Rudy's Hill

The High Point in the Valley
and
A View of Life
Beyond the Horizon

M. C. Elmer
1987

Rudy's Hill

1886.....1986

Like the ever expanding circles from the impact of a stone on the surface of a lake, so the experience occurring in early years expand and influence the lives and activities through the succeeding generations.

Manuel Conrad Elmer
1987

Printed 1987 by the Mercury Press. Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER IX

CHAPTER XVI

CHAPTER XVII

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW THIS WAS STARTED

One evening in 1920, a group of the Sociology Faculty at the University of Minnesota were at a small gathering. In the group was President Lotus D. Coffman, Arthur J. Todd, and L. L. Bernard. The discussion about educational background was being tossed around. Each of the men in the group spoke of some family background and the steps in their education. I was a newcomer, so said nothing. Finally, Dr. Todd said, "Elmer is an unusual family name; tell us about it." So I briefly mentioned that it was a very old Swiss name and that my parents were Swiss, coming to this country in the late 1840's. "So you are a first generation American born, a son of immigrants." L. L. Bernard suggested that I should write up an account of my "Breaking into American life and Educational setting." It stopped at that, but as time went on, and during the following years, trips to Europe and accumulation of data covering the Elmer Family since 1285, and the publishing of a book on "Yarns and Legends," some of which I am repeating here, I am finally pulling together some material and incidents as Dr. L. L. Bernard, Dr. A. J. Todd, and Dr. Lotus D. Coffman suggested over fifty years ago.

In 1973, shortly before he died, Emory S. Borgardus wrote to me urging me to put this material together as an experience of an individual who had social upheavals, social adjustment and reorganization.

There is nothing distinctive about the narrative. It is in fact, a rather typical account of the hundreds of young people who lived in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and were active in the life of America during the first half of the twentieth century. It was an interesting period, and the over-emphasis of the three wars of that period obscured the more interesting and important aspects of the actual life and growth of the men and women who make up America.

There was hard work, lack of many comforts, not very much money, but all in all, it was a very happy time, where the problems were mostly personal and very few of us felt we were designated to save all of our "poor benighted fellow men" and lift them up to the "pedestal where we stood." That is an idea of a somewhat more recent period, where the young people do not have as much of the real "Joy of Living" that we had.

In the middle 1930's, Professor Luther Lee Bernard told me he wanted me to write up and send to him "How Were You Educated?" I started to do so but never finished doing so. That was nearly forty years ago. I ran into some of the old notes recently so am starting to put some of them together in a different form.

Since I was born on December 5, 1886, there is a long stretch of time to cover. All that one is able to recall are individual situations and events and persons that made up the educational processes.

There are such little things as the problem of driving a nail into a very hard board. It seems that I always knew that by moistening the nail by putting it in your mouth, it could be driven into the board without bending. I suppose that has at some time been the subject for a Master's thesis.

In response to suggestions by my colleagues and a special urgent letter from Emory S. Bogardus shortly before he died, I proceeded to write a simple narrative. It was dull. It did not include little events like Mrs. Henry Stauffacher's saying, "You boys must wash the back of your hands and your face also before I will give you cookies to eat." That gives one an inkling of the attitude of the community, which the Community Worker mentioned later, missed. She said, "They sat quietly and listened to me, but made no comment to what I said. One could see they were all morons." She was attempting to inspire them with her idea of community cooperation. An idea which they had been "living" in Switzerland for hundreds of years and in America for sixty-five and of which she was ignorant.

When I was about six years old, my mother gave me a covered plate with Swiss Kuechli and Honey cookies to take to a neighbor who had not been feeling well. I walked into the house, with my plate and said, "I have brought you some 'Kuechlis.' How are you today?" as my mother had told me to say. She answered, "Oh, it's little Manuel. Thank you so much. I am feeling pretty good today, but I always feel bad when I feel good, because I know I'll feel worse tomorrow." It struck my "funny bone" then, and I am reminded of it to this day. It seems there are many people who never have a good time in what they are doing, and even if all seems pleasant, they struggle to find a "cause" to fret, complain or worry about. Life is to them a sad, burdensome valley which must be traversed. Like a little neighbor boy who was attending kindergarten and whose father was a professor in the Medical School. When asked how he liked school, he said, "I don't like it. I'll be glad when I finish college and won't have to go to school any more.

