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WISCONSIN MAGAZINE of HISTORY

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THE COVER

MILWAUKEE, a copy of an engraving of the 1850's, by L. Kurz, shows the busy little city with a quiet pastoral scene in the foreground. Since then it has become the lively metropolis of Wisconsin, and the past summer has observed a century of progress. This picture is used on the cover not only to give the readers a charming, early portraiture of Milwaukee, but also to give the recognition of the Society to this magnificent Midwestern city which has now lived 100 years under its city charter. See Society and State in this issue for a short résumé of the centurama observance.

WISCONSIN MAGAZINE of HISTORY



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Number 1

Chats with the Editor

THE BRONZE HEAD of the late Army Air Corps ace, Major Richard Ira Bong, was exhibited at the center of the main corridor of the State Historical Library during the month of June. Alongside the life mask in a showcase with a dark velvet ground were displayed, through the kindness of Dick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bong of Poplar, Wisconsin, and his widow, the decorations which his valor had won for him: the Congressional Medal of Honor and lapel service rosette, the Distinguished Service Cross and lapel service pin, the Air Medal and lapel service pin, the Distinguished Flying Cross and lapel service pin, the Citation Star and lapel service pin—all awarded by the United States—and the British Flying Cross. Both the decorations and the bust were inspected by hundreds of Dick Bong's friends and admirers. The medals were returned to his parents and his widow when the June exhibition came to an end. The head is on permanent display as one of the Society's chief treasures. The colorful presentation ceremonies are covered in the following pages.

IT IS POSSIBLE that some earlier annual meeting of the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY equaled in interest and importance the one held at Prairie du Chien on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of August. But no memory of such a meeting lingers, and it is a safe observation that no one who attended the meeting at the Prairie will believe that any preceding meeting rivaled it.

There are sound reasons for this. The little city of Prairie du Chien is full of historic spots and historic memories. It is more "old-world" in its setting and savor than any other town in the State. It is Quebec rather than Montreal, so to say.

The charm of the meeting was accentuated by its headquarters, by Campion College with its buildings—its dormitories and its meeting places—and its quasi-conventual routine, interrupted momentarily but hardly absent. Nearby and a part of the atmosphere-creating environment was the Villa Louis, the princely home of the great merchant prince, Hercules Dousman, whose tomb is one of the notable monuments of Calvary Cemetery.

The program was worthy of the place: Professor Arno Luckhardt's paper on Dr. Beaumont, Dr. Scanlan's discourse on the unhistoric legends of Prairie du Chien, the afternoon pilgrimage to the many historic spots, the banquet, the historic style show exhibiting women's costumes (from the Society's Museum) from the days of moccasins to the days of bobby socks brought to life by the young women of Prairie du Chien, the paper on the trade of Prairie du Chien in the days of its early glory by Dr. Petersen, and the paper on the Potosi Excavations by Archeologist Ritzenthaler of the Milwaukee Public Museum. It was a memorable offering.

The 1946 annual meeting was a fitting inaugural for the Society's centennial year. It sounded a proper keynote for what promises to be an important year in the history of the Society.

IN TAKING OVER the position of Director of the century-old STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN one advisedly reflects on the striking achievements of one's predecessors. Lyman C. Draper

*A New Hand
at the Helm* brilliantly inaugurated the collection of historical manuscripts and paintings. Reuben Gold

Thwaites published and republished many volumes of collections and edited the monumental *Jesuit Relations*. Milo M. Quaife and Joseph Schafer after him produced an important number of scholarly monographs. Edward P. Alexander

helped to inspire the activities of the local societies, organized our Museum to present a continuing series of significant selections from its storied riches, and rendered more flexible and entertaining our *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, which was established by Superintendent Quaife in 1917 and has flourished ever since.

These predecessors in the Superintendency (now the Directorate) of our Society truly give a new director something to ponder. The record is challenging and inspires humility. The first task is to become familiar with the regular duties and potentialities of the office, to learn precisely what the capable staff of the Library and Museum do for the Society they serve so well, and to find ways to help them in their work. The second is to get acquainted with the members of the Society throughout the State, and with the achievements of our friends in the county and local societies. Then come the multiple obligations and opportunities for service which the centennial of the State offers to the Society. As to general policy, the development of the library, research and publication, and museum programs will continue to be pushed to the limit of our resources—human as well as financial. As for the long-run question of what additions are to be made by the new director to the accomplishments of his predecessors, the answer must be left to the future. With the staunch support of the Curators, the Executive Committee, and the loyal members of the Society throughout the State, it is his conviction that a great Society can in time be made still greater, and a highly useful sector of the State government still more useful to the citizens of the Commonwealth.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE has by formal resolution already expressed the gratitude of the Society to Dean George C. Sellery for his extraordinarily effective services as Acting Director during

the five-months' interregnum which began with
the departure of Dr. Alexander and ended 29
June, but a further word of appreciation is surely
in order. His sagacity, tact, charm, and wisdom have made a

*Thank-you,
Dr. Sellery*

lasting contribution to the advancement of the Society's well-being. He now returns to the post he has so ably filled in the past, as a member of the Executive Committee, where he will continue to be a pillar of strength in the councils of the Society. We are fortunate, indeed, to have such a man willing to give so freely and so well of his time and energies to the cause of Wisconsin history.

AFTER THE Magazine was in proof, we were informed that Curator FRED L. HOLMES, Madison, had died suddenly on July 27, while delivering the centennial address at Waukau, his birthplace.

A REMINDER

THIS SOCIETY prints several preliminary pages and a full index for each volume of this Magazine. They are sent automatically to all libraries which belong to the Society but only to individuals who request them. If you would like this material and have not already notified us, drop us a card. Because of post-war shortages, there may be some delay in receiving the preliminary pages and index for Volume 29, 1945-46, but as soon as they are received copies will be sent to those from whom we have received cards.

PROCEEDINGS

A COPY of the *Proceedings* of the annual meeting, held at Prairie du Chien, will be sent to each member of the Society as soon as it is received from the printer—sometime during the fall.

Dedication of Life Mask of Major Richard Ira Bong

REMARKS OF GOVERNOR GOODLAND

Mr. Chairman, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have met today to pay our tribute of gratitude and respect to the men—and the women—of our country who, from the perilous days of the Revolution down to the dangerous present, have given their lives that our country might live. They may not have known the words of the Roman poet who said, "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country"; but, sweet or bitter, they did not fail to give their "last full measure of devotion." Nor must we ever forget that they fought and died that our country might always be the land of liberty and justice and human equality.

The memorials of their heroic deeds will always remain chiefly in our hearts. But here and there we have and we treasure more tangible though less lasting memorials in marble and bronze. Today we have the deep satisfaction of dedicating the bronze life mask of one of our young Wisconsin heroes, Major Richard Ira Bong, whose fame is as broad as our country.

THE DEDICATION of the life mask—the sculptured head—of Major Bong formed the culminating part of the formal exercises of the Memorial Day ceremonies in Madison, 1946, which were carried out before the southern entrance of the Capitol. The parents of Major Bong, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bong, of Poplar, Wisconsin, were present as the guests of the Governor and Mrs. Goodland, as was Mrs. Richard Ira Bong, from California. She, and the sculptor of the life mask, Sergeant Conrad Crowder, were flown to the exercises from California by the Army Air Command, and were likewise returned to California after the conclusion of the ceremonies. The participation of GOVERNOR GOODLAND and of GENERAL KENNEY in the dedication speaks for the place which the young hero occupies in the esteem of the State in which he was born and grew to young manhood and of the Army Air Forces in which he served. The life mask, accepted for the Society by its president, SENATOR WILLIAM TITUS, of Fond du Lac, is now on permanent display in the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S Library and Museum.

The people of Wisconsin, acting through their Legislature, have given this memorial to us and to our descendants. And now it is my privilege to place it in the keeping of our STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, in whose Library and Museum it will serve to inspire the youth of our State to noble deeds from age to age. I entrust it to you, Senator Titus, the president of the Society.

RESPONSE OF PRESIDENT TITUS

Governor Goodland, Mr. Chairman, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On behalf of the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN I have the honor to accept the life mask of our young hero, Major Richard Ira Bong. The STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY is the chief custodian of the memory of the people of our Commonwealth, and in its Library and Museum, its publications and collections, it serves to keep that memory alive and green.

Dick Bong's too short career is enshrined in the memory of our people. It is the latest but not the last proof of the native talent which comes to the front in times of adversity. From the beginning of the Civil War to the end of the first World War twenty-two of the citizen soldiers of Wisconsin received the (Congressional) Medal of Honor. Study that list and you will find that nearly all the recipients of our highest battle honor were, or entered the service as, privates in the ranks. They were not bred to arms; but when the call came, they displayed the utmost initiative, skill, and gallantry. Among these young men Dick Bong has taken his distinguished place, to the honor of his family and the honor of Wisconsin.

I thank you, Governor Goodland, for the trust you place in the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY. We will not fail you or the people of our beloved State.

Dedication Speech

By GENERAL GEORGE C. KENNEY

*United States Army Air Forces Representative
United Nations
Military Staff Committee*

TODAY we are paying tribute to a gallant gentleman—a champion—a great American—bravest of the brave—Dick Bong.

Major Richard Ira Bong, United States Air Forces, veteran of the Pacific War, who ruled the air from New Guinea to the Philippines; officially credited with the destruction in combat of forty enemy aircraft—the top all-time score for any American aviator; and awarded every decoration the United States can give a combat flyer.

The story of Dick Bong is a part of America's history. It is the story of America, the story of American youth. The pages of our histories are full of these stories. Born in a small town, educated in its schools, working between school terms on his father's farm—a typical normal, healthy, clean-minded, and clean-living American boy.

In the fall of 1939 a trio of international gangsters launched an attack upon the civilized world.

By 1941 it was clear that this country, our country, Dick Bong's country, was on the list of prospective conquests. Dick Bong volunteered as a flying cadet. A natural aviator, he quickly gained his wings.

In May, 1942, he reported to me at Hamilton Field, California, as a fighter pilot. When I was ordered to Australia in July of that year to take over the command of the Allied Air Forces under General MacArthur, Second Lieutenant Richard I. Bong was on a list of selected fighter pilots that I asked for. He arrived in Australia that September.

On December 28, 1942, I read a combat report, which simply gave the time of take-off at Port Moresby, New Guinea, the time of arrival over Buna on the north coast, the fact that he had there shot down two enemy aircraft, and the time of landing back at his home field. For some unknown reason, I said: "Watch Bong; there is the ace of aces just starting to work."

I watched; we all watched that score build up. We watched the growing respect and admiration and affection of fellow pilots, mechanics, junior officers, and senior officers, all the way up to Douglas MacArthur himself.

We listened to Dick Bong as he imparted to others the combat lessons that he had learned the hard way. We smiled when he modestly and sincerely complained that he was a terrible shot and should be doing much better.

We saw his point of view when he resented a story about "Bong the Killer." Of course, he wasn't a killer. There was no hate in Dick Bong's make-up. We had a job to do. The Jap had to be defeated. Part of that job was shooting down Jap airplanes. Dick was simply doing his part.

In the fall of 1943 his score had reached twenty-eight official victories, the greatest number ever credited to an American aviator up to that time. He had earned a rest; but his primary objective, which he earnestly explained to me, was to go to a gunnery school back in the United States and really learn how to shoot.

He was now Captain Bong, a flight leader in the leading fighter squadron of the American Air Forces.

I sent him home. He took his gunnery course.

Eight months later he reported back to me in New Guinea with the news that he now really knew something about aerial gunnery. I said, "Dick, I want you to teach the rest of the fighter pilots what you know. You have done enough combat. Being an instructor may not appeal to you, but if you can impart to others what you have learned, you will save a lot of American lives and indirectly shoot down a lot of enemy aircraft."



GENERAL GEORGE C. KENNEY

Dick did the job. The count of our victories went up—and our losses went down. The efficiency of our fighter units became a by-word in the whole Air Force.

In spite of my remonstrances, which I'm afraid were a bit weak at times, Dick occasionally went along on combat, to see, as he naïvely expressed it, "whether the boys were really absorbing their lessons."

Twelve times, according to his story told with a shy grin and a little twinkle in a pair of blue eyes, in self-defense he had been forced to shoot down enemy planes which had insisted on interfering with his observations.

It began to be an Air Force joke. Finally, in desperation, I got General MacArthur personally to decorate Dick with the Congressional Medal of Honor on the airdrome at Tacloban, on the island of Leyte in the Philippines, and then sent him back home.

It didn't seem to worry Dick, but the strain was getting us all down. Forty victories were enough, but more important, I did not want to lose Dick Bong. The whole Fifth Air Force did not want to lose him; General MacArthur did not want to lose him.

When in August, 1945, the word was flashed to us that Major Richard I. Bong had made his final flight, all other events of the day were forgotten. A quarter of a million Americans, Australians, and New Zealanders forgot about the atomic bomb, stopped speculating about the impending capitulation of Japan.

We were fiercely proud of Dick Bong. He would not boast, but we did, of the fact that the crews of forty enemy airplanes had lost trying to dispute the mastery of the air with our Dick Bong.

We had all sighed with relief when he went back safely to the United States.

You see, we loved him. We didn't want to lose him.

AND NOW, a few words to you of my generation. Do you remember just a few years ago, how we used to worry about the youth of this country? I did, and so did you. We wondered if the

daring, courage, resourcefulness, and even the patriotism of our youth were equal to the strain that a world in upheaval was about to inflict upon them.

We needn't have worried. We need *never* worry about American youth. They are the ones that made this country in the beginning. They are the ones that time after time have saved it for us and have kept it a glorious place to live in.

They are the ones we can entrust its future to—*the Dick Bongs—gallant gentlemen—champions—Americans.*

Wisconsin, New York's Daughter State

By EDWARD P. ALEXANDER

NEW YORK AND WISCONSIN—Jewels worthy of a Nation's diadem—the one, the acknowledged 'Empire State' of the East; the other, destined to be the 'Empire' of the West." This was only one of the many toasts offered at the second annual festival of the Excelsior Society of Milwaukee on the evening of December 28, 1847, when about 100 Sons of New York in Wisconsin gathered to boast the glories of the Empire State and to aspire to its motto of "Excelsior." For a half-dozen years beginning in 1846 these gatherings were held annually in Milwaukee, usually accompanied by elaborate dinners and balls.¹

The Sons of New York in Wisconsin meet no longer to drink their toasts and breathe their brave sentiments. But the influence of the New Yorkers remains strong in this State. Wilbur Stiles of Lake Mills in 1941 recalled an incident which shows that descendants of Yorkers still form an appreciable part of the Badger State's population. Mr. Stiles wrote:

At a Farmer's institute that I attended over forty years ago, a speaker from York State asked those in the audience who had come from that State, or were descendants of York State folks, to raise their hands. Over half responded. The speaker said that he received the same result at every meeting he had attended.²

This simple statement can be buttressed with the most impeccable and the driest of statistics. The Census of 1850 showed

DR. ALEXANDER was director of the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN from 1941 to 1946. He read this paper to the Madison Literary Club on December 14, 1942. He is now educational director of Colonial Williamsburg.

¹ *Milwaukee Sentinel and Gazette*, Dec. 30, 1847. See also issues of Dec. 31, 1846; Dec. 31, 1849; Dec. 31, 1850; Balthasar H. Meyer, "A History of Early Railroad Legislation in Wisconsin," *Wisconsin Historical Society, Collections*, 14:249 (1898).

² Wilbur Stiles, "Lake Mills: A Dairying Pioneer," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 24:446 (June, 1941).

305,391 people living in Wisconsin. Of these, more than a third were foreign born, 47,841 of them English speaking and 57,617 non-English speaking. Of the American born, 63,015 were natives of Wisconsin, the overwhelming majority of them children since the state had been settled mainly during the fifteen years before 1850. Of some 130,000 American born remaining, there were 68,595 from New York State; 11,402 from Ohio; 10,157 from Vermont; and 9,570 from Pennsylvania. The Eastern and New England states together accounted for 103,371; the states of the Old Northwest for 21,367; and Southern and Southwestern states for only 5,425.

In other words, 63 percent of Wisconsin's population in 1850 was American born, and New Yorkers constituted 36 percent of the American born and about 20 percent of the total population. Native Americans predominated in all but three of the twenty-six counties for which we have figures, the three exceptions being Manitowoc, Milwaukee, and Washington. In all but five of the native American counties, the New York born added to the natives of Wisconsin formed a majority of the American born. The exceptions were the lead-mining counties—Grant, Iowa, and Lafayette—where the Southern element in Wisconsin's population centered, and Green and Richland counties, the latter so sparsely settled at the time as to have little influence. To put it in still another way, wherever there were six New Yorkers in Wisconsin, there were likely to be one Vermonter, another New England man, and an Ohioan, who was probably of New England descent.³

If this barrage of statistics has left any doubts of the importance of New Yorkers in Wisconsin in 1850, a few contemporary comments should certainly make the situation clear. J. V. Quarles wrote from Southport (today Kenosha) in 1839 to a friend in New Hampshire: "A large proportion of the emigrants & settlers here are from N.Y. but few from N.H. and those from Connecticut river."⁴ Increase A. Lapham, New York born and Wisconsin's first great scientist, in a letter written at Milwaukee in 1837 said:

³ Joseph Schafer, *A History of Agriculture in Wisconsin* (Madison, 1922), 45-64.

⁴ "Letters of Joseph V. Quarles," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 16:315 (March, 1933).

"The society here is good; the people are principally from New York and the states east of it; many are from the Canadas. They all possess the enterprising go-ahead spirit of the New Englanders."⁶ Another settler in 1840 called Milwaukee "the 'Empire' village of Wisconsin,"⁸ referring, of course, to her Empire State settlers. By 1850, however, there were 36 percent native born, 38 percent Germans, and 15 percent Irish in Milwaukee.

James Duane Doty, who was born in New York State and named for one of her early land speculators, made his home at Green Bay in 1824. He became one of the most important political figures and speculators of the region. His correspondence is full of letters from prominent New Yorkers recommending to him their friends who were coming west. Jabez D. Hammond of Cherry Valley, prominent New York politician and historian, in 1840 wrote to introduce Alexander Randall, who settled at Waukesha and became Wisconsin's first Civil War governor. Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, United States senator from Poughkeepsie, in 1841 urged Doty to find good land for Colonel Henry Conklin since "His example will draw after [him] many of the best families in Dutchess County." Tallmadge himself purchased a home on Lake Winnebago in Fond du Lac County and succeeded Doty as territorial governor of the State for several months in 1844-45. He promised to bring with him five brothers and two brothers-in-law, and to "fill in the country with a population such as no new country has seen before." William H. Seward in 1842 sent Doty four prominent Albany men "who leave us today to erect the log cabin in Wisconsin," and in the same year Millard Fillmore of Buffalo, later to be President of the United States, introduced John S. Fillmore, who became a publisher of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*.⁷

Usually the Yorkers came in individual families, but occasionally there was planned mass immigration. Thus Southport was begun

⁶ Bayrd Still, "The Growth of Milwaukee as Recorded by Contemporaries," *ibid.*, 21:269 (March, 1938).

⁷ Charles J. Lynde to Dr. J. K. Bardett, Milwaukee, December, 1840, in Blanchard Harper Papers, Wisconsin Historical Society Library.

⁸ See especially letters to Doty from Hammond, July 16, 1840; Tallmadge, May 19, 25, Sept. 15, 1841; Seward, Oct. 12, 1842; Fillmore, Oct. 17, 1842, in Doty Manuscripts, Wisconsin Historical Society Library.

in 1836 by the Western Emigration Company formed at Hannibal in Oswego County, New York. The members of this group purchased company scrip with a par value of \$10 a share to the amount of \$4,000 which was then used to buy land.⁸ Cassville was laid out in 1836 by a group of New York land speculators headed by Garret Visscher Denniston. Denniston House built at a cost of \$30,000 is still in use as a hotel, but it was not to house legislators as Cassville's founders had hoped. When Madison was chosen as the capital, Cassville's hopes were blasted, though Nelson Dewey, Connecticut born but raised in Cooperstown, New York, and the first governor of the State of Wisconsin, later revived the place somewhat.⁹ William S. Hamilton of the lead mining country, native New Yorker and son of the famed Alexander Hamilton, was probably interested in this speculation, and he was president of the Rump Council of Michigan Territory which met at Green Bay in 1836 and recommended Cassville for the capital.¹⁰

In addition to white settlers Wisconsin also welcomed some red-skinned immigrants from New York. The Oneida Indians in central New York, one of the Six Nations of the Iroquois Confederacy, had in the 1780's received upon their lands certain remnants of New England tribes, the so-called Stockbridge and Brothertown groups, and later a few Delawares (some of them Munsee) from New Jersey. In 1820 the movement to transplant these Indians to Wisconsin began to gain momentum. Various forces backed this project, among them the Ogden Land Company which wanted Iroquois lands in New York, Secretary of War John C. Calhoun, who was in favor of the general policy of removing the Indians west of white settlement, and the Rev. Eleazer Williams, New York born half-breed Episcopal missionary, who hoped to see the Iroquois Six Nations Confederacy resettled in the West with him at its head.

The Menomini Indians finally gave the New York tribes some of their land. But the plans of the Rev. Mr. Williams did not

⁸ Jason Lothrop, "Historical Sketch of Kenosha County, Wisconsin," Wisconsin Historical Society, *Collections*, 2:450-72 (1855).

⁹ Joseph Schafer, *The Wisconsin Lead Region* (Madison, 1932), 194-95.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 51-55, 195.

materialize, for he was not able to persuade the more powerful Iroquois tribes to come west, the church lost faith in him because of his indolence, and he easily acquired a host of creditors. Perhaps these failures caused him to seek fame elsewhere, for as early as 1839 he maintained that he was the "Lost Dauphin," Louis XVII of France, who actually died in a Paris prison in 1795. According to Williams, another child was put in jail in his place, and he was hurried to America to be raised by the Indians. More romantic nonsense has been written about this half-breed than about any other Wisconsin personality. But the New York tribes brought a comparatively high Indian civilization to Wisconsin, and even today there are some 3,000 Oneida and 600 Stockbridges in our population.¹¹

To come back to our white Yorkers for a moment, we might point out that Madison, our fair capital city, owes its very existence to a New Yorker. James Duane Doty rode through the Four Lakes region in 1829, keeping his eyes peeled, as was his custom, for choice real estate. In 1836 the first territorial legislature met at Belmont to decide where the capital of the territory and presumably of the state should be located. There were a host of candidates for the honor, including Milwaukee, Green Bay, Mineral Point, Dubuque (today in Iowa), Koshkonong, Fond du Lac, Portage, Helena, Belmont, Platteville, and Cassville. But Judge Doty had his own idea, and shortly before the legislature met he had a surveyor quietly lay out a city between what are now Lake Mendota and Lake Monona, naming it Madison for the fourth President of the United States, who had died that summer.

Judge Doty had a wonderful time at the meeting of the legislature at Belmont. When a rumor started that Mineral Point was to be chosen the capital, he sold a fine lot there; when the tide seemed to turn toward Fond du Lac, he disposed of many tracts on Lake Winnebago. Finally Madison was selected, probably chiefly because it was centrally located and an admirable compromise. But a factor in the decision, too, was Doty's persuasive foresight (shall we call

¹¹ Joseph Schafer, *The Winnebago-Horicon Basin; A Type Study in Western History* (Madison, 1937), 35-76.

it that?) in promising choice Madison lots to at least fifteen of the thirty-nine legislators, the clerks of the two houses, and the governor's son.¹²

The first permanent white settlers of Madison, who came in 1837, were Eben Peck and Roseline, his wife with the determined visage.¹³ They had spent most of their lives in either Vermont or New York State. The Hon. Aaron Vanderpoel, member of Congress from Kinderhook, New York, came out to Madison in 1837 and bought the land along Lake Mendota on which the University of Wisconsin now stands. He returned home to spread the story of the glorious new country in the Kinderhook and other New York State newspapers.¹⁴

BUT BY THIS TIME the New Englanders who are listening to this are about to say in slightly superior tones, "Yes, yes, what you say is true, but don't forget that the fathers and mothers of these Yorkers were from New England." I therefore hasten to say that most of these New Yorkers were of New England descent. Their fathers and mothers had left their native hills at the end of the American Revolution, moved to northern, central, or western New York, and settled down on the frontier at Ogdensburg, Utica, Herkimer, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, or some other transplanted New England village, to remain for a generation or so before resuming their westward trek. Listen to what Frederick Jackson Turner, Wisconsin's greatest and most beloved historian, has to say about his family: "My people on both sides moved at least every generation, and built new communities—from Conn. to central and western Mass., to Vermont, to the Adirondacks, to the Dela. Valley in N.Y. and to western N.Y., to Mich. and Wisconsin, and others of the family to Nebraska and to Alaska."¹⁵ That is a typical New England American saga.

But before we give New England all the credit for the settlement of Wisconsin, let us consider what effect New York State had upon

¹² Schafer, *Lead Region*, 62-73.

¹³ For Roseline Peck, see Wisconsin Historical Society, *Collections*, 6:343-65 (1872).

¹⁴ Joseph Schafer, *Four Wisconsin Counties; Prairie and Forest* (Madison, 1927), 57-58.

¹⁵ "Turner to Constance Lindsay Skinner, Cambridge, Mass., Mar. 15, 1922," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 19:102 (September, 1935).

transplanted New Englanders. After all, one of the toasts at the Excelsior Society's festival in 1847 was drunk to "*The Un-Common Schools' of the Empire State*—in which the descendants of the Puritans have learned a few important and useful things which their fathers never did nor could have taught them."

New Englanders and New Yorkers had not been great friends in the early days. Both the Dutch founders of New Netherland and the Englishmen who took over that province by conquest in 1664 had distrusted the region east of them. New York under both the Dutch and the English was aristocratic, urbane, and thinly populated, and she was acutely afraid of the swarming stronghold of the Puritans with their democratic, leveling political principles, their intolerant self-righteousness, and especially their great numbers. As early as 1642 Sir William Boswell, English ambassador at the Hague, had advised the New Englanders "to push forward their plantation and crowd on, crowding the Dutch out of those places where they have occupied, but without hostility or any act of violence."¹⁸

By the eve of the American Revolution, this penetration of New York by the Yankees had ceased to be peaceful. The New York landlords along the east bank of the Hudson were badly frightened by the invasion of New England squatters who were threatening to hold the lands upon which they settled by "club law." The New Yorkers who thought they espied opportunity amid the evergreen trees and rocky ridges of the area between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain which is today Vermont had an even harder time. What did it matter if New York's eastern boundary had always been the Connecticut River? What did it matter if the king in 1764 reaffirmed this line? Sturdy, stubborn Yankees settled down in the region, with plainly illegal titles from Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, and proceeded to make life miserable for Yorker surveyors and settlers, sheriffs and justices of the peace. When New York passed laws to suppress the illegal invasion, Ethan Allen invited the Yorker landlords to come up to

¹⁸ Dixon Ryan Fox, *Yankees and Yorkers* (New York, 1940), 48.

