little to offer in folklore as it has adopted many things from its neighbors.

BERN

The costume of the women fell into disuse many years ago but has been partially revived. It consisted of straw hat or lace bonnet, bodices with short puffed sleeves, over which is crossed a lace fichu, and a long pleated skirt of flowered print.

All the local societies hold a fete at least once a year. There are held vintage festivals in all the villages in the fall. The grape gatherers, men and women, come down from the mountains in groups with a red sash on their heads and their baskets in hand. They sing enroute and end up doing round dance in the village square. In the evening a fondue, the national cheese dish is eaten and more dancing is done in the evening. Here too prevails the custom that if a girl omits picking a bunch of grapes the boy who finds her out may kiss her. If you should pass a vineyard and hear a crowd of grape-gatherers yelling at you rotten, rotten (les pouais) you should answer fine, fine (les beaux) and you will receive some bunches of grapes.

March 1 is a historical celebration, what for or how I cannot find out but the children do set off firecrackers. The young people's fete of school promotion consists of a procession of school children, services in the church, and a country fair at the close of the day.

One day a pretty little star, dressed in her finest attire (a popular Swiss song so declares) went for a walk to see and light up the city of the Bears. Suddenly she met a beautiful country girl... Dazzled by the brilliancy of the exquisite linen and the rich coloring of the silk, by the glitter of the chains and brooches, she stopped... and finally returned with faltering steps, ready to weep, towards the sky, where nothing could dim her splendor. There are three Bernese costumes but the true one is the black and white. It is the same as depicted on the card which I sent in, except there is no coloring. It is worn at festivals, for weddings and at the singing competitions, which are held throughout Switzerland. Within the canton of Bern there are several different costumes for the different sections and villages. Hasli has an austere costume; the bonnet with turned up flaps of Interlaken; the lace fichu of Simmenthal; and that of Guggisberg home of the immortal Vreneli. This last is very unique consisting of a hat which is a little flat disc, the bodice of many pleats fastened to

the dress, the pleated black apron, snow white stockings held up to the calves with scarlet ribbons, leaving the knees bare. The peasants usedto wear heavy wool capes. The jacket of the shepard, made of velvet with short sleeves is enriched with red and silver, and is accompanied with a little round leather cap, has been borrowed for the peasant costume and is the badge of the yodler wherever he goes.

The coming of spring and winter used to be celebrated. There used to be sacred ceremonies when bonfires, torches and lanterns made from turnips or pumpkins symbolized the sun.

The evening of the Saturday before Lent children dress as gypsies, niggers, or terrifying spirits and go from house to house asking for fritters.

In Emmenthal there is a certain rite on Sundays as regards the principal meal. On Ascension Day they eat bread spread with pear jelly and butter. On Easter, Whitsunday, Ascension Day and Christmas amusements are done away with, but on other Sundays all manner of them are engaged in. In the summer the different societies have garden festivals, the purpose being to replenish the funds. Skittles is always played, often shooting competitions for which prizes are given. Then too there is a wheel the winner at which gets pots of flowers or some fancy bakery goods. Accordions and clarionettes used to furnish the music.

A Chilbi is given in most of the communities of the canton, the most important part of which is the dancing. The dancers are all escorted home by their partners after the ball. On Saturday evenings young people meet at barns or in the square and they then pay visits to isolated farms in a body. No one knocks but the window panes are vibrated with a moistened thumb and the leader does a lot of complaining, complimenting, and menacing. The door is opened and all enter on the tips of their toes. Music ensues and all dance in their stocking feet so as not to waken the old folks. The girls offer a glass of wine to their friends but it is the custom for no one to get the least bit drunk. In this way young people get to know each other in different parts of the country. If some house is omitted on the rounds it is usually because that young woman has a regular caller every Saturday nite and he calls alone. It was the ancient custom that a man would not marry a girl unless she could give him heirs. The lover or kilter from that same section is left in peace to do his Saturday nite calling but if he is from other parts he is subject to many tricks. He may be plunged into the village trough and if he resists he may have a pole thrust through his sleeves and a bell hung around his neck or elsewhere.

A few days before the wedding the letzi is celebrated. The

young couple invite all their friends to a sort of farewell ceremony. The couple sit in the place of honor and receive congratulations from the guests and then a simple supper is served with wine. Speeches, dancing, yodelling follow. In gratitude the boys will make their mortars (real or improvised) thunder on the eve of the wedding and woe betide the friend who is too mean to offer his letzi, and couple who for some reason or other is not liked. An appalling din, an infernal shindy with cat-calls will announce the public opinion to the deafest.

In Entlebucher the women carry guns when in costume as do the men. This is a hangover from the early days.

LUCERNE

There is an equestrian procession of Beromunster which originated in the days of territorial inspection. The church prays for prosperity for men and plants, and her blessing wards off evil spirits. A fete originated from the circuit made by the priest and a few ecclesiastical friends. The procession gradually had displays added to it and these in turn gave rise to the modern theatre. In 1470 the "Fraternity of the Crowning of Our Lord" was founded for producing religious plays. The passion play was the most famous of its latest presentations. Yearly on Thursday following Ash Wednesday "Friar Fritschi" passes through the streets of the town with his companions in wagons decorated in all colors. Fritschi is an abbreviation of Fridolin. On St.

Fridolin's Day, 1446, the Confederates put the Austrians to flight and it later became a national celebration. Yearly there is a boating fete with all the attendant celebrating.

SOLEURE

In June un Mariastein there is a Catholic feast to which there is a huge pilgrimage. The procession leaves the church square, singing and praying.

BASLE

The only ornament of the costume is the clasp, fastened to the cord of the apron of passementerie by a long chain, which holds the knives and scissors.

ARGOVIA

The national dress is distinguished by its stiff corselet with epaulets, a chain and silver roses, and a white frilled shirt with large winged sleeves. The costume of about 1790 has a corselet which fits the figure easily and is brilliantly embroidered with beads, soil or sequins on the front, elbow length sleeves. A black tulle fichu is crossed over the chest. Young girls wear cornflower blue dress, a bodice embroidered with roses or forget-me-nots, silver filigree hanging from the necklace and a little flat shepardess hat trimmed with a garland of flowers and a velvet bow, white

stockings and black shoes with buckles. Older women wear black the corselet being trimmed with embroidery. In the winter they wear a blouse with tight fitting sleeves, a close fitted cloth coat and black velvet cap embroidered with tulle or horsehair.

Lucerne and Zug used to wear the old "Frank" costumes--the skirt is black and pleated with two bands of black braid cutting across the hips and falling over a slightly longer scarlet petticoat. The black velvet corselet is trimmed with passementerie the many colored flowers being done in embroidery. This same embroidery is on the bottom of the petticoat. This needlework is done in the convents and the black corselet and velvet cording on the upper edge is fastened by red or black laces across silver buttons.

The Baden women appropriated the best of the Frank district costume and others and use a white apron with red and blue bands and a colored waist band, finished by two silver filigree ornaments hanging down the back. The stockings are red.

Young girls in Baden wear a medium blue unpleated cloth, a dark wine corselet with an olive border, with ribbon collar of the same color. They wear a white cap in the summer without lace and a flat shepardess hat with a wreath of flowers held by a wide blue ribbon. There is a silk fringed knot in front of the little cape.

THURGOVIE

This canton was under the rule of others until 1798 and hence has little to offer in original custom or costumes. The Carnival of Ermatingen is held on "Earth Sunday". When funds permit a carnival is held presenting historic incidents. The "Gropp" is always at the head of this and is seated in a cart drawn by gnomes. He is a fish with a huge head and gullet. The gropp was a fish which lived in the neighboring waters and was considered very edible and lusdious by a tribunal that he ordered special carnival for them. The fish have been replaced in favor by others but the tradition lingers on. The fish is saved from year to year for economies sake whereas at Zurich it is burned at the end of the festival. On this same day the people of Islikon have a fete of floating lights. The young people fix candle ends on small planks of wood and at twilight light them and let them float down the village stream. It is symbolical of the joy from the end of winter when artificial light is no longer necessary. The young people of Weinfelden have a Bochselnacht or Boxing Night. Big turnips are hollowed out with knives into fantastic heads, lights are put inside and they are carried through the streets on the end of long sticks and occurs the week before Xmas. The best head receives a sausage and some bread. The custom has a

number of explanations as to its origin. Some think it was started by the children trying to scare away the plague at the time of the 30 years war, others that it is somehow connected with the shortening of days, and that it originates from pagan days.

The costumes have not been in use for 100 years or more but are being revived. The Sunday dress is usually of dark green, with a wide skirt with pockets, a specially shaped belt with red threads running through it. A pleated blouse covers the neck and arms and the collar is close to the neck. A Milanese fichu is used. Two kinds of bonnets are worn. The Catholic use one in chenille with the crown embroidered in gold and fastened with wide ribbons. The other has small designs on it and also is worn with ribbons. Stockings are white with low shoes with buckles. An antique brooch is used to fasten the fichu to the bodice. The working and school costume is the bodice and skirt sewn together of blue print with small figures, the blouse worn beneath is specially ironed and has three quarter sleeves. The apron is striped colored cotton. A scarf of triple crochet is fastened about the neck with a small brooch. The hose are white for the house and garden and colored for the field. A straw hat or white wool scarf is worn on the head.

ZURICH

In Wehntal the men wear a jacket of grey twill which extends

to the knees and has big pockets at sides with lapels. The trousers are very wide and are made of bleached or unbleached linen, are pleated all the way down and are tied in the middle by a red cord. They are called Schlotter. They also wear a red waistcoat and a big black bow. The hose is linen or knitted and embroidered with floral designs and are attached to the trousers. Clasps or leather flaps fall over the insteps of the high heeled boots. The Sunday costume includes a three cornered, wide brimmed felt hat, trimmed in the front with a silver clasp. The work hat is a beret trimmed with a circle of cat's fur. The women of the same town wear a dark blue or black corselet of velvet sewn to the skirt of black linen which is pleated and reaches halfway to the ankle. The half length blouse sleeves are snow white. The aprons are of different designs and colors. The flat hat is worn vertically on the back of the head and is trimmed with ribbons which fall from the nape of the neck to the hem of the skirt.

The Amtler costume originates from the old Knonauer-Amt--a former canton. It is called Burefeufi-Tracht, or Peasant Five because on the back of the bodice is a colored ribbon trimming forming a Roman V. The skirt is dark blue, the bodice of mixed linen and cotton of lighter shade. Red horizontal stripes outline the apron,

and red stockings are worn. The white cap, with a wing over each cheek and a peak which protrudes over the forehead, is the head-gear of the olden days. A velvet ribbon, finished with a rosette at each end passed through a slot in each wing, under the chin.

On St. Sylvester Day in Zurich is fun for the school children. "Sylvester, wake up, and get your feet out of bed" is shouted on the last day of school before New Years, first thing in the morning, through the still dark streets. Anything in the metal line which will make noises is used for an accompaniment all of which is used to make the people who are still sleeping mad.

There is a Zurichois Carnival which is opened by the ringing of the cathedral bell at 8 on the first Monday after the day whose night and day are the same length. A banquet is held in the city and when the bell rings everyone rises in honor to the herald of spring. The president of the village makes a speech hoping for happiness for all. Many gather in the streets long before the bell is rung, and when it is rung, a fusillade fired and drums rolled, bonfires are lit in which a straw effigy has been laid, which becomes consumed in the flames. These are the March Fires. On the Sunday preceeding is a costumed procession of children. They have a ball the morning of the fete in the town hall. On the Monday all the guilds meet to

form the procession with their banners. The butchers lead a bear by chains and carry their axes on their shoulders. The tailors carry huge scissors and menace the hats of the crowd. A huge shoe is for the shoemakers and a big circular loaf is that of the bakers. The Boog is a huge white snowman who is armed with a broom and represents the demon the winter. The children lead him to the square in their procession and lay him on a pile of wood. He is usually stuffed with rockets which makes an impressive end. The different guilds ride about the bonfire and thus ends winter and spring enters as the divine ruler. The guild rooms are filled with refreshments for after the procession and then visits are made between the guilds and the lanterns are placed on long sticks as the scales visit the martins and the forge goes to the carpenters.

ST. GALL

In Toggenburg in the spring are bonfires which are accompanied with the bonfire wine songs, in the spring with the departure of the cattle for the mountains they have the dance of the sickle bearers and hay makers, with the short house to house visits. In Werdenberg they have the ceremony of breaking the glass, and the ringing of the bells in May and the May bear at Ragaz. In Rheinthal grape gathering is accompanied by feasting and wine tasting, and at

Werdenberg there are the dances of the maize ears and others at New Years Eve.

The carnival at Oberland has costumes which are intentionally hideous and terrifying. Ancient, grotesque wooden masks are still used. Rigid forms dance around the control of the games leader on carnival Sunday at Mels. At Altstatten Shrove Tuesday is the feast of the Rollelibutzen. The fantastic head-gear is trimmed with feathers, glass balls and gold and silver sequins. Young girls are chased and sprinkled at these festivals of fertility. Eggs are gathered in Ruthi on Easter Monday. The wild man, a human form stuffed with flax and wooden tiles, and dressed in pine branches, genista, erika and maize leaves, is paraded holding a game of cards. There is also a huge snail which is made of thousands of snail shells.

In Kaltbrunnen there is a black masked man who roams about at night to frighten naughty children. The wild leaping of the white ghost, with his muffled cow bell lit up, the artistic cracking of his whip, and the frisking of the donkey are still presented.

The Toggenburg peasant girls wear red shawls, short yellow or long brown troutwill jacket and rick silver buckled shoes.

The principal part of the St. Gall costume is the headdress, which is made of chenille in Rheinthal and Furstenlandes, of lace in

Sargans, Gaster and Rapperswil, and silver and gold lame in St. Gall and Rorschach. With this is worn a closely fitting bodice in the Rheinthal, Furstenlande and St. Gall, a printed corselet at Wil, a laced up corselet at Sargans and Gaster, and a short coat in Rapperswil. One can recognize the Toggenburg costume by its winged bonnet, or shapeless cap, and the bodice fastened by laces finished with metal tassels.

APPENZELL (Innerhoden)

Corpus Christi day is religious primarily but all the participants wear their native costumes and it is beautiful to behold. There are three different costumes for the women--for hot weather, for gala occasions and mourning.

(Ausserhoden)

The Catholics live in Innerhoden and the protestants in Ausserhoden and are politically independent. The costume for the peasant is the same in both parts. It is long dark brown trousers, buttoned across the waist, a short coat trimmed with round silver buttons, a waistcoat of the same brown material with two rows of silver buttons. The coat and vest are worn unbuttoned showing a white embroidered shirt and leather braces. A very ornate shepards costume is worn for the ascent to the alps and village festivals.

Low shoes with silver buckles and white stockings knitted in fancy patterns, bright yellow tightly fitting trousers reaching below the knee, and a scarlet waistcoat and metal trimmed braces are worn, and the sleeves are snow white and the embroidered shirt are short. This is the same as on the postal card which I have sent in.