RUDY'S HILL

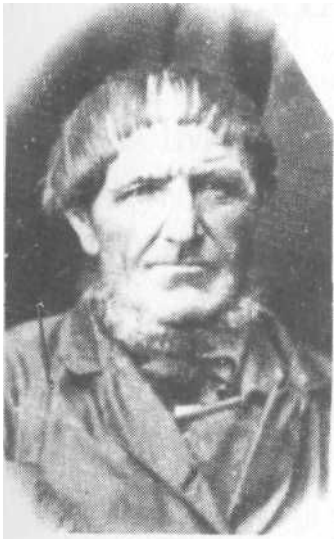
And the surrounding valleys, hills, and the people who lived there and implanted the ideas and ideals, practices and customs, beliefs and disbeliefs, approvals and disapprovals, enthusiasms and detestations which make up one's Philosophy of Life.

Each step forward is built upon the results of the past, whether upward or downward. The mistakes and the successes of one generation becomes the heritage of the next.

The trees we plant will determine the kind of fruit the next generations will gather.

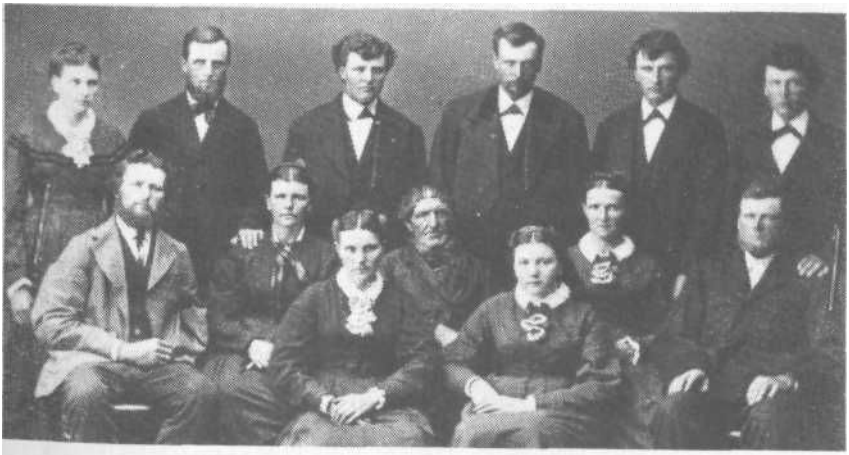
Each new generation is built upon the residue of the past. Whether a plant, an individual or a social system, it grows and develops within the period of which it is a part, adjusting to the circumstances of its particular situation, reaches the limits of its capacity, then is replaced by new growth which fits into new and changing configurations. The period from 1886 to 1986 represents three or more generations in which there have been a wide variety of social changes. Each functioned within its particular time, but cannot be considered the standard of measure for other periods and social activities.

The following pages cover some of the blazed trail of an individual who meandered through those three generations, following, and blazing the continuation of the new trail from the known to the unknown. Every day a new experience which could be met by knowledge of the past, and the application and new use of old established principles. A continuous sociological adventure.



J.ULRIC
1817-1893

Verena
1818-1874



Grandfather Elmer and his 12 children
1875. .

CHAPTER I

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

Trips with my Grandfather

Visiting old men
Rudy's Hill, the woods and stories
about people in other countries

The many incidents of early life do little more than add to the general tone color of the past. Some, however, become definite part of the pattern of later life.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

Life is made up of the thousands of impressions made by an infinite number of details, which like raindrops, in time become great rivers. These minor details, in time become collected into general trends. The direction they take is influenced by the genetic background of the individual, his family association, together with other contacts, the social atmosphere of the community, experiences, all combined to make up his personality. Outstanding events become obvious and are recorded, but it is the sum total of the little items which, like the tiny raindrops, make up the total of what we call our life.