Bennington sometime to view the dexterity of "as good a regiment of mark's-men and scalpers as *America* can afford."¹⁷ Thomas Rowley, the good poet of the Green Mountains, wrote sixteen stanzas of doggerel urging downtrodden farmers in the province of New York to settle in the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was then called, and he defiantly observed:

We value not New York with all their powers,
For here we'll stay and work, the land is ours.¹⁸

One sadder but wiser New York speculator in Green Mountain real estate wrote in a moment of vicious insight: "I fear these people will spread over the whole Continent and however pleased they may be with themselves, they will [overthrow?] the political and *religious* principles—if Candour and Truth are Religious principles—of their Neighbours."¹⁹

Nor were the New Englanders content with taking Vermont away from New York. In 1783 Massachusetts boldly claimed as part of her original sea-to-sea grant the whole of western New York State beyond the Fort Stanwix Indian boundary line of 1768. But the New Yorkers had learned their lesson, and rather than lose everything, in 1786 they agreed to give Massachusetts the private title to more than 6,000,000 acres, provided New York should retain the governmental jurisdiction. By 1791, too, New York had sadly given up her claims to Green Mountain land for a paltry \$30,000, and Vermont entered the Union.²⁰

Soon the exodus from New England to New York was on in full force. Between 1800 and 1820 Connecticut increased 10 percent in population while New York State grew at the rate of 130 percent or thirteen times as fast. In the same period the population of Massachusetts went up only 25 percent, and though some of her emigrants went to the Maine frontier, the big majority settled in York State. As for the Green Mountains, even as late as 1850 there was one Vermonter in York State for every four in Vermont itself. Nathan Ford, the Ogden Land Company agent, was certainly right

¹⁷ E. P. Alexander, *A Revolutionary Conservative: James Duane of New York* (New York, 1938), 84.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 81.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 46.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, 170-76, 202-3.

when he said: "It is equally necessary that Yankees swarm as it is for bees."²¹ All in all, the New York population grew from 340,000 in 1790 to 960,000 in 1820; and Timothy Dwight, the traveling Connecticut clergyman and president of Yale, was probably not too far off when he estimated that from three-fifths to two-thirds of the increase came from New England, though any Yorker would have hotly resented his supercilious assumption that New York was but a "Colony from New-England."²²

New England immigration was not confined to upstate New York. New York City may have outstripped Boston as a seaport, but Yankee intruders controlled the port by 1820. Some New England firms moved directly to New York; others set up branches there; but usually New England boys, especially from Connecticut, worked their way up from the bottom to control firms which originally belonged to New Yorkers. Two-thirds of the American ships sailing from New York had Yankee-born captains.²³

Living in New York State for a generation or so did something to the Yankees. The whole atmosphere in York State was more expansive—there were abundant natural resources, including fertile land, waterpower sites, one of the best ports in the world, and excellent commercial opportunities. There were geographical advantages which made it easy to develop steamboats, canals, plank roads, and railroads in New York. New York, too, had a more mellow, a more tolerant tradition. Its position midway between North and South gave it a more cosmopolitan outlook. As Dixon Ryan Fox has remarked in his excellent little book entitled *Yankees and Yorkers*, "Enterprise was quickened in a land that was more rich and free."²⁴

New York's politics were much more violent than New England's and had been so ever since 1689 when the Leislerian dispute arose. As Henry Adams put it in writing about the period around 1800: "All these Jays, Schuylers, Livingstons, Clintons,

²¹ Fox, *Yankees and Yorkers*, 192-95.

²² Timothy Dwight, *Travels in New-England and New-York* (4 vols., New Haven, 1821), 2:267; Lois (Kimball) Mathews Rosenberry, *The Expansion of New England* (Boston, 1909), 168-69.

²³ Fox, *Yankees and Yorkers*, 195-97; Robert G. Albion, *The Rise of New York Port* (New York, 1939), 241-51.

²⁴ Fox, *Yankees and Yorkers*, 21.

Burrs, had they lived in New England, would probably have united in the support of their class, or abandoned the country; but being citizens of New York they quarrelled."²⁵ Timothy Dwight, too, put his finger on an indication of New York's greater political vivacity when he pointed out that about 1820 New York with less than four times the population of Connecticut had more than 2,000 lawyers to Connecticut's 216.²⁶ The Yankees at once plunged joyously into New York politics and began to take a leading part in national affairs. Men of New England blood—Rufus King, Silas Wright, William L. Marcy, John A. Dix, and Thurlow Weed—became national political figures in New York, while of those who remained in New England only Daniel Webster became well known. As Frederick Jackson Turner has said, "Apparently, a transplantation from the original soil of southern New England was necessary to bring out the power of the Yankee stock in national politics."²⁷

The New England church also underwent important changes in New York State, some of them no doubt caused by a general advance in American sophistication, but others to be charged directly to the more tolerant air of New York. People accustomed to the state-supported and morally strict Congregational Church of Connecticut or Massachusetts came into a region where there had never been a true state church, where Episcopalians, Dutch Reformed, Presbyterians, and other denominations were all on a more or less equal footing, and where the genial Dutch tradition was thoroughly opposed to Blue Laws.

To illustrate the more liberal conditions existing in New York, let us glance at the experience of Ebenezer Childs, later a pioneer of Green Bay, Wisconsin. In 1816 the town collector at Barre, Massachusetts, called upon him to pay a "minister tax" of \$1.75 at a time when Childs was working for 50 cents a day. "Pay or go to jail" was the warning of the collector, and the nineteen-year-old

²⁵ Henry Adams, *History of the United States of America* (9 vols., New York, 1891), 1:109.

²⁶ Dwight, *Travels*, 1:284.

²⁷ Frederick Jackson Turner, *The United States, 1830-1850; The Nation and Its Sections* (New York, 1935), 114.

Childs determined to run away instead. But he started on a Sunday, and Sunday travel was against the law. He chanced to pass a church, whereupon a "long-spliced Yankee" tithing-man, and his assistants gave hot pursuit. "When I crossed the State line, and got into New York," wrote Childs many years later, "I felt greatly relieved. I was then in the land of freedom, and out of reach of oppression."²⁸

Yankees and Yorkers did not agree as to the value of the Congregational Church. Timothy Dwight, visiting New York State in 1804, was shocked by the lack of schoolhouses and churches, the plethora of taverns, where "early as it was, were gathered a number of persons . . . idling, and drinking, away their time; rude in their appearance, and clownish in their manners."²⁹ In order to correct this condition, the reverend traveler suggested especially that sounder provision for ministers be made by church taxes. Fenimore Cooper, on the other hand, could not say too much against New Englanders of all kinds, including their ministers whom he found hypocritical, pedantic, and demagogic.³⁰

The change in New England church life in New York State took place in at least two directions. The first came with the adoption of the Plan of Union by Congregationalists and Presbyterians in 1802. According to this plan or "accommodation system," as it was sometimes called, frontier settlers of both faiths might join together, call either a Congregationalist or a Presbyterian for a pastor, and then conduct the church discipline by majority vote, no matter what the minister wanted. The Presbyterians were more militant and insistent upon doctrine than the Congregationalists, and the presbyterial organization was better suited to frontier conditions. As a result of this Plan of Union, then, great numbers of Congregationalists became Presbyterians, both in New York State and in states farther west including Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

Another result of the removal of the old restrictions of New England Congregationalism was the founding of various radical

²⁸ Ebenezer Childs, "Recollections of Wisconsin since 1820," *Wisconsin Historical Society, Collections*, 4:153-54 (1859).

²⁹ Dwight, *Travels*, 4:11.

³⁰ Fox, *Yankees and Yorkers*, 200-206.

sects. They certainly flourished in New York State—the Jemimakins, the Mormons, the Millerites, the Perfectionists of the Oneida Community, the Spiritualists, and the various Fourier communities. Most of the leaders of these diverse half-baked experiments were sturdy Yankees, and so also were many of the followers.³¹

New Englanders brought with them to New York State their schools and their high ideal of education for all. They greatly improved the New York common school system, which had been far below New England standards. They also provided the large majority of presidents and faculty for the academies and the upstate colleges of New York, including Union, Hamilton, Colgate, Hobart, and the St. Lawrence University. But they too were affected by New York conditions. The New York aristocratic influence readily supported the academy idea, and academies flourished and delayed the establishment of public high schools. York State was far ahead of New England in scientific work also, and when Amos Eaton came to New York from Pittsfield, he was encouraged in his work by Stephen Van Rensselaer and became the first head of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. New York State carried through the first great state natural history survey, and a man like Eliphalet Nott, who was president of Union College for sixty-two years, would probably not have invented his anthracite-burning steamboat boiler and many different kinds of stoves if he had remained in his native New England.³²

I dare not expose my ignorance by venturing into other cultural fields, though there is undoubtedly evidence waiting to prove that the rise of the Hudson River school of painting, the rapid development of the theater in New York, the fusing of varied New York architectural styles as exemplified in Hudson River Dutch farmhouses or Lake Ontario cobblestone houses with the New England tradition did something to broaden and deepen these phases of New England culture. But to sum up, New Englanders were exposed in New York State to what Dixon Ryan Fox calls

³¹ *Ibid.*, 21, 208–10; Rosenberry, *Expansion of New England*, 162–64.

³² Fox, *Yankees and Yorkers*, 212–18.

"the social experience of New York, a demonstration of how men of different backgrounds could live together and coöperate, an important element in our tradition and in that of America."³⁸ Such an experience was certainly desirable for men and women who were to settle in Wisconsin and to become a part of one of the greatest "melting pots" of all America.

WHEN WE REMEMBER that Wisconsin's population of 300,000 in 1850 included more than 100,000 foreign born who were new to America and more than 60,000 children too young to vote, it is not surprising that nearly 70,000 New Yorkers, supported usually by some 40,000 New Englanders, Pennsylvanians, and Ohioans, were able to control the political affairs of Wisconsin. This had not been true in early territorial days, and in 1839 a sarcastic supporter of Doty wrote that no one could be appointed to territorial office unless he could "get drunk, swear, or establish the fact by a tremendous oath that he has scalped a dead Indian." During the territorial period a shift in political power was taking place by which the combination of Green Bay and Milwaukee interests was wresting control away from Mineral Point and its Southern immigrants.

The governorship had no bearing upon this shift because territorial governors were appointed by the President of the United States, but the elections of territorial delegates show the trend. In 1835 George Wallace Jones of the lead mining region, born in Indiana and described as "a tall, erect figure, fastidiously dressed, with an abundance of curling black hair, an engaging smile, and the manners of a Chesterfield," easily defeated Judge Doty of Green Bay. In 1838 Doty beat Jones for the position with the help of the Yorkers and Yankees streaming into southeastern Wisconsin. Doty was reelected in 1839, but two years later persuaded President Tyler to appoint him governor in place of Henry Dodge of Dodgeville, the "Old Hero" of the lead country. A sympathetic feeling for Dodge caused him to be elected delegate in Doty's place and to be reelected in 1843. When Dodge was reappointed

³⁸ *Ibid.*, 22.

governor in 1845, Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay, a native New Yorker and Dory's cousin, was elected delegate, and in 1847 John H. Tweedy of Milwaukee, originally a Vermonter. Thus by the end of the territorial period Yankees of the New York and New England variety were gaining political predominance over the Southerners of southwest Wisconsin.³⁴

The political control of the Yorkers is well shown in the making of Wisconsin's two constitutions. The constitution of 1846 was fashioned by a convention of 134 members, of whom 46 were born in New York State and 29 more had lived there for a considerable period.³⁵ It is not strange, then, that this majority of 75 members should model the Wisconsin constitution upon the new constitution of 1846 which New York had just completed. The preamble was taken verbatim from the New York document, and so were many whole articles. There were four radical provisions in this constitution: (1) In most other states judges were still appointed by governor and senate but Wisconsin followed the system just adopted in New York of having the people elect the judges. (2) A married woman was to be allowed to hold property in her own name and separate from her husband, a provision taken from the Texas constitution but much praised by the New York Barnburner, John Bigelow, in an article in the *Democratic Review*. (3) A homestead of not more than forty acres in the country or worth not more than \$1,000 in town was to be exempt from seizure for debt as Texas also provided and John Bigelow approved. (4) All banks of issue were flatly prohibited.

The anti-banking article was introduced by Edward G. Ryan, Racine's brilliant Irishman who had studied law and taught school in New York for half a dozen years, and was fought through despite the determined effort of John H. Tweedy to set up the New York free banking system provided in her new constitution of 1846. This banking article was the chief reason why the constitution of 1846 failed of ratification. The Whigs joined with

³⁴ Joseph Schafer, "Sectional and Personal Politics in Early Wisconsin," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 18:442-65 (June, 1935); Louise P. Kellogg, "The Story of Wisconsin, 1634-1848," *ibid.*, 3:400 (June, 1920).

³⁵ Obtained by checking the biographical sketches by Louise P. Kellogg in Milo M. Quaife, ed., *The Convention of 1846* (Madison, 1919), 756-800.

the conservative Democrats to defeat the radical Democrats and the constitution in April, 1847, by a vote of 20,131 to 14,119. Epithets familiar in New York party circles were bandied back and forth. The radical Democrats were called "Barnburners" for they were said to wish to burn down the barn (or destroy the party) to get rid of the rats. The conservative Democrats were called "the Rip Van Winkles of Old Hunkerdom," for they were said to hanker or *bunker* (the New York Dutch term) after office.³⁶

In the second constitutional convention which met at Madison on December 5, 1847, 25 of the 69 members were born in New York State, and 13 more had lived there for a time.³⁷ Again New York-trained men were in the majority. Though they revised the first constitution from beginning to end, the changes had to do mainly with form and arrangement. The only important change was the article on banking which allowed the legislature to submit to the people the question of whether it should frame a general banking act, and if the vote favored this action, the law might be drawn and referred to the people also. This was done in 1851-52, and Wisconsin adopted a general banking law similar to New York's. The election of judges was retained in the second constitution. The clauses on woman's property rights and homestead exemption were left out, but were later enacted by the legislature. There was little opposition to the second constitution, and it was ratified by a large popular vote in March, 1848.³⁸

The constitution of 1848 is still in force today having been amended very infrequently during the more than ninety years. It is the oldest constitution in use in any state west of the Alleghenies. The strong New York flavor of the document is shown by the recent ruling of the Wisconsin Supreme Court that Lieutenant-Governor Walter S. Goodland had become acting governor upon the death of Governor-Elect Orland S. Loomis. In arriving at its decision, the court examined the New York constitutions of 1821

³⁶ Milo M. Quaife, ed., *The Movement for Statehood, 1845-1846* (Madison, 1918), 9-53; Frederick L. Holmes, "First Constitutional Convention in Wisconsin, 1846," Wisconsin Historical Society, *Proceedings*, 1905:227-51; Kate Everest Levi, "The Press and the Constitution," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 16:383-403 (June, 1933).

³⁷ Obtained by checking the biographical sketches by Louise P. Kellogg in Milo M. Quaife, ed., *The Attainment of Statehood* (Madison, 1928), 900-931.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, v-viii.

and 1846 as well as the two Wisconsin constitutions, and Justice John D. Wickhem stated:

It is evident to us that both the draft and the debates of the New York constitution were known to the delegates to the Wisconsin convention and that our convention copied and adopted a proposed draft of the matter covered by section 7, including a portion later deleted there [in the New York convention].³⁹

Perhaps as important as the constitution are the men who administer and interpret it. A survey of Wisconsin governors and supreme court justices will show how important New Yorkers were in forming the state's governmental and political tradition. Robert M. LaFollette, who became governor in 1900, was the first Wisconsin-born man to hold this office. Of the previous nineteen governors of the State, seven were born in New York State and four more had lived there for a considerable period of time. They were in office during twenty-eight of the fifty-three years between 1848 and 1900.⁴⁰

The supreme court offers an even more interesting example of New York influence. Robert C. Siebecker, La Follette's schoolmate and brother-in-law, was the first Wisconsin-born justice of that court. He took office in 1903. Of the previous twenty-four justices, thirteen had been born in New York State and three more had lived there for a time.⁴¹ Let us look, for example, at the court as it appeared about 1880. Orsamus Cole, the chief justice, was born at Cazenovia, Madison County, New York, and educated at Union College, Schenectady, in the class of 1843, before coming to Potosi, Wisconsin, in 1847. William Penn Lyon, associate justice, was a native of Chatham in Columbia County, New York; Daniel Taylor, associate justice, was born in Schoharie County, New York; the birthplace of Harlow J. Orton, associate justice, was Niagara County, New York, and he was educated at Madison College, today Colgate University; and John B. Cassoday, the other associate justice, was born in Herkimer County, New York, and educated at the University of Michigan and the Albany (New York) Law School. Thus, the entire supreme court of that period consisted of

³⁹ The decision is printed in the *Madison Wisconsin State Journal*, Dec. 29, 1942.

⁴⁰ Obtained by analyzing the sketches in Joseph Schafer, "Our State Governors," *Wisconsin Blue Book*, 1927:21-48.

⁴¹ Obtained chiefly from John Bradley Winslow, *The Story of a Great Court* (Chicago, 1912); John B. Sanborn, "The Supreme Court of Wisconsin in the Eighties," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 15:3-21 (September, 1931).

New Yorkers.⁴² Moreover, the Wisconsin Legislature in 1856 had adopted the New York Code of Procedure for the courts with very slight modifications.⁴³

It is therefore not too much to say that during its formative period Wisconsin adopted a framework of law based mainly on New York models, enforced and interpreted the laws with a majority of New York born governors and judges, and followed the New York form of procedure in its courts.

Wisconsin local government, too, is based on that of New York State. New England had the town as its important local political unit with an annual town meeting, the counties existing only for judicial purposes. The Southern states had no towns at all, but all local affairs were taken care of by the county commission. New York, however, developed a compromise form of local government with towns handling purely local concerns such as town highways and poor relief but with a supervisor from each town attending the county board of supervisors to settle matters of taxation and finance and to assume a gradually lengthening list of other functions.

The development of local government in Wisconsin shows the early control by the Southerners of the lead mining country, the period of combat between this element and the Yorkers and Yankees filling in other parts of the State, and the eventual triumph of the newcomers. In 1837 the county commissioner system was set up in Wisconsin, the commissioners being elected by the people. Towns were organized in 1838 but only for judicial and police purposes. There was no county board. In 1841 the Yorkers and Yankees were strong enough to secure a law which allowed each county to determine its own local government, and by 1848 all of the twenty-nine counties except Grant, Lafayette, Green, Iowa, and Sauk were under the New York plan with local government shared by the towns and the county board of supervisors. The constitution of 1848 provided for a uniform system of local government, and the legislature adopted the New York system. The term "town" in Wisconsin as in New York State means a political township, not a small village or city. A town usually but not always coincides with the boundaries of a civil or surveyor's township. Each town as well

⁴² *Ibid.*, 4-8.

⁴³ Winslow, *Great Courts*, 108-9.

as each ward of village and city sends a supervisor to the county board, which as a result is often a large and clumsy body.⁴⁴

ECONOMIC INSTITUTIONS in Wisconsin also felt the molding influence of the Yankees, whether they were from New York or New England. They were born organizers—quick to see opportunities, to take chances, and to make improvements. Since Wisconsin has approximately the same climatic and geographic conditions as New York, it is natural that approximately the same industries should have developed in the two states.

Wheat had been the staple crop in New York State, and it became the chief product of early Wisconsin. But the Yankees and Yorkers were interested in getting ahead in the world. While Germans, Scandinavians, and most other Europeans usually settled down to make homes in the wilderness and create fine farms, the Yankee element was perfectly willing to raise wheat for a few seasons, not even bothering to build a barn or to remove the stumps, and then sell the land at a profit, move farther west, or become a shopkeeper in city or village. The Yorkers and Yankees introduced blooded livestock into Wisconsin, popularizing the change by means of State and county fairs, and the agricultural press.⁴⁵

But the biggest contribution of New York to the Wisconsin economy was the dairy industry. The factory system of cheese making was introduced in New York State in 1851 and by 1860 had revolutionized the dairy industry there. In 1864 Chester Hazen from New York set up the first cheese factory in Wisconsin at Ladoga in Fond du Lac County, utilizing the milk of at least 100 cows and giving his full time to the factory. At that time Wisconsin dairy products were not admired. It was necessary to sell our cheese under other names, such as "New Hamburg," "New York Factory," and "Herkimer County." Wisconsin butter was uninvitingly called "Western grease." But the influence of the New York example, the leadership of New York men, the work of the College of

⁴⁴David E. Spencer, "Local Government in Wisconsin," *Wisconsin Historical Society, Collections*, 11:502-11 (1888).

⁴⁵Joseph Schafer, "The Yankee and the Teuton in Wisconsin," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 6:266-70 (March, 1923); Russell H. Anderson, "New York Agriculture Meets the West, 1830-1850," *ibid.*, 16:163-98, 285-96 (December, 1932; March, 1933).

Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin, and the splendid coöperation of Wisconsin's Swiss, German, Scandinavian, and other foreign-born farmers soon changed the situation.

Many men have had a hand in the movement, but two typical leaders were William Dempster Hoard, New York born and enthusiastic observer of the development of New York dairying, and Stephen Moulton Babcock, also born in New York and a chemist at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station in Geneva before coming to the University of Wisconsin. Babcock's invention of a practical butterfat test about 1890 is typical of the contributions of the scientist, and the phrase which Hoard popularized, "Speak to a cow as you would to a lady," is characteristic of the magnificent job he performed in selling dairying to the ordinary farmer.⁴⁶

New Yorkers took a leading part in other phases of the development of the Wisconsin economy. They introduced and developed hop growing, which made Sauk County the great hop center of the country for a half-dozen brief years at the end of the Civil War.⁴⁷ They, together with lumbermen from Maine, Canada, and Michigan, had a hand in transferring Eastern lumbering techniques to Wisconsin.⁴⁸ They also brought varied small industries of all kinds into the State; the Census of 1870, for example, in the city of Beaver Dam lists important gristmills operated by New Yorkers as well as a woolen mill, a tannery, and a foundry.⁴⁹ Possibly the first concrete building in America was erected at Milton, Wisconsin, in 1844 by Joseph Goodrich, formerly of Alfred, New York.⁵⁰ Colonel Richard Dunbar of New York began to develop the springs at Waukesha in the late 1860's, and that city became known as the Saratoga of the West.⁵¹

⁴⁶ Frederick Merk, *Economic History of Wisconsin during the Civil War Decade* (Madison, 1916), 22-30; Schafer, *Agriculture in Wisconsin*, 149-64; Schafer, *Winnebago-Horicon Basin*, 219-20; Belle Cushman Bohn, "The Bear Valley Herkimers," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 26:186-90 (December, 1942).

⁴⁷ Merk, *Economic History*, 37-43.

⁴⁸ Robert F. Fries, "The Founding of the Lumber Industry in Wisconsin," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 26:30-31 (September, 1942).

⁴⁹ Schafer, *Winnebago-Horicon Basin*, 174-78.

⁵⁰ W. A. Titus, "The First Concrete Building in the United States," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 24:183-85 (December, 1940).

⁵¹ Lillian Krueger, "Waukesha, the Saratoga of the West," *ibid.*, 24:394-95 (June, 1941).

In transportation, too, Wisconsin was influenced by New York. It was natural that a state which owed its rapid settlement to the practical development of the steamboat in New York and to the famed Erie Canal, should emulate Empire State internal improvements. Morgan L. Martin, immigrant to Wisconsin from New York State, was the leading force behind the effort to develop a canal for the Fox-Wisconsin waterway.⁵² New Yorkers, too, had a hand in securing Wisconsin's railroads, both as capitalists and as operators.⁵³

As for Wisconsin's schools, churches, and other cultural institutions, they everywhere show the marks of New York influence. Michael Frank, the acknowledged "father of Wisconsin's school system" came to Southport from western New York. John Hiram Lathrop, first chancellor or president of the University of Wisconsin was born and raised in York State, as was Lyman Copeland Draper, first superintendent of the WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY. New York often had a say in Wisconsin church affairs of all denominations, such as in the founding of Nashotah House by the Episcopalians in 1842 or the settling of a temperance colony of Baptists at Delavan in 1841.⁵⁴

All of this does not mean, of course, that Wisconsin's development should be credited solely to New York State. But it is necessary to remember that there was a framework of New England and New York traditions under which Wisconsin settlers from two score foreign lands could begin life as Americans. The culture upheld in Wisconsin by ingenious and aggressive Yorkers and Yankees, though broadened and enriched by the newcomers from Europe, is still essentially American. Wisconsin's experiment in Americanization, carried on mainly in small agricultural communities, has perhaps been more successful and thorough because Wisconsin had so sturdy an underlying American pattern.

⁵² Schafer, *Winnebago-Horicon Basin*, 79-100.

⁵³ See, for example, Meyer, *loc. cit.*, 14:207-8, 221, 250-53; William B. Faherty, "The Life of John Lawler," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 24:143 (December, 1940).

⁵⁴ J. H. A. Lacher, "Nashotah House; Wisconsin's Oldest School of Higher Learning," *ibid.*, 16:129-31 (December, 1932); Louise P. Kellogg, "Story of Wisconsin," *ibid.*, 3:206 (December, 1919).

"Herring Boom" at Bayfield on Lake Superior

By JOHN C. CHAPPLE

BAYFIELD right now, December 1, 1944, at the peak of the heaviest herring run in years, is like a gold-mining boom town at its wildest, and it will remain so for the next few days until the herring suddenly depart into deep water and the run is over.

Right now, jobs paying from 75 cents up to \$1.00 an hour are going begging. If you don't believe it, stop at the Booth Fisheries or the Otto Kuehn Fish Company tomorrow or Monday, ready to go to work. They are desperate for both men and women. The girls who understand the art of filleting—that is, of making the herring into a boneless delicacy—are receiving from \$10 to \$12 a day by piecework.

A couple of hundred fishermen are working like Trojans out on some thirty or forty fishing boats—and if you don't think this herring game is rugged, try it for a day. The boats are coming to Bayfield with four or five tons to the load, which at \$40 to \$45 a ton means a gross of \$160 to \$200 a trip; out of this the owners pay their helpers and other expenses and then salt down the rest. The "Apostle Islands," the Booth Company's own boat, brought in ten tons of herring yesterday—\$450 worth as soon as it is picked from the nets. Some of the boats were so heavily loaded that there was some fear lest they sink on the way from the fishing grounds

The late JOHN C. CHAPPLE, Ashland County assemblyman, held every position on the Ashland *Daily Press* from printer's devil to editor-in-chief, and was known as "the Squibber" for his "squibs" or editorials. This article, now slightly condensed, was written in December, 1944, and appeared in 1945 in "The Wisconsin Islands," an entertaining feature-story supplement to the *Daily Press*. Mr. Chapple wrote with sureness and ease of his "home" region, and produced something as delectable as mother's apple pie. It is here reprinted by permission of John B. Chapple, his son, editor of the *Daily Press*.

to the Bayfield docks. The activity at Bayfield right now is at such a pitch that it actually makes you giddy. Four hundred men and women are working desperately trying to keep up with the fish as they are being piled upon the Bayfield docks. In fact, the supply was so great yesterday that both the Booth and Kuehn companies instructed the boats not to set their nets yesterday, as the plants could not possibly take care of any more fish without a day to catch up. Such a terrific supply of fish, combined with an acute labor shortage, has resulted in packing and freezing a large percentage of the herring "whole"—that is, without cleaning or salting them.

There is the amazing efficiency of a giant Ford factory as this industry is carried on at terrific speed. The bottleneck is caused by the heavy herring run at a period when labor is hard to get because many men are away in service.

Practically all the high school boys and girls of Bayfield have forsaken their studies for the time being, with parental and community consent, to pick herring from the nets or fill other jobs. Down in the fish house these girls line up, nimbly picking herring from the nets while beautifully singing three-part harmony as they work. Most of Red Cliff's population has been added to Bayfield to help ease the strain and, if you chance to walk along main street at Bayfield during the next few days, you may be taken off the street and put to work, and you will enjoy the pleasant experience of having 75 cents or \$1.00 an hour forced upon you, even though you may never have seen a herring before in your life. This is no idle tale!

Along the whole harbor front and above it, especially around noon when the herring boats come in, the most gigantic aggregation of sea gulls you have ever seen hover and fly. We estimated roughly 2,000 in the air and another thousand on the water yesterday; some Bayfield experts say an estimate of 5,000 sea gulls in the harbor and vicinity at times is not too high.

At both the Booth and Kuehn plants the expert art of filleting the herring into boneless delicacies is carried on at breakneck speed.

At the Kuehn plant the United States Army has taken over the entire output of fillets, and Captain Donald O'Brien, Green Bay, of the United States Veterinary Corps, which inspects all army food of animal or fish origin, and Sergeant Kenneth Taylor, Milwaukee, constantly inspect the filleters, the packing, and every minute operation.

At five o'clock Friday morning, December 1, 1944, we left Ashland for Bayfield to see what this herring season was all about. We expected to see something, but what we saw was more than we had any idea was coming. It was snowing hard when we set out, and we could hardly see into the falling snow as we drove along. The day before had been so rough that the boats could not go out, and some of them had to be moved to other docks for safety; we figured that with the snowfall and all it might be pretty hectic on the lake. But the snow stopped, and it turned out to be a beautiful day on the lake.

We went to the Booth dock looking for Carl Dahl, who had accompanied us on several fishing trips from Sand Island the past summer. No one was there except Alphonse Lennertz, former Chicago Heights man, who now lives near Bayfield. He told us the boats had been moved to the other slips because of the storm the day before. We drove down to the other part of the Bayfield waterfront to Philip LaPointe's fish house. LaPointe, with his brother Ernie running the "Chinook," conducts his own concern similar to Booth and Kuehn's but on a smaller scale.