There is quite a bit of difference between the women and the young girls' costumes in the two different sections. Those of the Protestant are very plain as compared with those of the Catholic. The girl's costume has four different variations in blue, green, wine, and red-brown. The skirt is hand woven wool and is short and wide. The tight fitting bodice is of self colored rep, the apron of colored taffeta, and the white blouse has short or long sleeves and if the latter they have two puffs, and a light or black embroidered fichu veils the shoulder. The bonnet is a band of black velvet which lies on the parting from which two finely pleated tulle wings descend over the ears, almost to the shoulders. The unmarried women have filigree rosettes and silver filigree hairpins while the married women wear the same in silver gilt.

Long before daylight on Dec. 31st a noise of bells, cowbells and the jingling of harness can be heard in the streets of Herisau. The strains of "Sylvester get up, get your feet out of

bed" disappear with the dawn and isolated groups of men go about in grotesque hats ringing bells, dancing before homes until money thrown them from the windows by the occupants, and they leave after wishing the people a Happy New Year. These group of Klause sometimes are wonderful quartettes of yodelers who ring bells as well as sing. The strange hats which the men wear may be a complete miniature house or two babies in a cradle. The women wear headdresses of tiny balls like Xmas tree ornaments. This festival dates back when in pagan times the money was thrown from the window in gratitude and offering to the trolls, who by their noise chased away the demons of the old year.

UNTERWALD

The men wear dark cotton or plush blouses magnificently embroidered. The women if married wear silver ornaments in their head-gear, while those still single have a silver or a silver gilt arrow with filigree ornaments and colored stones in theirs. At Nidwald a red ribbon is worn in the hair and a white one at Obwald. A big yellow hat, necklace and a corselet complete the uniqueness of the costume.

URI

This is the oldest canton of the confederation. Due to the Italian influence there are wrought iron bars in from the houses

in town. The peasant's costume consists of a grey sheperd's shirt in cotton or linen, dark or grey colored trousers which reach the anklets, and wooden clogs. When going out the peasant wears town clothes with a flat black felt hat.

SCHWYZ

A carnival known as Greiflet is held on Twelfth Night and is opened by a chorus of bells, Alpine horns, and other noisy instruments, including a great cracking of whips. On the Monday and Tuesday before Lent the people dance and wear masks, and at Einsielden Johees are still to be found wearing wooden masks and dispersing bread. They are armed with brooms made from pine branches and have all the noisy youth of the community at their heels as they careen down the streets.

In Einsielden Nusslett lasts three days, when masqueraders go about beating drums and singing and dancing through the town. This ceases on Ash Wednesday. Bonfires are lit in the valleys and hills of Mi-Careme but otherwise the festivities are the same as Uri.

The cantons of Zug, Glaris, Grisons, Graubunden, Tessin are written in German and French and I did not have the time to translate. The information which I have typed in the preceeding pages is from a book called "la Suisse astuelle, Folklore et Costumes suisses"

published in Geneva and printed for the most part in French, German and English. I have supplemented much of their material with information obtained from Miss Freda Marty and Mrs. Alfred Abplanalp. The book I obtained from Miss Marty who had secured in in Geneva at the Carnival of Costumes which she attended.

MISCELLANEOUS New Glarus

The shawls which Mrs. Zweifel gave the museum from Sweden are correctly called shawlettes as they were smaller than the regular shawls which the women wore over their shoulders.

The woven reed basket given by Mrs. Schenkel was found by her in the house which was owned and formerly occupied by Henry Hefty. Upon looking up Mr. Hefty he said that his mother brought the basket from Switzerland in 1865 and that it had belonged to her family over there. Her married name was Mrs. John Jacob Hefty.

The red and white home grown, spun and woven linen towel which Mrs. Zweifel gave the museum has the initials of L. A. on it. It was made by Lovisa Anderson in Sweden for her hope chest. She is now over 70 and it was made when she was in her teens so it is about 55 years old. The cotton and linen towel was bought by Mrs. Zweifel when she was in Switzerland and her initials F. Z. embroidered on it by her. It is typical of what is now used in the Swedish homes for daily and rough use.

The handkerchief given by Mrs. Schenkel was made by her grandmother who was born in 1842, for her hope chest. The young women would make a large batch of these at a time, initial them with their maiden names and embroider a number on them so that when they were

washed the entire bunch could be accounted for. M. Z. are the initials on the handkerchief and they are those of Maria Zimmerman. She came from Canton Bern. Mrs. Schenkel also has a sheet made by this same grandmother at about the same time. It is the heavy coarse home spun and woven line, sewed in the middle as one loom's width was not wide enough so they took two and sewed them together. The number on this sheet was 12. They would have dozens of them. She had too a red checked homemade linen cover used to put over the feather ticks which were used instead of blankets in Switzerland. This was made by her husband's grandmother Maryanna Schweizer, is joined in the center, two loom's widths being used, has her initials M. S. and an 8 embroidered on it, and has a plain linen back, the checked being used for the top. Mrs. Schenkel said that young women would make at least 2 dozen of these for their hope chests. Mrs. Schenkel uses it for a pad for ironing and will give it to the museum if they will give her an ironing board.

SWITZERLAND

In Bern where Mrs. Schenkel lived the house and barn are built together and of wood. The basement is used for storing the potatoes, vegetables, apples, schnapps etc. The first and second floors are for the family use and the attic is used for storing the grain after it is cut and before it is threshed. There is too much rain to leave

the grain in the fields after it is cut so they stack it in the attic until fall or winter when the men have more time and can thresh it.

Schnapps are made by practically every household. The usual way is to cut up apples and let them ferment in a barrel. At present Switzerland has passed a law which prohibits the home making of intoxicating liquors and distilleries are permitted to sell just so much and if they have more the government buys it at a fixed price. Schnapps can also be made from potatoes, prunes, or any fruit.

Every three months a man comes around and cleans the chimneys whether you want him to or not and if the house is not safe, if it has bad wood around the chimney etc., the owners cannot get insurance which is compulsory by state law.

SWEDEN

The mangles which I described in a previous report of an interview with Mrs. Zweifel were often privately owned and the friends and neighbors of the owners would reserve certain hours for the use of it to press their linens and would pay a few cents for the use of it.

When it was time to gather the flax the owner thereof would have a bee. It would first be cut and dried and then placed on a stand around which the members of the bee would sit and pound it to get the fiber out.

It was a custom among the Vikings that when they were getting past their prime or when they were taken sick and knew they were going to die, they would go off and kill themselves by their own hand. It was considered a weakness to die in bed it was best to pass on bravely while yet in their prime. In the saga which Mrs. Zweifel has written in Swedish the old king knows he is passing his prime so he has a huge banquet at the end of which he takes a sharp knife, cuts the runic alphabet on his body and bleeds to death.

Usually the Swedish couples are engaged for half a year. They exchange rings each wearing a plain gold one on their right hand which is changed to the left when they are married. It takes weeks to prepare for a wedding as the whole house has to be scrubbed and enough baking done for the guests who will stay from 3 to 8 days. The wedding ring is worn on the left hand because it is closer to the heart.

Putting blue paper with white cloth or crocheting will keep it from yellowing and will keep it white.

Homemade intoxicants are not allowed in Sweden. Each person of age is permitted so much a month to drink. They are given a book and as they buy their drinks it is marked therein. When they have had their quota they cannot get any more until the next month. The only difficulty here is that those who do not drink rent their books to those who do.

Mrs. Zweifel had some very delicious dandelion wine and gave me the recipe so here it is.

3 gallons flowers
5 gallons water (hot)
Let soak for 48 hours than strain through a cloth. Slice 5 oranges and 10 lemons and add them. Add 15 pounds of sugar and stir until dissolved. Stir daily. Place in moderate temperature room. In 2 weeks strain again and place in earthen or glass containers. Place cloth over tops. Let stand for 2 to 3 months until stops working and then bottle.

It was believed that Oden, one of the old Swedish gods, used to have a pig for Xmas so the families did too and even today most Swedish families have a pig for dinner on that day. Oden also had an 8 legged horse which would run until it was tired and then turn over and run on the other four legs. This seemingly could keep up forever.

On Xmas a sheaf of wheat would be put out for the birds and the animals would get an extra portion of their daily feed. If there were ghosts it was thought that they too had to be treated or the Xmas spirit would be lost.

Years ago one of the kings of Sweden went out for a ride on his favorite mount. He was followed by enemies and finally found himself at the top of a cliff overlooking some water. Seeing that he had no other way of escaping and this way was almost sure death he patted his mount and then urged him to jump in. The horse did and swam to the

other shore where there was a very green pasture. There is still to be found in that pasture the copper hat with a plume on a stick which was put there to commemorate the event.

A story goes to the effect that a wheel snake, the equivalent of our hoop snake, grabbed onto his tail and started after a man on horse back and did its best to strike him. The man and horse jumped a stone wall and the snake struck it and cracked all to pieces.

Dr. and Mrs. Sylvin J. Francois, New Glarus Belgium--Switzerland

The Dr.'s father was born in Belgium and her's come from Switzerland. Two summers ago they with his father made a trip to Europe and visited and stayed for some time in Belgium and Switzerland.

BELGIUM

The entire population of Belguim is Catholic and the schools are parochial with separate ones for the boys and girls, who are taught by nuns. They have school on Saturday but none on Tuesday or Friday afternoon. On the afternoons off the children usually go by train somewhere for a picnic. There are few cars in Belguim and most of the travelling is done by train.

There are signs posted in Belgium for keeping off the grass, no smoking etc. and they mean what they say--they are rigidly enforced and violation means a fine.

The trains have cars for passengers which have seats across the entire width with doors on either side. Exit and entrance is always through the left door. There are three classes. The third class has just a wooden chair, the second has a cushion on the back and the first has a cushion on both the back and seat. There are sections reserved for women, for men and for smoking and heaven help them who disregard the signs. The signs are in French and German and

a few are in English too.

All the houses are of stone with tile floors. At a certain hour each and every afternoon the women and maids scrub their floors. This is done even on Sunday.

As a whole the Belgians are very thrifty and hard working and most everything is done by hand for there is little machinery. All the sowing and reaping on the farms are done by hand.

The people wear leather shoes for the street but as soon as they get into their home they change to their wooden shoes which they think are very much more comfortable.

The stoves are round and stand on legs. Bundles of twigs, called fagots are used for fuel. These are purchased from what we would call a fuel dealer.

Each town has a Kermis day which is a local celebration much the same as our carnivals where there are concessions and entertainments. This lasts several days.

Their sausage is rolled up on a spindle effect and they enroll it to the number of feet, or rather meters, which you want and cut it with a pair of scissors. It is a pork sausage.

Meat is very much better over there as they age it.

They have beer and wine at all their meals, beer with their dinner.

Their coffee is made thusly--They have a crock with a handle and into the top a bag with a handle fits. The coffee is mixed with chicory, put in the bag and the bag put in the crock. Hot water is then poured over it until the crock is filled and that is the coffee for the entire day. They prefer to drink it lukewarm or cold.

The Belgium pies seem to be a national institution. In each home there is the equivalent of a baker's oven built into the basement and the family does all of its own baking. The pies are made about 14-16" in diameter and 40 to 50 of them are baked at a time. They are made of raised dough and filled with cheese, apples, prunes or whatever happens to be in season. They are open face, having no upper crust on them. These pies are placed on a big platter which is on a low stand with 6 to 7 piled on top of each other, each a different kind and served cold.

They have five meals a day at 6, 10, 1, 4 and 8.

Their loaves of bread are simply huge being all of a couple of feet in diameter.

Coffee is served after dinner with rum in it.

Most of the decorations and niceties of the home are hand made. They have crocheted lamp shades with red and green beads on a white pattern, shopping bags are of cellophane and the curtains have

a deep crocheted insertion and then a knit pattern above that.

The pear trees are planted next to the house so that they grow up the side of the building and are wired to it.

All the windows are the French type and open inward.

At specified times the owners of the huge Belgium draft horses bring their horses to the town and show them, running, trotting and posing them. They seem to compete for places.

Fruit is very expensive in Belgium and in the summer the prices are prohibitive. They know nothing about canning of fruit or vegetables. The cherries they make into wine or conserve to preserve them and the vegetables they dry for use in the winter.

The clocks in Belgium and Switzerland are numbered from 1 to 24 and all train schedules go accordingly.

The hose is made of artificial silk and does not compare with ours.

When possible all the eating and drinking is done out on terraces.

In Belgium the clothes are soaked, washed then boiled, rinsed and laid on the grass to bleach. They are then rinsed again and then hung up to dry.

SWITZERLAND

There is always fruit on the table which one eats before retiring. The strawberries are like small crab apples. They are served whole and each person is given a bowl of sugar to dip them in as they eat them.

Mrs. Francois's father had neglected to keep up his correspondence with his relatives in Switzerland so he knew very little about who was living and what had taken place. He decided to take a trip back there and see who was still alive. He got off the train and started for the place where he had lived and encountered a man with a long gray beard who turned out to be his brother. They went to his home, which had been her fathers, and celebrated. They brought from the basement a bottle of wine which he had won as a boy at a shooting match which they had put away and said they would not open until he came back. When they had emptied the bottle they filled it with water and put flowers in it.

There is no school on Tuesday or Friday afternoon here either but they do go to school all day Saturday. On the afternoons off they go for a hike with their teachers.

No women take part in the shooting contests which are part of the Sunday recreation.

The house in which her father lived in Switzerland has been occupied by his ancestors since 1700 and up near the eaves was painted the family crest. They were millers by trade. Their names were Truttman and their home was in Kussnacht am Rigi from whence came William Tell.

The Swiss do not have pies and cakes such as ours but use fresh fruits for desserts instead. They have soup every noon and sometimes for supper too. The wife would cook up enough stock to make soup for three days or more. Wine is served with the dinner at noon and coffee is served an hour later with cherry whiskey in it. Their coffee is drip and very strong. They have no flavoring such as vanilla so they use the cherry whiskey for flavoring. A fruit cocktail is made the night before it is used including bananas and covered with this cherry whiskey. The next day when time to be served the bananas have not even turned brown as they ordinarily do.

Doctors wives are considered quite elite and above doing their own work. They have to have two or three maids.

Her father brought over with him a pair of shirt studs of gold with a leaf etched on each which he wore for Sunday and special occasions.

The washing is done about twice a year and 4 to 5 women are hired to help. Two rub while 1 attends to the boiling and the

other two do the hanging and taking down when dry. This takes two or three days. When the dirty clothes are put away in hampers they are sprinkled with ashes to kill the odor and prevent mildewing.

A girl has no chance of getting married in Switzerland unless she can furnish all the linen and bring some money. The man makes no bones about asking about this before becoming engaged.

At present there is a hobby in Switzerland of raising cactus plants.

In the last week in June there is a rose carnival in which the girl receiving the most roses is crowned the queen.

Zurich and Lucerne have a celebration on July 4 for the Americans.