There is much discussion about what is necessary to give a child an adequate education. It is not to be measured by the amount of money spent. It seems impossible to convince some people that a few years in a one-room country school crowded with thirty to forty pupils ranging in age from five to sixteen years, and one unsupervised teacher, a child could receive any kind of an education. It seems difficult to understand that the school and the child and the teacher made up only a part of the entire educational configuration.

Here is a brief outline of the setting of my early education, before I was nine years old when I began attending the one-room school. It could be duplicated by hundreds of cases of boys and girls toward the end of the nineteenth century and was the basis from which they made the adjustment in the "break through" to the twentieth century. It was an easy natural process and not an abrupt crash.

There is a continual accumulation of words, attitudes, comments and stories which gradually take form in what we think of as an individual's character and personality.

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

Abraham Lincoln may never have occurred to the man Lincoln. However, they do represent the period of Lincoln. They had the homely philosophy of the prairie country and the manner of thinking found in the early-woodsman, farmer, hunter, corner-store commentator of the period.

The same general facts will be repeated when people gather time and again. Even the story of Faust was not only repeated many times but actually written and published a score of times. I recently read Alexander Dumas' account of Journeys through Switzerland in which he repeats the often told story of the Devil's Bridge, and the price the Mayor of the town had to pay for it was the first soul crossing it when finished. Because of the swift current, all attempt to build the bridge failed. Finally the Mayor of the town took the offer from the Devil to build the bridge. The story varied in its details, but the end was how the Mayor tricked the Devil. Dumas gives the version of a dog with a pan tied to his tail being chased across the finished bridge to furnish the Soul to the waiting Devil. I like my grandfather's version better; instead of a dog, it was a long-whiskered goat, with a tasseled knitted cap (zittle koeppli) on his head, a coat over his shoulders, and buttoned down in front under his chin to hide his legs, and to add to the deception, a Buntner Knoppfli (a fancy pipe) in his mouth. To this was added the anger and eruption of the Devil when he was aware of how he had been fooled. In short, the form the story takes depends on the artistry of the teller and the audience. The same story will vary from one telling and the next, depending on the atmosphere and the occasion. An artist will paint the same mountain peak again and again, each picture varying as the light, shadows, cloud effects and atmosphere varied. I have heard a story, with all of the essential items the same, told to four groups: a group of men drinking together, a group of older men at a club, a cocktail party, and a formal dinner party. The teller was an artist at story telling, and each time it was a perfect story with the details modified for the time, place, and company.

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

There was one part of those trips that remains very clearly in mind. Perhaps because of being repeated again and again by different persons, varying in each case to some degree, but with the same general plot. As a consequence, when I repeat these stories, they will not be attributed to

any person. They are yarns told to illustrate a point of view, get a laugh, shock the audience, or merely pass the time in quiet leisure. Sometimes a story is the end product of half a dozen stories, partly legend, partly historical fact with an adequate amount of embroidery to deaden the monotony of bare utility. Just like the old Aunt who, surrounded by her little nephews and nieces anxiously waiting for a forthcoming story, "took out her tatting and began to tatt," so, after one more little background explanation we will be ready to begin telling our stories and start to talk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These old men never seemed in much of a hurry. They would sit under a tree around a small table all afternoon. Some would nod and seem to be asleep, but the occasional puff of smoke from their pipes, a grunt, or even a few answering words showed that they were awake. After a minute or two of silence, one would perk up and start a yarn that matched one previously told. The others would in turn relapse into a comfortable quiet, perhaps take a sip of wine and a nibble of a cookie or a piece of cheese. Most of their stories and conversations were

centered around the same area. It was usually very tiring to a little boy; but on our way home or on the walks I took with my grandfather, various items of their conversations would come back to me. Then I would ask him about them. He would tell and retell those yarns, descriptions, and events to me until they were fixed in my mind. Some of these are still remembered. It also encouraged a tendency to listen and put together the yarns I heard through the years.