LaPointe told us that Carl Dahl was with Sievert Teigen, veteran Madeline Island fisherman, over at Madeline, but that they would be back soon and would dock at Booth's. In fact, we could see the lights on Teigen's boat as it was coming in. Teigen and Dahl are fishing partners during the herring season. Back to Booth's dock we went and met Wilfred Hebert, first man to show up of the crew of the boat which was to take us out. Hebert is high-line worker for the Bayfield Power Company except during the herring season, when the call of fishing gets him. The others were Dan Angus,

who is caretaker of the Gary estate on the island and a brother of Nels Angus, who cares for the Old Mission resort, and Walter Peterson of La Pointe.

Teigen is a veteran fisherman of Norwegian stock. The fishing population of the Apostle Islands is largely made up of Norsemen. His father and mother were Norwegian immigrants, who came to Glenwood City in St. Croix County, where their younger son was born. They were from Oestfjord, not far from Bergen, Norway, where the father had been a fisherman and shoemaker. One son, Matt, was born in Norway and is now (December, 1944) with the United States government in dredging operations at Norfolk.

When Sievert Teigen was seven years old, his folks came to Bayfield from Glenwood City to visit relatives. Sievert's father had followed the trade of tailor at Glenwood City upon his arrival from Norway, but fishing was in his blood, and all it needed was a trip to Bayfield to revive it. The father bought a place on Madeline Island, which later became the Martin Christianson place, and there he farmed and fished until 1915. He and several others were drowned in April while crossing with the mail in a rowboat, which caught in the drift ice and capsized.

Sievert fished with others for a time and in 1922 went out fishing by himself; for seven years he lived hermit-like on tiny Gull Island, wintering in Bayfield, however. Then he moved to Michigan Island and lived there winter and summer for seven more years, the only other inhabitant being the lighthouse keeper in the summer. Teigen spent his winters fixing nets, and did not even keep a calendar. He had no idea when Christmas or any other holiday arrived—he just knew that summer would come again after a while. His home was a shack that had been left by the Schroeder Lumber Company. "I thought I enjoyed it—I didn't know any better then," he says.

Then Teigen moved to Presque Isle, or Stockton Island as it is also called, and lived there alone for another seven years. After twenty-one years of isolation, he decided to build himself a house on Madeline Island, and that maybe "the right girl" would come

along. Five years later, with Teigen well up in his forties, the right girl did enter his life. He was called to Minneapolis to be best man at a wedding in which a first cousin figured. The bridesmaid was a Miss Florence Peterson, who was employed in the diet kitchen of the Fairview Hospital at Minneapolis. Teigen took one look at her. Not long afterwards he drove her across the ice from Bayfield to Madeline on a bleak day in February to ask her if she liked his house. She liked it. They were married in June, 1941.

Like all the rest of these rugged Apostle Island fishermen, Teigen has had some wild experiences with Lake Superior. Early one winter while living on Presque Isle, he began running short of food and decided to row to Madeline Island. When he was half way there, skim ice started forming rapidly and was cutting into the boat. After hours of battering the ice with an oar, and with the ice field drifting against him, he finally succeeded and stopped exhausted at the place of the late Charley Kron on Madeline.

Just a few years ago, Teigen had an experience in a sudden squall that might have cost the lives of three Madeline summer residents as well as his own. He had taken them trolling, and when six miles off Gull Island, a storm hit them suddenly, causing the boat to ship water heavily. Teigen had to get out of the pilot house onto the deck to handle the boat in the storm. The wind and hail tore the flesh of his cheeks and left them bleeding and raw. But he headed the boat into the storm and rode it out. He never expected to pull out of it.

Besides his commercial fishing here, Teigen has also trolled for salmon commercially off the west coast, from the United States to Alaska. He and his partner once pulled up 3,000 pounds of salmon in twenty minutes, which after paying all expenses left Teigen \$7.00 a minute. But he could not sleep soundly on a rolling boat that was on the water two and three weeks at a time without docking, so he gave it up.

During the herring season, which lasts about three weeks, a boat like Teigen's will gross three or four thousand dollars, which after paying expenses is about half clear.

The season for some fishermen ends with the herring season, but Teigen and Dahl continue fishing until the final freezeup, some time in February. His place on the end of Madeline remains sufficiently open to enable him, by hoisting his boat out of the water every night on a "lift," to keep the ice from forming on the boat and to fish as long as they can pull nets out of the water without cutting them to pieces on the ice. And the price of fish is about double during the winter season. Lake trout bring the fishermen around 38 cents a pound, with the big jumbo whitefish bringing as high as 45 cents a pound.

Teigen's boat, with Dahl at the wheel and carrying us as passengers, pulled out from Bayfield at 6 A.M. and headed for the Sand Island lighthouse. When the lighthouse came into view, it made us homesick, thinking of the many good times we enjoyed there the past summer, even though Lighthouse Bay Beach, where we used to loll on the sand, looked a bit chilly with its white coating of icy spray.

Now the crew members don their rubber suits coated with fish scales from previous trips. The hatches are opened, and the "lifter," which brings up the nets, is put in place. We arrive at a net, pull the buoy or marker aboard, and the lifter begins grinding. The sea gulls commence swarming around, knowing what is coming.

"It's heavy," says Teigen as he tests the buoy line.

And heavy is right!

In a moment the herring start coming. They are jammed so thick in the net that they appear like a solid unbroken wall of fish, stretching down into the green water. The herring, blue-gray on top and silvery white below, average 10 or 11 inches long. About two and a half or three of them weigh a pound. The heavily laden net is passed back from hand to hand. Soon the boat is knee deep in herring; pretty soon, as the nets are piled higher and higher, the herring are waist high in places. This goes on until the boat cannot hold any more. We have about five tons aboard.

The return trip starts, and at once a long board to serve as a table is brought out. Along this members of the crew gather to "pick"

the herring—that is, to take them out of the nets. We discover there is a trick to this. The herring's head must be freed from the net. You grab the herring in one hand, and with a circular twist and squeeze at the same time, the herring slips free. To see these herring in that tangled mesh of nets you would think it would take five minutes to untangle one fish, but an expert picker will free the fish so fast it makes you dizzy to watch.

This picking keeps on until Bayfield is reached. The loose herring are tossed on the floor for the time being. When our boat reached Bayfield, I was buried in herring half way between my knees and hips, and the other boys had to take me by the arms and haul me out. Only a small part of the nets can be picked during the return trip, and upon arrival a special picking crew goes to work on the remainder of the nets.

We wandered around Bayfield for a couple of hours looking into the various parts of the industry. In the Booth refrigerator plant we were told that the herring are packed in tins, frozen, then boxed and shipped off to market. Then we visited the Booth filleting plant, near the Bayfield Cannery, where approximately thirty women are employed. It is amazing to see the way the entire bone structure of a herring is extracted by a deft movement of the fingers requiring only a fraction of a second. After the forewoman had explained the fascinating process, she presented us with a five-pound box of these filleted delicacies. We had some for supper last night and were they good!

A foreman at Booth's for the past twelve years designed the scalers used in the filleting department to take the scales off the herring. The fish are revolved in a screen mesh cyclinder, and when this is completed, the fish come out glistening and scaleless.

Down at the Kuehn plant we encountered many more folks busy in the hectic herring season rush. Manager Russell Valentine told us, as had Manager J. A. Walstad at Booth's, that he is desperately in need of help, and could put on twenty more men Monday morning if he could get them. Valentine's father is here from Green Bay helping through the rush.

In the Kuehn plant we watched the workers at the packing tables and in the filleting department, and then made a short stop inside of the 20-below-zero refrigeration rooms where the herring are frozen and then shipped. Louis Paetsch, Merrill, of the York Ice Machinery Corporation which installed the Kuehn equipment, was our escort and showed us just what a huge job the 16,000 feet of refrigeration pipes are doing.

It's some town, Bayfield is right now, as it works feverishly—men, women, and young people together—trying to keep pace with the herring. But herring are no respecters of persons nor of the fact that there is a manpower shortage. When the rush is over, and the sea gulls have flown away, there will be lots of money left jingling in the pockets of those who took part in Bayfield's 1944 "herring boom."

The Jabez Brown Twins

A Family Portrait

By MELISSA BROWN

EIGHTY years ago the Jabez Brown family lived in a small log house in Sauk County, Wisconsin. There were already five children, and on January 19, 1861, twin girls were born, of which I was one. Later two other children were born—nine children in all. The twins were named Valerie and Melissa. As my sister was very small, they nicknamed her Doll or Dolly. I was Liss. So to our family we have gone through life as Doll and Liss, but to outsiders we are Valerie and Melissa.

Ever since my father was a young man, he kept a diary. One day, a few years ago, I was curious to see what he had to say about the advent of the twins. I looked up the date in his diary. He wrote, "I have been waiting on Sarah [our mother] all day. The twins are a good bit of trouble." Not much enthusiasm there!

On the farm that my father had cleared out of the virgin forest near Ironton, he had built a log house, to which he moved his family. A few years before, he with his family and several of his neighbors had moved with ox teams from Indiana to this neighborhood. It was a long slow trek of several weeks. They were all united in one objective. They had lived in a section of Indiana where the whole community was sick a great deal of the time with malaria, or fever and ague as they called it. They believed it was caused from drinking impure water. So they "pulled up stakes"

MELISSA and VALERIE BROWN, the twins, spent a lovely childhood, much of it out-of-doors. The family of nine children romped in the beautiful valley and hill country of Sauk County, settled by Quaker pioneers. Melissa Brown, a long-time businesswoman of Madison, now retired, is known popularly as the partner-manager of the College Book Store. She has contributed this excellent Brown family sketch, which covers some seventy-five years of combined Sauk County and Madison history. It will be published in several installments. Her twin sister, Valerie, also retired, was formerly a schoolteacher in Philadelphia, and has written some of the entertaining incidents which appear in this serial.

and started out to find a home in a state where they could get good spring water and plenty of wood. There were many trees, and delicious cold spring water gushed from the hillsides and from under the roots of large trees, at the site which he had selected, but little else. In later years it was difficult for the family to understand why this caravan had passed through all the wonderful prairie farm land in southern Wisconsin that could have been had for the taking, and settled on some of the worst, stony land in the state.

After reaching Wisconsin, they had very little to live on. My father taught school in the country and villages around the neighborhood in winter, and farmed in summer; but as he loathed caring for stock and did not like horses, his farming was done rather indifferently. As my brothers and sisters became old enough to teach school, they helped out with supplies for the family.

My father was of a literary turn of mind; he had attended a good school in Indiana, where he had taught for several years before moving to Wisconsin. He often wrote articles for the country papers and also contributed poems which were printed from time to time. He called our home "Silent Shades" because it was literally surrounded by magnificent trees. As I remember the yard, it must have contained nearly five acres of beautiful trees. As eventually there were nine children in the small house, we thought the name rather inappropriate but, when father was writing, he seemed oblivious to the confusion around him. He not only wrote articles for the papers but was always writing "Temperance Lectures," "Peace Lectures," and the like. It seemed rather a waste of energy to deliver these lectures in some of the small villages, for we had seldom heard of any intemperance in the surrounding country, and for the most part people lived fairly peaceably.

Father had a large "Doctor's Book," containing all kinds of remedies. If anyone were sick, for miles around they would send for Jabez Brown. His prescriptions usually consisted of herb teas, with which he was familiar, and these almost always cured the patient. As father stayed on until the patient was out of danger, recovery was assured; no doubt the nursing was of more value than

the herbs. As there were no doctors to be called, no one objected to father's "practicing," especially as he never took a cent for his services. He gathered many kinds of herbs in the surrounding country, and quantities of roots, leaves, and bark, which he dried, for medicinal use in winter.

This "Doctor's Book" gave prescriptions to use in all common diseases. One of the herbs used by father for many cases was boneset. If its efficacy were measured by its bitterness, it should have been a cureall. At least it was prescribed for colds, fevers, etc. It was so awful to take, I suppose some were "cured" to avoid taking any more of it. Poultices of onions or mustard were remedies which, I confess, often had remarkable results.

I went to school to father for several terms, and now realize that he was an unusually excellent teacher. He loved to teach; he was never so happy as when he had an intelligent pupil who was absorbed in listening to an explanation of a difficult problem. Another thing in which he delighted was lecturing; when teaching in our home district, once or twice a year he would give an evening lecture on physical geography to the pupils. The room was lined with blackboards. Having considerable artistic ability he would prepare for the lecture after school by covering the entire boards with pictures of tropical vegetation: palms, tree ferns, banana trees, and many wonderful kinds of plants and foliage, of which we children had never heard. To me they were marvelous. In the evening the children and their parents gathered at the schoolhouse where father would entertain us for two hours with stories of these strange flora. He was never so happy as when he had a group of people, spellbound, with his descriptions.

After teaching for many years father was looked upon as an authority in school affairs. A publishing company, realizing the value of such a person in placing their school books, employed him to get adoptions for their books in most of the southern counties of Wisconsin; as he was so well known and people had such confidence in him, he had only to recommend a book to insure its adoption. He was allowed a salary (as I know *now* a very small

one) and his traveling expenses. He walked from one district to another, and the members of his school boards invariably asked him to stay over night and gave him his meals. His expenses were very small, sometimes not amounting to more than \$5.00 a month.

He was always worried for fear the publishers were not satisfied with his work. Seldom were his adoptions less than twenty-five or thirty a month. After he gave up the work, on account of failing health, he was told that if he got *two* adoptions a month the publishers were well repaid. That is the way merit is usually rewarded.

Father had a long siege of inflammatory rheumatism which left him very feeble. He finally was able to work in the garden, hoeing with his left hand. As he worked very slowly, he often stopped to rest. When he did so, the robins would hop on his hoe and sit patiently until he began work again, when they would follow along the row picking up the worms he would uncover.

When the twins were born, father had a long cradle made that would hold both of us, end to end. This served as our bed until we outgrew it. One day my mother left my oldest sister to rock us to sleep while she went down to the garden. For some reason we would not go to sleep, though my sister sang at the top of her voice. The louder she sang and the harder she rocked, the more we yelled and screamed. Finally, mother decided she would have to see what was the matter. For once, music had no "charms to soothe the savage breast." The twins had braced their feet together, pushed their heads against the bare headboards, and skinned the whole tops of their heads. If we ever seemed lacking in mentality in later life, it might be traced to the fact that we had been scalped.

Since mother had to cook, sew, and wash, and do practically all the work for a family of eleven, she had little time to look after the twins, who like Topsy "jes growed." One day when they were about a year old and had learned to crawl around the house, mother lost them. She had been working all morning when suddenly she realized the twins were gone. She had searched upstairs and down, and looked all over the yard, but no babies. Suddenly she thought of the large spring at the foot of a small hill near the house. The

spring was quite deep. What if the twins had crawled down the hill and fallen into the spring! In terror she rushed down the hill. With relief she realized they were not there. As she started back to the house, she glanced up the path that led to the garden some distance away and noticed Fido, the little dog, sitting on the path, watching something in the currant bushes. She knew that the twins could not be far away, for Fido never left them; she found them under the currant bushes stuffing ripe currants into their mouths as fast as they could pick them. This would have killed most babies, but it did not faze the twins.

With a large family and so little to live on, it was impossible to keep all the children properly clothed. The four youngest had to depend on the castoff shoes and other apparel of the older brothers and sister. Of course, the four youngest always went barefoot in summer until they were old enough to go to Sunday school, when they had shoes for Sunday. While they were young, even in winter, they wore no shoes indoors.

I remember my implicit faith in Santa Claus. In our living room we had a wood stove. The chimney was built through the ceiling, about three feet being supported by boards built in the shape of a chimney. The stove pipe fitted into the chimney just above this support. I distinctly remember the many times I sat in front of the stove studying how Santa Claus could get into the house. I could understand his coming down the chimney but I thought it would be very difficult for him to squeeze through the stovepipe and out of the stove door. You see I was a very credulous child. The fire always went out at night so the heat made no problem.

One night before Christmas I went to bed early to be ready for Santa Claus the first thing in the morning. I never doubted. I was up before daylight and was making haste to dress so as to be the first one to see what Santa Claus had left, but I was having trouble getting my dress on. Finally I burst into tears, and mother came to the rescue. She asked what was the matter. I said, "I can't get my sleeve on." Then mother showed me that a big red apple had been tied into my sleeve, and my sorrow was turned into joy. I was more delighted with that apple than the children of today are with loads of presents. That apple was all I got for Christmas.

This brings to my mind a Santa Claus incident pertaining to father. He had a long white beard which made him look like one of the old patriarchs. One morning on his way up town, after one of the first snowstorms, a small boy inquired, "Won't you *please* send me a sled?" Father was much pleased that he had been taken for Santa Claus.

The twins loved the woods. They could climb trees like squirrels. With only three months of school in summer and three months in winter, we had a great deal of time to roam the woods and meadows. We knew the place of the first bloodroot blossoms, and the banks of blue crowfoot violets on the hills. We found ferns pushing their curled heads through the dead leaves. We loved the spring beauties. In the meadows we found Indian paint brushes, red and yellow, also wild phlox and red marsh lilies. In the swamps there were marsh marigolds. We knew every bird's nest around the yard and fields. In the summer we picked blueberries on the hills not far from our home, and blackberries and raspberries in the woods and along the fence corners. In the early fall we found quantities of wild plums that grew in thickets near the roads. When mother was asked why she did not have the twins help with the housework, she said, "It is more trouble to find them than it is to do the work myself."

The whole of Sauk County is a succession of hills and valleys. About two miles from our house, in a deep valley surrounded by high hills, lived two old people that everyone called Uncle Billy and Aunt Rachel Price. The hills around their home were covered with apple orchards, and a large garden surrounded the house.

The twins, with Kit, their younger sister, and Lydia, a neighbor, started out one morning to gather nuts and wild grapes. We wandered around during the entire forenoon and were tired and hungry. We came to the road on the hill above Uncle Billy's place, and below saw the trees loaded with apples. We held a consultation and decided to draw cuts to see which two should go down to the house and ask for a drink of water. It would not be begging to ask for water, and maybe they would offer some apples which should be brought back and divided with the other two.

It fell to the lot of Doll and Lydia to go down to the house. They got their drink of water as previously planned. As they sat there, expectantly, Aunt Rachel came out of the kitchen with a huge platter of baked sweet apples. They looked so good!

Aunt Rachel said, "Wouldn't you like some baked apples?"

Doll, who thought you ought not to seem too eager, said, "No, thank you."

Lydia, who always followed Doll, did likewise. Of course they thought they would be urged to take some, but their refusal was taken as final. If Aunt Rachel had known how desperately they wanted some, she would have emptied the whole platter for them. So they came back empty-handed. We had never heard of the Inquisition or we might have tried some of the tortures on them, we were so mad.

FATHER was the only one in our neighborhood who had a large orchard. Every spring he set out new trees until the hills around our house were covered. He could have added very materially to his salary by selling apples, but he never did. He took great pleasure in giving fruit to all the neighbors. Sometimes boys raided the orchards and stole apples. When father caught them, he held them, and gave them a lecture on the wickedness of stealing. Then he filled their pockets with apples and sent them home.

The twins loved the out-of-doors in winter as much as in the summer. The fact that their shoes did not fit and often slipped off in the snow was of little consequence. We delighted in coasting on boards, sliding, snowballing, building snow men and snow houses. Occasionally our mother bundled up the baby, placed him in a box on a sled, and had us draw him around the yard. One day Doll became tired of the job and decided to lighten the task. A young calf, about a year old, was loose in the yard. She thought she would tie the rope to the calf's tail, which she did easily enough. The calf did not seem inclined to move, so she gave it a sharp cut with a switch. When the calf found its tail was fast, it started off at a gallop, tipped the sled over, and threw the baby head first into a snowdrift. My sister paid no attention to the baby but raced after

the calf. If my mother had not heard the cries and come to the rescue, there might have been a tragic ending.

During spring evenings after supper, we children went out in the yard, lay on our backs in the grass, and watched the wild pigeons fly from their feeding grounds during the day to their roost and nesting places at night. There was a roost about ten miles south of our place, where hundreds of trees, many very large ones, broke down from the load. These pigeons flew over our farm in flocks for more than an hour each evening during the nesting season. Many times the whole sky was covered with the huge flocks, and some smaller ones. They flew over at intervals of five or ten minutes. As they circled the "Big Hill," flying very low, my brothers would take sticks and aim at the flocks. Often they knocked down half a dozen at a time. In this way we frequently had "pigeon pie." I have always regretted that I never saw this pigeon roost, but as most of the neighbors drove ox teams, and ten miles was a long distance, they thought it was a waste of time to travel that far to see pigeon nests. It is sad indeed, that not a wild pigeon is left.

When I was five or six years old, I went with my mother to visit a neighbor. Being left to amuse myself, I found a lot of pins on a window sill. I at once decided they would be very handy to use in dressing dolls—dolls which we made out of rags or a small pillow rolled up and tied with string. I stuck them all over the front of my waist, never thinking it wrong, for when I found pins lying around at home, which was not often, I took them as a matter of course. We returned home after sundown, and it was already growing dark. As mother was washing my feet before putting me to bed (I must have been very small or I would have had to wash my own feet), she glanced up and discovered the pins.

She said, "Where did you get those pins?"

I said, "I picked them up on the window at Williams' house."

Mother said, "You stole them and you must take them right back."

I was terrified for I had to go through thick woods, and it was already dark; besides, there were bears in the woods. It never

occurred to me to refuse to go. I darted out of the house and was on my way to the neighbors in an instant. It seemed to me I almost flew. My feet scarcely touched the ground. When I arrived, I told them I had picked up their pins that afternoon, and mother had sent me back with them. They assured me it was not necessary to bring them back, but I was glad to be rid of them. I ran back home where I arrived breathless. Mother saw one pin I had overlooked, and she sent me back with that one pin. That was a severe lesson. No one knows how terribly frightened I was, but if more parents were more severe with little thefts, we would not have the dishonesty that is in the world today. Several years later I learned that a brother had followed me all the way there and back both times, but it did me no good, for I did not know it.

When I was two years older, I came into possession of a little money, probably by pulling potato vines, or husking corn at a penny a shock (the shocks were not large). I was told I might buy anything I liked. For a long time I had wanted a blue calico dress. I went to the small town of Ironton, which boasted two general stores, but neither store had any blue calico. I knew of a small store near the iron foundry that catered to miners. Here I found one piece of blue calico. I thought it very beautiful. As I remember, my head came just above the edge of the counter. I felt of the calico, rubbed it between my fingers, as I had seen my grandmother do, and rolling my eyes up at the clerk I said in solemn tones, "Will it wash?"

He said, "Wash! You can boil it and stew it and fry it!"

This was recommendation enough. I bought it. Incidentally, it faded the first time it was washed. So, early in life, I learned of the perfidy of mankind.

At another time I was the proud owner of 5 cents. Unheard of riches! And visions of candy danced through my head. I again went to Ironton. I did not see any candy in the windows of the two stores so I went on to a little "hole in the wall" about six feet long. There were three or four glass jars filled with candy in the window. I went in and asked to see some candy. It took a long time to make

up my mind but finally I settled down to consider the merits of six candy hearts for 5 cents, or a piece of rock candy on a string for 5 cents. I had never had such a momentous question to decide before. I'm sure I stood for half an hour trying to make up my mind. Finally with a great feeling of renunciation in giving up the rock candy, I decided on the candy hearts.

The woman who had this little store certainly knew children, for after my decision was made, she said, "You may have the rock candy too." She did not know that she would be enshrined in my memory forever as an angel of light.

On our farm there was a high hill west of us. We were not far from the foot of it. We always called it the "Big Hill." The trees had been cleared from the foot of it, but the top was covered with large oaks, maples, and low shrubs. One raw chilly day in December it commenced to rain early in the morning. This cold drizzle continued all day, growing heavier toward night. The temperature dropped, and as the rain fell it froze at once on the shrubs and trees until every one stood up rigid and stark with a coating of ice from one-half to an inch thick. There was not a breath of air stirring. Suddenly the sun came out just as it sank behind the hill. A breeze sprang up, and all the trees and bushes were imbued with life; they became dancing, twisting, shining rainbows, covering the hill with their iridescent sparkling colors. I have seen ice covered trees many times before and since, but I never have seen anything so gorgeous. It was a glorious sight. As I remember those dancing rainbows, I am reminded of a verse in the Bible: "The mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands."

My brother next older than the twins was named Fielder after grandfather, but granddad did not like the idea of two "Fielders" in the family, so he called him Dock, a name that always clung to him. Dock was a typical promoter. If he could hire the twins to do his chores by promising a little candy (which he seldom if he ever paid), he would do so. That was the way we learned to milk our two cows. After we learned to milk (we were about ten years old), by appealing to mother he would get us to go with him each night.

One evening Dock was not at home so it fell to the twins to milk the cows. We had to go through a thick woods to the pasture, cross this pasture to another fence, beyond which the cows were feeding. I climbed to the top of the fence, stood on top, and was lustily calling the cows when I looked down into a cornfield beyond the pasture. I saw what I thought was a large dog. He would reach up, pull down a tall stalk of corn, break off an ear, and eat it. Suddenly I realized it was a bear. We were always hearing of bears, but to my certain knowledge I had never known that one was actually seen.

Like a shot I dropped from the top of the fence into the tall grass, from which, however, I could watch the bear. While I was calling the cows, the bear would turn his head and look at me but did not seem much interested. I told my sister to run home and tell the boys to bring the gun. I stayed and watched the bear. It did not require as much courage as one would think; as I sized him up, I decided that if he started toward me I could easily outrun him. He ate corn for quite a while, then he lumbered awkwardly toward the six-rail fence next to the woods, put his front paws on the top rail, leaped over like a dog, and disappeared in the woods. When I saw his size, I had my first misgiving as to my ability to outrun him. My brothers were not at home, so no one came to my rescue. To this day I do not remember whether the cows were milked or not.

Valerie recalls the following incident, which she believes could well be entitled, "The twins first plunge into business—thus becoming economic royalists."

Father was not at home when the twins took their customary prowling Saturday morning to inform themselves as to the neighborhood activities and incidentally "drop" into granny's (she always had homemade bread, ham gravy, currant jelly, or maple sugar that she knew our stomachs craved most of the time). Well, this particular morning, as I said, the twins wandered down, went past granny's house (we'd stop on our way back), on through the big gate where John Williams had his wagon with two barrels of water, full barrels slopping over the sides. We were naturally interested in the unusual sight and made an "investigation." They call it that big name now.

We just said, "What you goin' to do with that water, John?" We lived in a Quaker neighborhood, and persons were called by the names their fathers and mothers gave 'em when they were born.

John said, "Goin' to clean the schoolhouse. Want the job?"

We immediately countered with, "What'll you give?"

"We calculate to give \$2.50," he answered.

Unheard of riches! We turned tail saying, "We'll ask mother." We raced past granny's, roared across the field, rolled over the fence, galloped through the wood road (never even stopped to see if any more tadpoles in the pond had hatched out), raced on, clambered over the big gate, through the orchard, sinking exhausted on the kitchen steps.

"Mother," we yelled, "May we clean the schoolhouse?"

"Why! Why! I don't think your father would like it."

"But mother," we begged, "they'll give us \$2.50!"

"But your father..."

"Mother, father isn't here, and we'll get \$2.50!"

Mother had sense, so she let us. Whether that schoolhouse was really cleaned I don't know, but I do know that no water and soap were spared. Our sister Kit was ten. The twins were twelve, goin' on thirteen. We all splashed and scrubbed, but Kit scrubbed the most. When John Williams paid us \$2.50 on the spot, the twins handed over 50 cents to Kit. Didn't the twins promote the project? We just anticipated present-day tactics of employers with employees. No present-day millionaire can feel a greater sense of well-being and security than was felt by the twins and Kit, after banking the \$2.50 in the clock, safest place we could find in our house for such wealth.

The following morning we had an early start—got up at 5:30 A.M.—because a heavy day of shopping lay before us. We knew just what we wanted to buy, however. Mother told us we might buy anything we liked. Kit stayed at home. She hid her 50 cents so carefully that she never did find it.

We started on our three-mile trek to Ironton. We went through

the orchard, past granny's, on past the homes of the Broases, Tabers, and Grays. The Grays owned a gristmill, and their big grown-up son wore a red tie and cocked his hat at a rakish angle. (That was all right and to be expected; for didn't the Grays move from Mauston, a metropolis of perhaps 250 people?) City people always dress well. We went on past the Ner Stowes. We always went past the Stowe farm with a little shiver, 'cause Harm Dean was Stowe's hired man. He, Harm, was a little off in his head; when he saw us, he stalked across a big field using his hoe as a cane, never looked where he was walking, just came up close to the fence and grinned. We scurried past. We thought he just wanted to rest from hoeing. Probably he did. A few rods farther on we struck the "Long Lane"—one mile long in dry weather, two and a half miles long when it rained and was muddy. Finally we arrived at the Iron-ton general store, kept by Mr. Blackman. I led the procession, that is, I went in ahead of Liss.