They use feather ticks for blankets.

Mrs. A. J. Thieler

The Swiss comb, a copy of which is enclosed belonged to Mrs. Thieler's great grandmother who came from the canton of Glarus. It was worn in back of the head stuck into a low pug of braids.

The snuff box, copy enclosed, was her great grandfathers who also was from Glarus. The similiarity to the Norwegian boxes is very marked.

The gold pin has autumn leaves protruding from the center and is very beautifully made. The real history of this pin Mrs. Thieler does not know. It is Swiss and comes from Glarus and that is the limit of her information.

Jacob Figi, New Glarus (Swiss)

The Power of the Word No

"No, comrades, I will not go with you to drink and to play." Said a young man as his comrades, with whom he had worked but a short time, wanted to take him with them one evening when the day's work was done.

"No, I will not go with you, but will go home." He bore their ridicule with patience and quietness for days and weeks, until they saw that their teasing was in vain, and so they left him in peace.

While his comrades spent their time in taverns, spending their money and ruining their health, he spent the evenings at home with reading, writing and figuring. He worked diligently, enlarged his intelligence until step by step he rose to the position of mason contractor, became wealthy and able to furnish employment to many people.

And what about his comrades with whom he worked at first? As much as he found out many were laid to rest in the cemetery and many were in poor houses, and some even were in prison.

Mrs. Elfreda Zweifel, Swedish New Glarus

A little boy sat under a tree one September evening, which was dark and dreary, playing that he saw the stars. He then heard the wind rattling in the leaves and it got darker and darker. He heard a deep sigh from the woodlands, and became so frightened that he started running on a path through the woods. As he ran he thought of all kinds of horrid things, became more excited and ran further and further into the woods and off from the right track. He thought about his futher, mother, brothers and sisters and said to himself, "God help me little one if I was only there."

Again there was a deep sigh from the woodland. Running in his fright the little boy finally came to a little elf's home and found himself in the midst of a group of the little people. "Tell me, tell me you beautiful little maidens who heaves with deeps sighs in the woodlands?" A fair little elf smiled a queer little smile, patted the little boy on a red cheek and said, "Don't cry pretty boy, even if you got lost and scared so badly, but sit here on the grass among the flowers of Jung. Dry your tears and I will tell you who heaves those deep sighs. When night is drawing near over land and sea and the sun is setting and the waves go to rest under the island, and all the pretty stars are shining, the sky becomes mirror

like and clear, a host of good angels float through the air and cry silver tears over the earth for the sins and misdeeds of the day done by the people of the earth during the day."

"Thanks to you my elf queen I'll never forget, and now I am afraid to go home. I am very poor. I have no earthly goods and praise the Lord and never for my sake shall there be so deep the woodlands."

This is a Swedish story.

In Sweden after a funeral, if the family have any means at all there is a feast. It is just like one given for a wedding--it is in honor of the one who has passed on. At the bottom of the notice sent to friends and relatives of a death there is an announcement inviting the recipient to the funeral followed by O. S. A., which is the Swedish equivalent of R. S. V. P.

Lignon is a berry in Sweden which is about the size of a blueberry but is red like our cranberries. It is skinned and served with veal. It is very tart and is a relish.

In Sweden christening is done as soon as possible after birth. The sponsor is always a woman and one who is old. In the catechism it requires one man and one woman but they do not do it that way. If anything happens to the parents of the child the sponsor has to take care of the child.

Black is always worn at church regardless of the occasion.

Members of a deceased's family are in mourning for at least six months.

For whooping cough camphor and turpentine mixed and heated a little are used. The mixture is put in the hand and warmed before a fire and then rubbed on the soles of the feet of the sick person until it is hot. It is done upon going to bed and a little also rubbed on the chest.

Elderberry blossom tea, drunk as hot as possible for colds just before going to bed.

Kerosene or turpentine is rubbed on members swollen.

Diluted carbolic acid is used for open wounds.

In sagas it is told of how the old kings of Scandanavia would be buried sitting, and his horse and all the things which he used while he lived would be buried alive with him.

Old ladies always wore shawlettes or a hat tied under chin to keep the cold out.

Veils were worn over hats for mourning to hid the tears.

Women above 75 always wore a square of silk folded over the head under the shawlette for winter wear. It was black.

Last year on her trip to Sweden Mrs. Zweifel met a man on boat about whom she later learned a very interesting story. He was a Swede named Carl Peterson who to the south seas and there married a native girl. His wife loved him greatly and even wore the native dress of his country for him. She had two sons and then died. Later he made a trip to his native country and there met and married a Swedish woman. She went to the islands with him and mothered his two boys, learned to ride and shoot and in every way learned the ways of the new country. Mr. Peterson many times went on long trips and while

absent upon one of these his wife learned from a doctor that she had very little time to live and that if she ever intended to see her native country again she had better leave immediately. When he returned and found her gone he followed but she had died when he arrived. The servant girl in the south seas heard the church bells ring very distinctly on the day and at the exact time that Mrs. Peterson died in Sweden.

In Sweden there is a church called Jedor Church, a postal cardof which I sent the museum in June. Before the church was constructed one of the women in the neighborhood baked bread on Sunday. Her neighbors told her that that was a sin. The woman said that if it were a sin the loaf would turn to stone. The round loaf (limpa) which she was baking did turn to stone and that is masoned in the wall of the Jedor Church. Mrs. Zweifel's mother saw it.

There was a child sleeping in the woods when some elfs discovered him, gathered around and decided to bestow some gifts upon him. They each touched him with a wand and gave him their gifts. One gave him knowledge, another that praise and flattery would never affect him nor glory or fame, and the third gave him a childish, innocent heart. All of this came true and was a part of the child until he died an adult.

Mrs. Elfreda Lundquist Zweifel, New Glarus, Sweden

The two black head shawls which she gave to the museum belong to her grandmothers, both of whom lived and died in Sweden. Their names were Mrs. Charlotta Erikson of Lilla Malma, and Mrs. Gustaf Lundquist of Dunkin. These were worn triangularly over the head and only for church and festive occasions.

The belt is from Sweden and belonged to Mrs. Charlotta Erikson who gave it to Mrs. Zweifel before she died.

The basket is from Switzerland and to the best of the knowledge of all concerned, it was brought over by a Swiss relative of the Henry Heftys when the Glarners migrated to New Glarus. Mrs. Carl Schenkel gave it to the museum.

The visp, as it is called in Sweden is made of birch twigs, cut when the sap has started flowing and pealed so that there is no taste nor odor to them. These visps are used to whip cream, stir batter, beat eggs, make gravy, butter, and to sprinkle clothes.

The crocheted yoke is for a nightgown and she made it for her hope chest, but never used it. It is made of 100 thread.

The table cover and buffet cover she embroidered about 20 years ago for her hope chest.

The dish comes from Sweden and belonged to one of her grandmothers and she brought it back last year to this country from Sweden. She believes it is very old.

The tray is from Sweden given to her last summer by a sister who had received it from someone else as a gift. I do not believe that it is very rare nor valuable nor old.

The German book was given by Mrs. Carl Schenkel.

Mrs. Aldreda Zweifel, New Glarus Swede

The white thread was given to Mrs. Zweifel to give to me by Mrs. Carl Schenkel. It is home grown and homemade linen thread made by Carl Schenkel's mother and given to him when he went to war to sew on buttons with. The red thread is the kind used by the women in Switzerland for embroidery work. Mrs. Schenkel also gave this.

All the pictures, postal and kodak were given by Mrs. Zweifel and are all about Sweden. The kodak pictures of a stream were taken near her home by which the stream runs. The shorter of the two men in the picture on the postal card taken in a mill is her father who was a miller by trade. Note the tile roofs on the homes--made of the same clay as our flower pots are. The picture of the children on and about the beds is taken in the contagious hospital which I wrote up last week.

The white vase or whatever belonged to Mr. Zweifel's mother and came from Switzerland. The small glass dish is for salt and pepper and is commonly used in Sweden now.

The attached drawing is of the sugar container which Mrs. Alfreda Zweifel, New Glarus, used in Sweden during the war to carry her sugar, in lumps, with her when she went out to a party. The drawings are actual size. These containers were used by all the women as everyone was on a ration for food and it was not considered fair for the hostess to have to give up her sugar for a month to feed to her guests for one social occasion. The names were engraved on the front in the same manner as this is.

legend?

Mr. Ames after settling at Oregon spent the balance of his life in that village. It further appears that while a resident of Oregon Mr. Ames, who had been a regularly ordained minister, traveled around considerably preaching to little communities. He states in his diary that "he never received as much as $5.00 at any time for preaching." Mr. Ames lived to see the turning point in the Civil War and he addressed the young soldiers at Oregon as they left for the front. Mr. Ames was well known to the old timers in Madison and usually came to that city to celebrate the fourth of July. He always rode alone in a carriage at the head of the procession. He was well acquainted with the late John Corscot of Madison. The house is still standing in Oregon in which Mr. Ames lived and died. Mr. Ames often shook the hand of George Washington, Ames in turn often shook hands with Mr. Corscot and I have shaken the latter's hand so perhaps I too can say that I, by a very indirect route I'll admit, have shaken hands with Washington.

I have heard the following story as to how Oconomowoc got its name. In the early days there was a white settlement where the city now stands. A white man and an Indian were accustomed to hunting and trapping together. It so happened that an old coon proved elusive numbers of times by getting out of traps and avoiding being shot. Finally one day the Indian came into the settlement with a coon, in fact the coon, and taking it to the white hunter he smiled and said, "Old coon no more walk." From this sentence a contraction was made and we have Oconomowoc as a result.

Chap. I Gregg Montgomery

Rebekka

When I met Rebekka at Alvern (?), in June 1909, she was about eighty years of age. She was still mentally and physically active. Forty-two years had passed since I parted with her when I started for U.S. I recalled that she was very superstitious when I used to meet her when I was a boy. Therefore, when I visited at Alvern in 1909, I took some pains to ascertain whether she and her neighbors still were superstitious. In answer to my general questions, she told me that the "underground people" were less plentiful than they used to be. And she added that she thought the reason was, they had better preachers now than formerly. "I remember," she said, "that those hills below your home were a great place for 'Huldrefolk.'" -- a general name for all kinds of fairies. As a sample of various experiences she had had, she told me this story:

"When I was about fifteen years and preparing for Confirmation, one day one of my friends and I were up in the woods above our home herding sheep and goats. My friend was also preparing for Confirmation, so we both had our hymn-books and catechisms. As we were studying our books, suddenly a 'Blauman' -- Blueman -- came directly towards my friend. I realized at once, he was after my friend, so I jumped up and began to walk around my friend and repeated the Lord's prayer. I repeated it three times. This stopped him, but he kept near us. We gathered our sheep and goats and started for our home. -- but would you believe it, he followed close to us till we got close to home."

I heard many stories about "Bluemen." My grandmother -- mother's mother - was a very devoted woman -- deeply religious. One day she was sitting on the roof of the cow-barn just at the edge of some woods. In those days all our buildings were covered with turf. First were boards, then birchbark, and the final covering was grass-covered turf. Every farm home had a cattle-barn outside of the fence where the cattle were stabled when evening came. It was on one of the barns or stables Grandmother was watching the cattle did not stray, she saw one of the Bluemen. He was a fine-looking man, neatly dressed in blue. Grandmother was not disturbed at all, for it was well-known among all humans, that fairies never harmed anyone unless they had been mistreated by humans. Besides fairies were fond of cattle and wanted even to look after cattle to keep them from getting sick. In fact fairies were as the Irish called them, "Good Folks."

Of course Bluemen sometimes kidnapped pretty girls and married them. Perhaps while on this subject I had better tell the story of the "Fairy Crown" which hundreds in our neighborhood wore when they were first married. Among others, Mother wore this crown when she married my father. After Father died, Mother married again while still in Norway. But under a universal custom brides were not allowed to wear any kind of crown except when they were brides the first time. The fairy crown belonged to some family in the community who loaned the crown to the expected bride or to her folks. According to custom she wore the crown shen she started for the church to be wedded and carried it until the

wedding celebrations were finished. This might be from a day up to a week in olden days. Rose, Mother, and I attended a wedding which lasted three days. But the bride did not have the fairy crown.

And now to the story:

A young girl had been kidnapped and was not seen for sometime. Perhaps she was too young or stubborn before she wedded her Blueman. At any rate the day she was to be married, she asked for the privilege to step out for a minute to see the outside - the "Christian world." Out from the cliff, hill, or mountain, she stepped with all her gay apparel including a golden crown. Just then a hunter with his gun came along and saw the bride with all her adornments. And being a man with a quick wit, he at once took in the situation. She had evidently been captured and was now about to be married to a Blueman. He carried a loaded gun but realized at once that a leaden bullet shot over her head would not break the charm by which fairies held her. A hundred years ago nearly all men carried silver buttons on the vests and coats. So he cut off a silver button and put it in the barrel of his gun on top of the leaden bullet, then fired over her head and the spell was broken. He took the girl home to her folks with all her ornaments. But the crown is the only ornament now known. Mother was the only one who wore that crown that I have heard of. Undoubtedly many wore it, but I was a young boy when I left Norway in 1909. If my brain was not so muddled, I could no doubt find out about the Fairy Crown and make a good story of it.

Originally pure myths became very real sometimes.

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Chapter II

Hasgaardsreia -- Yudestad.

Hasgaardsreia is something peculiar to the Scandinavian countries -- perhaps especially in Norway. On Christmas Eve, the underground folk seem to get together in flocks, or considerable numbers, and go from place to place. And as they move about they make much noise. Some describe them as hilarious and jolly, others say they indulge in howlings and screechings as they travel about. It is generally conceded that all kinds of fairies feel themselves under a certain ban -- non-Christian and condemned to be shut out from heaven. Learnedly and solemnly, through centuries, so-called Christians have discussed the status of fairies as to the question of final redemption and heavenly felicity. Perhaps most of our ancestors inclined to the belief that fairies will eventually be saved in a manner similar to so-called humans. And fairies perhaps join in this hope. But as centuries drift by and their status seems unchanged, they became restless. It is at Christmas they express their dissatisfaction mostly. Therefore on Christmas Eve all decent and normal humans try to be at their homes early in the evening. But humans are subject to accidents, carelessness, and some to bad habits -- such as drunkeness -- and some do not get home in seasonable time. If they are away from home they are liable to encounter Hasgaardsreia on their way home. A man in a community unavoidably on Christmas Eve, was coming home late, when he met

Hasgaardsreia. To prevent trouble, he lay down by the road, stretched out his legs and arms. Lying thus supinely as the mob came by, one after another remarked, "There lies a cross." Fairies avoid crosses.