There were stories about different European countries, and when I made my first extensive trip to Europe forty years later and was able to visit back country areas, it all seemed familiar to me. An example, I was in the little town of Engi. I asked where the "Geiger-Hof" was located. No one knew what I was talking about; had never heard of it. I told them it was in a certain area, about two Kil. Southeast of the town, and a rather famous violin maker named Marti, my great grandfather had lived there one hundred fifty years ago. They laughed. An older man came by and he was asked. He said, "Yes, that was the place and that a fire had destroyed it in about 1890."

Many of the stories told in later pages are far removed from these early stories, and they were repeated by persons far different from the old Swiss companions of my grandfather. Sometimes an event occurred or a story was told which was unfinished and the next episode or explanation did not occur for many years. This was the case in the stories of The Lime Kiln, The Lost Shoe, The Empty Barrel, and Gold. Even in those stories, the ending is entirely circumstantial and it is up to the reader to decide. That is why those yarns are repeated and become a part of the folklore of an area. After one hundred years, no one has the real answer to The Big White Wolf.

Education is actually a slow process. We learn specific things easily and quickly. But fitting everything, with the constant changes, into a great configuration takes time, like the growing of a great Oak tree. So actual education is a long continuous process. In ninety years, millions of things are learned, used, forgotten, but leaving a minute residue which builds into the whole. Just as a small stone or sod dropping into a tiny stream in the Lake Itasco region of Minnesota may divert a drop of water to the Hudson Bay or the Gulf of Mexico. That was the trend started by a discussion at the University of Minnesota in 1920.

GRANDFATHER AND RUDY'S HILL

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

shoulders of the little boy, around under his arms and each end tied to a corner of the sack. This made a firm, secure pack on his back and left his arms free.

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

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

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

Then for some time interesting things were told about insects and plants along the path. The boy was interested to know why shells were to be found on the very top of Rudy's hill and were solidly embedded in the hard limestone; why the stones were found in layers on the ledges of hills, white sandstone, green sandstone, brown sandstone with iron nuggets; big flat limestone, smaller broken limestone; why some stones had big fossils, others small shells. All this information was of interest, but soon another field opened up which remained of even greater interest. The people who lived among the hills and valleys. Did they always live here? Where had they lived before? Why do they speak different languages? Do they have the same feelings, likes and dislikes? These questions and the answers did not come in any sequence or planned fashion. Today, when the questions which arose have been made available through scientific and systematic study, the stories, the events, the traditions which make up the day by day life of a people are still remembered. Many of them might be duplicated in other groups. They are not the same stories, but they are the repetition of similar events, colored, embroidered, revamped, which occur when people live together.

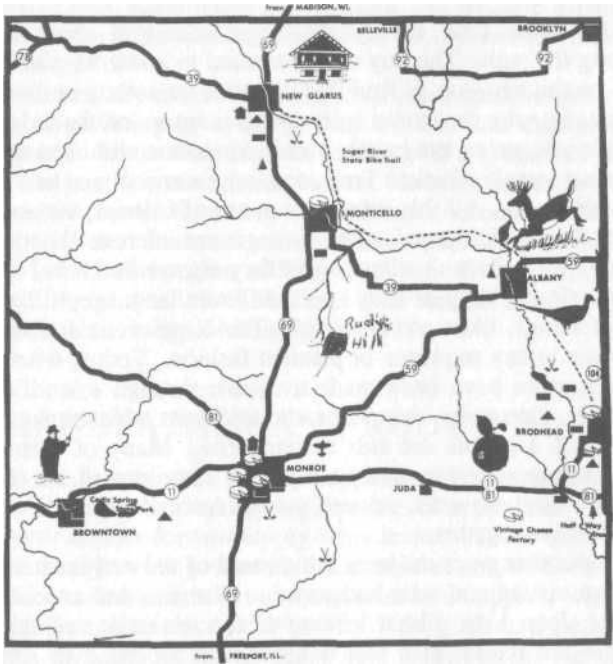
Among the first were the ones which told of the early coming of these old men we visited and who had come to America and especially of my grandfather, John Ulric Elmer. Some of the stories are actual occurrences. Some are retold tales which have been modified to suit the personality of the teller or to fit into the occasion. Some are often repeated pieces of fiction attached to a location or a person and retold in many

communities. They do all, however, help to build up a picture of the life within a community, rather than an analysis of a community.