Mr. Blackman said, "What can I do for you this morning, Miss Dolly?" Incidentally, I thought Mr. Blackman was a gentleman, then. Now, I know he was one of America's real noblemen. Hastily I glanced around to see if that old bachelor, age twenty-five, was within hearing distance before I mentioned the articles we wanted. Corsets were very intimate articles of dress in the day of the twins, not referred to in polite society.

Not seeing the "old bachelor," I said in a low tone, "Mr. Blackman, we want to look at corsets."

"Why, yes, Miss Dolly. Now what size?"

Seeing I was embarrassed (I never had heard of a number), he said, "Well, Miss Dolly, about twenty for you, and twenty-two for your sister."

Just then Leonard Carr, the bachelor, popped up from under the counter and said, "Better give 'em a size larger, Mr. Blackman. They nearly always come back for a size bigger."

He then slumped back under the counter and went about whatever he was doing. We felt very much mortified. Finally, our purchases paid for and wrapped, we started back on the home trek,

our packages clutched protectingly under our arms. When we tried on the corsets, to our dismay, reefs fore and aft and everywhere else had to be taken. We wore 'em long enough, however, for other girls at school to know we possessed articles of apparel that every respectable female was supposed to wear.

A memory picture that somehow never grows dim, bears repeating. One autumn day when the leaves had turned, I went from our house to a neighbor's at the foot of a steep hill, half a mile away. This hill was covered with large maple trees. The sun shone down like molten gold, not a breath of air stirring, the trees a mass of brilliant colors. Many leaves had already fallen, and the ground was covered knee-deep with gorgeous hues. I stood perfectly still, looking up into the trees. There was no sound in the woods. As a poet once said, "The valley was plumb full of silence."

Suddenly the leaves, thousands upon thousands of them, let go their hold on the twigs and branches and a veritable storm of brilliant colors floated, fluttered, and whirled down to the ground. As the leaves sank softly through the golden sunshine, the sight was gorgeous beyond description. I stood for a long, long time in the billow of leaves around me, absorbing the beauty of the scene. With all the leaves that already had fallen, I could not see that there was one less on the trees. This was seventy years ago, but I can see that fascinating picture in my memory today as distinctly as though it were yesterday.

Maple-sugar time is also a happy recollection. Down the hill north of our house were many hard and soft maple trees. The latter part of March, as the snow was melting from the ground, the sap began to rise in the trees. Then father prepared to make maple sugar and maple syrup. He hitched up the oxen to a long bobsled, loaded on to it a huge iron kettle of thirty or forty gallons capacity and numerous small pails. When he reached the sugar camp, the kettle was set up between two stout stakes, leaving space under it for an adequate fire of small branches. Then he began to tap the trees, about 100 in all. In each tree he bored a hole into the bark and inserted a short spout, or spile as it was called,

about 12 or 18 inches long. Under these spouts small buckets were hung to catch the sap.

The sap commenced to run as soon as the sun began to warm the trees. At about 10 o'clock in the morning the gathering of the sap was started. All of us children helped, and we carried pailful after pailful to the large kettle. During the morning we collected about twenty gallons. A fire was built under the kettle and boiling down of the sap began, which by the middle of the afternoon was reduced to about four or five gallons of sweet syrup. The liquid was then strained through cheesecloth to remove the particles of twigs and bark that might have fallen into it. Then the boiling process was resumed until the syrup became thick; if boiled still more and poured into pans, it became sugar upon cooling.

One year father did not want to bother with the sugar making, so he told us children (Dock, aged fifteen, and the four younger children), that we might take over the camp. Father helped tap the trees; we were to collect the sap and boil it down. It was great fun for us, for we went to the woods early in the morning and stayed all day. When the sap had boiled down, we took biscuits, stuck them on long branches, and thoroughly soaked them in the sweet syrup. I can taste them yet!

During maple-sugar time a few of the young people in the neighborhood gathered at one of the houses, usually at ours, for we had the most children. Then we would have a "maple wax party." A kettle of maple syrup was put on to boil. It was boiled until a few drops in a glass of water made a hard ball. Then large pans of snow were brought in, and the hot syrup was poured in little streams over the snow. The instant it touched the snow it would harden into wax, which was more delicious than any candy I ever tasted.

For breakfast we would have great stacks of buckwheat pancakes, maple syrup, butter, and coffee—a breakfast fit for a king.

Maple sugar was delicious but so was wild honey. A few miles from our home lived an old man and his family. He was a typical woodsman. We called him Uncle Isaiah (though no relative). He

loved to hunt and fish, and one of his favorite occupations was bee hunting. Before the trees were cleared from the land in Sauk County, the settlers often found a hollow tree that had become a "beehive." There were no hives in those days, and when a colony of bees settled in a hollow tree, they at once began to build their honeycomb and collect honey. As these bees were so tiny and only a few flew about the tree at one time, it was difficult to locate the trees. Uncle Isaiah spent much time in hunting these trees.

In the spring when the plum and apple trees were in bloom he took a small box, put some honey in it, and caught a dozen bees or so and put them in the box, leaving a small crack that would allow one bee to escape at a time. When ready to "hunt," he would open a small slide and let out one bee. It came out laden with honey to be carried to the tree. When it first escaped, it flew around in spirals until it reached a height of twenty or thirty feet. Then it darted away in a straight line for the bee tree. The term "a bee line" originated from this maneuver of the bees. After Uncle Isaiah had followed the direction taken by the bee, until he was no longer sure of the direction, he opened the slot and let out another bee which repeated the operation.

Sometimes he followed these bees all day long before he located the tree. When he found it, he marked the locality so he could find it again, and went home to get an axe to cut it down and pans and pails to collect the honey. At times he found as much as 100 pounds of wild honey in one tree.

As mother did the sewing as well as the cooking for the family, her greatest problem was to keep the twins properly clothed. As we roamed the woods, climbed trees, and tore through blackberry briars, we always were tearing our dresses. Mother used to buy unbleached muslin—"factory" it was called—the heaviest she could find, to make us dresses, and colored them with logwood. It was supposed to color black but on cotton it was a dirty gray-black. How we hated those ugly dresses. We used to beg mother to let us wear them without coloring, but she said we would get them dirty too soon, so into the dye pot they went.

Even the "factory" dresses were not able to withstand the fierce

tests we gave them. Finally mother bought some heavy blue denim, such as men's overalls were made of. She made us some dresses of this, and I remember when she put them on us she said, "There, I hope I've got something you can't tear." We ran out to play and were walking on the top of a high rail fence (one of our favorite sports). I slipped and fell, my dress catching on the end of a rail which tore a large, three-cornered hole the whole length of the skirt. I ran to the house and said, "Look, mother!" Mother never scolded, but the discouraged look on her face hurt me more than a scolding or a whipping would have done.

As the country became settled, many of the farmers added sheep to their stock. I remember we had a few. When they were sheared in the spring, mother washed the wool and then began the wool pickings. Groups of neighbors who had sheep gathered at each other's houses and picked wool. Children could also help. This picking consisted of taking a handful of wool and pulling it apart, much as we used to pull taffy. When the wool was pulled out, the particles of dirt and seeds that had collected on the sheep and had not washed out, dropped out, leaving the wool fluffy and white.

After the pickings were over, the neighbors asked one of their number to drive to Baraboo, where there was a carding machine, and the wool was carded into rolls. Mother had a large spinning wheel. She spun these rolls into yarn from which she knit stockings and socks for the eleven family members. Having extra yarn, she got Aunt Betsey to weave it into cloth called linsey-woolsey. The warp was made of flax or linen, and the woof of wool yarn. It was colored a hideous reddish-brown from the shells of butternuts. This cloth was sewed into winter dresses for the four youngest children.

My brother Dock, when he was about fifteen years old, had most of the chores to do, with the help of the twins, since father was away a great deal and the older boys were teaching. One summer day Dock was splitting wood. He was barefoot, of course. Incidentally, he was very sensitive about the size of his feet. He had split a small log, making a wide crack. He looked around for something to hold the crack open while he took out the axe to strike again. Not seeing anything handy, he put his great toe in the crack

to hold it open. When he removed the axe, the yell he let out could have been heard a mile. That did not represent very great intelligence, but he grew up to be a highly respected banker.

With the family finances at a low ebb, many times it required close planning to make both ends meet. Often there would be a conclave of the whole family (except father; he didn't enjoy these discussions) to meet the crisis. One evening the family discussed the immediate needs that required serious consideration. It looked pretty discouraging. Finally, when we were all enveloped in deep gloom, Dock, the wag of the family, said "And little mother will hop up on the fence and flap her wings and cry, 'Desolation! Desolation!'" (This is the cry of the jay bird.) There was a burst of laughter. The depression was over, the clouds dispersed, and we completely forgot our troubles.

One day Dock came into the house and asked, "Where's Doll?" Mother replied, "She has gone to Aunt Betsy's."

"When's she coming back?"

"She is going to stay a week," said Mother.

"Huh! Can't live with her and can't live without her."

I remember one time when an old gentleman we called Uncle John Harvey came out from Indiana to visit us and the other old neighbors he had known. He stayed at our house over night. The next morning we heard him coming down the stairs, talking to himself. He said, "Fust time evah I washed upstairs."

Every morning, before breakfast, father used to read a chapter in the Bible. Uncle John was very deaf and could only read lip movements. Father wore a full beard and mustache, so Uncle John was handicapped. He drew a chair up between father's knees, held his head low so he could see his lips, and sat there through the reading. We children were greatly amused.

The people of our neighborhood were mostly Quakers. They used the "Plain Language," thee and thou. The women, especially the older ones, dressed in the plain Quaker garb. Grandmother always wore gray, with a white kerchief over her shoulders, and a poke bonnet, with an apron like her dress. The poke bonnet was



JAMES STANLEY, CALEB HARVEY AND HIS WIFE, LOUISA

Uncle Jimmy Stanley, the exhorter, is seated in the wagon. All three are Quakers, in front of the Quaker Meeting House at Valton, a crossroad settlement a few miles from the Jabez Brown farm. One saying attributed to Uncle Jimmy is, "Friends, we are all queer but not queer alike!"

only for Sunday or "state occasions." During the week she wore a sunbonnet. Granny's poke bonnet was made of black silk lined with white silk; it looked somewhat like a "covered wagon." When she came home from church on Sunday, she would take off her bonnet, wrap a white cloth around it and a dark cloth over the white one. Then it was laid carefully away in a box on top of a high shelf where it remained until the next Sunday. The younger Quakers dressed more like the young people of the other churches.

The church, or "Meeting House" as they called it, was a bleak, bare, rectangular building. It was partitioned in the middle, one-half for meetings, the other half for school. The inside too was unattractive. The Meeting House was divided in the center by an aisle. On each side there were bare benches with backs. The men sat on one side, the women on the other. I remember how shocked I was one Sunday to see a man and a woman come in and sit together.

Across the front of the room there were three rows of seats with very straight backs, on each side of an aisle corresponding to the one on the main floor. Here the Elders sat, men on one side, the women on the other, facing the audience. We thought they sat there to watch us children, for if one of us misbehaved in the least, we always heard of it when we reached home through a relative who was an Elder, and by the "grapevine" method father was always notified.

We had no regular minister, but every four to six months a minister would come from some other meeting and stay for three or four days and preach. At other times Uncle Jimmy Stanley, the saint of the community, would exhort us to be good. He would say, "Don't sit on the stool of Do Nothing, but be up and a doin'." He was not educated, but he made up in goodness what he lacked in education. His sermons were practically the same each Sunday. As a child I tried to imagine what a "stool of Do Nothing" looked like.

For many years the Meeting House had no foundation, only timbers under each corner to support the building. This left several

feet of space under the church which the large fat hogs that wandered around the neighborhood found very delightful as a place for their mid-day siesta. Often in the middle of the Meeting House service one of the "hog family" would take it upon herself to chastise some of her offspring. The consequent commotion often upset the calm of the meeting.

Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Jemima (called Uncle and Aunt by all the people of the valley) drove to meeting in a carriage of perhaps Revolutionary vintage. It had been a fine carriage in its day, lined with white silk of which flapping strings still were visible. This carriage was drawn by a horse named Nelly. One Sunday Uncle Jimmy knelt to pray (he always prayed with his eyes open). He began "Oh Lord!" but glancing out of the door where Nelly was tied, he saw her halter had come loose. He rose from his knees, and still in a stooping position walked the length of the room, out of the door, tied Nelly, came back still stooping, knelt down, and continued his prayer just where he had left off. He always reminded me of Abraham Lincoln, tall and with the same rugged features. When Uncle Jimmy was not at church, we often did not have a speaker.

Quakers were "moved by the Spirit" and, when they did not feel that they had any message to give to the people, they would sometimes sit through the whole meeting without a word being spoken. When it was time to close, the Elder who sat at the "Head" of the meeting would turn and shake hands with his next neighbor, which was the signal for all the Elders to shake hands, and the meeting was closed. Father was a Quaker, but mother was a Methodist, so their children were not "born into the church," as they were if both parents were Quakers. We children always attended Quaker meeting because it was nearest our home.

Uncle Jimmy was revered by everyone. It was said in the neighborhood that he never was known to swear but once, when he was provoked with his cow, and said, "Thee old Thee, Thee!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Farmers' Institutes in Wisconsin

1885-1933

By E. L. LUTHER

THE YEAR 1848 was a notable one in Wisconsin. It is a matter of record that the Wisconsin Legislature that year established the University of Wisconsin. In the nation up to that time there were schools and colleges whose curricula were devoted to ancient languages, literature, history, and philosophy, patronized strongly by students preparing for the ministry, leadership in education, or for the sake of culture. Most of the remainder learned mechanical and other arts from craftsmen—farmers from other farmers, lawyers from other lawyers, doctors from other doctors.

But Wisconsin's agriculture was destined to be served better. To head the new university John H. Lathrop was chosen chancellor. Already there were agricultural fairs in Wisconsin, and the state fair at Janesville. Chancellor Lathrop was invited to address farmers attending this fair, and in the course of his address he advised them to make more of theory in the pursuit of their work. The farmers listened but, never having been strong for theories developed by graduates of courses in philosophy and literature, the matter of realistic agricultural education for practicing farmers had to wait for a third of a century. Here is the list of agricultural associations which was published in 1888: Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, State Dairymen's Association, Shorthorn Breeders' Association, Jersey Breeders' Association, State Horticultural Society, Swine Breeders' Association, State Poultry Association, State Beekeepers' Association, State Sheep Breeders' and Growers' Association, and the South-east Sheep Breeders' and Wool

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Growers' Association.¹ The questions of the prominent farmers of these associations were not to be answered by the speculations of theorists.

But at the University of Wisconsin a Department of Agriculture was set up. In 1862 the Morrill Act was passed by Congress and signed by Lincoln. Dane County gave the University a farm in 1866. William W. Daniells, a chemist, was made director of the farm in 1868. In 1872 a group of dairymen, who were cheese-makers, organized the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association, which developed into one of the greatest boosts to agriculture, as we shall see. Then in 1878 Hiram Smith, one of the founders of this association, became the first farmer to be appointed to the University Board of Regents, and was promptly made chairman of the agricultural committee which looked after the farm. Things then began to pop.

In 1880 the regents brought William A. Henry, botanist, to the faculty and made him director of the farm and three years later, in 1883 Governor Jerry Rusk, Hiram Smith, and William A. Henry prevailed upon the legislature to set up the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, the first of its kind in America, and agricultural education went from theory to truth. Hiram Smith led the way. He organized an agricultural group, among whom was a professor of agriculture, and held meetings for farmers about the State. At a fair arranged by businessmen in Manitowoc, Smith was present and was entertaining a considerable group of farm visitors. A lawyer by the name of Charles E. Estabrook listened with deep interest to Smith's discussion and wondered why it would not be a good thing if such discussions could be carried on regularly throughout the State. With collaboration from Smith a bill was prepared. Estabrook ran for the Assembly, was elected, and introduced and carried the bill through the legislature, with the loyal assistance of Smith, who was a former assemblyman and knew his way around in legislative matters.

The following historic statute set up in the University of Wisconsin the Department of Farmers' Institutes by which adult

¹ *Farmers' Institute Bulletin*, p. xvii.

farmers could become students of the University in their own communities.

An Act to provide for the holding of agricultural institutes. *The people of the state of Wisconsin, represented in senate and assembly, do enact as follows:*

Section 1. The board of regents of the state university is hereby authorized to hold institutes for the instruction of citizens of this state in the various branches of agriculture. Such institutes shall be held at such times in the months of November, December, January, February, March and April in each year, and at such places as said board may direct. The said board shall make such rules and regulations as it may deem proper for organizing and conducting such institutes, and may employ an agent or agents to perform such work in connection therewith as they deem best. The courses of instruction at such Institutes shall be so arranged as to present to those in attendance the results of the most recent investigations in theoretical and practical agriculture.

Section 2. For the purposes mentioned in the preceding section, the said board may use such sum as it may deem proper, not exceeding the sum of five thousand dollars in any one year, from the general fund, and such amount is hereby annually appropriated for that purpose.

Section 3. This act shall be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Approved, February 19, 1885.²

William H. Morrison

When the act was published, it was left to Smith to keep things moving. The regents had no rest. And here is where the State Dairymen's Association came in. Organized in 1872, by 1885 it had developed a membership of strong men, among them William H. Morrison, secretary of the Walworth County Fair and past-president of the dairymen's association, an organizer of proven worth. Smith favored Morrison for superintendent. The regents agreed. The annual meeting of the association was an affair of two days and one evening. The members, with such others as the association might invite, provided the program. Morrison based the form of the institutes on the annual meetings of the association. The new College of Agriculture had a very limited faculty, and only now and then could he secure professors for the institute programs. Consequently, he relied strongly on men he had come to know in the dairymen's association. This gave dairy color to the institute programs, and eventually resulted in making Wisconsin

² *Wisconsin Session Laws*, 1885, chap. 9, p. 8.

the great dairy State that it is, with its 200,000 farmers and its 2,000,000 dairy cows. Morrison based the location of institutes on petitions signed by farmers and businessmen in local communities; local committees were required to supply halls, heat, and light and to help in advertising the institutes, while the institute office supplied the programs and paid the wages and travel expenses of institute workers. In time Morrison added discussions on home management with women appearing as lecturers and demonstrators; a farmers' institute bulletin was published, the material for which was supplied at a "Round-up" institute held for the purpose, and the printing costs were met by subscribing advertisers.

The first institute was held at Hudson on November 24-25, 1885. Thirty institutes were held that year, and an average of seventy per year for nine years. These were farmers' institutes indeed, conducted by farmers with almost all discussions based upon the experiences of successful farmers.

The superintendency of Morrison continued for nine years until a day in December, 1893, when he slipped on an icy walk and suffered an injury from which he died on December 8. This was disaster, but the system of adult agricultural education was thoroughly established; its worth so far exceeded that of the fortuitous, catch-as-catch-can methods under trial over the nation that the Wisconsin example was adopted in other states.

George McKerrow

The death of Morrison brought the regents a problem. The farmers' institutes so successfully started must continue to be as successfully administered. Dairying was the big offensive. The science of farming was only twelve years old, but the experiment station did not have the means for carrying its new truths to farmers. The institutes must do this. The membership of the dairymen's association was canvassed. George McKerrow, a Waukesha County farmer, who thought more of his Oxford sheep and Guernseys than public office, a canny Scot go-getter, who had

taken time out from his fine farm to do some splendid work off-and-on in the institutes and in some other public activities, was just the man to succeed Morrison. But his farm was his pride, and he felt he could not sacrifice his farm, his sheep, and his herd. Finally, however, he fell to the cajoleries of Dean Henry and the agricultural committee of the regents, who permitted him to live on his farm and have time off during the growing season for a trial period of one year. Dean Henry added to his own many duties the work of completing Morrison's ninth year, and McKerrow took over not for one year but for twenty years.

A volume could be written about the McKerrow period when the battle of silos, better breeding, better feeding, and spreading the new truths of the experiment station went forward on the basis of some 130 institutes and the "Round-up" institute each year, including regular women's institutes where facilities permitted. Plainly evident over the state were the results of institute work and the growing popularity of these efficient "schools," which introduced new and better farm practices.

As with aging institute workers, so with aging McKerrow: the deep snowdrifts, cold community halls, cold sleeping quarters, and night travel took their toll and sapped energy. His own attractive farm buildings and comfortable flocks and herds beckoned to McKerrow to remain by his pleasant fireside. With the closing of the "Round-up" institute of 1914 McKerrow completed a fifth of a century of work as superintendent of the Department of Farmers' Institutes of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.³ Legislatures up to this time had increased the appropriation from \$5,000 to \$12,000 to \$20,000.

C. P. Norgord

Now it was up to Dean Russell of the college and the regents of the university to find a new superintendent of the institutes. The situation seemed to call for emphasizing the work of the experiment station in extending its education to farmers. In 1914 the

³ Mr. McKerrow died on February 10, 1946, at the age of ninety-three.

experiment station, then thirty-one years old, had proven its worth in substituting science for theory in agriculture. Institutional agricultural education had arrived to supplement self-sufficient agricultural education by farmers. From this time on they should operate together and complete the requirements of the statute. To promote the new aim the position was offered to C. P. Norgord, who had been born and brought up on a struggling farm in the State, and by his own energies had put himself through local schools and the College of Agriculture. At the time of his selection as superintendent he was an assistant agronomist of the college.

Norgord's administration was too short to permit the development of new plans. McKerrow had left him a staff of excellent farmer veteran institute conductors. He carried on the usual number of regular two-day institutes, according to the established pattern, introduced a number of one-day institutes, appeared at farm picnics and other rural gatherings, and carried on demonstrations on county asylum farms, undisturbed except by the activities of about a dozen county representatives of the College of Agriculture and by a very few departmental fieldmen.

From time to time, as necessity seemed to demand, the legislature provided agents and inspectors whose work included regulatory and policing duties, such as testing animals for bovine tuberculosis, testing seed, feeds and fertilizers, stallion registration and licensing, and so on, operated through college departments.

This enforcement work did not seem to agree with the activities of college professors and college education, with the result that Governor Emanuel Philipp had created the Wisconsin State Department of Agriculture which succeeded the State Board of Agriculture, July 1, 1915. The agencies having the policing jobs then came under the supervision of this department. C. P. Norgord was selected by Governor Philipp to become the new commissioner of the Department of Agriculture, whereupon he resigned as superintendent of the farmers' institutes to accept this worth-while position, where his ability was to show itself. The exigencies of a new political administration discontinued his connection with the department at the end of his period of appointment, and he became

the assistant commissioner of agriculture in New York State, a position he held during the remainder of his active life.

Ernest L. Luther

Again it was up to Russell to act. He decided to continue to fulfill the institute statute requiring practical and scientific agricultural education to travel side by side. E. L. Luther was nominated to fill the vacancy and on October 15, 1915, he was advised that the regents had approved the nomination.

Luther was born and brought up on a pioneer farm in the deep woods of Michigan among Indians and lumberjacks, was a graduate of the local grade school, and of a letters and science college in that State, had fifteen years of experience as county commissioner of schools and superintendent of village and city schools in Michigan and Wisconsin, and had then secured the Bachelor of Science degree in Agriculture from the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. Upon his graduation he became Wisconsin's first county representative and later supervisor of county representatives.

By 1915 the situation had become very complex in the agricultural field and in the extension work of the college. The Smith-Lever Law led to a very rapid increase in extension specialists. During World War I the United States Department of Agriculture placed a great many of its own agents in counties not having county representatives. Food was to win the war. The conscription act took farm labor. Farm operators were kept busy with growing crops while professional organizers, politicians, and salesmen did their own type of work. The federal government made requisitions for assistance with problems for which workers were not trained, even to assigning them work in the secret service. Snow-covered roads were not plowed. Travel was slow.

To meet such a situation the usual two-day schedule of institutes would not suffice. Meetings had to be brought nearer to farmers and had to be scheduled in town halls and schoolhouses and shortened, with the result that a covey of special institutes had to be added to the regular two-day institutes.

Up to this time the institutes had one glaring weakness. Institute conductors had done a good job in discussing improved practices but had then to leave the instructed to their own devices in adopting the new methods. Years might roll around before anything new was done. But now in war-time there was need of action. This resulted in the superintendent instructing the conductors to use a practice, called "Service in materials" which he had acquired while he was county representative. Before an institute closed, farmers were told of the things needed to carry out a better practice and where and how to get them. "Service in materials" hastened the adoption of purebred sires, agricultural lime, seeds of high purity and vitality, new forms of farm machinery, silo materials, barn plans, spraying materials, and fertilizers, and the organization of cow-testing associations. Many farmers liked this part of institute programs and signed up. The institute office followed up.

New extension specialists as a rule started their work by being brought into institute programs. For several years these specialists were loaned by the Agricultural Extension Office, and at times they supplied half of the workers in the institutes.

In 1925, four years before Congress passed the Agricultural Marketing Act and the setting up of the Federal Farm Board, Director K. L. Hatch, of the Department of Agricultural Extension, and the superintendent determined that the time had come when institutes on cooperative organizations and the marketing of farm crops and products should be provided for definitely. This being so essential and its success being so important, Acting Dean F. B. Morrison felt that the superintendent should confine his activities for the most part to this work and favored the employment of an assistant superintendent, who would administer the regular production institutes under the direction of the superintendent. For the season of 1925-26 L. C. Hatch, being a veteran in public and agricultural education, served in that capacity, retiring in 1926, to follow private enterprise. Thereupon Adrian C. Cole, veteran educator and ex-county representative, was chosen to succeed Hatch. Both men were eminently successful, Cole continuing in the work

until the institute department was discontinued by the legislature and state administration in 1933.

The institute contacts were made during the period 1925-33 as follows: 1925-26.....545; 1926-27.....582; 1927-28.....427; 1928-29.....669; 1929-30.....683; 1930-31.....855; 1931-32.....742; 1932-33.....651.

The above totals include three-day, two-day, one-day, and one-session institutes on coöperative marketing, and two-day, one-day, and one-session institutes on farm management and community production of farm crops and manufactures. Up to the year 1927-28 there had been no increase in the legislative appropriation of \$20,000 though active operation was continued the year round rather than for only a half-year, as was the rule when the appropriation was first raised and the institutes numbered 131; wages and travel had about doubled and an assistant superintendent and dairy manufacturing specialist had been added to the payroll. This was accomplished under the \$20,000 appropriation by discontinuing the "Round-up" institute and later the farmers' institute bulletin, reducing the number of farmers employed on the staff somewhat, and by accepting the loan of extension specialists from the college and from the state department, as well as representatives of the communities and coöperatives that were assisted. These arrangements served several purposes: almost every one connected with farm and the other rural service was kept busy, the various executive offices knew what was going on and usually approved, crowding was largely avoided, the institute office received valuable suggestions, and coördination became the rule. In the year 1925-26 the department was favored by the loan of H. T. Sondergaard, fieldman of Wisconsin creameries of District No. 20 of Land O' Lakes Creameries, Incorporated, for about two months. In the year 1926-27 the department saved the Northern Wisconsin Coöperative Tobacco Pool, and that association returned the compliment by securing an appropriation from the legislature of \$10,000 which the department was to use only for work on coöperative marketing. This permitted the employment of

Sondergaard and also R. K. Froker, graduate in economics of the Minnesota College of Agriculture.

With the full-time service of Froker and Sondergaard besides their work in the institutes, splendid field-work was done and well-organized projects were carried on with coöperative creameries, cheese factories, and farm organizations, including such associations as the Land O' Lakes Creameries, Incorporated, the Pure Milk Products Coöperative, the Antigo Milk Coöperative, the Badger Coöperative at Shawano, the Wisconsin Cheese Producers' Federation, Pure Milk Association at Chicago, the Wisconsin Wool Growers' Association, the Northern Wisconsin Coöperative Tobacco Pool, the Central and Farmers' Live Stock Sales Associations at South St. Paul, the National Live Stock Sales Association at Chicago, and the Equity Live Stock Sales Association at Milwaukee. Some work was done which might be termed "negative" or preventive, since it prevented professional salesmen from exploiting farmers by organizing coöperatives which were sure to be failures. The effectiveness of this type of work done by the department was proven when for services rendered to the Tobacco Pool that organization secured the legislative appropriation mentioned above.