I never heard that Hasgaardsreia ever injured anyone severely -- but usually those they encountered were badly harrassed and half-scared to death and sometimes weak persons were never quite right again after they had met Hasgaardsreia. Perhaps there is in Norway no superstition more common than the belief in Hasgaardsreia. My stepfather -- Ole Gunderson -- was quite superstitious and usually very conventional -- orderly in fact as to his behavior relating to religious matters and all the unseen powers around us. I will mention one of his habits. He was not a very profane man, but occasionally -- almost unconsciously -- he sometimes swore. Immediately afterward in a lowered rather reverend tone of voice he would add, "God forgive my sin." One Christmas Eve I distinctly recall going about our home with my stepfather when he was finishing up chores and tidying up about the buildings. I watched him carefully as he prepared to prevent Hasgaardsreia and other unseen spirits from injuring cattle and humans. You noticed that most home-farms in Norway have a large number of buildings. There was the dwelling house -- rich farmers had two dwelling houses -- then there was the firehouse where most of the cooking was done. At the time I grew up we had no fire in our dwelling houses except after three o'clock in the afternoon. The reason for that was that peasants had no chimney in the home and therefore built fire in the house once a day only.

In Well, there was the "stabur," the most important building next to the dwelling house, ~~In the "stabur"~~ was all kinds of prepared foods. Then there was "Bua" where clothes were kept. A stable for cows and

calves, another for horses, another for goats, another for sheep, and usually the largest building where grains and hay were stored. There were minor buildings, but paradoxically, none for men, women, and children who daily needed to wait on peremptory demands of nature.

You evidently notice that I drift away from the real subject.

Well, there was Christmas Eve, which began to grow dark at a little after 3 o'clock p.m. Stepfather had a bucket filled with tar and a stick in the tar. On each of the buildings on the front of the doors, he daubed a cross. On the front of the dwelling-house he made three crosses. This was to prevent the fairies from entering.

In addition, he hangs over the door of the horse-barn a bridle and over the hay-barn a scythe. Near the cow-barn was a tall pole. He climbed to the top of that and there fastened a sheaf of grain. This was for wild birds. Many of these preparations were made in honor of the man from Galilee, but more to prepare against unseen spirits who may plan evil or mischief -- especially against Hasgaardsreia.

In conclusion I will tell you a story about Hasgaardsreia.

"In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages."

There lived in the parish where my mother was born a farm-home known as "Yudestad." Among all the farms in Norway there is no more beautiful name than "Yudestad" in Bygstad parish. On this farm in the days that are forgotten lived a man with his wife and children. Legend tells us he was not a rich man -- rather poor but comfortable and

beautifully situated. Except for one thing, he and his family might have been happy. But there was a shadow over his home which neither his ancestors nor he had been able to disperse. Like all good Christians he regarded Christmas as the sacrosanct holiday of the year -- for this was the day when Christ was born to atone for the sins of the people who had lived on earth and all those still unborn. Therefore this family, living on Yudestad, had a right to rejoice, except for the fact that through many long years the occupants had to vacate their home on Christmas Eve; for every Christmas evening the Hasgaardreia claimed the use of this house for a feast. Wise men, good men, and holy men had been consulted, begged, and importuned to prevent or banish the underground people in the form of Hasgaardsreia, which afflicted this place. But to no effect.

Once more the glorious day was near. The family, in the falling shadows, was huddled in their primitive home getting ready to vacate the house when an old man suddenly opened the door and came in, bidding them the usual courtesies of the occasion. As for instance: "God's peace be with this house and its folks. Happy Christmas and a good year." Indistinctly the family mumbled from habit a kind of response. Then the old man leaning on one of his hands on a gun he carried, made this startling request. "I have come a long way, am very tired and hungry; please may I stay with you tonight?"

But for a moment neither wife nor husband made any reply. The old man fearing his request was to be denied continued:

"I do not need to mention the sacred occasion of this hour in which I have met you, nor the many solemn injunctions which He, whose anniversary we are about to celebrate, has left behind for our instruction and salvation. He was all goodness, kindness, charity and hospitality."

As he looked around he found the wife and all the children were crying and the husband's eyes were misty with tears.

Then the husband spoke and said, "God help us stranger! We are compelled to leave our home this evening. Therefore we cannot entertain you."

Then he explained that he and his ancestors before him, had for years been compelled to give up their home every Christmas Eve to Hasgaardsreia."

The old man listened to one of the strangest stories he had ever heard.

"But," he answered, "if you grant me permission to stay here, I will take my chances with Hasgaardsreia. This permission was granted, and the family left immediately. After they had gone, the old man looked about, laid off his outer garments and prepared for bed.

The house was of the common type. One single large room with a long table in the center of the room -- probably twenty or twenty-four feet long. In one corner of the room a hearth

built of rocks, perhaps seven feet or more high. This was called the "oven" in olden days. This so-called hearth or oven was used as a fireplace. As nearly as I can recall, it had an opening about three and a half feet wide, four and a half feet deep, and maybe five feet high. At three o'clock p.m. during cold weather this space was filled with wood. When the wood had been reduced to coals, various kettles were suspendd on cranes or supported on andirons where ~~various~~ many kinds of food were prepared, ~~for food.~~ I have forgotten to mention, that this so-called fireplace had no chimney. Therefore the smoke from the fire-place which naturally was produced all came out in front and filled the house. To get rid of the smoke, there was an opening in the center of the roof known as "Ljoren." When the smoke had cleared away the "Ljoren" was covered by a trap-door in the roof. From the trap-door hung a very substantial pole the lower end reaching to about six feet above the floor. Old time houses had no ceilings. While the wood was burning, the front door was opened to permit escape of smoke. The fireplace was naturally built in by very substantial stones. The foundation may have been three to three and a half feet built up solidly from the floor. This foundation projected in front of the fire-box maybe two feet. This was the real hearth. Then over the fire-box were wide massive stones.

Therefore on top of the fire-box or oven, was a good place for sleeping though rarely used for that purpose as it was too hot until late in the night. This oven, or fireplace, was very frequently called "Rauk-ovn" - "Rög -ovn." Those at fashionable houses were also very commonly called "Rauk-hus" or "Rög-hus."

It was on top of "Rauk-ovn" that the old man in this story elected to sleep. Here he lay down with his gun by his side to wait for what would happen. As Hasgaardsreia never move about until it is real night, the old man had a good rest before there were noises about the premises. Then he heard at first a murmur of voices in several keys, as if there were men, women, and children. But as the noises came nearer he heard laughter, hummings and even songs. Then as the crowd neared the house, there was a hubbub and babble of sounds increasing in intensity but rather like subdued excitement. Old-time homes never were locked, so the latch was lifted and in a minute or two the room was filled to the limit. At first there was only a torch or two to light the room in a few minutes there were more than a dozen torches and a lot of rush-lights carried by children.

One big fellow, who seemed to be a leader, circled the room while he seemed to sniff all about. Then he called loudly, "I smell Christian blood."

But several replied, "It's only a cat or Christian dog you smell."

This seemed to quiet all suspicion, and the women began at once to set the table. And when they had finished, the "Long Table" was loaded with such a variety of dishes and foods as the old man had never seen before during his long life. Dishes of gold, silver, crystals, carafes, beakers, goblets, chalices, decantars, cruses, bottles and demijohns, all carved and ornamented. Many vessles were set with gold, silver, and jewels. Of foods there were too many to describe. On the floor and around on benches were casks, kegs, and even barrels, containing ales and liquors of various kinds.

As the old man watched the arrangement of seating the men and women around the table he noticed they followed the customs usually observed by Christians. The more important and most richly and faily dressed were seated first beginning at the head of the table and so on down to the end of the table. Most of them were richly apparelled, with gold, silver and beautiful gems.

At the head of the table sat a great big, fat fellow with three heads. After they had eaten for some time, a big man who sat on the right side of the three-headed monster rose and commanded attention. Then he raised a big goblet or beaker and said, "Now let us all "skaal" to - (I have forgotten the monsters name).

All the people with goblts in their hand rose, when suddenly from the top of the "Rauk-ovn" came a voice, "Yes, I have a skaal too, for the three-headed king of 'Yudestad Noset.'"

Then from the old man's gun sped a silver bullet which hit the monster squarely in the middle of his head. This caused the greatest haste and consternation while the banquetters fled from the house where they left all their treasures, never to return to "Yudestad." From that time forth, the owners of the home lived in peace and great prosperty.

I have told this story as it was told to me by Mother and other neighbors while I was a boy. I am concious of the fact that I have not told it as effectively as my mother told it first to me. One reason is that my mother told the story in greater detail and used many words and phrases I have forgotten. Besides, there are many idioms used in our country, which cannot be expressed in English. But you have the substance of a once popular tale in our community.

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Chapter III

You have probably read that a normal child at the age of five has learned more than an ordinary student learns in four years of college. This statement may be an exaggeration. I was twelve years of age when I left Norway, and since that time I have had approximately seventy years in which to survey and reflect on the fairy lore, demonology and theology which I had acquired up to the time I left Norway.

For the first time in my life I have really taken an attentive and comprehensive view of what I had learned about the subjects I have mentioned up to the time I left Norway. This retrospect has really astonished me because of the quantity as well as the quality of learning I had acquired in my childhood, especially when I consider how extremely limited were my opportunities. I further realize that all my acquirements pertaining to the unseen things , such as Gods, devils and almost innumerable beings which were supposed to affect my destiny here and hereafter, were without any efforts of mine. I was simply like a piece of wax capable to receive impressions only. Thus every child, from a palace to the poorest hut, goes forth to make its journey through life. And after all, perhaps, Lo, the poor Indian or the Hottentot enters the gate of the unseen world as wide as any.

Hex, feminine. Hexemester, masculine.

Wizard and Witch.

On the farm next to ours was a stone which had evidently rolled down from a small mountain years and years ago. It was as big as a

small house. In it was a cleft almost inthe center from top to bottom. The upper part of the cleft was big enough to admit a small boy. Naturally, ignorant people were apt to wonder how that stone came, for it was some distance from the mountain. Next, they wondered how came the stone to split?

Legend has it that on the farm or nearby lived a Hexemester - wizard - by the name of Hexemester Knudt. I have not learned what harm he did but in course of time he was arrested to be tried and executed. On the west of this farm lay Gaula, the biggest river in Sondfjord. In conveying Knudt to court the officers had to take him past the big stone, then across Gaula. In passing the stone he spit on it and remarked, "I will leave a mark on this stone the people will never forget. And in a minute the stone split in two. We of a wiser age behold the stone and easily conclude neither man nor beast could have brought it there, but also deduct the mountain may have quaked and sent the stone whirling until it split.

Hexe Kari

Hexe Kari was a witch who lived on the west side of Gaula. I was not told what farm she lived on. But in the course of time she also was arrested to be taken to court. Court for years had been held near where Gaula enters Sondfjord. Therefore, Kari was naturally conveyed along the main valley road which follows the river. When she was passing a small natural meadow which lies between the river and the road she asked the officers to remove her cap for a moment so she could

once more get a view of her native home. Her request was granted and she got a glimpse of the little meadow and remarked; "Never again shall flowers bloom, nor grains and grasses grow in this meadow." And to this day not a spear of any vegetation is ever seen to grow on the meadow which Kari cursed. Wider observation has taught us there are many areas that are absolutely unproductive because they are impregnated with certain acids.

David Hagen

In my early youth I heard of David Hagen, usually referred to in a low tone of voice, for David was still living not far from Sande in our parish. It was usually explained that David in his younger years was a sort of "Dare Devil," fond of pranks and unpleasant mischiefs. Some spoke of him as liable to come to some bad end, though there seemed nothing to prove he was vicious or criminally inclined. The probability is he was simply a very vital young man with a super-abundance of activity and energy. He was fond of dancing, athletics and ventures spiced with risks and dangers. He delighted to plague all who showed excessive piety, and took particular pleasure in showing his contempt for supernatural beliefs. He frequently asked for the privilege of meeting some pretended agent or representative of the unseen world. Then in usual course came a Pentecostal Sunday. It happened to be a beautiful day when most of the adult population in the parish turned out. In leaving the church in company with several of his young friends, some one remarked: "Well, tonight the church will be filled by a different crowd." This gave David a chance to express his scepticism and

to deride those such as believed in "Witches Sunday Nights." After some good natured discussion pertained to witches and other supernatural beings, one of the company said, "David, I will bet you a good fiddle," - David was a good fidler and often entertained at dances and other gatherings. - "You daren't attend church tonight." David at once accepted the challenge. So he went to church and concealed himself in the belfry. After that David was a different man. He was no longer the exuberent young man his neighbors had known. He rarely smiled and never laughed. At dances and other jolly gatherings he was absent, and even at church he was seldom seen. His splendid body seemed to shrink, his energies to waste, and his mind listlessly lost interest in nearly everything around him. Concerning his experiences in the church, Pentecostal night, he said little to anyone exdept the man who had challenged him, and he was reticent about telling what he learned from David. David's episode must have occurred while my mother was a child, for she spoke of David as an old man when I first heard the story.

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Gregg Montgomery
Jan. 18, 1937

Jigs, the Chimpanzee

Jiggs was bought by Dr. C.G.Divigtil, one of the zoo's sponsors, from Ansel Robison, an animal dealer in California. He was one of the finest specimens of his kind that could be had.

Jiggs was about the friendliest animal in the zoo. He was a friend to everyone and could be trusted about the grounds without being chained. During the summer he was allowed to take hold of children's hands and walk about with them. He was an unselfish Chimpanzee except for one greed which caused a few tears among the smaller children, but many laughs from the older spectators - that was that no ice cream cone or candy bar was ever safe if he saw it. To him these delicacies were as much his as his cage in the monkey house and he would snatch them from their owners by fair means or fowl.

Jiggs had one particular friend among the small children who were his admirers, and that was a little headed girl. One time when the child came to the zoo, Jiggs was playing around on top of a tree. It was his habit to go up a tree by way of the trunk, but he would descend on the outside of the tree, swinging from one branch to another. On this occasion Mr. Winkleman took the little girl to the tree and called Jiggs, who came swinging down to greet his friend. When he got to the last branch he hung by his feet and put his hands under the child's arms with the intention of taking her into the tree with him. He lifted the young lady about four feet off the ground, before his keeper interfered. The child was not frightened and would probably have gone on with the

lark had it not been for the better judgement of the man.

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Gregg Montgomery
Jan. 18, 1937

Charlotte Greenwood

Charlotte Greenwood was a White-Headed Gibbon with a white face and hands, and known as the lowest form of the ape family. She was called Charlotte Greenwood by the keepers at the Vilas Park Zoo because her unusually long hands reminded them of that actress.

This ape was a male, despite her feminine name, but was called "she" anyway. Charlotte was as tame as her friend Jiggs, and like him was given the freedom of the park. She would walk about taking hold of people's hands and was as gentle as a dog. But after while children began to tease her and she became cross and untrustworthy.

Charlotte Greenwood was also a performer of note. She had been known to swing around a bar 218 times without a pause, and then stopping for only a second because her attention had been diverted. Another of her entertaining tricks of which she was quite proud was to sit on her seat and spin around like a top.