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

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

Together these little things build up the life, attitudes, beliefs, disbeliefs, approvals, disapprovals, enthusiasm and detestations. They are like the minerals, the carbon, fiber, and the lignin that make up the body of the oak tree.



RUDY'S HILL

No doubt everyone's life radiates from some particular point. During the past fifty years many of our great actors and writers received their first impulse toward a better or wider life's scope in the East side of New York. Mine was centered on Rudy's Hill. From it I saw the farms of Dutch Hollow beyond our immediate neighbors. I had pointed out to me: Monticello, New Glarus, Madison, Argyle, Monroe, Brodhead, Albany, Beloit, and other areas which were actually beyond the horizon, but in a designated direction. The Blue Mounds, forty miles away, to be seen on clear days, became mountains to me. The surrounding vista was described as a "Map of Europe" by my Grandfather, with stories, descriptions, history of the people and the countries, depicted on this visible landscape map.

It was here I first learned about different plants, flowers and different kinds of grasses; the tall Prairie Grass, the short heavily-seeded Buffalo grass, the wild flowers, and the different kinds of tame grasses growing on the south valley of the hill. I learned about apple trees and the grafting of apple trees from a big tree which bore two kinds of apples. I learned about different kinds of trees and the value of different wood used to make heat for the burning of lime at the old kiln on Rudy's Hill. The stones with their different fossils, the different layers of stone from different geological ages were pointed out to me in the hopes that I would become a geologist like the old Swiss Louis Agassiz. It was here that I saw the remnants of early lead mining shafts and the old trails and wallowing places of the former buffalo. It was here I found my first arrow head, where I found the bone of an upper human arm and the resulting story reaching back to earlier times. It was here I saw my first wolf pack, met the old wolf hunter, Nick Bieri, and learned what has been my Philosophy of Life from my Grandfather and my Father with whom I spent the major part of my days till I was fourteen years old. After that, it was natural for the areas of life to grow in the direction in which it had been started. Rudy's Hill was my starting place.

Running northwest for forty miles from Beloit, Wisconsin, is a sort of rolling prairie which ended in somewhat higher land, then dropped over a rimrock into the Dutch Hollow valley. This last abrupt plateau had been the location of Rudy's Lime Kiln. On either side of this forty-acre projection was a small fertile valley, one of which we called Witt's Hollow, and the other Miller's Hollow. Over the top of the ridge and angling northwest down towards Miller's Hollow, where there were large springs, was a depression. My father said that before the valley was settled, perhaps about 1830, this was a trail followed by buffalo. Now the buffalo had all been gone. I do remember that one winter before 1890, two men came by with a load of tanned buffalo hides, and we bought two of them for twenty-five dollars. They were large and untrimmed, and we used them to throw over the team of horses when they had to stand in the cold after pulling a load of logs to the mill, or taking a load of something to town and being left in the cold. These hides were later squared off and used for robes in the sleigh when traveling and then still used as horse blankets.

The early stories about Indians in the area, the Black Hawk wars, and Rudy's Hill were early introductions to my later trips to the Southwest, to Mexico, and to the various peoples along the Orinoco, Columbia, and the higher Andes, and Southwest Venezuela.

Looking down a valley from a height in the Andes, or from the Panizer Pass in Switzerland to the Sernftal, I felt at home. This was what my Grandfather had explained to me in 1890 from the top of Rudy's Hill.