It is impossible properly to evaluate, in this short sketch, the contribution made by the Department of Wisconsin Farmers' Institutes. If the reading has provoked an interest in a more extensive manuscript history, such materials may be found in the library of the College of Agriculture. Along with the history will be found bound volumes of the annual reports of the superintendent for the years 1925-33 and the Farmers' Institute bulletins for most of the forty-eight years of the department's existence.

The state administration and the legislature of 1933 discontinued the appropriation for the Department of Farmers' Institutes, which had become a valuable adult educational activity for the farm folk of Wisconsin. The reasons for this sudden reversal of policy are another matter, for another time.

Devil-Wagon Days

By DOROTHY V. WALTERS

WHETHER powered by steam, gasoline, or electricity, no matter what name experts were suggesting for the horseless carriage, those who did not own one of these new vehicles at the turn of the century had a name for them all: "devil-wagons." However much interest, amazement, curiosity, or dislike they stimulated, by 1900 the motorcars were finding their way into the Wisconsin scene more and more frequently.¹

Those hardy pioneers of the road who operated these first unpredictable horseless carriages had many strange and amusing experiences—often more entertaining both to us and to them four decades after the incidents occurred.

Legislators generally looked with abhorrence on the new machines, and almost universally they passed restrictive laws. In common with most states, Wisconsin legislation required the operator of an automobile to slow up when meeting a horse-drawn rig, and if the horses or driver were frightened, to stop altogether and to lead the horses past the devil-wagon which had caused all the trouble. This type of legislation served to satisfy the horse-and-buggy man and placed the irritated motorist at his mercy. One of the early day automobile owners and drivers in Fond du Lac County recalls that on one occasion he slowed up in accordance with the statutes and called out to the oncoming farmer and his wife whether help were needed with the team. The man

Thirteen punctures while en route by automobile from Milwaukee to Palmyra on a fishing trip was the record established by one of Wisconsin's early motorcar owners. Incidents like these are contained in DOROTHY V. WALTERS' story of the early automobile industry in Wisconsin. Miss Walters teaches social studies in the Lincoln Junior High School, Kenosha, and is actively interested in the Kenosha County Historical Society.

¹ Despite arguments, most writers award the title of "Father of the Automobile Industry" to Charles E. Duryea, Springfield, Massachusetts.

promptly replied that he could manage the team all right, but that "the Old Lady is pretty skittish."²

The same motorist writes as follows:

I recall on a trip to Ripon seeing a rig coming down hill some distance ahead, with the passengers waving at me. I drove over near a fence, shut off the motor, and was ready to help them. Imagine my disgust to find a group of boys with an old "crowbar" which couldn't have run if there had been a bunch of firecrackers tied to his tail.

The annals of motoring in the first decade of this century are full of incidents about the passive resistance tactics used by those who did not approve of the automobile. One favorite trick which incurred the wrath of the motorist, bent on making all of fifteen or twenty miles per hour, was to let horses amble along a narrow road while the driver of the team either pretended deafness to the noise of the trailing automobile, or sat and grinned mockingly at the helpless driver.

Another and more vicious act was to put nails and wire in the wheel track. Mr. Walters recalls that one farmer in his vicinity fed his poultry in the public highway and plowed furrows across the road on each side of his buildings until required to stop this practice by action of the town board.³

For women to drive was quite unusual, but in the summer of 1903 Mrs. George Rowe and Mrs. Nettie Hoyt drove from Beaver Dam to Milwaukee in a three-day trip. This feat received much publicity in Milwaukee papers of that day. The machine which they used is now in the possession of the Dodge County Historical Society. It was a Rambler purchased from the Thomas B. Jeffery Company of Kenosha. Like all but the de luxe early models, it had neither horn nor headlights; and like its contemporaries, it needed frequent repairs.⁴

Roads were generally poor and cars were far from sturdy, which all added up to many backaches and boiling tempers among the motoring pioneers of forty years ago. Writers and the first motorists alike recall that often a car had to be backed up a hill whose grade was too steep for straight ahead driving. Many early models

² O. J. Walters, uncle of the writer, in a letter to her, dated Oct. 12, 1945.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Milwaukee Journal*, July 9, 1944.

had their gasoline tanks so located that the flow of fuel was shut off on too steep a grade.

Even in cities, motorists had their troubles. One of Milwaukee's pioneer owners and drivers of automobiles was W. A. Lewis, who recounts many anecdotes connected with driving his Oldsmobile, Maxwell, and other cars in the city and about the state. It seems incredible, but Mr. Lewis recalls that he once spent the better part of an afternoon trying to climb the slight hill which begins at Eighteenth Street and Grand Avenue (now West Wisconsin Avenue) in Milwaukee. The corner of what is now West North Avenue and North Forty-Seventh Street was the site of a very well-remembered incident for this motorist and his brother Oscar Lewis. This stretch of what was then unpaved country road was very muddy and try as he might, driver Lewis could not get his car out of the mire under its own power. So, heedless of a new tan suit, his brother climbed out to push and climbed back in after the job was over, his suit now overlaid with a hit-and-miss mud pattern several shades darker.

Another of Mr. Lewis's tales concerns his taking a minister and a deacon of a Milwaukee church on a fishing trip to Palmyra. It was Friday the thirteenth, and unbelievable as it sounds, the fishermen had thirteen punctures en route. After the fifth or sixth, the deacon came around to the rear of the machine, where Mr. Lewis was repairing the damage and urged, "Never mind the preacher. Say it, Bill!"

Despite his many mishaps, Mr. Lewis, like other true motoring enthusiasts, could not be stopped. One day a tire became detached and rolled merrily down a hill on the road between Watertown and Oak Grove, necessitating a drive of six miles on the rim. Another time he and his family set out for Sussex with a freezer full of ice cream for a family gathering. The party left Milwaukee at 9:00 A.M., and arrived, after delays for repairs, at 4:00 P.M., the ice cream having long since become fluid. Under such stress, many early drivers gave up and sold or even gave away their cars. Not Mr. Lewis! The next day he came to Milwaukee by

train, got a tire, returned by train to Sussex, made repairs, and brought his family home in the horseless carriage.⁵

As this incident suggests, filling stations and repair shops were not to be found at every crossroad. If the local blacksmith shop could not supply his needs, the automobile owner usually secured the parts from the manufacturer. Many early-day motorists informed the writer that they supplied their automobiles with gasoline from backyard storage tanks which were refilled from the companies' tank wagons on their scheduled rounds. When gasoline was bought on a trip, it might have been obtained from hardware stores or other neighborhood merchants.

Information for reaching one's destination was obtained from others who had been over the route. Sometimes one set his mileage gauge at zero at a given spot and proceeded to landmarks which were supposed to appear at stated distances. If a store burned down or an old oak tree were felled, it upset the calculations of the motorist.

The result was that many a motorist found himself in an unfamiliar locality, asking the way to the nearest crossroad or backtracking to the turn he had missed. W. W. Vincent, Sr., of Kenosha, one of that city's pioneer makers and drivers of a motorcar, related that he invited a party of friends to drive with him to a concert at Ravinia Park, Illinois, and on the return trip became lost, sometime after midnight, in Highland Park, Illinois. The group arrived at Kenosha in time for breakfast to learn that the worried family of his friends had telephoned police in near-by towns to watch for and to guide the wandering concert goers.⁶

Not only were routes difficult to follow, roads were usually very poor: muddy, rutted, overgrown with grass, and narrow. Such roads were not only found in this state but throughout the nation. One narrator says that on a trip to Fond du Lac he and a party of four got into a deep rut, and as the car pulled out of it, the vehicle wobbled around and tipped over on its side. The passengers all slid out and after assuring themselves of no broken bones, they

⁵ All information from W. A. Lewis was obtained in an interview.

⁶ W. W. Vincent, Sr., in a letter to the writer, dated Nov. 2, 1945.



W. A. LEWIS WITH HIS FAMILY AND A NIECE

all took hold of the car and righted it. It was undamaged, and they went on to town.⁷

As previously indicated, hills presented an especial challenge to automobile and driver alike. In an article appearing in *Country Life in America* it was stated that a touring car was to be judged by its behavior on hills. No car which could not climb a steep incline in its home territory was to be taken on a vacation in hilly country. Then, too, the height of boulders protruding out of the surface of the roads needed consideration if axles or transmission were not to be wrecked by those which were too large. A double quantity of gasoline was recommended as a "must" since hilly stretches of road consumed greater amounts of this hard-to-obtain commodity; recommended, also, was a set of "climbers" of stout leather and chains.⁸

Wisconsin's present highway system had its inception in 1918, at which time the method of using numbers and letters to mark the highways was instituted and maps were issued to aid the motorists. A. R. Hirst was then state highway engineer.⁹

According to the Motor Vehicle Department's information and the *Wisconsin Statutes* an automobile owner was required to apply—in 1905—to the secretary of state for a certificate of registration. By paying a fee of \$1.00 he received a certificate and also a number plate for his car.¹⁰ In this first year of licensing 1,492 plates were issued in contrast to the 687,717 distributed in 1944.¹¹ The fee was increased to \$2.00 by the 1909 legislature, and in 1911 the sum of \$5.00 was required, the license expiring thereafter on December 31 of each year. This, then, was the year that annual licenses were initiated.¹²

⁷ Walters letter, Oct. 12, 1945.

⁸ W. A. Babson, "A Motor Car in the Wilderness," 8:247-48 (June, 1905).

⁹ James R. Law, chairman, State Highway Commission, in a letter to the writer, Oct. 29, 1945. According to C. R. Conlee, promotion and research manager of the *Milwaukee Journal*, much credit for the adoption of the numbered highway system must go to the late W. W. Rowland. "Brownie" Rowland toured Wisconsin as the *Journal's* automotive editor and in mapping areas of the state made use of numbers instead of names for highways. Later he agitated in the state legislature for the use of numbers to designate highways. Conlee letter to writer, Nov. 3, 1945. See also William F. Rauey, *Wisconsin: A Story of Progress* (New York, 1940), 334.

¹⁰ B. L. Marcus, commissioner, State Motor Vehicle Department, to writer, Oct. 25, 1945; *Wisconsin Session Laws*, 1905, pp. 467-68.

¹¹ Marcus letter, Oct. 25, 1945.

¹² *Wisconsin Session Laws*, 1909, pp. 627-28; 1911, 781-82.

Kenosha residents in the first decade of the present century had many opportunities to become acquainted with horseless carriages, for several people in the community were experimenting with these new vehicles. Sometime in 1900 Robert Symmonds, assisted by John Sullivan and Louis Larsen, made a motorcar in the Willard and Arnold machine shop. The cost was reported at \$2,000. Steam pressure of 250 pounds was generated by a power unit located beneath the seat. The fuel used was gasoline. This is supposed to have been the first Kenosha-built automobile. About two years later it was sold to a buyer at Beloit. Later Mr. Symmonds became general superintendent of the Thomas B. Jeffery Company, which had been organized at Kenosha in 1900.¹³

Charles F. Borkenhagen, president of the Kenosha County Historical Society, recalls that during this decade an Earl car was made in a former Kenosha typewriter factory. In an interview Mr. Borkenhagen stated that this car was a gasoline-driven vehicle with a two-cylinder opposed motor, set crosswise in the frame.

Another Kenosha inventor who was experimenting in the automobile field was W. W. Vincent, Sr. In 1909-10 he made himself a very large machine about which he writes, "It was a large seven-passenger machine with four (large) cylinders, aluminum motor jacket engine, and 41x5" tires.... It was too powerful, however, and built much stronger and heavier than necessary.... I never let it go full speed, but did go to 65 miles."¹⁴

Since the Jeffery Company prospered and became the Nash Corporation in later years, much is known about its infancy and its product. Thomas B. Jeffery built his first automobile in Chicago, with the aid of John Bjorn, preceding their arrival at Kenosha. Begun in 1894 and completed in 1897, the car had a one-cylinder engine and a cooling device beneath the seat. Wheels were "extra heavy bicycle wheels, with a specially fitted hub." The frame was constructed of gas pipe.¹⁵

When Mr. Jeffery came to Kenosha in 1900, he and his associ-

¹³ Information from the lecture notes of C. E. Dewey, late president of the Kenosha County Historical Society. Lecture notes in that society's files.

¹⁴ Vincent letter, Nov. 2, 1945.

¹⁵ Dewey lecture notes.



FIRST AUTOMOBILE BUILT IN KENOSHA IN THE 1900's

ates took over an old bicycle factory and made bicycles for a time. The first Kenosha-made Jeffery car, called a Rambler, was shipped to its purchaser, a Binghampton, New York, doctor, *by express*, at the order of the impatient purchaser.¹⁶ On October 26, 1945, the first postwar Nash, successor to the Rambler, came off the assembly lines, accompanied by a good deal of publicity. But among the newspaper stories of May 1, 1902, there is no account of that first Rambler which was the forerunner of the long line of those vehicles whose manufacture was to play so large a part in Kenosha's economy.

The Jeffery firm was capitalized at between \$60,000 and \$70,000. Its location was outside of the then existing city limits. The original models were one-cylinder, eight-horsepower machines.

Judged by present standards the first car models of the several manufacturers in the early years were ludicrously simple and crude. It seems apparent that they were copied from carriage models, and many are pictured in publications of the time as having a tiller for steering. Open models were sold for years without a top, headlights, horn, or other accessories now taken for granted. These "extras" were later sold at added cost to the owner. When head lamps were bought, they were acetylene lights which had to be lighted by hand. In 1904 the Pope-Toledo Company was criticized for including headlights as standard equipment on its cars.¹⁷

When steering wheels replaced tillers, some cars had a right-hand drive. In 1908 when Ford's Model "T" was brought out, a change-over to the left-hand drive was noted. In the same year General Motors produced trucks with the left-hand drive as a featured innovation.¹⁸

The early automobiles seen and manufactured in Wisconsin were no exception to the rule of copying carriage designs and omitting accessories. If one is to judge by snapshots in many a family album, Badger state motorists of that era dressed in dusters, visored

¹⁶ Kenosha Evening News, July 29, 1936.

¹⁷ *A Chronicle of the Automotive Industry in America, 1892-1936* (Cleveland, 1936), published by Baxon Manufacturing Company to commemorate its silver anniversary. The pages are unnumbered, but the material is arranged in sections by years.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

caps or motor bonnets, gloves, and for the ladies, veils, as did their counterparts all over the nation.

Magazine advertising was at first limited to notices of from one- to three-column inches and carried no illustrations. Scanning the pages of the *Scientific American*, which contained a quantity of automobile advertising for 1902-3, it is revealed that the maximum advertising space was bought on May 2, 1903, by the Cadillac Company, which splurged with a one-column, seventeen and one-half inch advertisement. It was embellished with a picture of a Cadillac climbing the steps of the United States capitol. In this same issue the Oldsmobile copy took up three inches, single column; the Winton, two; and the Haynes-Apperson, four. Somewhat larger advertisements appeared in other publications.

By 1904 the trend toward large, illustrated advertisements had begun, and the space of seven inches, two-column width, was becoming more common. An entire page of the January 13, 1906, issue of the *Scientific American* was divided between the publicity of four rival vehicles: the Thomas Flyer, Peerless, Pope-Hartford, and Welch.

As advertising increased, the tendency toward flamboyant writing kept pace. The copy turned out for the Thomas B. Jeffery Company by its advertising manager, Edward S. (Ned) Jordan, was in keeping with this trend.¹⁸ In the *World's Work Advertiser* of August, 1904, the machine was referred to as "the height of transportation achievement...the Alpha and Omega of road transportation. Every member of the Rambler family...is clothed engagingly in dark red, graceful of line, but having a business-like, sturdy air withal that begets confidence." At another time the dark maroon of the Rambler was named by Mr. Jordan, "English Purple Lake."

The company used a great deal of direct mail advertising to interest prospective buyers and received many amusing replies. A doctor showed apprehension at purchasing an automobile and wrote that the vibrations incident to driving a car might be harm-

¹⁸ Later manufacturer of the Jordan car, at Cleveland, Ohio.

ful and interfere with his performing delicate operations. He would have none of these vehicles.²⁰

Besides his manufacture of the Rambler, Mr. Jeffery and a Mr. Gormely invented and patented the first clincher tire, which sold under the name "G. and J."²¹

Another Wisconsin-made automobile, which was produced between 1906 and 1930 was the Kissel Kar, manufactured at Hartford, by the Kissel Motor Car Company. The Kissel Company stock was entirely Wisconsin owned, chiefly by the Kissel family. Not long after the founding of the firm, the Kissels bought up all stock which was owned outside of the family group. The last president of the company was G. A. Kissel.

The Kissel Kar was originally a four-cylinder, gasoline-powered, open touring car, with a telescope type body. The first was sold to a Mr. Wilson of Milwaukee. This was, however, not the first motor car made in Hartford, since James Favour had a homemade two-cylinder car earlier. The first factory-made cars owned in the community were White Steamers and belonged to George A. Snyder and Louis Portz.

It is claimed that the Kissels were the originators of the all-year or enclosed type of motorcar body, but evidence that several companies were producing enclosed models in the higher price range group by 1906 seems to cast doubt on this claim.²²

From an innovation, looked upon with amused tolerance or actual apprehension by most Wisconsinites in 1900, the motorcar has come to be accepted and to challenge the existence of those Wisconsin industries which in 1910 were still supplying the needs of the horse-and-buggy era.

²⁰ This material was obtained in an interview with Mr. Borkenhagen.

²¹ *Ibid.*

²² All information on the Kissel Company was contained in a letter to the writer from H. J. Thoma, Hartford, Nov. 21, 1945.

The Location of La Pointe

By CHARLES CORCORAN

EVERYONE who is familiar with the early history of the Middle West knows that in the seventeenth century Father Allouez founded the first Christian mission in Wisconsin at La Pointe du Saint Esprit. Perhaps even better known is the fact that Father Marquette had charge of that mission until his Hurons stirred up the wrath of the warlike Sioux and found it expedient to put a greater distance between themselves and their menacing neighbors. But how many of my readers, I wonder, could point out the location of La Pointe on a map?

There is a little town called La Pointe, on beautiful Madeline Island, the largest of the Apostle Islands in Lake Superior, and not a few persons, I have discovered, are convinced that that is the site of the seventeenth century Jesuit mission. That is why I am writing this article.

Not long ago I visited Ashland, Wisconsin, in quest of the truth concerning the location of La Pointe or more properly La Pointe du Saint Esprit. In reply to my question, several citizens assured me that I should find what remained of the old mission on Madeline Island. There was a tradition, some of them said, that the lilies growing there were originally planted by Father Marquette 300 years ago.

From my reading on the subject in the *Jesuit Relations* and in Chrysostom Verwyst's sketch in the Wisconsin Historical Society *Collections*, I had formed the opinion that the original La Pointe Mission was on the mainland, not far from the present city of Ashland. In fact I had written in a little biography of Father

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Marquette that the scene of his labors in that territory was near Ashland.

With a mind entirely open to conviction, I traveled up to Bayfield, where I boarded a ferry that took me to Madeline Island. I was enjoying the refreshing lake breeze and the enchanting view of the Apostle Islands, when I overheard a lady passenger remark that the old mission founded by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century was still to be seen at La Pointe on Madeline Island. Thereupon I introduced myself and asked the lady if it was the general belief that the seventeenth century mission had been on the Island. "Oh yes," she replied, "I have a little folder that states that very distinctly."

That morning I eagerly explored the scenic and historical island. I visited the so-called Old Mission, founded by the Rev. Sherman Hall, a Protestant minister in 1832, the Catholic Church established in 1835 by Father Baraga, and the three cemeteries: the Catholic cemetery near the Catholic Church, the old Indian cemetery, and the old-old Indian cemetery. All these and other features of La Pointe I found extremely interesting, but my observations left me unconvinced that the seventeenth century mission had been located on Madeline Island.

My tour of the island completed, I returned to Ashland where I called upon George H. Wartman, who was of the opinion that the site of the Old Mission was only a few miles outside Ashland on the shore of Chequamegon Bay. He told me that there was an old gentleman, William Nohl, who lived in the vicinity of the site and would be able to give us some welcome information concerning the exact location.

Accompanied by Dr. Clarence N. Sanger, we motored out to Mr. Nohl's summer camp, about 4,000 feet beyond Whittlesey Creek, where we found the affable old gentleman and heard from his lips a very interesting account of the Old Jesuit Mission. In answer to my question about the mission site he led us to a beautiful Lourdes grotto on his property, which, he said, marked the place where the mission had formerly stood. On a granite slab

in front of the shrine is carved the inscription, "In Memory of Fathers Ménard, Allouez and Marquette."

Erected in 1924 by Father Charron, who had chosen this spot as the scene of the missionaries' labors, the rock grotto enshrines a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary with a kneeling figure of St. Bernadette in front of it. Large pine trees form the background of the outdoor chapel, which is carpeted with velvety grass, ornamented with beds of Hansa roses. Leading to the chapel is a well-trodden pathway, guarded on either side by a hedge of buckthorn. The shrine and its grounds are devotedly cared for by Mr. Nohl, a non-Catholic.

An old Sioux Indian, said Mr. Nohl, had assured him that the seventeenth century mission had occupied the property now held by Mr. Nohl and known today as Platted Mission Springs. Some years ago Mr. Nohl discovered not far from the grotto the buried foundation of an ancient building, which, he thinks, was the mission chapel. At the touch of the spade, however, the foundation crumbled to dust, so that there is no evidence of it today.

On my return to Milwaukee I consulted all the books and documents available in an endeavor to solve the problem I had set for myself. I had known before that the first to point out the location of the mission was Father Claude Allouez, the founder of the mission, who writes as follows in the *Jesuit Relations* for the years 1666-67:

After coasting a hundred and eighty leagues along the southern shore of Lake Tracy, [Lake Superior] where it was our Lord's will often to test our patience by storms, famine, and weariness by day and night,—finally, on the first day of October, [1665] we arrived at Chequamegon whither our ardent desires had been so long directed.

It is a beautiful Bay, at the head of which is situated the great Village of the Savages, who there cultivate fields of Indian corn and lead a settled life. They number eight hundred men bearing arms, but are gathered together from seven different nations, living in peace, mingled one with another.

This large population made us prefer this place to all others for our usual abode, that we might apply ourselves most advantageously to the instruction of these infidels, build a chapel, and enter upon the functions of the Christian religion.¹

¹ Reuben G. Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents* (Cleveland, 1896-1901), 50:273.

In this volume of the *Relations*, we note, Father Allouez states clearly that the mission was situated at the *head* of Chequamegon Bay, which places it somewhere in the vicinity of Ashland. Historians have often regretted that the Jesuit missionaries, on whom we depend almost exclusively for the early history of the Midwest, were not more specific in locating the places to which they refer. But we must remember, of course, that they did not have the landmarks which we possess at present, and besides their all-absorbing vocation was the preaching of the gospel, not the compiling of geographies for the use of future historians.

For some time after I had discovered that the site of the mission was near the head of Chequamegon Bay, I cudgled my brain for an explanation of the name "La Pointe," which Father Allouez had conferred on the place. Riding along the shore between Ashland and Washburn, I hopefully looked for a jutting out of the land that might suggest a point. But I found none. Later, however, I discovered in my reading on the subject that the name "Point" was given to the place not because it is a point of land itself but because of the neighboring Chequamegon Point which forms a part of the eastern shore of Chequamegon Bay and which, jutting out into the lake like a pointing finger, was observed by the westward voyaging missionary as the most prominent feature of the district.

There is really no dispute at all about this matter among historians, but in confirmation of my statement I shall briefly quote three authorities. Milo Milton Quaife, former superintendent of the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN, says,

Allouez [1665] proceeded at once to establish here [at Chequamegon] his mission, which he named for the long and narrow sandspit which jutted out into the lake at the eastern side of the bay La Pointe du Sainte Esprit.²

Guy M. Burnham, historian of that district, opens his first chapter of *The Lake Superior Country* with this statement:

The whole district, rather indefinite in extent, took its name from the narrow spit of land reaching out from the main shore of what is now the northern coast line of Wisconsin. Only a few rods in width, it was a

² Quaife, *Wisconsin Its History and Its People* (Chicago, 1924), 1:84.

half dozen miles long, separating the Apostle Islands from the great bay which we now call Chequamegon.³

Finally, Reuben Thwaites, whose authority on the history of Wisconsin is undisputed, gives us the following confirmation. "The point," he writes, "which suggested to Allouez the name of his mission was, of course, the neighboring Point Chequamegon."⁴

As to the location of La Pointe, we have seen in the letter of Father Allouez that it was near the head of Chequamegon Bay, that is, somewhere near Ashland. Can we locate the site more definitely than that? For our answer to this question we turn again to the letter of Father Allouez from which we have quoted. He writes:

This part of the Lake where we have halted is between two large Villages, and forms a sort of center for all the nations of these regions, because of its abundance of fish which constitutes the chief part of these peoples' sustenance.

Here we have erected a little Chapel of bark, where my entire occupation is to receive the Algonkin [Ottawas] and Huron Christians, and instruct them; baptize and catechize the children; admit the Infidels, who hasten hither from all directions....⁵

Now the tradition of the Indians and white men and scientific investigation prove beyond doubt that at Fish Creek (between Ashland and Ashland Junction) there had been an ancient clearing on which stood a large Indian village. Because of the size of the clearing, the best historians who write of the problem are convinced that this is the site of the "*grand bourg*," the large village of the Ottawas.⁶

The "*grand bourg*," Allouez tells us, was three-quarters of a French league, or one and seven-eighths miles, from his abode. That would mean that his dwelling place was near Whittlesey Creek.⁷ And the Huron village which, he says, was much nearer his chapel, must have been just beyond Whittlesey Creek or Shore's Landing, where we find unmistakable signs of another ancient clearing.⁸

³ Burnham, *The Lake Superior Country in History and in Story* (Boston, 1930), 1.

⁴ Thwaites, "The Story of Chequamegon," *Wisconsin Historical Society Collections*, 13:424 (1895).

⁵ *Jesuit Relations*, 50:297.

⁶ Chrysostom Verwyst, O. S. F., "Historic Sites on Chequamegon Bay," in *Wisconsin Historical Society Collections*, 13:430 (1895).

⁷ *Jesuit Relations*, 50:301.

⁸ Verwyst, "Historic Sites on Chequamegon Bay," Pp. 439-40.

The *Jesuit Relations* tell us that there were several other villages in the vicinity of the mission. Father Allouez speaks of various hamlets two or three or more leagues away, which he visited. Father Marquette mentions that there were five Indian villages not far from his chapel. All this is clearly borne out by scientific investigation of the topography, which proves that there were other settlements near Boyd's Creek, at Vanderverter's Creek, between Pike's Bay and Bayfield, at Passabikang, at Red Cliff, and on Madeline Island.

Of the several historians who have attempted to locate the village of La Pointe, some have had to be satisfied with merely pointing out the district to which it belonged, while others, notably Father Chrysostom Verwyst, have attempted with more or less success to give it a definite location on the map.

Reuben G. Thwaites says:

The mission of La Pointe du Esprit, founded by Allouez, was, it seems well established, on the mainland at the southwestern corner of the bay, somewhere between the present towns of Ashland and Washburn, and not far from the site of Radisson's fort.⁹

But of all the writers who have grappled with the problem, I readily assign the first place to Father Verwyst, who thoroughly mastered all the documentary evidence, personally interviewed old-timers who had treasured the traditions of their ancestors, and with the zeal and ability of an explorer carefully examined the topography of the district for any information it would yield.

The following excerpts from Verwyst's writings will illustrate the method he employed in his effort to locate the site of La Pointe:

Metabikitigweiag-Sibiwishen is the creek between Ashland and Ashland Junction, which runs into Fish Creek a short distance west of Ashland. At the junction of those two creeks and along their banks, especially on the east bank of Fish Creek, was once a large and populous Indian village of Ottawas, who there raised Indian corn. It is pointed out on N. Bellin's map (1744), with the remark, *Ici était une bourgade considerable* ("here was once a considerable village"). We shall hereafter have occasion to speak of this place. The soil along Fish Creek is rich, formed by the annual overflowage of its water, leaving behind a deposit of rich, sandy loam. There is a young growth of timber along the right bank between the bay and Ashland Junction, and the grass growing underneath the trees shows that it was once a cultivated clearing. . . .

⁹ "The Story of Chequamegon," 424.

According to Blatchford there was formerly another considerable village at the mouth of Whittlesey's Creek, . . . I think that Fathers Allouez and Marquette had their ordinary abode at or near this place, although Allouez seems also to have resided for some time at the Ottawa village up Fish Creek.