One time Charlotte Greenwood took leave of her home about 8 o'clock in the morning and set out on a trip of exploration. As soon as one of the keepers would think he had "treed" her she would jump easily as much as 40 ft. to another tree. It was not until 9 o'clock that night that the ape was caught. By then she had gotten hungry and the offer of a banana was too much for her. A courageous young boy delivered the fruit to the top of the tree and while Charlotte consumed it he got a stong hold on her collar, bringing her down the tree and back to her

quarters.

Apes as a rule are hard to keep in captivity and die young, but Charlotte lived to be twelve years of age.

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Gregg Montgomery
Jan. 18, 1937

Elephant Annie

When Al Ringling gave the Madison Zoo its elephant, one of Ringling's bull trainers, "Baraboo Red" Hampten, was called over to the railraod siding near Coney Island to load the animal selected for shipment. It had been decided to give the zoo a middle aged female named Alice and she was separated from the herd and boarded into a boxcar where Hampten left her for the night. The next morning the trainer was called again to come down and see the damage Alice had wrought. As is often the case, she had become lonesome for the herd and had smashed the side of the car and returned to the other animals. Thereupon it was decided that it would be more practical to ship a smaller elephant, and so a young female of sixteen years named Annie, was successfully loaded and sent.

This was in July 1918. Annie's life story is not one of color and glamour. She was never trained for the sawdust ring, but had a more prosaic duty of pulling stakes and pushing wagons. Yet in the years she has lived in Vilas Park her gentle manners and good humor have given amusement and joy to a legion of annual visitors.

When Annie arrived at her new home she was put in the same building with the lions and tigers and at first resented their growls and roars, but in time she became accustomed to her new surroundings and even became less lonesome for the herd as the attention of the public took her interest.

At times Annie would lose her good nature and become just a little less friendly to her admirers. At such times

she would be given an oil bath in two gallons of oil to soften her skin and make her more comfortable; but though this treatment was soothing it made her cold and she would shiver and shake for a day or so afterwards. In 1924 the zoo solved the problem of keeping Annie completely happy at all times by building a summer yard for her. Here she could dig into the dirt to her hearts content. Every day she would give herself a complete mud bath and rinse herself off with the fresh running water that was installed for her special use. Since this time her skin has become softer than the oil treatments made it and she has not had to run the risk of catching cold due to them.

The only time Annie ever caused her keepers any inconvenience or trouble was one spring when she was to be moved to her summer yard for the season. There is a step down of about ten inches from her winter quarters to the ground and Annie refused to make it. She was coaxed and teased to leave, but would not budge. Finally she was forced out inch by inch with the help of a block and tackle. It was believed that she had stumbled on the step when she was taken inside the preceding fall resulting in her being afraid of it.

During the winter months Annie has a voracious appetite and thinks of nothing else but food. The zoo buys her food in large quantities and the cost of feeding her is about 65 or 70¢ a day. Each day she consumes 100 lbs. of timothy hay, ½ bushel of carrots or 16 quarts of ground oats, 10 or 12 loaves of bread and all the peanuts and crackerjack the public will feed her. In the summer time the public's attention diverts Annie's

attention from her stomach and she eats a little less.

Despite Annie's few human frailities, she is, in the words of her keeper, "one of the quietest and most agreeable elephants in any zoo."

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"COUSIN JACK" STORIES

Cornish emigration to the Lead Region in southwestern Wisconsin "was important during the decade beginning with 1835. The extraordinary development of lead mining in Spain about that time rendered the less productive mines of southwest England unprofitable, and drove hundreds of highly skilled pick and gad men to Wisconsin where they became a leading mining element. The "Cousin Jacks," as the Cornish were called, ranked as the most skillful practical miners, making good wages from diggings which Americans were ready to abandon."* They gave a new impetus to lead mining. In 1850 there were 311 English (mostly Cornish) in Mineral Point. At Dodgeville one of the most important elements was Cornish.

The stone and wooden cottages built by some of these miners are still an interesting feature of Dodgeville. Many interesting and humorous stories are told in southwestern Wisconsin about the experiences and customs of these Cornish folk.

* The Wisconsin Lead Region, Joseph Schafer, 1932

THE LAST FIVE CENTS

COUSIN JACK

An old Cornish miner living in the Dirty Hollow mining district at Dodgeville was approached by his wife Ann for some money with which to make some small purchase at the store. Sandy was known to be pretty tight when it came to spending money for any purpose. Giving his waiting spouse a hard searching look he queried,

"Where is the last five cents I guv you?"

A RUBBER 'ART

COUSIN JACK

Old Man Trelawney was a town character in Dodgeville. Nearly everyone knew the old gentlemen. He was always ready to talk with anyone whom he met in his daily walks. While he lived, a cement sidewalk was laid in front of a store near his home. It was a very smooth surface. One night it sleeted, and converted this already slippery walk into a popular skating rink.

The next morning Old Man Trelawney, out for his walk, stepped off the adjoining wooden walk on to the new cement walk. As he did this, his feet slipped, then slid for a few feet. He tried to recover his balance, and came down in a heap with a thump.

His spinster neighbor, Sally Trewitt, coming along just then, saw the fallen man and tried to assist him to his feet. She pleasantly remarked, "Uncle 'Arry, thee should hav'n rubber 'eels." "Rubber 'eels," growled the unfortunate man, "h'll I need hay rubber 'arts"

NO RESULTS

COUSIN JACK

Harry was a newcomer in the lead mining region. Having procured a pic, shovel, and crowbar, he was soon digging in a likely looking knoll near his log cabin, to locate some of the lead "hore."

After several days had passed, John, strolling up to the diligent digger, asked how he was making "hout." Harry had already done a big job of excavating, disemboweling the entire knoll with his pits and trenches, without any results other than the finding of a few burned stones and decayed bones. After meditatively surveying this work and its results, John said, "'Arry, m' son, thee 'er a gert fule. Thee'l find naw hore 'ere. 'Er diggin' in un o' those bloddy hinjun mounds 'ere always tellin' abaout!"

THE UNCERTAINTY OF IT

COUSIN JACK

A Cornishman was tramping to town with a bag over his shoulder. He was going to buy supplies. In walking past the home of a settler he was suddenly set upon by a dog who growled and showed his teeth. While he was trying to defend himself against Towser by swinging the bag about, the owner of the dog called out,

"Jack, that dorg won't bite, 'es wagging 'es tail!"

"Hi know that," replied the Cousin Jack, "E's waggin 'es tail at one hend end barkin' at the hother. Hi dsan't naw which of 'es hends to believe?"

THE MOTHER BIRD

COUSIN JACK

Some Cornish folks from the Old Country came to visit some relatives at Platteville. They enjoyed their visit. One day the men decided to go hunting, so they secured an old shotgun which happened to be around the place. In looking for game they at last spied a pigeon seated on the barn roof. Just as one of them was getting a bead on the bird with his gun, a woman rushed out of the house and halted the shooting by calling out, "Don't shoot, Cousin Jack, 'ur is the old mother bird!"

So the life of this pigeon was spared.

MICE IN HIS ROOM

COUSIN JACK

A Cornish miner once spent a night in the old Empire House at Dodgeville. They gave him a room up in the third story. After a while he came down to the hotel office. There he registered a complaint with the clerk.

"There are two mice fighting in my room," said he, "and I can't sleep."

To this information the irritated clerk replied, "What do you expect for $2.00 - a bull-fight?" And the cowed Cousin Jack returned to his bed.

Mrs. John Hoerler, Belleville (Appencell, Switzerland)

Xmas trees were decorated with chocolate candy which was wrapped in shiny paper and hung with a thread.

Babies were carried on a pillow, a huge one, for three months after they were born. They simply were not lifted nor carried anywhere except on that pillow.

Babies were baptized during the first two weeks. The mother would still be in bed but there would be a big celebration. When the child was born friends and neighbors would bring in gifts for the child, they were mostly clothing. The wealthy families, when a child was to be baptized would have a dinner at a hotel which would ~~include the family and relatives and the godfather and godmother.~~ During all this celebration the godfather and godmother would be responsible for the child.

On Easter the children would have Easter eggs colored and chocolate rabbits. Presents would be exchanged among families and friends. Young girls would usually exchange handkerchiefs. The entire school would assemble at the school and go singing all the way to the church and then sing in the church itself. This would occur in the morning. There always was a big dinner on Easter.

If a woman wishes a man Happy New Year on New Year's Day he is considered very unlucky.

There were once two neighbors who disliked each other bitterly. A particularly hated B's daughter and she him. The girl became very ill and the people thought that a ghost might have harmed her in some way. Finally one friend of the family said that they thought it was A who had put a curse on the girl and he told B what he should do to counteract this curse and to cure the girl. He was to pound three big nails in a hole in the side of the barn. The neighbor, ~~if he was guilty,~~ would then come and holler for help for he would be suffering physically. B did as he was told and A came hollering to him for help. The daughter got well and A became very ill and died.

The Swiss girls many years ago had an extra outfit which to wear on special and important occasions. It was the equivalent of the Norwegian National Costume. Each one differs in each county--each county in Switzerland has its own style and kind. The following is a description of the ones worn in the county from which Mrs. Hoerler comes. The skirt was red, green or black wool with fine pleating down each side. Over that was worn a silk apron with silver ties which tied around the waist. There was a silk collar which was pleated and heavily embroidered. A black vest was worn over a white blouse with puffed sleeves.

The vest had stays in it and silver buttons which were laced about with a silver cord. The ends of the cord hung down at the side. The hat was like a bird's wing made of lace and a wing stretching out on each side. These costumes cost about 1000 franc and only the very wealthy could have them.

The men from the farm wore a national costume too. Theirs consisted of short pants, just below the knee, short coat and a very tight shirt waist and coat, a red or black bow tie and a leather cap. The cap would have designs cut out of it and be lined with a bright colored piece of wool so that the color showed in the open work. They also wore red stockings and black shoes with large silver buckles on them.

The women for dress up would wear medallions on chains in which would be the picture of their sweetheart.

In the summer the herds would be sent up into the mountains for pasture. Herders would go along to tend to them. There was no danger from wild animals.

In Switzerland Oct. 3 was Kilby Day in the county from which Mrs. Hoerler came. In Mrs. Saxer's county it was held in September and other counties had it on other days and in other months. It

was like a circus here. There were good things to eat, dancing, drinking and generally a lot of fun for everyone. Besides concessions and merry-go-rounds etc. there would be Swiss wrestling.

At eight o'clock a man would come around and holler the time and all the children under sixteen had to go home. These youngsters had a dance of their own in the afternoon and they were not permitted about in the evening.

August 1 was called Bundes Feier. All the farm produce was brought in and exhibited with the work of the housewives in cooking and products of their hands. Each town held their own.

In a family the first boy was usually named after his father, the first girl after her mother and the remaining children after other relatives.

It was an unbreakable rule that children under sixteen had to be in the house at dark. A curfew rang at about 8 in the summer and earlier in the winter, as the days were shorter. When a boy or girl became 16 he or she could attend all the dances and festivities reserved for the adults. Mrs. Saxer climbed out of her room one night and attended a dance when she lacked but two months of being 16. She said that her family came after her and she hasn't forgotten her chastisement even now.

The young girls wore their hair in braids.

In most every household in which there were children there could be found reposing behind the mirror a small bunch of hazel branches tied together. These were used to remedy the erring of some youngster. The Swiss have a puzzle that goes with this switch:

Its there behind the mirror.
Who gets it will surely know it,
What is it?

Newly married couple usually started out in their own homes. The Swiss took cognizance of the fact that the young and old could not get along together under the same roof. The father was always considered very much the head of the house. The wife had to clean the shoes of the men in the house daily. It was considered a disgrace for children to go to school without shining their shoes at least once a day. It had to be done as regularly as going to church or any of the compulsory duties of life.

Bracelets and chains were often made of hair. A very fine present from a girl to her boy friend or husband was something which she had made from her own hair.

1.

Told by John Wesley - "Indian John"

Horse Sense -

Many years ago, in the vicinity of Alleman, Wisconsin, there was a large cliff that extended quite some distance from the rocks of which it was a part. The highway passed underneath this overhanging ledge. Supposedly to have been there since the beginning of time. People often sought shelter under this rock if a sudden rain or storm should happen. One day while driving his team along this highway a man saw a fierce storm approaching. Hastening his horses onward and hoping to reach the accustomed place of shelter under the ledge he was annoyed when the horses became very restless and

2, It was very difficult to hold the reins tightly enough to make the horses stand. Finally he could no longer resist their pulling on the bits and they ran out from underneath the rocks into the downpour of rain just as the rocks crashed and fell into the road obstructing the passage for some distance. It is said out of appreciation to his horses for having saved his life this man was unusually kind to them during the rest of their lives. This heap of rocks can still be seen where the man so narrowly escaped death.

Norwegian

Etta MacLeod
2-10-36

Mrs. John Haugen, 526 Maple ave,

28 Translated from Norwegian story

HOW HALLE GOT HIS LOCOMOTIVE

"Little Halle walked one moonlight evening over the farm with his father. Halle's quick mouth went faster than ordinarily because there were so many things Halle had to ask and his legs tripped for father was a fast walker.

It was just before Christmas. The thaw had taken away the snow so that the road was slushy, but there still was a little frost in the ground and this made it easier to walk. "What is the moon thinking about?" asked the little boy. "Father, father! Oh, I know what the moon is thinking about," he called long before his father had time to answer. "Do you?"

"Yes, yes. The moon will hide behind the clouds, cover himself and then it will go to sleep, yes sleep 'til Christmas eve. But then God will wake it so that it will be light for all the old elves who shall come around with Christmas gifts.

"Is it not going to shine for the good elves?"

"Yes, of course. Otherwise, the elves might fall on the hills and soil their white whiskers and break the toys."

Then the moon lay itself comfortably in the high quiet shiny clouds but over the woodline sailed in a quick undercloud northward. It looked just like a big white horse with a great neck.

"No, no'. Now I know, father," Halle called. "I know who is going to give out the Christmas gifts, o the angels. Because they can ride on the clouds, can they not, father?"

"But the elves then, it is not necessary that they go. If the moon doesn't wake they might full and get bruished - and then they

would be spanked by their mamas."

But Halle could not get his from the large sleepy moon's face. He stopped and got his father also to stop, so that they could see carefully or not whether the angels had sat down on the cloud. Think how wonderful it would be to be an angel and sit down on a white horse. But the angels had it so good up in heaven that they perhaps didn't care to ride on the cloud. Yes, there was one just the same and one more. He saw that they hid themselves in the moon on the white horse. One of those he knew so well, so well. It was his little sister - she who had just been laid in a white coffin. Why did father get tears in his eyes. Didn't he see that the other angels were nice to her. All of them were moving the great big baskets, laughed and threw flowers on one another. At what the baskets contained no one needed to doubt? Halle started to dance around and wished his father to go up the mountain, for Halle thought he saw them throw locomotives, tin soldiers, steamships, 'kringler' and apples all over. Then the father said that they might get some of the horses and locomotives on their heads. It was best that the angels take care of the presents now, then later father would take a trip to the mountain and find something for his boy. It was all father could do to convince his boy to this plan.