My first impression of the world beyond the limits of our little valley was from Rudy's Hill. It was a high hill about one mile east of our house. From its top we could see the Blue Mounds, forty-five miles away to the northwest. To the southwest we could see the smoke for the tall chimney of the Condense factory in Monroe. To the east was plain and the hills of the Gap; near Albany, southeast, was Brodhead; fourteen miles away and straight west were the ridges of Shooks Prairie, beyond which was the Pecatonica valley.

These were pointed out to me as comparable locations of Germany, Austria, Croatia, Dalmatia, Italy, France, and I was told about what Grandfather considered the special characteristics of each, how the different people lived, worked, dressed, the food they ate. Later I was given a big geography with pictures of each type.

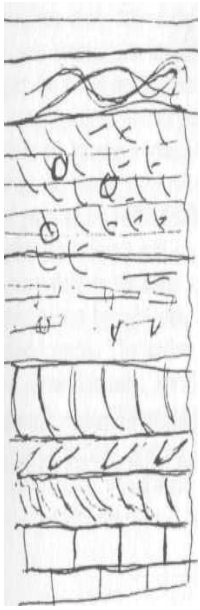
Like a handful of grass seed thrown about, so the ideas were scattered about my early life. Through the following eighty-five years, events and situations have occurred for which the seeds of interest go back to Rudy's Hill. The great Fossil Oil Fields of Venezuela were a continuation of the trips with my Grandfather to Rudy's Hill fossils. My trips to Europe and later studies of various peoples, community surveys, research and statistical studies, and Sociology went back to the seeds thrown about before I was nine years old and started to school. The interest in timber and eventual timber farming were easily traced to the tiny seeds of interest in the woods on the way back to Rudy's Hill. Even my first interest in mystery stories was on the edge of the Hill by the old Lime Kiln. Even my special interest in the hills of the ranch in Colorado became more vivid when I found the very same flowers we used to gather on Rudy's Hill. We called them Easter Flower, generally known as Pasque, or Paschal flowers. Rudy's Hill was the actual physical spot where the seeds of my first ninety years of life were started.

There was the Coates farm which we bought in 1885, the south twenty-acre field, the Butternut field, the Coates prairie, a very high place from which we could also see the Blue Mounds, forty miles away and where the ground was covered with small limestone's with little shells imbedded in them. Grandfather said at one time the sea had covered that land and that when the Ice Age followed, that part of Wisconsin had not been covered by the "gleitschei." He also told about another Swiss by the name of Agassiz who knew all about such things and that when I learned to read I could read all about "Geologic" Then we went up to Rudy's Hill, about a mile from the prairie, where there were bigger limestone's, like walls, along the road. There he showed me bigger shells sort of divided into three parts, which he called "Trillobita." We went through the woods, and he showed me the difference between various trees: white oak,

red oak, burr oak, basswood, rock elm, white elm, ash, aspen, walnut, butternut, shag-bark, and pignut hickory. Every time we would go up to Fisher's grove, he would ask me to tell him about the different trees and other things he had told me. Then he would say, "Mannelli, du mus das nie Furgessa." (Manuel, you must never forget those things.)

We would pick apples in the Fall. Some we put in barrels and stored them in the cellar. From two trees, apples which were hard and not good to eat off the tree, we picked very carefully, wrapped in paper, and put in boxes to keep until next March.

Once I was with him at the Swiss cheese factory. The cheese maker was cleaning the big copper kettle, first with clear water, then he threw in some fine white sand and swirled around, then lye-ash water, then boiling hot water, then more and more clear water. I asked Grandfather why he was washing and scouring it so much. Grandfather looked at me over his glasses and said solemnly, "Grue spaue." I remembered that, but it was much longer before I learned he said "Verdigris," which was the dread of cheese makers and their big copper kettles, in making a good product so sensitive to micro-organisms as Swiss Cheese.