A short distance from Whittlesey's Creek, at the western bend of the bay, where is now Shore's Landing, there used to be a large Indian village and trading post, kept by a Frenchman. Being at the head of the bay, it was the starting point of the Indian trail to the St. Croix country. Some years ago the writer dug up there, an Indian mound. The young growth of timber at the bend of the bay, and the absence of stumps, indicate that it had once been cleared. At the foot of the bluff or bank, is a beautiful spring of fresh water. As the St. Croix country was one of the principal hunting grounds of the Chippewas and Sioux, it is natural there should always be many living at the terminus of the trail, where it struck the bay.¹⁰

Likewise Joseph LaBoule, who did some investigating on his own account, places the mission at or near Whittlesey's Creek. After advancing his arguments, he concludes with this summary statement:

It is not possible to designate the exact spot, but, taking the general tradition of Indians for granted that the earliest villages and the missions lay near the *western shore* of Chequamegon Bay, the Huron village can have been very little, if any, farther north *than Boyd's Creek*, and the mission was, most probably, at or near *Whittlesey's Creek* or *Shore's Landing*.¹¹

As a result of my own investigation, having examined all the documents as well as the topography of the district, I must subscribe to the findings of Verwyst and LaBoule. Surely these findings are as accurate and as certain as are those which produced the monument between Fish Creek and Whittlesey Creek to the first home built by white men in Wisconsin. It is therefore my sincere hope that in the very near future a monument or at least a marker will be set up at Whittlesey's Creek indicating that this and not the village on Madeline Island is the site of the first Christian mission in Wisconsin and the first place in Wisconsin named by white men.

¹⁰ Verwyst, "Historic Sites on Chequamegon Bay," 430-31.

¹¹ Joseph S. LaBoule, *Claude Jean Allouez*, Parkman Club Publications, No. 17, Pp. 199-200.

Documents

Reminiscences of Arend Jan Brusse on Early Dutch Settlement in Milwaukee

Contributed by HENRY S. LUCAS

THE ACCOMPANYING memoir by the Rev. Arend Jan Brusse (or Bruce in its Americanized form) introduces us to the exact circumstances of the coming of the Brusse family to America. This document was written for publication in *De Grondwet*, for many years—from 1860 until the 1920's—the chief Dutch weekly newspaper in this country. For some reason Mr. Brusse's sketch was never published. The manuscript passed into the possession of the Netherlands Museum of Holland, Michigan, whose director, Mr. Willard Wichers, has kindly given the writer permission to publish it. In preparing the text for printing we have changed the wording in a few places but in no way modified the facts.

When I was a young man, aged about twenty-two years, from what I noticed of the general condition of the class of people to whom I belonged, I plainly saw that my temporal prospects for life were not very promising in The Netherlands; and so I concluded to go to America, if I possibly could get there. I then had no idea that my parents and the rest of my family would break up and also go to America; but my mother, not being willing to let me go alone, induced father that we all go together. Our family consisted of father and mother; Jan

PROFESSOR HENRY S. LUCAS, a staff member of the University of Washington, has contributed—with introduction—the Brusse "Reminiscences" which describes the coming of this Dutch family to Milwaukee. Professor Lucas has made a careful study of the earliest Dutch immigration to America. This we hope to publish in the near future.

Brusse, and his wife Grada, with their seven children, Arend Jan, Gerrit Jan, Dersse, Willem, Berend, Janna, and Hendrik.

On the first day of June, 1846, we left our home at Dinxperloo, province of Gelderland, for Rotterdam; by way of Arnhem and the Rhine. At Rotterdam we took passage on the sailing vessel "*De Hollander*." There were 100 passengers on board, of whom one-half were Hollanders; the others were Germans. Of the ten families of Hollanders seven came from Aalten, Varseveld, and Dinxperloo, from what is known as *de Achterhoek*. The others came from Velp near Arnhem and from the province of Zeeland.

Of the many Hollanders on board the ship I had only been intimately acquainted with Mr. Rademaker and family, from Varseveld. He was one of the elders of the Reformed *Afgescheiden* Church of Varseveld, a gifted and devout Christian. Of this church I had been a catechumen till I left for America, and of which I still retain many blessed memories. On board the ship everything was about as inconvenient and as untidy or dirty as it could be. We were herded together almost like cattle. We had to provide our own provisions for the voyage. There was little chance for cooking. The stove, or range, or whatever you might call it, had only two or three holes, where the many families could do their cooking. The water for drinking and cooking was nasty. I yet imagine that I can smell it. Those who did attempt cooking on the stove were not always particular about the fire. At one time through someone's carelessness the ship took fire, and but for its timely discovery might have turned out very serious. We had only one severe storm that was considered really dangerous. There was no death, nor any serious sickness among the passengers, and when we left the ship there was one more passenger than when we boarded it.

After being forty days on the Atlantic Ocean we landed at Boston. Our aim, and that of the seven families mentioned above, was to reach Milwaukee, Wisconsin. But how to get there was a serious question. There we were, strangers in a strange land; we understood nobody, and nobody understood us. I could speak a little German, and so could Mr. Roelof Sleijster, one of our fellow passengers. Well, as best we could we made a bargain with a German agent to get us to Milwaukee. Through our ignorance we knew nothing of the route we were to travel. This was in 1846, hence we were among the very first that left old Holland to open the way to the West.

At Boston we were put into the cars of a freight train that slowly took us to Albany. Arriving at Albany we had to stay there for a day, and stopped at a German hotel. While there the Rev. Dr. Isaac Wyckoff passed by. Hearing us speaking Dutch, he stopped and took some of us to his home. There Mr. Sleijster who had been a theological student at Arnhem gave Dr. Wyckoff a letter from the Rev. A. C. Van Raalte and A. Brummelkamp [dated Arnhem, June, 1846], directed *Aan de Geloovigen in de Vereenigde Staten van Noord-Amerika* (*To the Faithful in the United States of North America*). Through this medium the Hollanders became acquainted with the Reformed Church in America.

At Albany we got on an immigrant canal boat. The horses going nearly always on a walk, in the day time, I walked a good deal of the time by the side of the boat. It was a slow and tedious way of traveling. Our daily fare on the boat was bread and milk, which we bought along the route of the canal. After being a week on the canal boat we reached Buffalo. From there, as steerage passengers on a steamer, we came to Milwaukee late in July, 1846.

The only Hollander we met in Milwaukee was a saloonkeeper by the name of Wessink. He told us that times in Milwaukee were dull, and advised us to go into the country among the farmers. There was a farmer at his place from near Kenosha who had come to Milwaukee for help on his big farm, or farms, it being wheat harvest time. Through this Holland saloonkeeper we made a bargain with the farmer. He promised to give us work through the harvest, and after that was finished we were to continue working for him, or take his farm and work it. We hired a team and followed the farmer to within sight of Kenosha, where at the semblance of a house, we unloaded our goods and took possession.

This farmer had a large field of wheat. He was to give every one of the family work, or to those of us that could work. He tried us, to see what we could do. My brother Gerrit did not like the appearance of things; so he went to work for another farmer. The rest of us were set to work. I and two other hands were sent into the fields with cradles to cut grain; it was the hardest work I ever did. I found that this farmer was a dishonest rascal. When his grain was cut, we had to leave, without getting a cent for our hard and honest work. We again hired teams and went back to Milwaukee. By this time our purse

was getting light and I had to do something. I got work tending a bricklayer, made mortar, carried brick, etc.; and again I was cheated out of my pay.

In Milwaukee I had become acquainted with a Zeelander, a painter, by the name of Lukwilder, who had been in this country for years. He persuaded me to go into the painting business with his boss, and I did so. After having worked at this for a number of weeks, painting made me sick and I had to quit. Again I got no pay for this work. I felt that I was yet far from the promised land. In fact I was almost ready to exclaim, as I later heard Dominie H. G. Klijn exclaim (the gentle dominie) when a boat of Hollanders destined for Holland, Michigan, stopped at Milwaukee longer than he thought necessary, and he seemed to think there was a sinister motive in this delay, "*O dit goddelooze Amerika!*" (Oh this wicked America!)

Milwaukee was then a town of 6,000 people. On the northwest part of the town away from the Milwaukee River bottoms (which then were covered with stumps, and in the spring stood under water, but now form the center of that beautiful city) there was a commons where most of the Hollanders who had come with us across the sea were living in cabins. So we settled there. I helped build our cabin 16 feet square, out of rough common lumber. The boards were lapped and nailed on like siding, without anything else being added inside or out, and the roof was of the same material. There was also a so-called upstairs which was reached by climbing a homemade ladder. Not much of a manse this—and it was certainly an uncomfortable dwelling during a storm or in weather below zero.

We few Hollanders there keenly felt being deprived of the public ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ to which we had been accustomed in Holland. As a substitute I suggested to our Holland friends that we meet on Sunday afternoons for worship in our cabin. To this they all agreed. This was the beginning of social life and public religious meetings among the Hollanders of Milwaukee.

Aside from prayer and song and the reading of Scripture, I made use of a volume of Hellenbroek's sermons from which some sermon was read. This certainly was a day of small things as far as means and outward form are concerned, but God's presence surely was felt.

Later in the fall of this same year, 1846, other families of Hollanders from the Old Country came to Milwaukee, so that by winter we

had quite a settlement of *Hollanders op den Hollandschen berg* (on the Dutch hill) as the *Hollanders* used to call it. I do not know who was the owner of that land, but we were not disturbed.

A great bereavement befell us—my mother, who for years had been in poor health, died in October, three months after our landing. Care of the family devolved upon my sister Dersse, now Mrs. William Giebink of Waupun, Wisconsin, the only one of us children except the writer now living. On October 9, 1850, my father died from the effects of cholera which at that time was prevalent in many parts of the country. So after a short stay, after great privations and many hardships incident to a new country, both parents passed away.

That first winter in Milwaukee I had no steady employment, but my brother Gerrit who was a tailor readily got all the work he could do. In the summer of 1847, the Rev. Peter Zonne with a number of families came from The Netherlands to Milwaukee. We rented a hall, and for over a year he preached to the *Hollanders* without pay. Mr. Zonne was certainly a talented preacher, whose ministry I greatly enjoyed. The population of *Hollanders op den Hollandschen berg* kept increasing all the time I lived in Milwaukee, but all of them were comparatively poor. In Scripture parlance, they were the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the well-to-do Yankees.

In Milwaukee I kept working at whatever I could find. Soon I began to go to an evening school, and for two years I attended a collegiate institute. It was my desire to enter the ministry of the gospel. I was given the opportunity to study at the Rochester University and Theological Seminary. There I was ordained to the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ. God indeed has ever been good to me.

Before I left Milwaukee in 1850 the *Hollanders* had learned that Uncle Sam had cheap and fertile lands which invited occupation. Some accordingly left for the timber lands of Sheboygan County, where they each claimed a quarter section of land. These *Hollanders* at once started to turn the wilderness into fruitful fields and in time came to own their splendid farms.

When I left Milwaukee *de Hollandsche berg* began to assume a different appearance. Streets were laid out, lots were sold cheap, the humble cabins of the first pioneers were replaced by more pretentious and desirable dwellings, and we *Hollanders* realized that we really had come to a better country. We have great reason to be thankful to our heavenly Father for having led us to this land of plenty.

Now at the age of eighty-five years as I look back with my mind's eye to the first Hollanders as they came to this country, most of them poor, uneducated, and lacking in practically all of the civilities of American social life, I see them and their children, educated, enterprising, thrifty, and prosperous, equal in every way in social as well as in business life to any class of people in this broad land.

May God continue to bless the Hollanders and their descendants in America, who remain true to the faith of our fathers.

Lowell, Indiana,
March 17, 1909.

[signed] AREND JAN BRUSSE.

P.S. I ought to state by way of explanation, that as my life and labors were among English-speaking people who pronounced my name *Bruce* instead of *Brusse*, the latter spelling and pronunciation were adopted. Letters addressed to "Brusse" were invariably returned to the sender and for that reason I chose the form "Bruce."

Book Notes

The Roots of American Loyalty. By MERLE CURTI. (Columbia University Press, New York, 1946. Pp. x, 267. \$3.00.)

Some years ago, Professor Curti published an article entitled "Wanted: A History of American Patriotism." Now, he has done the job himself, and extremely well.

The task was neither simple nor easy, for whatever the poets and the orators may say, love of country has meant various things to various groups at various times. Almost always, it is a composite of altruism and self-interest. It is not a blind, instinctive impulse, though recent findings of anthropologists perhaps have more to contribute on this point than the author is aware. Patriotism seems to be a complex pattern of psychological, sociological, historical, and economic factors.

It is always possible, in any review, to point to certain omissions, or differences in emphasis and interpretation, but in this case such criticisms would be of minor importance indeed. This book is a piece of thorough scholarship, based on prodigious research, by a man who has reflected much on the state of the American public mind, and always in a liberal spirit. Full, almost too full, of data gleaned from hitherto little exploited, out-of-the way sources, this book not only supplies the historical raw materials for the understanding of American patriotism, but also explores its psychological rationalizations.

Professor Curti has given major attention to the first 100 years of the life of the nation, but he has not neglected colonial beginnings, the years that mark the end of pupilage to England, and the transformation of colonial provincialism into a national culture, of which the Constitution became the living symbol. Loyalty to the American landscape, a "theatre of no paltry destiny"; faith in the future of an experiment in self-government by heaven's chosen people; the cult of hero worship; the devotion of millions of immigrants to a country that promised them liberty and bread; the bigoted reaction of Protestant nativists to the strangers within our gates—all these were ingredients of American patriotism before the Civil War.

The nation's wars, each in its own way, imposed new tests upon American loyalty and gave opportunities for the persecution of minorities in the name of patriotism.

Commerce and industry helped unify the country and bred economic nationalism, and labor leaders and champions of "free enterprise" alike identified their own class interests with patriotic devotion to what they honestly believed was for the country's best interest. Charters, subsidies, protection, and privilege for big business; free homesteads, internal improvements at federal expense and social legislation for the masses—for all these benevolences Americans looked to their Uncle Sam.

The chapters on "The Nurture of Loyalty" and "The Critique of National Loyalty" are especially good reading. They discuss, among other things, the role of teachers, textbooks, symbols, monuments, and national holiday oratory in the molding of American patriotism, and describe the emergence of a dangerous organic theory of the state, with a life and rights of its own, in contrast with the older concepts of the social contract and natural rights. Fortunately, there has also been the development, perhaps best exemplified in the anti-imperialism of 1900, of a theory of patriotism which is not incompatible with a broader loyalty to mankind, and with a deep sense of social responsibility and humane values.

This book is interesting reading for all Americans. It will be good for the super-radical, economic determinists, who eschew all "spiritual" qualities, to learn that love of country is so deeply imbedded in the heart of America that aspects of it defy scientific, empirical analysis. At the other extreme, it will be good for those who need to be reminded that 100 percent Americanism has often been identified with the mere maintenance of the *status quo* in the economic system, and that "many a bum show" (to quote George M. Cohan) "is saved by the American flag." There remains the hope—not altogether without historical support—that American patriotism eventually may develop into a cultural pluralism, avoid the blight of standardization and regimentation, and subordinate national honor and national interests to the welfare of human beings everywhere.

Oberlin College

CARL WITKE

Lincoln the President: Springfield to Gettysburg. By J. G. RANDALL. (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, 1945, 2 vols. Pp. xxiii, 395; viii, 439. \$7.50.)

Of making many books about Lincoln, there is no end. Yet, as Professor Randall indicates in the very thorough bibliographical notes

to his *Lincoln the President*, the number of significant biographies is surprisingly small. The reviewer must hasten to add these two volumes to the author's own select list. "Conceived both as biography and as history," they present an able analysis and synthesis of a vast number of researches in the Lincoln field, including Professor Randall's own findings both published and unpublished. His present purpose has been to make a "historical restoration," and the result is not so much a history or a biography, strictly speaking, as a series of excellent essays which he might appropriately have entitled *Studies in Lincoln Historiography*.

Upon both the general reader and the Lincoln scholar these essays should have a refreshing, astringent effect, for they clear away certain stale misconceptions and the excrescences of some of the newer interpretations. Attacking the Herndon stories of Ann Rutledge and Mary Todd, Professor Randall concludes that the great Lincoln romance is in its essentials unproved, in its elaborations disproved; and that Lincoln's later home life was pretty much that of a typical American family man. The Lincoln-Douglas debates, Professor Randall maintains, revolved about insubstantial and purposely confused issues; the participants only "*seemed to differ*." Lincoln as President-elect did not block the path to sectional compromise in 1860-61, though he did bungle the delicate task of conciliating the upper South. The Ramsdell thesis to the contrary notwithstanding, Lincoln was innocent of sending an expedition to Fort Sumter with the ulterior aim of maneuvering the Confederates into firing the first shot. He left foreign affairs largely to Seward and was something less than the diplomat in carpet slippers he has been pictured. Yielding to pressure he let General McClellan down and brought disaster upon the Army of the Potomac. His famous proclamation of January 1, 1863, failed to set the slaves free: "Of the stereotypes concerning Lincoln one of the most unhistorical is the stock picture of the Emancipator sitting in the White House and suddenly striking the shackles from millions of bondmen at a stroke of the presidential pen." In his political philosophy Lincoln was closer to Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic Party, than to Hamilton, the spiritual progenitor of his own.

Although some of these theses will become (or will continue to be) objects of controversy among students of Lincoln and the Civil War period, no one can discuss the issues adequately without taking into account Professor Randall's evidence and reasoning. His argu-

ments gain in cogency because of his extremely careful, critical approach to his subject. Not that he is unsympathetic. Far from it. His aim is "restoration" rather than eulogy, however, and he does not share the feeling of some of the older biographers that justice to Lincoln requires the berating of Buchanan, Douglas, and McClellan.

His basic assumption is that the Civil War was neither an "irrepressible conflict" nor a contest between right and wrong; its "causes" were unreal, and there was right and wrong on both sides. This point of view has provoked one critic, Bernard De Voto, to assail him as a "doughface" historian. Writing in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1946, Mr. De Voto likens the "revisionist" treatment of the Civil War to the "isolationist" handling of World War I and seems to fear that such interpretations may cause Americans to lose faith in their wars, including World War II and presumably World War III. He contends that, actually, the traditional historians came closer than the revisionists to understanding the causes of the Civil War. Apparently the old-time history is good enough for him. Those who look to historians for social myths, for something to *believe in*, will add their amens. But those who seek facts illumined by any meaningful hypothesis, whatever its political implications, will applaud Professor Randall and his spirit of revision even though disagreeing with his (and Professor Avery Craven's) outlook upon the coming of the Civil War.

Lawrence College

RICHARD N. CURRENT

History of the Social-Democratic Party of Milwaukee, 1897-1910.

By MARVIN WACHMAN. (University of Illinois Press, Urbana, Illinois, 1945. Pp. 90. \$1.50.)

This excellent study does full justice to one of Wisconsin's vital contributions to the democratic way of life. The Milwaukee socialists have demonstrated how revolutionary socialism compounded by Karl Marx a hundred years ago out of his analysis of the social tensions under industrialism and of the contemporary rise of the lower classes in Europe against their rulers, and abundantly peppered by his own "will to revolution," could produce under the more placid American surroundings and under the practical leadership of Victor L. Berger a model democratic movement. This movement anticipated by at least half a decade the much discussed Bernsteinian "revisionism" in

Germany. Also without losing in drive as compared with the original class-conscious ideology, it was capable of commending itself to non-wage earner groups. It functioned not alone as a political party but as an adult education movement as well.

It is noteworthy that during the first decade of this century Wisconsin produced two movements of significance far beyond the boundaries of the state: the La Follette movement and the Milwaukee Social-Democrats. In La Follettism we have the traditional individualistic, anti-monopoly pattern which goes back to Andrew Jackson, expanding by the inclusion of labor protective measures. In Berger's Social-Democracy we see an approach towards the same goal from the opposite end: a labor movement driven by the logic of politics to try to include the smaller businessman and the middle class group in general among the hosts marching towards social salvation.

Mr. Bachman, whose careful scholarship is amply attested by his exhaustive coverage of the documentary material, fortunately did not fight shy of the intangibles fixed with difficulty by documents. You get from his book a satisfactory contact with the steadfast idealism of the "German comrades." You can almost witness their delight when their own idealism had begun to catch the imagination of their fellow citizens of Anglo-Saxon derivation. You admire the willingness of the innumerable soldiers in the common cause to do the drudgery work in "bundle brigades." And one must say, you also get a glimpse of their justifiable satisfaction with acting as guides to the socially and educationally more favored groups. And perhaps most significantly for our own discouraged spirits one sees in the leadership of Berger and the group of those who worked loyally with him on the top level, proof of the possibility of an intelligent democracy.

Berger and the Social-Democrats failed to convert Milwaukee to socialism, but they tapped a new supply of uncontaminated water to help keep clean the political life of a great American community.

University of Wisconsin

SELIG PERLMAN

Midwest at Noon. By GRAHAM HUTTON. (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, [1946]. Pp. xv, 351. \$3.50.)

No recent emphasis in the study of American civilization has been more marked than the regional approach. At the moment well-supported projects are under way in the South Atlantic States, in the South-

west, in the Northern Great Plains, and in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Even the Middle Atlantic States, long the laggard in regional self-consciousness, are beginning to take stock of themselves. The account Mr. Graham Hutton has written of the Midwest, which he carefully defines, is more comprehensive and more impressionistic than the great number of academic monographs and interpretations in regional literature. Mr. Hutton is an English businessman, teacher, editor, and writer who, as Director of the Office of British Information, has recently spent five years in our midst. He has, in addition to glean- ing information and insights by traveling over 100,000 miles, fam- iliarized himself with a considerable body of literature during his residence as a Fellow at the Newberry Library.

Mr. Hutton has a three-fold thesis. It is, first and in a negative sense, that the Midwest is no longer mainly agricultural and rural, nor the "cradle of Republicanism," nor imbued with the pioneer brand of equalitarianism and "radicalism." Continuing his diagnosis Mr. Hutton maintains that the Midwest is no more isolationist, foreign- hating, or insular than other regions, nor is it undereducated nor lack- ing in the graces of life and the creative arts. It is no longer distinct from the East, but is in fact rapidly fusing with the East. Secondly and more positively, the Midwest is a region of striking paradoxes: its people prize security and freedom without sensing the contra- dictions nowadays between these values; they attach great importance to "go-aheadism" and are yet basically opposed to changes in the *status quo*; they are highly individualistic, but devoted to the cult of the average and to a sort of standardized communalism; they are both tolerant and intolerant; they believe themselves an elite in the nation but recognize that their region is essentially one with the rest of the country. Third, Mr. Hutton contends that despite the fact the Mid- west has been fusing with the East and is in actuality no longer the area of its folklore, it is still the most important repository in the world of neighborliness, curiosity, the demand for the new "if it works," and, above all, individualism.

The book has several limitations. While brightly written, it is diffuse and often repetitious. It adds little to the knowledge of the well-informed. It makes use of historical data, which comprise a relatively small part of the text, to illustrate rather than to establish without due attention to the distinction. It advances some curiously

untenable tenets, especially in ascribing to the climate, Mr. Hutton's especial *bête noir*, all sorts of Midwest characteristics, including an alleged pacifism! More important, Mr. Hutton again and again states that such and such a characteristic is more marked in the Midwest than in any other region. Without at least as thorough an over-all study for each of the other regions as *Midwest at Noon*, how can such claims be supported?

But the book has its importance. In the first place, its emphasis on the rise and significance of cities, large and small, is a much-needed corrective to many general impressions about the Midwest. The exposition of immigrant contributions to the region is in line with recent scholarship. The conception that since 1929—the "noon" of midwestern history—the region has been amalgamating rapidly with the East, provides a wholesome perspective. Even more useful is the forthright way in which Mr. Hutton points up some of the influences on the Midwest of the great revolutionary world-wide economic and social changes which most of us are reluctant to act upon. Wisconsin readers, it is to be hoped, will also find provocative the relatively slight emphasis given to their State. Apart from a brief thumbnail sketch of Milwaukee, references to Wisconsin are few and far between. It is doubtful whether, had Mr. Hutton been writing twenty-five years ago, he could have emphasized our neighboring states in so much greater degree!

University of Wisconsin

MERLE CURTI

Norwegian Design in Wisconsin; a Portfolio of Serigraphs. By ELAINE SMEDAL and ANNE TRESSLER. (Memorial Union Workshop, Madison, 1946. 20 plates. \$5.50.)

Wisconsin is a rich state for anyone interested in folk art and design. The various nationalities of the state have arrived recently enough to insure the preservation thus far of examples of their work and knowledge of their techniques and methods. Heart warming it is to see Miss Smedal and Mrs. Tressler searching for Norwegian designs which may help art historians and also provide art forms useful and pleasing for today. "That the future may learn from the past" is not a bad motto for any kind of history.

The authors went to Mount Horeb, McFarland, Madison, La Crosse, Albert Lea (Minnesota), and Decorah (Iowa), sometimes covering

Norwegian neighborhoods by bicycle. They examined articles made of wood and bentwood (boxes, bowls, chairs, cupboards, ale pitchers, spoons, ironing boards, and the like) and various kinds of embroidery. Most of the designs were painted in bright colors, but some were carved and others embroidered or knitted.

The twenty designs in all their original vividness have been reproduced here by the authors, using the silk screen (serigraph) process. Each plate has a brief printed description on the back and information on the location and history of the original piece.

Mr. Porter Butts's perceptive Introduction points out that the plates emphasize three basic motifs—the acanthus leaf scroll, the conventionalized flower (tulip, daisy, or rose), and the geometric pattern (square, diamond, triangle, circle, and star). He properly hails the portfolio as much more than a historical inventory of what has been done. "Here," he says, "are forms to be used . . . to be woven by those who have a gift for genuine recreation into our contemporary American design."

Colonial Williamsburg

EDWARD P. ALEXANDER

Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Movement. By GEORGE E. MOWRY. (The University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1946. Pp. vii, 405. \$4.00.)

Dr. Mowry (May Treat Morrison Professor of American History in Mills College) refers to his book as "an attempt to study the influence of the man upon the movement and the movement upon the man." It is based upon his use of extensive manuscripts in the Library of Congress and elsewhere—a use which the author has had the skill to direct and evaluate. He expresses the hope, in his preface, of writing a history of the Progressive Movement "some day." Readers of this book will hope that he does so, for it is an interesting and valuable book which he has given us.

While Dr. Mowry's point of view, as stated in his first chapter, is based upon an economic interpretation of history, he has not permitted it to blind him to other factors. One reader, at least, emerges with a renewed belief in the importance of political institutions and of the shaping of thought, habit, and action of personalities by them. For economic enterprises affect the life of the community as a whole through community action, which requires a good deal more organization and human effort than the more doctrinaire and theological

economic determinists of whatever sect seem able to recognize or admit. While Dr. Mowry in his brief introductory comments on the causes of "the progressive movement" stresses heavily the development of large-scale industry and commerce from the time of the Civil War down into the present century, he is too good a scholar to ignore, in his subsequent pages, the force of personalities, of personal ambitions, of party corporate attitudes and policies, and the continuity of the ideas and proposals which these have generated from Populism to the New Deal.

The book covers the period from President Taft's accession to the presidency to the disappearance of the Progressive Party after 1916. It is interesting because of the skill of the author in the presentation of his material (he employs a homely, earthy sort of style, free from a straining for smartness on the one hand and from any silly efforts to imagine the detail of conversations or incident not now known, on the other hand); it is interesting especially to those who recall the period, since it gives background and meaning to a period which we experienced in our own lifetime; and it is interesting in that we are constantly reading of family names and political developments which reappear at the present time.

There is also a further value, what might be termed an institutional value, to the book. We are struggling with the same problem today of finding more adequate and responsible party instruments whereby we citizens may attain responsible representative party government as did our fathers in 1910-16. The particular proposals of the various party leaders of the period surveyed seem to us as inadequate to the problems which we have seen developing since their time as the proposals made today will seem to people thirty years from now, so far as the economic problems are concerned. The problem of obtaining responsible party leadership has remained more constant; and the particular problem of insurgency within a party, or of bringing an older party organization into a greater responsiveness to the needs and interests of a mass of citizens who claim some affiliation with the party, is still present.