But now they had reached a shining silver bridge and underneather ran a brook.

"Puf, I'm so cold I freeze," said the brook.

Halle heard that plainly and he forgot the sky horse, Christmas presents and everything else for the brook's sake. Father stopped in the middle of the bridge and wondered if the ice would hold them, but Halle said father must not spoil the nice pretty bridge, because the angels had surely built it and they see everything.

"Where does the brook come from?" asked Halle.

"From the mountain," father said.

Then Halle thought of all the presents strewn all over and now he wished father to ask the brook if it had seen anything of the presents. Yes, father asked and Halle listened closely, but the brook spoke so softly this time that it was not possible to make out what it said, "You have to ask yourself," father said and Halle lay down on the silver bridge and asked in such a way that the brook couldn't help but understand that Halle meant business.

"Have you seen the Christmas presents on the mountain, Brook?" he said.

Halle held his breath after this and finally he understood the brook.

"Locomotive, locomotive, locomotive," it said.

"Father, father, do you hear, father? The brook says locomotive,"called Halle.

Yes father heard that too. There was no mistake about that. The brook had seen the locomotive over the mountain, and father would go up one day and find one for Halle;so that he could be an engineer and ride long trains through the snow and over high powered rivers, a way out to grandma's house in the country. It was certain. But now Halle remembered what the brook had said first and he wondered if they should find some clothes for the brook, but father thought of a way out.

"We'll see for Christmas," he said. At that time so many so many cold and poor would be dressed.

Halle was satisfied with this and the two walked over the fields home to mother.

Christmas came and the brook got a white mountain over itself, so it wouldn't freeze, but Halle had not yet received a locomotive. He and mother knew very well what father would get, but, altho father

became very inquisitive, he would just have to wait. Halle was not to be folled, even if he sat on fathers knee and heard the fairy tale. So it was with mother as to what she should get for Christmas. But this was between Halle and his father. She didn't find out anything, even though it looked as though she was interested to know what she would get for Christmas.

But now when father and mother went around aand were so inquisitive, they could not expect little Halle to be naturally quiet. He couldn't see a thing that looked like what he wished and father had been on the mountain. He didn't find out. Couldn't he depend on the brook or did his hearing fail him? The suspense grew every day. Father was out and it was snowing. Halle saw that the snow covered one thing after another out in the garden so could the small locomotive too, be snowed over and Halle who did not know anything more wonderful than shiny wagons and rolling wheels. The sleepy moon's face and the white sky horse had no one seen in a long time, but Halle could not stand it any longer. He had to get up on a chair and look out of the window. Outside was a whirling white dance of snow stars, but none knew anything about the white sky horse, angels, moonlight and Christmas gifts strewn on the mountain. Mother lighted the lamp in the parlor and its reflection shone in the window and passed through it. Halle could see a hundred white flying things like butterfly children. They zig-zagged back and forth, sat down on the bird's water tray and flew from branch to branch. They threw themselves into the naked lilac bush overwhelmed with joy, and when they had settled down they sent smile upon smile to Halle who had to smile again. Maybe they did know something, but now Halle heard familiar steps on the porch and he climbed down in haste. Father's hat and coatsleeves were white with snow and he had all kinds

of packages which he delivered to mother, but no sir, Halle could not see any locomotive. He went about with father because it had happened that one coat pocket was bigger than it should be and that had often come to Halle's good , but now he saw nothing.

"I believe the brook tell terrible lies, father." and he tried hard to hold something down that wanted to come up in his throat. Father acted as though he heard nothing.

"I believe the brook tells lies," came for the second time. But now father understood and hurried to get off his overcoat. He took his boy by the hand and brought him into the parlor. There stood a marvelous Christmas tree in a great fest smile. Then Halle smiled too and when he sw the locomotive with many cars and wheels, under the branches, he gave a shout of joy. So loud was the shout that Mother had to come in from the kitchen to see what had happened.

St. Anthony's Cross.

In Portugal there is a church that contains a stone ~~that has~~ laying the distinct mark of a cross on it.

The story is that St. Anthony made the mark with his finger on one of the stones, used as a step, when the devil appeared. The sign of the cross frightened the devil away and to this day the imprint of the cross can be seen as plainly as it was eight hundred years ago.

2.

St. Anthony also had the "gift of tongues." Many people of different languages came to hear him preach. He spoke in the Italian language but each nationality heard him in their native tongue. —

(I believe it was St. Anthony, in the story of a fish listens to the gospel, and carries the story in the bones of it's head.) (please check)

Mrs. Cornelia Larson -
N. Dayton St.

1. Gest Baardsen -
meister tyven - master thief.

In Sogn, Norway, about one hundred years ago, there was a notorious robber, Gest Baardsen; he was well educated and very quick witted. One time he went into Sweden to carry on his evil work as he was becoming too well known in Norway. While in Sweden he entered a home one night where the owner had a chest of money and other valuables on the second floor of the building. Baardsen succeeded in entering the house and passing the owner, who slept downstairs, without being heard. However when he had obtained the treasure chest and was descending the open stairway, the owner stood at the foot of the stairs

2. barring his exit. - Baardsen quickly went to the top of the stairs where a keg of salt fish was in brine, he hurriedly grasped a handful of the salt fish, dripping with brine, and threw it into the eyes of the man who was for the time being painfully blinded. In that way Baardsen made his escape. -

There was romance in Baardsen's life. He, like the modern gangsters, was admired by women of a certain type. One especially was very fond of him and remained true to him all through life.

His mother was considered a fine old lady. Her anxiety about her son caused her much unhappiness.

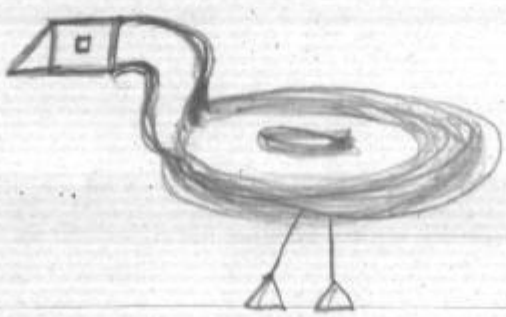
3. At one time she was kneeling in prayer and in her supplication aloud she asked that her son might come to her, at that time Baardsen was just outside the window. He saw his mother, and heard her petition. He was greatly touched by the gentle woman's love for him and happy that he could gratify her wish.

Later in life Baardsen became very pious and religious. He wrote many interesting songs (some of which I cannot interpret well enough to have translated. - Mrs. Lura in 89 yr. old.

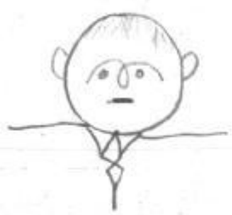
4

A man lived alone in a little square house on a hill. □. The house had one window. ▣. He built onto his house a lean-to ◿▣. Southeast of his home there was a pond- ⬭. In the pond there was an island. ⬮. The old man went to the pond to carry water. He would go the longer path, and return by way of the shorter path

There were two tents △△ south of the pond. The campers went to the pond to fish, each taking his own path ||. The layout looked like this: -



(Not well proportioned; shall try to do better if you want it.)



Story

Tom Jack's Portrait

First draw an oval with two ears.



And then a line to make a hat.



Then nose and eyebrows all at once.



Then two eyes curved.

The mouth is flat



a "V," an "X," and a "V" — a tie and collar now you see.



Two lines for shoulders,
Then some black,
And you have finished

Tommy Jack



Pardon the crude sketchings.

Mrs. Fred Hefty, Belleville

Mrs. Hefty has made her home in three different towns of Switzerland, Tuchsingen, Hatzingen and Diesbach in Ct. Glarus. She was married in Switzerland and her first husband and daughter died. She owned and ran a bakery for a number of years, remarried and came to this country in 1925. She has returned to Switzerland twice since then.

The Xmas tree is decorated on Xmas Eve. Cookies and nuts wrapped in gold and silver paper are used for some of the decorations. Presents are exchanged between members of the family and close friends, and they are mostly necessary things. There are always Xmas trees in the school houses and churches. The wealthy people of the community give each child a present which he needs and can use. Among these presents are also distributed a few cookies and chocolate.

December 6 is Santa Claus day. There really is no Santa Claus but occasionally some one of the family will dress up as Santa and go to the neighbors and have fun with the small children asking if they have been good. This is a big market day. The children start at 4 in the morning to form their parade and band, which consist of all the available tins, spoons and jugs with which to make any and all kinds of noise. This noise and parading continue until 9. The people line the streets and throw apples, walnuts, chestnuts, candies from sacks to the children. In the bigger towns there are dances and drinking.

On New Year's people and children go to their parents the first thing and wish them a Happy New Year. Visiting is done only to parents' home. It is a day of family gathering and a big meal. On Xmas the parents go to the homes of their children. Everyone goes to church in their best and brightest clothes. In one town in which Mrs. Hefty lived the Catholic and Reformed church held their services in the same church. The Catholics would have theirs first and then the Reformed.

At 12 on New Year's Eve the bells in all the towns would ring. In Mrs. Hefty's town it would ring every half hour on Xmas and daily it rings at 11 o'clock. She does not know the reason for this last but says that it is an old, old custom that has been in force ever since the town had bells. In most towns the bell rings at 8 in the evening for curfew and at an earlier time in the winter--according to when it gets dark.

Each county has one day during the year which is a holiday of that county alone. On that day all the people parade in their best and national costumes and carry the oldest of the old furniture through the streets in a parade led by the women dressed in costume.

Most of the men in Switzerland are linguists, being able to talk at least four different languages. This is almost essential as French, German, Swiss and Italian are spoken in different sections of the country.

The women wear shawls, beautiful in design and color, of silk, to the theatre. The shawls are draped over one shoulder and come under the arm on the other side with the corner of the shawl wrapped once around the wrist. They are square but are worn folded double as a triangle. Spanish combs are used in the hair, too, for dress. The Swiss are very fond of beautiful clothes and have them, but they are very saving of them and wear them only on state occasions and when absolutely necessary. They are made of the best available materials and wear for years. Mrs. Hefty is still wearing for best some of the clothes she had made to wear here on her first trip to this country in 1925.

In February there would be held Fosnacht Masquerade. This is a rather new custom. On this day there is a parade in which all current people and things are satirized and burlesqued. It is the last celebration before Lent begins. There are no police who preside and it is followed by a dance at which everyone is masked. The masks are removed at midnight. Mrs. Hefty tells a story of what happened to a couple from her home town who got mixed up in the masquerade of a neighboring town. Mr. Smith decided that he would like to go to a neighboring town that was having a masquerade and finally persuaded his wife that it was all right for him to go. After he had left on the train she decided to go too. They were both costumed and masked, but she recognized him at the dance because of his height.

They danced together and he started making love to her. Things advanced fairly well until 12 when all unmasked. The fight which ensued made local history. Mrs. Hefty got all the details from the band from her home town which furnished the music for the dance.

Every Sunday the people hike up into the mountains or ski.

Men wore top hats and tails to church on Sunday.

In the cities spring comes officially on some day in May and on that day the bells ring at 6 in the evening. There is an all day celebration.

The attached postal card shows the national costume used in the section Mrs. Hefty comes from.

Mrs. Mary Saxer, Belleville

Mrs. Saxer came to this country in 1914 from Canton Swiss, Switzerland, with three other girls. They came to see what this country was like and to enter school. They thought they would find schools in this country like in their own--where they could work for their room and board. Mrs. Saxer worked out for a while and then married. One of the other girls went to San Francisco and married, another returned to Switzerland the fourth did a lot of travelling all over the country and finally married. Mrs. Saxer never saw a farm or barn until she came to this country.

On Xmas presents are given to members of the family, relatives and friends. They really are exchanged on Xmas Eve. The tree is put up and decorated on Xmas Eve also. In one section of Switzerland lebekuchen is used for decorating. It is a flat bread which is bought from bakeries and is cut into many different shapes and figures, covered with bright frosting and sometimes a picture pasted on. The children start collecting these many days before Xmas and then hang all they have accumulated on the tree. It is always open house on Xmas and wine and cake is served to all the visitors.

On Old Year Eve (New Years Eve) the villagers form a group and go singing from house to house. They carry a basket which is filled

at each house with something good to eat.

Mrs. Saxer can remember the old decayed and mouldering ruins of castles near her home which she and the children of the neighborhood were afraid of because there were ghosts in them. They would often think that they saw the white woman. The story was that many many years before the wife of the owner of the castle had been killed by her husband and her ghost still walked.

On Sundays entire families, and several families, would walk to a nearby town where they would go to what we would call a beer garden and have food and drink. They would then walk home in the evening.

In the old days families would use home remedies for illness. Herbs were the most commonly used. Tea made from Linder tree leaves and mixed with honey would be used for colds. Goose grease and peppermint would also be used for colds by rubbing it on the chest. Mrs. Saxer's great aunt would always make the children wear the pelt of a cat with the fur side next to their chests for a cold.

When a girl became engaged her fiance would give her a plain gold band which would be worn next to the little finger on the right hand. When married the ring would be changed to the left hand, the same finger.

It was the custom for the man to ask a girl's parents or guardian

for her hand. Occasionally a couple would run away if the parents did not approve of the match. This was seldom however and it was considered a disgrace for a girl to do such a thing.

If the girl and her parents could afford it she was supposed to furnish all the furniture and linen for her new home. She would have dozens of sheets, pillow cases etc. A proud young wife would also come to her husband with enough clothes for a year so that her husband would not have to buy her anything for at least that long.

In Mrs. Saxer's community they only washed twice a year. An extra washwoman would be hired to come and help the women of the household. The clothes would be boiled for an hour before washing. In the city the families would make an appointment with the local laundry house for a whole day. They would then go there with their washing, use the machines and water there and do their washing. They paid so much for this use, and there would be several people there to help with it.

The men wore corduroy clothes and dark shirts.

In some communities one woman would take in washings and another would do the ironing. Another woman would specialize in laundering men's good shirts. These shirts were white with many pleats in the front with stiff collars and cuffs. They were a lot like our full dress shirts. They charged 5¢ apiece for them. Some of the shirts

would be made of a soft knit material except for the front, collar and sleeves. Other men would wear just the fronts, collars and cuffs and keep their coats on.

People who were ailing had to drink goat milk.

Mrs. Clara N. Nuti, Glen Haven

Mrs. Nuti was born in Glen Haven but her parents were from New York. She saw and knew little of the Deweys except that Mr. Dewey came with a driver and ox team several times to get corn from her father. Dewey seemed to have lots of money and since corn did not grow as well on his bottom land as on the prairie he bought his corn from local farmers, on the prairie.

In the day when Mrs. Nuti was Clara Bennett and a young girl singing and spelling schools were part of the local life and recreation. She recalls two singing schools, one was held at Glen Haven and the other in the Ramsey school, near her home. Most of the young people in the community either took voice or piano at these and paid a small sum for their lessons. The school lasted a couple of months and was very well attended. Her father taught in what was then known as the Yellow School House in 1863 and he would often hitch up a team and take his brightest students down to what was then Tafton (now Bloomington) for a spell down, and his team almost invariably won.