Dr. Mowry's interpretation of the character of Theodore Roosevelt, of the 1912 Progressive Party, and of the fading out of the movement; and his appraisal of the ultimate effect of the Third Party Movement on the Republican Party are thoughtful and even-tempered. He has some striking sentences on these matters; but one should

resist the temptation to quote, because this is not the kind of book in which the author makes witty comments do the job for more sober and yet basically more interesting appraisal of institutions as well as personalities. There are plenty of people who appear, however, sometimes to remind us of roots and beginnings that help to explain more recent events. Thus one had forgotten (or never known) how much Harding was an important figure in his party before the World War I; Albert Fall appears as an adviser to Theodore Roosevelt on Mexican policy; the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy reminds us of the continuing problems of the control of natural resources. We begin to see the events of thirty years ago in clearer perspective. And some of Roosevelt's phrase-making, and the groping of the leaders to relate the concepts derived from a rural society to the problems of an urban one have a meaning today. By making a study of Roosevelt the central topic of his book, without at the same time permitting that powerful personality to dominate or distort his judgment, Dr. Mowry has given us a book that combines civic education with the interest of a human drama.

One puts down this book with its account of "battles long ago" with a feeling that it records the first response of a number of Americans to a change in conditions which Turner had recorded in 1893, and that response was essentially negative and moral. When Dr. Mowry publishes his history of the Progressive Movement, will he find that essentially it represented an anger at a debasing of the instruments of public housekeeping, a desire for something so apparently simple as honest representation and trusteeship, a hero worship of men of integrity and color, rather than a response to the problems of an increasingly metropolitan and interdependent society?

University of Wisconsin

JOHN M. GAUS

A Mirror for Cure-Takers. Compiled and edited by HAROLD HOLAND.

(Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1946. Pp. xx, 184. \$2.00.)

The cure-takers' contributions to this volume were carefully selected from the Wisconsin sanatorium journals, for they are too uniformly courageous to have been haphazardly included in such an anthology. It is always good to read of courage, so necessary in fighting and winning—and even losing—tuberculosis battles. In addition to the cure-takers' essays and poems, there are informative articles on such

subjects as "The History of Tuberculosis" by Dr. W. H. Oatway, Jr.; "Looking Back," a concise history of the disease and the progress made in combating it, written by Dr. Oscar Lotz, the executive secretary of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association; and "The Meaning of Rest" by Will Ross, president of the National Tuberculosis Association.

Upon reading these sketches, one becomes aware of "a mode of life," or, as one cure-taker observed, "a world within a world." The patients—to aid recovery—live completely detached from the world they once knew; their days are a long series of rest hours, and the days stretch into months, and unfortunately sometimes into years. In acquiring this "mode of life" nothing matters so much as the serene acceptance of conditions at the moment; there is neither yesterday nor tomorrow. And it is essential that there be both serenity and acceptance "today," to effect a cure.

Here are revealing excerpts from the anthology: A sanatorium outpatient wrote to a newcomer: "I did just exactly what they wanted me to, I even tried to do it better." After a year and nine months of complete acceptance of the régime, he was ready to be released. Sixteen-year-old Frank sensed the compensations for institutional cure-taking: "I don't believe I would ever have stopped to care for and water a plant if I didn't have tuberculosis." Another, discharged from the carefully regimented cure, explained that "life is different, once you have made the grade; the gay things are gayer, and the sweet things are sweeter, you see to the core."

Almost all of these messages were written by patients in some of the twenty Wisconsin sanatoria and a state rehabilitation camp for the treatment of this once incurable disease. Our thanks to Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, who after his own recovery from it, founded the first sanatorium in the United States in 1885! Its beginning was in a one-room building at Saranac, New York, known as the "Little Red Cottage," with two New York City girls as patients. Private "cures" followed, and in 1898 the first state institution in the country was opened in Rutland, Massachusetts.

This little volume, carefully edited and attractively printed, is recommended for an evening's reading. It brings a message of courageous living.

State Historical Society of Wisconsin

LILLIAN KRUEGER

Indiana Public Opinion and the World War, 1914-1917. By CEDRIC C. CUMMINS. [Indiana Historical Collections, Vol. 28.] (Indiana Historical Bureau, Indianapolis, 1945. Pp. xiii, 292. \$2.00.)

Three assumptions underlie this description of war opinion in Indiana during the twenty months immediately preceding American entrance into the First World War. The first is that Indiana is such a fair cross-section of the United States that a study of its opinions is the rough equivalent of a Gallop poll. Another is that American participation in the Second World War invalidates the scholarly studies made in the years between the wars. A new *Zeitgeist*, says the author, brought a "reevaluation of the cause of American action in 1917.... If that participation was wise, the mass of citizens deserve much of the credit...." The third assumption is that newspaper editorials are the major ingredients in "public opinion."

Within the limits set by these assumptions, the author surveys the successive incidents in the war and in American diplomacy and evaluates their impact upon Indiana's editorial writers. He discusses the opinions of various racial and religious groups, and estimates the degree to which their opinions shifted. In the end, he concludes that four factors combined to break down American neutrality: (1) the failure of the war "to stay in Europe" and the growing belief that if Germany won "she could move against the Western Hemisphere"; (2) a "positive nationalism," represented by the preparedness movement, "that caused the United States to advance to meet the war"; (3) democratic ideology, in which making the "world safe for democracy" was a new interpretation of America's democratic mission"; (4) moral judgment, growing out of a deep-flowing "evangelistic tendency"; and (5) economic interests. As for Allied propaganda, which many writers have made the culprit, the author discounts it with the sage remark that "the seeds of propaganda bear fruit only when they fall on receptive soil."

University of Wisconsin

WILLIAM B. HESSELTINE

Art in Red Wing. By LAURENCE C. SCHMECKEBIER. (University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, [1946]. Pp. vii, 88. \$1.00.)

Schmeckebier does for the American town what "Middletown" largely left out—he tells the story of its art and architecture; and for this both the social historian and the art historian will be greatly in

his debt. He takes a whole community and its cultural life as his point of departure, rather than describing, as has been done only too often, merely a series of art works and artists as though they operated in a vacuum. He presents the physical appearance of Red Wing, Minnesota, in detail and how it came about. Any house, store, church, factory, window display, or monument that *is* is art history to Schmeckebier. Each gives insight into the cultural history of the community. And Red Wing, he reports, tells the story of what happened at almost the same time and in the same way in other towns throughout the country. Schmeckebier does not permit himself many artistic judgments on his material, but eighty-one pictures of Red Wing—noted as the "best" choices—are there to say: "This is what our taste is. Here is art as it has been applied in everyday life. What do you think of it; what will you try to do about it?" The monograph is part of a University of Minnesota series on "The Community Basis for Post-war Planning."

University of Wisconsin

PORTER BUTTS

Henry Barnard's American Journal of Education. By RICHARD EMMONS THURSFIELD. (The John Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1945. Pp. 359. \$3.75; paper, \$3.00.)

Henry Barnard gave more of himself, his physical strength, his mental and emotional powers, and his financial resources to his *Journal* than to any other undertaking of his long and highly useful life. Although he was never able to give to it long periods of undivided attention, he certainly was never able to dismiss it from mind or to stop working on it for any length of time during more than a quarter of a century. The publication ran to a total of thirty-one volumes, averaging 800 pages to the volume. The first issue appeared in 1855 and the last, under Barnard's editorship, in 1881.

It was the most comprehensive and distinguished pedagogical journal of its day, and there has been nothing to equal it since. It continues to be invaluable as source material for historians of nineteenth century American education.

Mr. Thursfield has told the story of this great publication and analyzed its contribution to its times and to the history of education. For him this study has been a clearing of the decks before engaging in the larger task of preparing a complete biography of Barnard. This

circumstance probably has kept him from more than incidental portrayal of Barnard himself. The *Journal*, however, was in such large measure Barnard himself that no painstaking account of it could be other than biographical of its editor. Barnard's strengths and his weaknesses, his struggles and his services, and all his magnificent hopes and plans for education become apparent in this sober and objective study of the *Journal*.

The centers around which the study is organized are (1) establishment and financing, (2) editorial policy, scope, and scholarship, (3) a record of American education, (4) a record of European education, (5) professional leadership and services, and (6) the place of the *Journal* in American education. Direct reference to the *Journal* itself, of course, supplies much of the information on these points, but Mr. Thursfield's most helpful service lies in his thorough canvas of Barnard's correspondence as it relates to the publication. That correspondence is large, but has been fairly well collected in some four or five libraries. Especially revealing are the citations concerning the financial support and management of the *Journal*, Barnard's editorial prejudices and proficiencies, the biographies of contemporary educational leaders, and the nature of Barnard's European connections. The anonymity of some hundred and fifty articles is penetrated, and the authorships indicated in an appendix. Light is thrown on others besides Barnard. Mr. Thursfield does a minimum of interpreting, but he supplies a great deal of provocative data.

It is of interest to Wisconsin readers of this book on the work of a scholar who was chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, 1858-1860, to note Mr. Thursfield's acknowledgments of assistance and criticism from Professor Merle Curti of the University of Wisconsin, and from Professor Freeman Butts, a graduate of this university and now on the staff of Teachers College, Columbia University. Among his source materials the author lists the Lyman C. Draper Manuscripts and the Gratz Autograph Collection of the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN.

University of Wisconsin

MATTHEW H. WILLING

The Last Trek of the Indians. By GRANT FOREMAN. (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1946. Pp. 382. \$4.00.)

In 1934 Mr. Foreman published a volume on the emigration of the Five Civilized Tribes.* Now he describes the emigration of the

* *The Five Civilized Tribes* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma).

fifty-odd other tribes now living in Oklahoma. The greater part of the book treats the removal of the northeastern Indians, and is divided into two phases, the first of which covers the removal from the east to the west side of the Mississippi, and the second, the brief period of residence in Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas before they were forced to move on again. The first phase has two periods, before and after Jackson established Indian removal as a federal policy. Finally, there are the removals from the West itself, notably from Nebraska, Dakota, and Texas.

The author's greatest problem, as distinguished from the enormous labor of gathering and sifting such quantities of material, must have been organization. How to bring the chaos of fifty fragmented tribes, the fragments themselves re-fragmented into hundreds of disorganized bands, each moving for many different reasons and in a dozen different ways through several phases of migration, into such order as might be comprehended by the reader, was a task that would daunt most historians. Mr. Foreman has performed it, and commendably well. The pattern, as he has developed it, is in no sense obscure. The result is complete, authoritative, and understandable.

Like any other good book, *The Last Trek* raises more questions than it answers, and one wishes that Mr. Foreman had written another volume, for he has answered no questions save those of fact, rarely if ever allowing himself to generalize, although his book is crammed with material on which generalizations could be based. One wonders what should or could have been a proper Indian policy for the United States. How could the state have dealt with a people that lacked even the concept of the functions of the state? How deal with a man who preserved "the full aboriginal belief that the earth was his mother and that she must not be wounded by tillage" or, when sick, be forced to bear again by "medicine?" Must one respect a mere hunter's right to a vast continent, and if not, how could the nineteenth century have met the Stone Age on anything approaching an equitable basis?

The author has been scrupulously fair in his inclusion of material. It is shown that the generally beneficent intentions of Congress were hampered by inadequate information and defeated by local white rapacity and the acquiescence of local authority in it; that the Indian, when trying to live like a white among whites, was in no particular allowed the privileges of citizenship. Intertribal relations were scarcely

better. "Nearly every tribe, in fact, had a grievance against another for injuries that had to be atoned for in kind, and thus hostilities were provoked and continued." It was also unfortunately true that the slightest success or prosperity caused the Indians to quit work and sell their surplus for whiskey, and that the only way they could survive was on that narrow margin between poverty and destitution. A "large annuity... was sufficient to maintain them and complete their ruin, as the payments made it unnecessary to work" and an annuity to one tribe promptly removed them as customers of another tribe (as with the Comanche and Osage) so that a boon to one tribe was a blow to another.

The only weakness in the book is a too great reliance, in early chapters, upon Chouteau's *Notes* for the identification and early history of the eastern tribes. The *Notes* are almost valueless, but the period covered by them is introductory and has nothing to do with the main theme. The index is better than adequate and the maps are splendid. This reviewer wants another volume from Mr. Foreman, one on Indian policy. He is perfectly competent and in an excellent position to write it.

Western Reserve University

GEORGE T. HUNT

The Story of Shiloh. By OTTO EISENSCHIML. (The Civil War Round Table, Chicago, 1946. Pp. 89. \$5.00.)

Battles are more fun for historians and antiquarians than they are for participants. Since April 6, 1862, the battle of Shiloh, which Grant almost lost and Beauregard almost won, has been a fertile field for the talents of post-mortem armchair strategists. The great question has been whether Grant and Sherman were "strategically surprised?" No one has ever doubted that they were "tactically surprised," although they both solemnly denied it. Mr. Eisenschiml's review of the battle distributes citations for merit with discrimination, and implicitly orders courts martial for leaders of both sides. He does not, however, get snarled in the tactic-strategy "surprise" controversy. He gives a lucid, non-technical, and opinionated account of the battles, and in addition describes his own visits to the battlefield. He pays charming tribute to DeLong Rice, one-time superintendent of the Shiloh National Park, and to Mrs. Augusta Inge, in whose Corinth home Albert Sidney Johnson had his headquarters. The paper, print, and price of

this thin volume make it a "collector's item," but professional historians could profit from many of the author's intelligent observations.

University of Wisconsin

WILLIAM B. HESSELTINE

Ballard Rifles in the Henry J. Nunnemacher Collection. By ELDON G. WOLFF. [*Bulletin* of the Public Museum of the City of Milwaukee.] (Milwaukee, 1945. Pp. 77.)

Despite the fact that Ballard rifles have been out of production for approximately fifty years, hardly a year goes by but someone interested in fine firearms writes an article about the Ballards. As Mr. Wolff states, there has been a great deal of confusion and contradiction on the subject of this line of rifles and a tremendous lack of real investigation as to their history. That Mr. Wolff has remedied this fault is evident.

A scientific approach has been made to the problems of cataloguing, analysing, and describing the subject—a treatment that could well be followed with other still popular, but not presently manufactured, weapons such as the Winchester and Stevens single shots. Ballard popularity is still such that rifles have been offered for sale in recent sporting publications at prices approximately twice what they cost new. Many .22 caliber target rifle shooters today prefer the Ballard action, rebarreled, to more modern bolt action arms. It is not unusual in the Middle West to see a number of Ballard rifles on the firing line winning prizes when in the hands of good shots.

Another point is the fact that the "Rowland Pope" rifle, which is considered the most accurate rifle in the world at 200 yards, has a Ballard action.

For those interested in cataloguing or identifying Ballard rifles for museums, private collections, or their own edification this publication is without parallel in the knowledge of this reviewer.

University of Wisconsin

ELLIS LEA

A Long Pull from Stavanger: the Reminiscences of a Norwegian Immigrant. By BIRGER OSLAND. (Norwegian-American Historical Association, Northfield, Minnesota, 1945. Pp. viii, 263. \$2.50.)

Birger Osland's autobiography is forthright and as rugged as the Viking land from which he hailed. He left his native Norway in 1888 when but a lad of eighteen. His father's parting words were, "Well, my boy, if things turn out badly, come home to us again."

Things did not go too smoothly upon his arrival at Chicago, which was always to be his home. But he was clear-minded and courageous, and there was no whining over his meager wage of \$3.50 a week and board, or over his unemployment during the difficult years of the early 1890's. In 1893 he made a fortunate connection with Charles H. Wacker—the "Wacker-Drive" Wacker—who was not irritated by what Birger said, but often enough by the blunt way in which he said it. In spite of sharp disagreements, he remained with Mr. Wacker for eighteen years.

In the fall of 1911 he began vigorously to assist in organizing a passenger steamship line, the Norwegian-American. Because he had faith in the undertaking and believed that it might mean an independent career for him, he discontinued his work with Mr. Wacker.

He joined several Norwegian clubs in Chicago, which met the immigrants' need for friendly companionship in a foreign land. The clubs sponsored debates, concerts, athletics, and lectures, and were active politically. Osland's creed was the imperative use of the English language in an English-speaking country, the practicability of which he impressed upon club members when the issue flamed into controversy.

The way in which he served his adopted country in World War I as military attaché in Norway, when forty-five years of age, indicates the earnestness with which he accepted his responsibility as an American. His service abroad lasted almost two years.

With enthusiasm he writes of the beginnings of the Norwegian-American Historical Association, which he promptly joined. He gives several fine thumbnail sketches of some of the organizers and officers of this group, notably of Dr. Theodore Blegen, the editor of the excellent publications sponsored by the Association.

Good American that he became, he rightfully cherishes his homeland, and readers will find the description of his return to Norway, "Back after 50 Years," both beautiful and moving. "When the emigrant returns home for a visit after many years, much is bewilderingly new to him...but the fjord and the mountains, the rocks and the skerries, the heather and the woods—they look just the same as they did years ago. His heart salutes them, and they call back to him: 'Of course, I know you. You are just a little bit gray and wrinkled and bent, but...you are just the same boy I knew years and years ago.' And your heart answers the fjord, the mountains, the rocks, the sker-

ries, and the heather: 'Thank you. And I notice you have not changed at all.'"

The memory of Norway's physical beauty remains fresh and green after the "long pull from Stavanger" has transformed Birger Osland into a loyal Midwesterner and a stalwart American.

State Historical Society of Wisconsin

LILLIAN KRUEGER

Preliminary Report on the Upper Mississippi Phase in Wisconsin. By W. C. MCKERN. (Bulletin of the Public Museum of the City of Milwaukee, Milwaukee, 1945. Pp. 177.)

This impressive book, by the learned director of the Milwaukee Public Museum, was written "to place on record the facts supporting the Upper Mississippi cultural classification" which the author cautiously presents; "to render available [to] the middle North American archeologists Wisconsin data which may prove of specific interest to students of more or less adjacent areas, due to the apparent similarity of the local cultural manifestations to more widely distributed variants;" and "to examine carefully those persistently recurring data indicative of a variant of the Upper Mississippi cultural manifestation for the pre-literate Winnebago Indians" (p. 120).

The book is richly illustrated and the field methods are defined. Archeologists will appreciate the values inherent in the evidence and the argument that grows out of it. The writer of these inadequate lines, being a heathen and a publican, archeologically speaking, can only marvel at the learning which the book handles with the ease of mastery.

G. C. S.

The Centennial of the arrival in Wisconsin of the four Groth brothers—Ludwig, Martin, Ferdinand and Wilhelm—sons of Christian and Christina Groth, who with their children left Prussia to find religious freedom in Wisconsin, was celebrated at Cedarburg, September 6, 1942. A slender but informative pamphlet, the genealogies in mimeograph, with portraits, sets forth the flourishing family tree which sprang from the four and the other descendants of Christian and Christina. The pamphlet, edited by Gustav C. Groth of Watertown, is entitled *Giants of Christian Faith*, "In Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Immigration of the Groth Brothers."

From Whence We Came, A Genealogy "for the Five Hansons Who grew up together on a north Wisconsin Farm and who like Their Predecessors will go their various ways," compiled by Robert P. Hanson and published in mimeograph on Christmas Day, 1945, lists genealogically the descendants of Hans and Helga Hanson, who came from Upper Telemarken in Southern Norway to Illinois in 1839. Sprightly historical notes accompany the charts.

Once a Year (Milwaukee, 1946, 76 pp.) sponsored by the Milwaukee Press Club, contains a historical sketch of the club by its president, Harvey W. Schwandner. Kirk Bates contributes "50 Years of Once a Year," in which he says the magazine "is at least as healthy and as firmly established as at any time since 1896." And readers will agree with Mr. Bates that fifty years is a long time for an informal yearly publication when gotten out "each time by a different staff of editors and contributors." *Once a Year* began "as a glorified theater program," when the Press Club put on an annual entertainment usually at the Pabst Theater, and its early contents were humorous, with the factual stories appearing some years later. The sketches by Schwandner and Bates are what the readers relish when they are looking for factual material.

That the story of Gertie and her nationally famous progeny—a duckling, you remember—would be found in the table of contents, all would agree. The double spread entitled "V-J Day in Milwaukee," a picture-recording of joy and thanksgiving is wonderfully revelatory, and one which the readers will carry in their memories long after the magazine is put aside.

There is the bitter and the sweet, there is fact and fancy. There is fare for everyone. *Once a Year* is "must" reading.

Motherhood on the Wisconsin Frontier (pp. 58, \$1.00) written by Lillian Krueger, associate editor of the WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, for the December, 1945, and March, 1946, *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, has come off the press in book form. This little volume (privately printed) is an accurate study of one phase of Midwest immigration and is made lively by excerpts from early diaries and letters. It is something that has been written for the sixteen- and sixty-year old—leisurely centennial reading.

G. C. S.

The following publications, marking the anniversary of the founding of a Wisconsin church, and a church history pamphlet, were acquired by the Society:

Menomonee Falls, *Centennial, Emmanuel Evangelical Church*, 1846-1946 (31 pp.).

The Evangelical Church, Organization and Development (General Administrative Council, York, Pennsylvania [1946?]).

ARTICLES

The bland admission of former United States Senator George W. Jones in a letter written in 1896 (he was ninety-two at the time) that "I gave the name [Wisconsin] to the Territory of Wisconsin, because Pierre [*sic*] Marquette, the Catholic priest gave that euphonious [*sic*] name to the largest river in its border," would seem to reduce itself to his acceptance of a well-established name. The claim will be examined in a subsequent issue of this Magazine. The letter is published in the *Annals of Iowa* for April, 1946.

The *Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters* for 1944 (Vol. 36) contains a number of articles of interest to the layman. Pp. 1-77 are given over to a series of informative studies of the Brule River. Of these D. John O'Donnell's "History of Fishing in the Brule River" (from the Mound Builders to the other day), pp. 19-31, will excite the fisherman especially. Dr. A. W. Schorger's documented investigation of "The Quail in Early Wisconsin" (pp. 77-103) is both learned and popular. Are the *Transactions* latterly catering more to the tastes of the average reader? Or is this reader just waking up to their charm? We had best leave the question unanswered.

Wisconsin's new law for aid for persons who are "so totally and permanently disabled physically as to require constant and continuous care" went into effect 27 August 1945. So far as the United States is concerned this enactment is the first of its kind. Its importance is explained by George M. Keith in the April number of the *Municipality*, which is published by the League of Wisconsin Municipalities. Jackson Reuter's recent bequest of \$200,000 to Madison for a parallel purpose is significant of a growing appreciation of the need of this group of our fellow citizens.

In the *American-German Review* for June, 1946, J. F. L. Raschen discusses "American-German Journalism a Century Ago," that is, German periodicals and newspapers for Americans of German extraction. The German press of Wisconsin receives marked attention. "Thus,

among a population of roundly 150,000 Germans in Wisconsin there were ten journalistic publications, more than appeared in Illinois and the Western States."

The *American-Scandinavian Review* is a distinguished periodical. The March, 1946, number contains an impressive group of articles on literary, artistic, and economic themes, with frequent reference to the emergence of the Scandinavian lands from the shadow of the great war. In the June number the plans for "A Centennial of Swedish Pioneers in 1948"—originated by the Augustana Synod—are outlined, and Aasta Stene, lecturer in Scandinavian at the University of Wisconsin, explains how the study of English was promoted in Norway even during the German occupation.

The spring number, 1946, of the *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* prints an interesting contribution by Professor Harrington of the University of Wisconsin entitled "Hanging Judge Parker: The Man and Not the Legend." Mr. Harrington returned to Wisconsin after a few years of teaching and research at the University of Arkansas.

The March, 1946, issue of the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* opens with an article by Dr. Edward P. Alexander, our former director, entitled "Let's Study the Local History of Illinois." The cogent doctrine of this paper should be digested by all energetic local historical societies.

The first number of the *Journal of the History of Medicine and Allied Sciences*, a new quarterly published by Henry Schuman, 20 East 70th Street, New York 11, and printed by the George Banta Publishing Company of Menasha, appeared in January, 1946. (pp. 1-183). The *Journal* has a distinguished format and an impressive list of contributors. Dr. George Urdang, Director of the Institute of the History of Pharmacy, Madison, Wisconsin, contributes to this first number, "Pharmacopoeias as Witnesses of World History" (pp. 46-70).

Pharmacopoeia Londinensis of 1618, reproduced in facsimile, with a historical introduction by Dr. George Urdang and published by the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN, was given high commendation in a review appearing May 25, 1946, in *Nature*, published by Macmillan and Company Ltd., London.

The first issue of the *London Pharmacopoeia* was printed in May, 1618, of which it appears but two copies are extant, one of which was reproduced in the Urdang volume. This issue met with criticism from the younger fellows of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and a larger book replaced it in December, 1618, which was accepted as the first edition. The printer was blamed for the defi-

ciencies of the first issue, but the author believes that "the printer was merely a convenient scapegoat who took the blame for a fundamental change in the book." Dr. Urdang makes a detailed comparison of the contents of the two volumes and discusses their historical background. The author is lauded for having made this factual study and for "having produced a magnificent book."

In the *Colorado Magazine* for May, 1946, the leading article, by Miss Quantrille D. McClung, deals with "The Governors of Colorado—Their Ancestries and Interests." Among them appear the names of Alva Adams, governor 1887-89 and 1897-99, and William Herbert Adams, his brother, governor 1927-33, both of them born in Blue Mounds, Wisconsin.

Professor Thomas D. Clark of the University of Kentucky has contributed to the *Indiana Magazine of History* for March, 1946 (pp. 1-28), a delightful and informative study under the title, "The American Backwoodsman in Popular Portraiture."

In the January, 1946, number of the *Magazine of Art*, Frank Lloyd Wright describes, with illustrations, his great creation of "a true logarithmic spiral," for "The Modern Gallery: For the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation: New York City."

Dr. Louis Taylor Merrill of Beloit College contributed a sprightly article, "Mill Town on the Merrimack," to the March, 1946, number of the *New England Quarterly*. The paper discusses the factory conditions in Lowell toward the middle of the nineteenth century.

Karl L. Trever, writing in the *Library Journal* of 1 March 1946, discusses "Local Archives and the Public Library," and quotes Luther H. Evans, Librarian of Congress, as saying that local archives constitute "the greatest single resource in the field of local research. . . ." In the same number John Powell, Ph.D. in philosophy, Wisconsin, argues convincingly for guided group reading as a Library Service, in his contribution, "One Step Nearer Leadership."

Men and women of good will interested in promoting the use of the library will find many suggestions in "The Library Public Relations Council," *Wilson Library Bulletin*, March, 1946. "Why can't we offer them [our patrons] the same warmhearted welcome and human understanding that our stock in trade, books, offer in themselves?"

President Jim Dan Hill, of Superior State Teachers College, has contributed an analytical article to the March 28, 1946, Superior

Telegram on the *Niles Weekly Register*, named for Hezekiah Niles of Baltimore, its publisher. The periodical, printed without illustrations, reflects popular opinion and discussion. Dr. Hill says: "Mr. Niles was a scissors and paste-pot editor who snipped a bit here and clipped a bit there until he had a mosaic of United States and the World news as reflected by the newspapers to which he subscribed." The article summarizes some of the news stories appearing in this early paper and states that the average reader of today will find little interest in the election of President Van Buren, the national debt of England, the *Register's* concern over slavery in the District of Columbia, or an experiment in hypnotism carried on by four Brown University professors. He concludes that 100 years from now readers may glance through copies of our current periodicals like *Time*, *News Week*, and the more learned journals, and encounter the fears and worries of our present generation with the same whimsical interest that we today manifest when glancing through the old files of the *Niles Register*.

As a footnote to Dr. Hill's article, it might be noted that a file of the *Niles Register*, 1811-1849 (75 volumes), which he says is today "much prized among historians," is one of the precious possessions shelved in the library of the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN.

"Milwaukee's Background" is the title of Walter Osten's summary sketch of the history of Milwaukee during its first century. It appears in the *Milwaukee Turner* for March, 1946.

The Society and the State

I. THE SOCIETY

NEW MEMBERS

DURING the three months ending June 10 the Society has acquired 1 life member and 15 annual members. In the same period 4 members were lost by death, resignation, or nonpayment of dues. The total membership on June 10 was 1,595.

The new members are Mrs. F. E. Ballister, Neenah; Dr. Marcus Bossard, Spring Green; George T. Burrill, Madison; Mrs. Fremont Carter, Benton; Foreign Language Department, Detroit Public Library, Detroit, Michigan; Mrs. D. L. Fulton, Madison; the Rev. F. X. Gray, Platteville; W. C. Grimmer, San Mateo, California; James H. Hill, Sr., Baraboo; Irving E. Hinze, Duluth, Minnesota; Carl F. John, Milwaukee; Johns Hopkins University Library, Baltimore, Maryland; Mrs. E. O. Neff, Lake Mills; Mrs. Edith B. Peters, Beloit; Carlisle P. Runge, Seymour; David M. Warren, Panhandle, Texas (Life).

NECROLOGY

The following members of the Society have died recently:

Francis E. Ballister, banker, Neenah, December 28.

Gritli Gattiker, homemaker, Baraboo, April 23.

Towne L. Miller, staff member, Milwaukee Public Museum, Milwaukee, May 27.

Almere L. Scott, director, Department of Debating and Public Discussion, University of Wisconsin Extension Division, Madison, June 5.

ACCESSIONS

Manuscripts

From an extensive series of letter books kept by the Madison attorney and Law School professor, John M. Olin, the Society has extracted copies of letters dealing with Olin's public services. A student of John Bascom at Williams College, Olin came to Madison in 1874 as an instructor at the University of Wisconsin during Bascom's presidency and, after earning his degree in law in 1879, served as a lecturer in law for the greater part of the next quarter century. During the years covered by these letter books, 1884-1912, there is frequent reference to university affairs, touching upon faculty changes, law school courses, appointment of regents, the Ely trial, and the jubilee of 1904. Political matters, too, claimed much of Olin's attention. In the 1880's,

probably because of Bascom's influence, Olin was an ardent prohibitionist and a candidate for governor on the party ticket. By 1904 he had become a Stalwart Republican and served as attorney for that faction of the party in the contested election of delegates to the Chicago convention and later in presenting its petition to the Wisconsin Supreme Court for clarification of a disputed election law.

Although Olin's name was associated with a number of public improvements and reform movements, undoubtedly the one for which he is chiefly remembered is his organization and vigorous support of the Madison Park and Pleasure Drive Association. In these letters one sees his plans for the establishment and extension of parks and boulevards in the city, his efforts to secure funds, and his persistent urging of individuals and organizations to cooperate in the work of the park commission. The letters dovetail with the record books and incoming correspondence of the association already in the possession of the Historical Society. The new letter-book copies, together with two docket books, 1879-98, of Olin's law cases, have been presented to the Society through the instrumentality of E. L. Wingert of Madison, a member of the law firm established by Olin.

In the fall of 1863, after an investigation of promising openings for an attorney in the West, George C. Hazelton of New Hampshire settled at Boscobel. He soon became district attorney for Grant County, then a state senator, and from 1877 to 1883 was a member of Congress from the Third District. During the Harrison administration he held the position of Attorney for the District of Columbia and continued to practice law in Washington for twenty years thereafter. With him were associated his two sons, their office being at 220 Broadway, New York City.

From that Broadway office his surviving son, John H. Hazelton, has sent the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN an accumulation of several hundred letters, 1863-1910, written by his father, together with some incoming correspondence, manuscript addresses, and printed documentary records. Most of the letters in the collection are to Mrs. Hazelton, written during absences at court, in the legislature, in Congress, or while campaigning in Wisconsin and neighboring States. Although they deal mainly with family matters, there is much indirect information in them on Republican party politics, appointments, state legislation, and court procedures on local and national levels.

Miss Elizabeth Kemper Adams of Conway, Massachusetts, has made a notable addition to the manuscript records of her grandfather, Bishop Jackson Kemper, which were presented to the Society nearly a half century ago. The new papers consist of certificates, diplomas, letters between Kemper and his fiancée, Jerusha Lyman, and other family correspondence antedating the bishop's arrival in Wisconsin.

Through the instrumentality of Curator John Grindell the Society has come into the possession of two small collections of records. One is from the Lowry family of Lancaster and includes a contract, dated 1911, between Edward P. C. Lowry and the Persian government employing Lowry as financial aide to that country for three years; the other is a letter written in Welsh in 1853 and addressed to Daniel Griffith of Lancaster, with an accompanying note from Miss Minnie Griffith, the donor.

Lieutenant Dewitt C. Poole of Madison, who enlisted for service on April 17, 1861, two days after President Lincoln's call for volunteers, wrote on his way to Washington that the men were "cheered, banqueted, caked, lemonaded, and kissed by all the fair ladies." Six of Poole's letters are among a small collection of Jerome R. Brigham papers recently presented by the latter's son, Charles I. Brigham of Blue Mounds.

From Mrs. Martha Prouty of Shelton, Nebraska, has come a small assortment of papers of her great-grandfather, Alfred Brunson of Prairie du Chien. Brunson was one of the founders of Methodism in Wisconsin, holding the appointment in 1835 of presiding elder of the region from Rock Island, Illinois, to the present Minneapolis, Minnesota. Among the papers presented by Mrs. Prouty are family letters, appointments, sermons, and other memorabilia dating from about 1830 to 1875.

Acting under its authority as legal custodial of non-current state archives the Society has taken over from the Adjutant General's office thirty-one cartons of records of Wisconsin soldiers in the Civil War.

Other small groups of manuscripts recently received are: copies of genealogical records from Fort Atkinson and a list of more than fifty birds seen by Thure Kumlien near Lake Koshkonong in 1850, presented by the latter's granddaughter, Mrs. Angie K. Main of Fort Atkinson; an autograph letter of Major General Edwin Forrest Harding, commander of the Red Arrow Division in the Southwest Pacific, to Lieutenant Colonel James M. Murphy of Milwaukee, presented by the latter; a typewritten copy of a letter written about 1865 by Mrs. Gilbert Woodward of La Crosse to her cousin, Annie Fraser of La Porte, Indiana, presented by Miss Anne Fraser of Indianapolis; and ten additional James A. Andrews letters presented by Willis H. Miller, assistant editor of the Hudson *Star-Observer*.

The Museum of the Society has received the following accessions recently:

Brass kettle from J. J. Kirwin.

Two lady's hats, 1920's, from Mrs. Sophie Brewer, Madison.

White marquisette formal from Jean Leistikow, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Six lady's dresses, two coats, six hats, skirt, and pair of shoes of the 1920's, from Mrs. Francis Lamb, Madison.

Five dresses and a coat of the 1890's, several petticoats, a feather boa, a large hat of 1919, and three dresses of the 1920's, from Mrs. W. J. Rendall, Madison.

Silk parasol, 1881, and kid dancing slippers, 1890, from Mrs. Rodney J. Miller, Madison.

Lady's silver kid slippers, 1922, from Mrs. Marshall B. Hanks, Madison.

Street outfit, 1937, complete with suit and accessories, and knit suit of 1935, from Mrs. Hugh F. Oldenburg, Madison.

Brown taffeta and lace dress of 1922, and bronze satin lady's shoes of 1908, from Mrs. Fred M. Schlimgen, Madison.

Satin parasol, 1907, and three collapsible hoops dating to 1880, from Mrs. Cornelius Harper, Madison.

Lady's black faille handbag, dating to 1880, from Rosemarie Morris, Madison.

Pillow shams (1880), undergarments of the 1890's, and black silk stole of 1890, from Mary Foster, Madison.

Man's complete broadcloth wedding suit, 1912, with hat, shoes, vest, shirt, and tie, from Mrs. Gilman Bowers, Belleville, Wisconsin.

Lady's quilted bonnet, dated 1850, and black velvet hat of 1880, from Mrs. George H. Young, Madison.

Black chiffon evening dress, dated 1927, from Mrs. Robert M. Reiser, Madison.

Gold cup from Hosmer A. Johnson, Marblehead, Massachusetts.

China plates, cups and saucers, and a pewter chalice, from Lillian Huber, Madison.

II. THE STATE

When this magazine copy goes to press, the Milwaukee Centurama, the observance of the city's 100th birthday anniversary, will have become history. This mammoth festivity was planned for thirty-one days' duration, July 12 through August 11, much of its pageantry made up of community entertainment, supplied by the residents in various sections of the state. A great deal of activity centered in an enormous amphitheater constructed near the south end of the Lincoln Memorial Drive, on the lakefront. Materials for the building of the stage were borrowed from the several city departments, and the seats for some 10,000 spectators were provided in coöperation with the state fair park, the county, police department, and school board. Weekend visitors witnessed boat regattas on the harbor, and a five- to seven-hour long parade which showed a panoramic history of Milwaukee, highlighted the afternoon of July 14. The Milwaukee Art Institute sponsored the

centurama display of the outstanding art exhibit in the country, the Encyclopaedia Britannica collection of contemporary American paintings, composed of the work of 125 artists in the United States. Milwaukee as a city has shown notable progress; it is looking forward to participating in the State centennial in 1948.

University Regent Michael Cleary, upon the so-called "retirement" of M. E. McCaffrey, who for forty years has served as secretary of the University of Wisconsin Board of Regents, commented, "He has served with a degree of faithfulness and efficiency seldom found." Mr. McCaffrey has been retained as trust officer of the millions of dollars and handler of property purchases for the university's vast program of expansion. One newspaper editor has written of him, "He has become a part of the institution as its bricks and mortar.... He has been the strong right arm of the administration."

LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES AND MUSEUMS

A pilgrimage was made by the members of the **BELOIT HISTORICAL SOCIETY** on the afternoon of June 12, which took them to the century-old Congregational Church at Shopiere for a brief program and a visit to the site of the Governor Harvey home. From there the group left for Milton to visit the log cabin and the underground railway station, and thence to Milton College. At the Frances Willard School near Janesville which was on the itinerary the members listened to the reading of excerpts from the Frances Willard autobiography.

The **CRAWFORD COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY** was busily engaged during the summer making plans for the annual meeting of the State Historical Society held at Prairie du Chien on August 23-24.

Early May witnessed the opening of the **DOOR COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S** Museum at Sturgeon Bay for the season. Some of the unusual items added to the collections by the Frank Washburn family are a wooden pharmacist mortar, pinking irons, writing quills, and barber shears. A list of eight vessels, built at the pioneer Little Sturgeon shipyard between 1867 and 1871, was received from Captain Edward Carus.

Picture postcards of the **DOUGLAS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S** Museum were sent to persons who might be interested in becoming members. Extra funds, in addition to those provided by the county and the city of Superior, are used at times to purchase reference books, to add new cases to the museum rooms, to provide dishes for the entertainment of visiting groups, and to meet similar demands. Membership dues help to finance these "extras."

Lumber and logs were unavailable, and this hampered the erection of an additional building at the Pioneer Village in New Glarus. The members of the GREEN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY had hoped to have a replica of the "old church" of New Glarus in the park site for the centennial, but only the foundation has been completed. The Log Cabin Museum was opened for the season, on Sunday, June 2, and visitors may view the exhibits on any Sunday afternoon during the summer months. The crowds which attended the centennial, August 15-18, postponed a year until the persons in service returned, have greatly increased the museum visitors' list.

The OSHKOSH PUBLIC MUSEUM has been visited by many early out-of-state visitors, twenty-three states being represented in the guest-book in mid-April. Many of them expressed surprise to find so fine a museum in a city the size of Oshkosh.

The village of Somers was the meeting place of 118 members of the KENOSHA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY and their friends on May 9. They convened at the Congregational Church auditorium where Mrs. Lawrence Ozanne of the locality spoke of the early days of Somers township. A portion of the church in which the meeting was held was constructed in 1839. Mrs. C. E. Dewey, Kenosha, gave an illustrated talk on the industry and transportation of the State and county.

Here is an example of what a historical society may undertake that for many years has been left undone. The KENOSHA COUNTY SOCIETY was instrumental in having an inscription placed on the monument of Michael Frank, recognizing him as the "Father of Wisconsin public schools." Peter Pirsch, a long-time member of the organization, defrayed the expenses of inscribing the monument; Fabian MonFils, also a member, provided for the moving and the replacement of the tombstone in Green Ridge Cemetery. The unveiling of the inscription was an event of June 18, at which time Judge Alfred E. Drury eulogized Colonel Frank.

Alonzo W. Pond, lecturer and scientist, was the guest speaker at the opening of the LAKE MILLS-AZTALAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S Museum on Sunday, May 26, on the subject "Thrills of Reliving the Past." He told the audience how the archeologist does his work and spoke of the arrival of the American Indian.

"Botanizing Days," with reminiscences and general discussion and the display of the Dr. Dan MacArthur herb and flower collection, was the springtime program arranged for the May 6 meeting of the LA

CROSSE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, at La Crosse. The MacArthur specimens were gathered between 1878 and 1884 in the vicinity of the city, and many of the flowers still retain their original color. A large lotus flower, carefully pressed and mounted, was beautifully preserved.

After "botanizing days" were put aside, politics was the topic. President A. H. Sanford gave a talk on "Brick" Pomeroy, La Crosse editor in the time of Lincoln. Pomeroy was not taken seriously by the people of La Crosse; called "a raver," he was a spokesman for the "copperheads," Sanford pointed out. Though he had opposed Lincoln's reelection with vehemence, his paper mourned the president's death "as a tragedy to the nation."

County Historian Frank DonLevy and the OCONTO COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY sponsored a school-essay contest for their county, as noted in the June Magazine. County School Superintendent Otto Neumann released on May 17 all of the children of the rural schools in the county and the fifth and sixth grades of the Oconto Falls schools, to attend the awarding of prizes to the essay winners and to tour points of interest in and about Oconto. Some 600 children with their parents and teachers accepted the historical society's invitation and spent a day in Oconto, a city gay with flags. The tours and other events had been planned by Mrs. Ethelyn Beorgeon, secretary of the society. Prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00, and \$2.00 were presented, Yvonne Williams, Mountain receiving the first award. The entire group assembled at the Beyer Homestead Museum in the afternoon, viewing the many exhibits under the guidance of several of the directors and members of the organization.

More than 100 persons attended the tea on Memorial Day which opened the MINERAL POINT HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S Museum for the season. This house-museum has unusually beautiful surroundings, with a profusion of trees growing on the grounds. There are some thirty-five varieties, some of them foreign to this area of the State and others completely foreign to this part of the United States. Especially attractive is the so-called "smoke bush," which has a filmy foliage giving it, from a distance, a smoke-like appearance. The Women's Club, which sponsored the opening, plans to install heating facilities to make the building available the year round to the societies and groups of the community.

The Dr. William Beaumont Memorial Foundation at Prairie du Chien has begun the restoration of old Fort Crawford—now that materials have been released; it is being furnished as a museum in memory of Dr. Beaumont, who was assigned to the fort. Floors are

being laid, and the entire interior is being plastered. One of the rooms will be reconstructed by the D.A.R., and another by the Crawford County Medical Society. Both life and annual memberships in the Foundation are being received from many parts of the United States.

The tenth annual Villa Louis opening, May 24, 25, and 26, was a weekend of "fun and frolic" at Prairie du Chien. The tea at the Dousman House, given in honor of the heirs of Colonel Hercules Dousman, began the festivity; a historical parade featuring early-day carriages, horse-drawn floats, riders on saddle horses, and groups decked in century-old finery made up this panoramic spectacle. There was a pageant portraying the story of Dr. William Beaumont while in Prairie du Chien, which was twice presented. Traffic police estimated that the visitors viewing the parade on Sunday were well over 20,000. The *Prairie du Chien Courier* describes the opening as "the biggest event in the history of the Villa, not only for the number of people entertained but also for the size of the show." Harry Speck, chairman of this year's program, lauded the coöperation he received from his committees. "They are the ones who deserve the credit," was his comment.

The first log cabin was erected on the site of Delavan by Allen Perkins, on July 22, 1836, almost opposite the present Wisconsin School for the Deaf, according to J. J. Phoenix, grandson of Colonel Samuel Phoenix, the founder of Delavan. Mr. Phoenix addressed the WALWORTH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY on May 22, at Delavan, giving an entertaining account of the settlement and its contributions to Walworth County.

"Ancient Times in Wisconsin" was the subject of the Rev. A. E. Gregory's address at the annual meeting of the WAUKESHA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, May 25, at Waukesha. Mayor Edwin H. Honeyager also spoke to the group. Among the 127 gifts received during the year was the large United States flag that was flown by the "U.S.S. Waukesha" during World War II. It was presented by the Waukesha County Board. More than 2,000 museum visitors for the year were reported, and members were pleased to hear from V. A. Gaspar, county board chairman, that larger quarters for the museum may become a reality.

HISTORICAL NOTES

For forty-eight years Miss Roxia Baxter was a teacher in the Langlade County schools, thirty-seven of them spent in the schoolrooms of Antigo. On June 3 Miss Baxter ended almost a half-century of faithful service.

Barneveld's present state bank was founded on June 1, 1896, by the late Jerome J. Jones, as a private banking business; it became a state bank in November, 1901, with deposits amounting to \$54,000. In 1928 deposits had reached \$1,000,000, and in the year of its Golden Jubilee—1946—have risen to \$2,000,000. For a half-century the bank has been operated with local capital and it is considered one of the strong rural banks in the State. Anton S. Arneson is president and cashier.

Garret V. Denniston, a prominent land speculator, organized a town-site company and built the Denniston House at Cassville, hoping it would become the territorial capitol for Wisconsin. Cassville lost to Madison, however; but the hostelry is still operating, having recently been rejuvenated by Mr. and Mrs. Don Oelke. The large window in the dining room faces the Mississippi River, and the rolling Iowa hills afford another pleasant view.

The early letters of Dr. Theodore Hartwig, pioneer Cedarburg physician, which appeared in the March, 1946, number of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, were reprinted in serial form in the *Ozaukee Press*, Port Washington, beginning June 13, 1946. The portrait of Dr. Hartwig was also reproduced.

Three huge teeth and a fragment of a jawbone were found in late March on the farm of Arthur Antholt near Cedarburg. They have since been identified as mastodon fossils by Elmer R. Nelson, associate curator of geology at the Milwaukee Public Museum. These relics were brought to light by members of the Antholt family when a ditch-digging project was under way at the farm. Credit must also be given to the family collie which aided the excavations by turning up a chunk of the jawbone. When asked what he expected to do with the fossils of the prehistoric monster, Antholt replied, "I'm going to keep them as souvenirs."

The village of Denmark on May 4 helped remind Dr. W. H. Vosburgh that he had completed fifty years as a physician. The Denmark Businessmen's Club and their wives—some seventy of them—banqueted the Vosburghs. The banquet over, there was a parade to the pavilion, led by the purple and gold uniformed high-school band, and the streets were lined with guests on their way to the reception. There were speeches by doctors from nearby towns and the presentation of a wrist watch to the doctor by Edward Dietiker, village president. The hall was "jampacked," friends everywhere, and the venerable doctor had heretofore explained to inquirers that he had remained in a small town so he could walk—he had thought—on something that

"gives," after using hard city pavements. But with this friendly demonstration, the doctor now thought that probably that wasn't the reason after all.

Sunday, May 26, the citizens of Galesville and the surrounding country attended the annual Founder's Day ceremonies at Galesville. More than 200 assembled at the tomb of Judge George Gale, among majestic spruce trees on the campus of Marynook, to pay tribute to the memory of the man who was responsible for the creation of Trempealeau County, the platting of the village site, and the founding of Galesville University, now Marynook. Miss Bernice Blaha, honor student of Galesville High School, gave the eulogy for "a great and good man... a man who did not live for self alone..." and placed a wreath on his tomb. The firing squad of the American Legion, which participated, was composed of Veterans of World War II. Arthur F. Giere presided over the ceremonies.

Sixty years ago the University of Wisconsin Concert Band was created, and its birthday was celebrated on March 24, at Madison in the Wisconsin Union Theater on the campus. For the past twelve years Professor Raymond F. Dvorak has conducted the bandmen.

Operating a barber shop for fifty-four years is what Louis P. Peterson of Menomonie had done, and last April 1 he put aside his razors and shears and began more leisurely days. Among the recollections of his native city are the board sidewalks, the spring mud—hub-deep—cows pasturing at large about the town, and the kerosene-lighted stores and houses. But Menomonie outlived its sawdust days, and brick pavement replaced the dirt-filled streets. Mr. Peterson, upon his retirement, believed he was the oldest businessman on Main Street.

Readers of the Green Sheet of the *Milwaukee Journal* did some background reading for the city centennial which occurred on July 12–August 11. H. Russell Austin wrote a lively history of Milwaukee, filled with romance, adventure, and inspiration; the easy-to-read daily installments published for several months, brought added appreciation to centennial celebrants for their lakeshore city.

The Monroe *Evening Times* published a laudatory souvenir edition on May 1, which celebrated the founding of the First National Bank at Monroe. Arbut Ludlow entered upon his banking career in 1854 when he opened the Ludlow money exchange. Two years later it became the State Bank of Monroe, and it merged with the First National Bank in 1865. Mr. Ludlow was its president from 1872 until his retirement in 1894, and his memory was honored by the unveiling of his oil portrait on the bank's ninetieth birthday. The president of the First National Bank is Roy F. Burmeister.

The fiftieth year of publication of the *Monticello Messenger* occurred the week of May 6. S. Earl Richards issued the paper for forty years and disposed of it on May 8, 1936, to C. M. Wittenwyler, who is the present editor-publisher and printer.

Jacob Marry arrived with his parents from Switzerland, a lad of fourteen, in 1850. He was a farmer for many years, but retired to Monticello in 1904, because of poor health. His interest was centered in the Bank of Monticello, which he served as first president, 1896-1908. In the attractive little brochure issued by the bank for its fiftieth birthday celebration, there is a brief history of the institution, statistical material, and pictures of the officers and employees. The deposits in the year of founding are listed as \$27,204.60; fifty years later they amount to \$2,225,328.65. William A. Loveland, attorney, assumed the presidency in 1940; Joseph W. Barlow became the cashier in 1927.

The historic King's Hotel, Mosinee, which was constructed in the early 1850's and was the meeting place for lumbermen and the center of hospitality for the vicinity, will soon be razed. The site will be utilized for an American Legion Community Center. Howard Dessert, president of the Mosinee Land, Log, and Timber Company, which owns the building, estimates that the old landmark contains between 70,000 and 80,000 board feet of solid, cured lumber.

The observance of the seventy-fifth year of the founding of the Oshkosh State Teachers College, formerly known as Oshkosh Normal, will take place on October 4 and 5. The athletic field will be dedicated on the second day of the jubilee, when the Homecoming festivities will be highlighted by a football game with the Central State Teachers College of Stevens Point. Oshkosh Normal School opened in the fall of 1871, and was the third institution of its kind in the State, the Platteville and Whitewater schools preceding it.

The ingenuity of George M. Phelps when but fifteen years of age started him on the road to his future hardware business at Rio, sixty years ago. By blacking stoves, making metal strips for butter tubs, working on bird cages and coffee mills, George accumulated his early capital, and invested it in his present business in 1886, which was then conducted by his father, Milo Phelps. Ox yokes and brass tips for ox horns were sold at Phelps's Hardware in the 1880's; the early square iron nail gave way before steel and later wire; and modern machinery has displaced the scythes and cradles used by the pioneer farm-makers.

A tailor who will close his shop, but will continue homework after cutting and stitching for sixty-five years, is Conrad Weinig of Shawano.

His business had unique beginnings in that he trudged many miles to the northern Wisconsin lumber camps where he measured the lumberjacks for suits and returned over the corduroy roads to his shop. One of these trips resulted in eighty-seven orders which meant a retracing of his steps to give the boys a fitting. Now eighty-five, he is Shawano's oldest businessman.

Ole B. Agerlie is the oldest resident of Sherman. He arrived from Norway in 1880, and immediately began work at the Knapp, Stout & Company lumbering firm. Those were the days when he bought butter at 10 cents a pound, fresh pork at 7 cents a pound, and a load of four-foot maple wood at \$1.25 a cord. A day's work was a day's work at the mill, from 6:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. Mr. Agerlie longed for the farm life he had known in Norway, and in 1903 bought 110 acres in Dunn County where he has since made his home. His pastimes are smoking Corn Cake and Prince Albert in his companionable pipe, and gathering the eggs.

John Reinehr, Tomah, marked the completion of sixty years of service with the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad the past March. His employment with the Milwaukee Road began on his twentieth birthday, and his promotions brought him to his present position as superintendent of the Tomah shops and the rail mills at Savannah, Illinois. Since 1917 he has lived in Tomah and is greatly interested in the civic and business progress of his home town. He is president of the Farmers Merchants Bank and director of the Tomah Home Building Association.

A pioneer cabin of fabulous Midwest age, protected by a magnificent oak, is still to be seen on the Henry Vyvyan farm near Union Grove, Racine County. The cabin proper is 14 x 18 feet and has a lean-to kitchen. Its most recent improvement has been the installation of electricity, and it is occupied during the summer by friends of the owner.

In the spring of 1846 Moses Decker arrived with his family on the site of Viroqua and there built his log cabin. A century of progress was the occasion for a happy gathering on August 17 and 18 at Viroqua, when persons from far and near came to their Homecoming.

A large glass cabinet made of Vernon County walnut was constructed especially to display the 527 pitchers which are Mrs. Lucy Smith's pride and joy. She expects some day to own a pitcher from every foreign country and every State in the union. Her collection contains exquisite specimens of thumb-print, holly majolica, hobnail,

Wedgewood, Norwegian china and glass, canary luster, and early milk glass. Her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, began the collection, and many persons make a special trip to Viroqua to view the handsome exhibit.

In late March the Marathon Corporation's Quarter Century Club met at Wausau to welcome to membership employees who had been associated with the company for twenty-five years. President and general manager of the corporation, D. C. Everest, addressed the 500 guests at the close of the banquet. The twenty-five-year group includes members from the Wausau, Ashland, Menasha, and Rothschild plants, and was founded in the winter of 1943-44.

After fifty-one years of continuous service John E. Schnabel retired May 17 as general purchasing agent of the Consolidated Water Power and Paper Company, Wisconsin Rapids. President George W. Mead, of Consolidated, regretted Mr. Schnabel's decision to retire.

The centenarians have four members to add to their roll this quarter. Perhaps "centenarian plus" would be the correct term for Mrs. Josephine Girard and Mrs. Lena Komorowski. The former celebrated her 105th birthday with a special dinner on April 20, at Arkansaw, Pepin County. She is still adept at darning and mending. A quiet old-age at St. Mary's Home for the Aged, at Manitowoc, is being spent by Mrs. Komorowski. She is the mother of thirteen children and is 104.

Mrs. Johanna Groth celebrated her 100th birthday by having a family gathering in the home of her daughter Mrs. J. W. Nieman, Milwaukee, with whom she resides.

At Appleton Mrs. Dora Joecks reached the century mark on June 6, still able to care for her home. Her daughter and son of Appleton call on her daily, where she has lived for seventy-one years.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

The Rev. L. M. Douglas, pastor of the Mayville Methodist Church, planned the 100th birthday celebration of his parish for May 26, 31, and June 2. Among the guest speakers were Honorable Fred Zimmerman, the Rev. Oscar Adam, and Professor Roy A. Sturm, all of Madison.

The "Red Church on the Hill," the brick edifice of the Emmanuel Evangelical Church of Menomonee Falls, had a significant series of services commemorating a century of worship, March 28, 29, and 31. Bishop G. E. Epp of Naperville, Illinois, was the speaker at the

Sunday gatherings in the auditorium, which had been redecorated and refurnished for the centennial.

St. Mary's, the oldest German Catholic Church in Milwaukee, observed the centenary of its founding May 17-19. The climax of the three-day ceremony was a pontifical high mass, celebrated by Archbishop Moses E. Kiley on Sunday, May 19. The cornerstone was laid April 19, 1846, Bishop John Henni leading the procession to the church site. The first pastor of the parish was Father Michael Heiss.

Founders' Day was recalled by the Orfordville Methodists on April 28. Though their church was dedicated in 1859, they began worship in 1846. Perhaps their performance was unique when they gathered in the newly constructed depot for a time, and members' homes and a schoolhouse were also put in use. Tribute was paid to Mrs. Ellen Strang, Janesville, a pioneer member, who is ninety-five years of age. The Rev. Horace Graubner, Evansville, has charge of the congregation.

The cornerstone of St. Bernard's Catholic Church, Watertown, was a rock from the early Irish Abbey of Cashel, the native country of many of its members. A great part of the manual labor in constructing the church was contributed by the members. Some 10,000 persons were present at the laying of the cornerstone in 1873. St. Bernard's parishioners relived many of the colorful experiences of this historic church, at the centennial, June 21-23.

III. OF WIDER INTEREST

The trend toward colorful covers for historical publications, to meet the competition to a degree of the popular magazine, is continuing. The first issue of volume 27, of neighboring *Minnesota History*, appeared in a chartreuse green cover, an attractive background for the contrasting black and white lettering. It carries a line of centennial publicity below its name, "1849. The Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul. 1949." Its appearance is handsome, and its editing is excellent.

Among recently streamlined historical journals are the *Kansas Historical Quarterly* published at Topeka by the State Historical Society, and *Michigan History* issued at Lansing by the Michigan Historical Commission. Like the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* each of these publications attracts attention by its brightly colored jacket and a significant regional illustration.