In the winter there were apple paring bees. Apples were scarce in those days and families would meet, pare, quarter and string them to dry for winter use. After the work doughnuts and cider were usually served. A later and perhaps better way of drying apples is still used in the Glen Haven township. The apples are pared, quartered and placed in a large tub lined with a clean sheet. In the center is placed a plate on which there are live coals and a teaspoonful of sulphur.

The small amount of sulphur is added three times, one-half an hour apart. The tub, which is filled with apples around the plate, is then covered with a carpet or something heavy to keep the smudge in. When thoroughly permeated with the sulphur smudge the apples are placed in open jars covered with cloth. They keep all winter and can be used just as are fresh apples.

There were husking bees too in those days and Mrs. Nuti spent many a winter evening making thumb stalls for her husband and the other huskers to protect their fingers. She would make caps for the fingers of heavy outing flannel with the rough side out and they would be tied on by a string around the wrist.

As a child she used to play Spat-Them-Out-of-Town. One child would be taken in and if a girl she would name a boy and if a boy he would name a girl. The names of boys and girls playing would then be called and all would be chased out until the right one did come in. Another game was Tin, Tin, Come In which she has unfortunately forgotten how to play. In Whistling Key a key would be tied on one child, another would whistle and the child with the key would try and identify the whistler, and when one is correctly identified that one gets the key and is "it."

Mrs. Nuti's father kept the local postoffice in his home for years and the desk with the pigeon holes for the mail recipients is still in the neighborhood. She also has an old P. O. record book of 1856 which she will try and locate and let us have.

Constant & Gustavus Lamboley, Belleville

These two brothers came from St. Germain, France in 1864 and settled with their parents about five miles northeast of Belleville. Gus is still unable to read or write English. He cannot even read the signs on streetcars or buses.

August 1 was the date for a local celebration in their particular village. There would be dancing, much drinking of wine and a merry-go-round to make the affair very festive. A beef would be butchered for the day and made into soup for everyone. Before being killed the animal would be inspected by doctors who would pronounce it fit to eat if so, the mayor would have some part in the preliminaries and then the beef killed. Wheat would be gleaned by hand so that it could be ground and cake made for the occasion.

It was only the very wealthy families who could afford to butcher meat for their own consumption. The Lamboleys butchered a hog when they came to this country and that was the only time. The families who did kill their beef would hang it in the sun for days until it became very ripe. Meat in that section of France was very different from what we have. It was much more tender and had a sweeter flavor. This was due to the fact that the stock was fed on potatoes and meal and only pastured along the sides of the road on

the end of a rope. The peasant families, of which the Lamboleys were part, were exceedingly poor and they had to exercise great thrift to be able to get even a bare living.

The threshing was done with a flail by hand. It cost too much to have wheat bread so they would make some of a mixture of wheat and barley or oats or both.

On Xmas everyone would go to church. All were Catholic. The people of a farming area would build their homes together forming a village, and many would have to travel quite some distance from it to work their fields. The Xmas celebration, other than attending church, would perhaps be the purchasing of a penny's worth of candy by the youngsters. Presents were not exchanged very often.

On New Years the men and boys would go from house to house wishing everyone a Happy New Year and whistling it. The people so called upon would give each one a couple of English walnuts. The boys would form a crude band to accompany them on their callings. One would play a comb with a piece of paper over it, others would sing and whistle, and sometimes they would shoot at the ground in front of the door of the house they were bound for. This was the day that the boys after wishing a Happy New Year could grab and kiss the girls. They would then be given coffee cake, whiskey and candy.

The smaller children would get a penny or two from the neighbors on this gala day.

The trip of the Lamboleys from France was typical of what such immigrants had to forgo. The price for the two adults and four children was about $70. They came on a sail boat and it took 48 days on the water. There was no food furnished and each family had to supply themselves with sufficient to last the entire trip. Cooking was done on the deck. A long trough like a hog trough had coal in it and it was over this that the cooking was done. There was much fighting at every meal time among those who were and those who wished to cook over the flames. Kettles would be pushed aside and often times upset. In their first home in this country they often had to drive snakes, skunks and woodchucks out of the house. When Gus was first married he had absolutely no furniture for his home. Constant made it all from poplar by hand. He was the mechanic of the family.

One of their first homes was at McFadden Springs. The former owners had buried some of their family in a small plot near the springs. A later tenant swore that the witches played nightly around the pool, that he saw a huge dog dragging a chain after him wandering about the place, and that he often saw a man without a head go around the house.

In those early days these newcomers from France who never saw

wild animals before thought that the wolf's howl and yelp, the owl's hoot and the song of the cricket were all attributable to the witches.

One newly arrived Frenchman went to call on a neighbor and a skunk got in his path. He had never seen one before and was not afraid of it. The animal was tame so he kept pushing it along with his hand. Every time the odor got worse he would give it another push and keep asking, "What is that?"

It was commonly believed that people would turn into rabbits and wolves and all manner of animals. One was reported to have turned into a sheep for a man had a sheep and was trying to carry it to market and it kept getting heavier and heavier until he had to quit. He attributed the increase in weight to the fact that the animal really was a witch. The witches would meet on the Sabbath. It was believed that they turned into different animals and travelled in that disguise to their meeting place. A man was out hunting one day and saw some rabbits going by one at a time all towards the same direction. He stood there perfectly amazed and seemed unable to lift his gun to shoot them. They seemed not it the least perturbed or aware of his presence. Finally the last rabbit, who was a little lame and hence slower than the rest, stopped locked at the hunter and asked "Did you see the rest of my comrades go by?"

A neighbor woman bewitched a cow one time so that it did not give milk and was sickly. The owners of the cow were told to go to the barn between 12 and 1 at night, take the cow out of its stall and pound the manger. They did this and the next day the woman who had done the bewitching was all black and blue.

It was customary for the young man to ask his girl's parents, her father first, for the hand of their daughter. He would ask for their consent and blessing. To be married in the church they had to have a gold wedding ring. The consent granted there would be an official calling upon the bride to be's family by the young man's family headed by his father. There would be a little reception and a little lunch served and something to drink.

All the people in St. Germain wore wooden shoes even in the coldest and snowiest of winters. The boys learned the art of being able to kick their shoes off so accurately that they could strike almost anything from shins to other targets with them.

Pipes were smoked considerably by the natives and peasants. A flint would be struck against metal to make a spark which would light a rag or tinder held under the metal. This burning tinder would then be transferred to the bowl of the pipe. Tobacco was very cheap in Switzerland, which was only about 47 miles from St. Germain, but it

was very high in France due to the import duty. An acquaintance of the Lamboleys would smuggle it across from Switzerland and often hid it in their manure pile while trying to get it further into the country.

The peasants walked everywhere for only the misters had horses and carriages. If any of the farmers had the money to own a horse they never had more than the one for the tax on two of anything was prohibitive. The farm work was done with oxen which were worked for so long and then sold to be butchered. The cows were also used in the fields.

Hemp was raised, beaten and broken into thread and from this the women made clothes for the entire family. The Lamboleys lived in Hunte Saone, near Lure. The village of St. Germain is not shown on the map. They were a days walk from Switzerland and 160 miles from Paris.

In this little village of St. Germain the people had their own trades. The cows and other stock were fed by hand and did not graze except if led on a rope by the side of the road. Before the revolution of 1786 the people were all vassals to lords and had no title to their land but had to spend so much time serving the lord in return for having the land, or they had to pay rent in the form of produce. Cruel injustices resulted in the revolution after which the

land on the huge estates was parcelled out to the former vassals and they were given title to it, and ownership continued in the family from father to eldest son. The women would sell eggs, raise a hog or two to sell and perhaps a calf, or wheat, potatoes, carrots etc. They had no corn.

The fruit all was very different from that which we have in this country and the flowers were much more fragrant. It seems odd to me but practically every nationality I have interviewed say the same thing.

Baking was done in a community oven, which was used turn about. A few had their own ovens.

Wood was obtained by taxpayers only and the more taxes one paid the more wood in proportion was given him. The government owned the woods which were supervised by a supervisor and a local forester. So much brush and log was allotted to each taxpayer. The forester marked and supervised all trees for cutting and each fallen tree was immediately replaced by a young sapling. Every 25 years there is a complete turnover in trees in these woods.

Taxes were big because France had to have a large army and good roads.

Boys had to draw numbers at 20 to see if and what branch of

the national defense they had to serve in. Each village had an allotted number which they had to furnish. If there were more eligible than needed the ones who drew the high numbers were exempt. The numbers from the number needed down had to report for service. Those who drew lucky numbers would often sell themselves for service for someone who had drawn a lower number. There were a few exemptions from service such as the eldest son of a widow woman. Seven years was the usual number for service. Two years would be served the first time and the number would diminish until the man reached 45 and then he would not have to serve any more. After the drawing of the numbers there would be a big celebration and everyone would get very, very drunk.

The wearing of a silk stocking cap by a man is a typical French custom.

Mrs. Shepard, Belleville

Mrs. Shepard's parents came from St. Germain, France.

Some old friends of the family would come and tell witch stories when she was a child. This old man told of the time that he and his wife were going some place in France. They were calling on a neighbor and were walking. They came to a woods and the husband asked his wife to wait a few minutes, and he disappeared into the trees. A few seconds later a large wolf came out and started chasing the woman. She ran and yelled for her husband at the top of her lungs. The husband did not answer nor make his appearance. Finally the wolf stopped in his pursuit and went back to the woods. In a few seconds the husband appeared and in his mouth were red threads which the wolf had torn from the underskirt of the woman as he had chased her.

Witches could take the milk from cows without even going in the barn or being near the animals. The churns would go busily about making butter without anyone being near them.

A witch lady gave an old lady an egg for her grandchild. She opened the egg and made the sign of the cross over it and it turned into ants all of whom crawled away.

Children were never supposed to accept anything from a witch to eat for it would have ill effects upon them.

Witches had the power of assuming the shape of animals and pursuing people.

In France babies, as soon as they were born, were straightened out and wrapped in their clothing and then placed in their beds in that straight position. The beds were much the same as the old fashioned rope beds and a long and narrow piece of cloth was passed back and forth across the bed from spindle to splindle strapping the baby in so that it could not move anything except its head.

As soon as a child was born it was immediately dressed and taken to the church to be baptized. It was feared that the child might die before such a ceremony in which case the infant soul would not have access to heaven. There would be one godfather and one godmother for each baby. If a girl one of its names would be that of its godmother and if a boy one of its names would be that of the godfathers. Babies would be given a first name and from one to three middle names.

In the days when Mrs. Shepard's mother lived in France the procedure for becoming a bride was a bit different from today. When a man and woman found out that they wanted to get married the man would get a man relative to represent him. This relative would arrange a dinner at the prospective bride's home at which near relatives of both the bride and groom to be would be present. The man's representative would broach the subject of a marriage to the girl's parents and

ask their approval. If it was given this same man would ask what would go with the girl in the form of personal and real property-- linens, livestock, money etc. This would all be written down and then the date for the wedding would be set. Often times the man knew the girl came from poor family and would not have hardly any dower but the formality would be gone through anyhow and he would accept her regardless of the lack of said dower. The bans would be announced for three Sundays in the church.

The wedding could not be during a religious holiday such as Advent, Sunday or Easter. It was usually in the morning and always on a week day.

The bride did not wear white but rather dark colors. Mrs. Shepard's mother wore a blue and black dress. All the brides wore either a black or a white lace bonnet, and not veils.

When the wedding ceremony was done and the party had come back to the home of the bride the men guests would fire off guns to start the celebrating.

Soup was always the first course at a wedding meal and lots of wine would be served throughout the meal.

The newly married couple would usually go to live with his parents unless unusual circumstances made it so that they lived with

her family or he had a home of his own.

Presents were never exchanged on Xmas. That was a day of religious observance and piety and an extra fine meal was the only difference from a Sunday.

Presents were exchanged between friends and members of a family on New Years. They were always presented in the morning. The men spent the day going from house to house wishing their friends and relatives a Happy New Year. At each house they would get something to drink and as a result they almost invariably returned home rather drunk.

It was considered a bad omen if a woman was the first caller on New Years. The women did not make calls on this day but occasionally a beggar woman would call asking for food or money and if she were the first caller at that house that day it was an ill omen.

Mrs. Shepard's daughter, Mrs. Furland, was in the hospital in Milwaukee with her baby when a Jewish baby was circumcised. Before the operation, which was performed in the delivery room before the mother was able to leave the hospital, the child was passed from the youngest male relative to the oldest and back down again. Only the men relatives, the rabbi and doctor were present. The women would be down with the mother in her room. The child would be circumcised

and then he would be passed again from the youngest up to the oldest and then back. During this time the rabbi says a great many things and waves his arms about very eloquently. After all this wine and cake is served to the nurses and doctors who attended the child and mother and all those present at the circumcision. Evidently the women are not so favored.

MISCELLANEOUS Belleville

Parting is such sweet sorrow.

It hurts so good.

A Norwegian saying is No resting o' nights for rats in the house where the cat's a kitten.

Another Norwegian saying: Vae terrae, ubi puer rex est. All evil drags a long tail behind it.

Indians, after they have passed a particularly bad stretch of water in a river, throw tobacco into the stream to thank the river god for their safe passage.

In the Stickine River in Canada are three rocks which are called the three maidens. Indian maids were never supposed to look upon their brother. These three sisters were fording the Stickine when their brother appeared upon the other bank. They looked up and saw him and were immediately turned to stone.

A cleft chin on a man means that he is "soft with women".

Mrs. Constant Lamboley, Belleville

Mr. Lamboley and Mrs. Lamboley and their parents both came from St. Germain, France, though they did not know each other until they had come to this country and settled in and around Belleville.

In France when a girl becomes engaged she gets a plain gold ring to wear on her engagement finger. The same ring serves as her wedding ring after she is married, and it is worn on the same finger.

The bans are announced in church so many days before the wedding. The wedding cannot occur on Sunday nor during Lent, and should be performed in the morning.

The bride does not wear colors for her wedding but should not be dressed in black. Mrs. Lamboley's mother did wear black to her wedding, as she was still in mourning for her mother who had died five years previously. I could not find out how long mourning is supposed to last. The bride wears a white veil which is a sign of her virginity. Most French are Catholic and hence the rituals and ceremony were much the same as they are now in that church. The bride carries a prayer book but no flowers.

The people of St. Germain are all farmers and live in little villages from whence they go to tend to their soil and crops and herds. The children take care of the flocks and watch over them.

Three main meals were served a day, but the men took lunches for both morning and afternoon with them to the fields. These consisted of anything from soup through meat and potatoes, fruit and vegetables.

The French had very little meat.

The baking for the household was done outside in brick ovens.

They made their own wine as they had an abundance of fruit. Wine was served daily with the meals except breakfast.

The families made their own cloth and clothes. Mrs. Lamboley's father did the weaving and his wife the sewing.

Wooden shoes were worn in St. Germain. One man in the village would make them and sell them to the rest.

They did not have sheep so had to buy their wool, but they did raise flax and cotton.

The crockery was much the same as we have, but the spoons were of pewter.

The men were their own barbers and the women did the haircutting.

There were church services on midnight of Xmas Eve. There were no presents exchanged. Everyone wore new clothes, if they could afford them, but their very best at any rate. The celebration was merely in going to church and having a few extra things to eat.

New Year's everyone called on everyone else and wished them Happy New Year.

Children were baptized as soon as possible after they were born.

The French believed that all ailments came from the stomach, so the home remedies concerned themselves with fixing the stomach. Mrs. Lamboley's mother grew many herbs in her garden which she used to brew tea for headaches and colds, etc.

Mrs. Shepard (French), Belleville

Until the babies are a month old they are enclosed in a white cloth. This cloth is white, is shaped to the infant's body and is wider at the top than at the bottom. There are eyelets on the edges, which meet on the front of the baby, and through these a ribbon is strung fastening and making the cloth tight about the body. The arms and legs of the baby are straightened out before they are put in this.

The violins used in the early days of St. Germain had only one or two strings. These and accordions were used for the music at dances and festive occasions. All music was played by ear in the small communities, no one could read a note.

On Easter the children rolled eggs. Each child would have two or three, at the most, boiled eggs which were brightly colored. A board would be placed so that one end was higher than the other. Two or more children would enter the contest. One would place his egg at the bottom of the board and another would roll his. Whoever had his egg cracked would lose his egg to the child whose egg had caused the cracking.

Women, from the time they were small children always wore

caps. They had one for the day time and another for the night, which they wore to bed. They were made of silk, lace and a ribbon tied them under the chin. The younger wore white and the older and married black or bright colors.

For baths water would be placed in huge tubs and in the sun to heat during the summer time.

Clothes were washed two or three times a year. They would first be boiled, wrung out and then taken to the spring to be washed. The women would have to spend several days on their knees at the spring rubbing and scrubbing the clothes. Women who hired out as washwomen would come for such occasions and work for 10¢ a day. All the white clothes would be of linen and hence easier to wash than our cottons. A rock would serve as the rub board.

Women always carried water in tubs, buckets, etc. on top of their heads. They would take a towel and twist it in a circle like a rosette, place that atop their heads and then the object they were going to carry on top of that. Besides what they carried on their heads they always carried something in each hand.

It was considered a disgrace for a man to milk a cow. The women had to milk the cows and goats. They also helped to sow the

grain and to cut it with scythes when ripe. After the cutting all the stubbles were pulled up by hand, the field ploughed and then planted into vegetables that would grow to maturity during the short part of the season that was left.

The communities were not far apart and people walked from one to the other. Horses nor wagons were not used for transportation.

The children did a great deal of swimming in the ponds and streams formed by the springs. The water was always very cold.

When the young men reached 21 they had to draw numbers for military or naval service. If they were lucky and drew a good number they were exempt and did not have to serve in either. Many of those who got the good numbers sold them to others less fortunate who did not want to serve and took their places in the army or navy. They had to serve for seven years without any great length of time off. The men couldn't get married before they started their service for they had no way of supporting a wife as they received no remuneration hence few men got married before they were 28.

Wood was used as fuel and it was very scarce. The woods were owned either by private estates or the government and woodkeepers

presided over them. The women would go to the woods and they were permitted to pick up from the ground twigs and limbs which had fallen. These they would tie into bundles and carry home on top of their heads. It was the job of the woodkeepers to prevent people from cutting the trees for fuel. If one stood in well with him they could take the dead branches off the trees rather than being confined to what was on the ground. It was a criminal offense to cut a tree without permission. Wealthy people could buy coal.

In the early days it was not compulsory for the children to go to school. It was considered more important for the boys to go than the girls. The schools were kept like the churches--by the government. There were men and women teachers.

Each household did their own spinning and dyeing but there was a weaver in each village who did all the weaving for the different households. The tradesmen, such as the weaver, were the only ones in a community who did not farm.

Lots of grapes were grown in this section of France and large amounts of wine made.

The Genins were the first settlers around Belleville. They settled on the hills on government land for they found that the wheat, which was their most important crop, did best on the hills.

MISCELLANEOUS, Belleville

In the old days when the housewife wished to dye anything blue they would save the urine until they had sufficient quantity to soak the material in. They would then add the blue dye to the urine and soak the cloth or yarn in it. The color would always be a very bright indigo blue and sun would never bleach it when dyed in this manner.

Shucks from walnut and butternuts would be used to dye things a dark brown and onion skins would be used for a tan coloring.

In Monroe the women of the Christian church have what is called the Silver or Vanishing luncheon. One member starts the luncheon and invites three guests. Each one of those guests then gives a luncheon at her home and invites three guests. This continues until everyone has been a hostess and a guest once. Each guest and hostess pays 10¢ which goes to the church.

In Sweden the Trolls are a part of the daily part of the old people the same as they are, or were, of the Norwegians. There was a mound in the middle of a field in which a group of Trolls lived. All around the hill the ground was ploughed and the Trolls could not travel over ploughed ground. They were able only to go on their little paths which has existed for years. These particular Trolls had a pipe on their hill which was quite coveted and valuable. Its use the

narrator was unable to tell me and I am trying to get this information from someone else. A farmer one day had the nerve to try and get that pipe. He rode up on horseback, grabbed the pipe and was able to make off with it as he rode over the ploughed ground the Trolls could not follow him.

Mrs. Oscar Olson
1137 N. Butler St.

Bird lore -

If the Danish arms were destined to defeat, the raven hung his head and drooped his wings.

If victory was to attend, he stood erect and soaring as if to invite the warriors to follow.

Storks were numerous in Denmark. It was believed the same storks returned year after year to the same nests, as they seemed familiar with the places,

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Hefty, Belleville

In the 17th century in Switzerland there was a girl who had frightful pains and finally died. The people thought that the pains were given the child by a local woman who was considered a witch. The woman was tried in court and convicted and burned at the stake.

An old bachelor lived in one part of a duplex in a village from which Mr. Hefty comes from in Switzerland. In the other half of the house lived a young couple with their two children. The old man was obcessed with the idea that the young wife was a witch and he finally set fire to the house and burned it to the ground in hopes that he would burn her too. They all escaped alive but lost their home and everything in it.

It was believed that if a witch came to the door of the barn and looked at the cows, or a cow, the cow would become bewitched, would not give milk and would not calf anymore.

A cow was sick and the owner went to the door of the barn and saw a witch standing there. The witch grinned and the cow never calved after that.

It was believed in Mr. Hefty's town that there was a woman in the town who turned into a black cat and went in the other houses. Black cats were always avoided and believed to be bad luck.

T&C 1/11/38 IA.

People would often have nightmares and they would firmly allege that they were conscious and that the witches were after them, that they had seen them coming through the key hole and all such things.

One of Mr. Hefty's brother's cows was sick and he sent for a man from quite a distance to break the spell cast by the witch on the cow.

It is firmly believed there that if someone comes to the door of the barn the door must not be opened. They cannot bewitch the stock unless they can see it. If a man comes and begs for something to eat and you do give him something he will harm your stock, but if you refuse he will immediately get a pain somewhere. He will have a lame leg, a sore eye or some such visible ailment. People in the community who are lame or obviously deformed are looked upon as witches for this reason.

If anyone openly dislike someone else and they became sick it was accepted that the person doing the disliking had a poison and bewitched him or her or them.

In Zurich there is a huge home full of plants from which are made teas to cure hundreds of different ailments. You can pick out your plant, have it dried and make your own tea. People from all over the world send for different species of these herbs.

If the woman of a household is scared of witches she buys a

certain root and hangs it, or them, over the door and that prevents a witch from harming anyone in the household.

If someone is bewitched they can break the spell by saying the names of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost...Mr. Hefty's brother always says that when he leaves the barn.

The young boys would save the knee bone from the soup for a part of the knee joint made elegant cows. They would equip them with horns and names, and trade and sell them.

One of the sons of a wealthy family in the village where Mr. Hefty grew up, had a rocking horse, a drum and a flag. It was a great day when they could go there and play with those toys. They inevitably wound up with a parade through the street with the drum, flag and rocking horse.

Mr. Hefty's grandfather had borrowed some money from a leather maker in a nearby village and when he went to pay the interest he took his grandchildren with him. That was the Swiss equivalent of our July 4. They climbed all over the roofs, played all manner of games and returned home with their grandfather exhausted.

Men who have violated the law of the country are put in the work house. Not so many years ago a man escaped from it and went over a mountain pass. He stopped at a house to get something to eat and

drink and while the woman went to get some cider he followed her and killed her. He was caught and hung. (There is very little capital punishment in Switzerland as there are very few murders. Many people were not hung because they could not find a hangman.) No one wanted the job. Finally a railroad crossing watchman wrote in and said he could do the job and offered to be the hang man. He did not get the job and the railroad discharged him as they did not want such a person working for them.

A few years ago a German came to a little hotel up on the mountainside in Switzerland. He stayed a week or so and the family thought that he was awfully nice. (Fuel for stoves is made of small bundles of twigs and branches tied together. The housewife puts one in at a time when she is cooking.) The woman of this house was putting one of the bundles in the stove one day and the German shot her with a gun which he borrowed to go bird hunting with. She was killed. The man went into the bedroom where the little girl was sleeping, put a cloth in her mouth, found the money hidden in the house, and left. In those days there was no telephone but the brother of the woman who had been shot, lived next door and he rode a horse into the village and telegraphed from the depot to the next village and the man was caught. The German killed himself finally and saved the state the job.

Above Mr. Hefty's native village in the mountains is a lake which has no outlet. An hour below the lake a stream comes out from the rocks and it was thought that that was the outlet to the lake. Legend has it that some years ago a young boy who was goat herder in the pastures around the lake made a bet that he could swim across the lake. He reached the middle and there was a whirl pool which sucked him in and under. He was not seen again. A short time later the boy's mother was getting a pail of water from the stream below and she got her son's head in the pail.

There used to be a large number of snakes on one of the Alps and were the continuous source of trouble to two farmers who lived there. One day a poor traveler came, went to one of the houses and asked for something to eat. He was turned away without a morsel of food. He went to the other home and there he was given all that he could eat. Everyone was sitting around the table and during the conversation the farmer lamented the fact that there were so many snakes on his property, and that he was losing so much stock dying from snake bites. When the poor stranger left he banished all the snakes from the property of the man who befriended him onto that of the one who had refused to give him food.

The Swiss use the word alp as the Norwegian does saeter.

It refers to the pasture land on the mountains upon which the herds graze in the summer. Every four years in Switzerland each village auctions off its alps. Each village usually owns two or more and each one is auctioned off separately. They go to the highest bidders. Those who have rented an alp then rent cows from the other villagers for the summer for a specified amount and take them to the mountains to graze and make butter and cheese from their milk. People having young stock which they wish to have grazed must pay the renters of the alp so much per head. The village limits the number of head that can graze on each alp, the smaller the alp the fewer are permitted and vice versa. Each citizen of the village owning the alp gets about 30 pounds of butter free during the summer months. The government has a particular store in each village where it sells salt to the inhabitants and at this store the butter is distributed. A citizen can obtain it all at once or ration it over a regular period of time. This butter is furnished by the people who have obtained the alps for the four years and is part of the rental though the price bid at the auction is paid above the furnishing of the butter.

Each cow that goes to the alps in the summer has a bell and a name on the collar holding the bell so that her name and owner is known. The herds are assembled the last of May and remain in the mountains until

the first of October or when the snow forces them down. The night before the herds are to go to the mountains they are brought in from the surrounding country to the village. The herders make a gala occasion of it yelling and whooping and they all sing. Sometimes the number of cows from the local village does not equal the limit set on the alp so neighboring counties send their cows. In the spring the cows seem to know their own way over the pass and into the village from which they are to go to the alp. And in the fall they know their way home equally well. The entire herd moves off in the morning and if anyone is late his cow cannot go to the alp. They have to be there on time and all have to go at once. Only men go up to the alps. The herds are moved upward on the mountain in periods of four weeks. They start grazing on the lower pasture of the alp, in four weeks are moved to the next pasture and then again in four weeks to the topmost and then they move down again as the weather gets too cold and the pasturage less.

The herders do the milking and make the milk and cheese on the alp. The cheese is kept until the fall and a cheese buyer goes around from alp to alp buying it up. A special frame was used to carry the cheeses down the mountain side. It resembled a legless chair and the back would be strapped on the man's back. Three cheeses would be placed on the seat part and thusly carried to the village. This has

been improved a bit by the men using a wooden sleigh or sled with wooden runners which is pulled by hand. If the grass is a little wet the sled goes very fast and the men have a difficult time keeping up with it and steering it. 180 pounds at a time would be hauled on the sled.

There is some pasturage which cows cannot get to because the mountain is too steep. This also belongs to the towns and each town owns and keeps about 100 goats. Daily the boy who is the goat herder takes the goats up to these spots and brings them down again in the evening. He has a horn and every morning at 4 he blows it and the goats come from their various homes and he takes them up the mountain. In the village where Mrs. Hefty came from the goat herder one day took off his vest in which was his watch and chain and laid it down. When he returned a goat had eaten it and they had to kill and open it up to retrieve the lost time piece and chain.

High up on the mountain the village owned land which was too steep for the cattle and presumably too good for the goats. Mr. Hefty and his brother would get up at 2 in the morning and climb for five hours to get to these spots hauling their sled with them. They would cut all day long and then tie their hay into a canvas with four ropes, pile it on the sled and take it home. An entire days work would not

net more than 180 pounds. Upon his recent visit home in '30 Mr. Hefty saw his neighbor and son do this but they rolled theirs down the mountain after they had it securely tied.

The following is a story about an alp. A young man was a cheesemaker on an alp for the summer. His mother came up to visit him one day and he was very chagrined and short with her because he wanted his bride to be to come. He was so rude that his mother, after having climbed all that distance, took leave in a few minutes. She had been gone only a few minutes when the sweetheart did arrive. It was muddy around the cheese house so the boy took out cheeses for her to walk on. In a few seconds a landslide came down from the mountain and buried the two of them and the cheese house. The mother was unharmed.

Mrs. Hefty's daughter was in a sanitarium in the mountains for quite a while. Mrs. Hefty would go to see her in the winter when the snow made the roads absolutely impassable and she had to lie in the bottom of a crude wooden cable car which swung over the mountains and was used to take provisions to the sanitarium.

When a young boy Mr. Hefty recalls having to learn so many verses from the Bible each day and at specified times the students were expected to recite 100 of them and if they made three errors they had to stay after school and learn them until they made no errors.

Laws were made by the men assembling at stated times and voting by a show of hands after the law had been discussed. No women could vote and the meeting was held out of doors.