Top Soil

Brown Clay

Limestone, Flint

Many Shells and Fossils

Pockets of Lead and Zinc Ore

Sandstone Slabs

Iron Nodules

Coarse Brown Sand

Fine Green Sand

Fine White Sand

Grey Limestone

Trilobite Fossils

The First Cabin

Buck and Bright

Wooden Plow

CHAPTER II

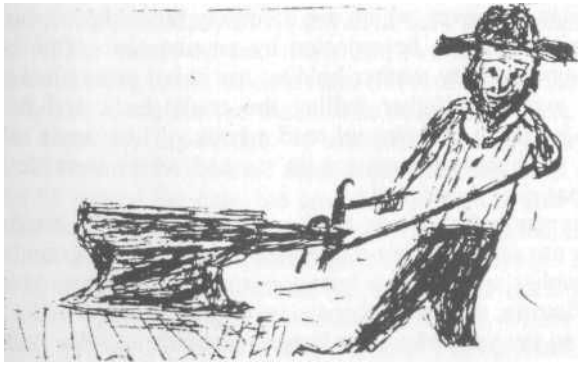
BECOMING A PART OF FAMILY LIFE

Learning little things
In the shop
On the farm
The County Fair
The Cleveland Depression

Growing into the family structure by being allowed to do increasingly important tasks and having responsibility of some.

BECOMING PART OF THE FAMILY

The learning that a young boy received is almost incomprehensible to a youngster today. My father had been a machinist until he lost his arm when he was about twenty-four years old. He then went to farming. We had a small shop where he did farm repairing of all kinds, even shoeing horses. I was always with him, as I didn't go to school until I was nine years old. I was allowed to work the bellows for his "smithy" fire. He had a long pole attached to the bellows which I could pump up and down to keep the fire hot. He had long handles on his tongs so he could hold them under his arm stub while he pounded the hot iron on the anvil. Wagon tires would expand and loosen on the wheels. I would help with a fire on the ground where the tire was heated, put on the wooden wheel, wedged and shrunk with cold water. I learned how hot a horseshoe must be heated to weld a calk on it. He would even allow me to clip the old nail on a horse's hoof, tap the clipped end, and then pull out the nail and remove the old shoe. He would not let me trim the hoof, but I was allowed to trim the long hair on the horse's fetlocks. The high point came when I was about eight years old and the grain binder was pulled out of the shed. I was handed a set of wrenches and told to go over the entire machine and tighten every nut. I did, although the next day one of my brothers went over them again, saying that I had done a good job, but as he was stronger, he could tighten them a little more. But the thing my father really wanted was for me to get the idea of the machine. He told me at length how the knotter worked, like tying a knot with the fingers of one hand. Since the binder often missed tying a bundle, I was taught to tie a bundle of grain with a twist of straw as was formerly done. That became my regular job before I was strong enough to put the bundles into shocks. On rainy days in the early spring, all the harness, saddles, and leather equipment was brought out, taken apart to expose the leather under buckles and snaps. The leather was thoroughly rubbed with neats-foot oil. I was allowed to help. I was allowed to help teach the calves to drink milk from a bucket. We would place a corn cob in the pail, and the calf, trying to suck the cob, learned to drink from a bucket. Eggs that were dirty or cracked, we would break and put into the milk for the calves and also into the feed for the colts. I was allowed to do that.



You may have caught the general idea that there was no requirement to do the work, but rather ALLOWED to do a part of what was being done and when proved efficient, it became the personal privilege of the EXPERT.

If cattle or sheep are counted singly, it is confusing. To count by twos is better, but also, if they move, confusing or slow. To count by five is easier and better. The best way is to grasp groups of ten, then individual movements are canceled, and it is done quickly, and after a little practice, as easy as by five or two. Forty-five years later, it enabled me to enter a lecture room with three hundred students, walk down to the front of the room, and having counted twenty-eight with two over, announce to the class as I turned, "There are eighteen persons absent this morning." This without the need of a seating chart which is confusing for all if there are any late comers.

Soon, keeping all records involved on a dairy farm was assigned to the youngest member, who did not actually begin going to school until he was reading the Fourth Reader and was able to work the problems in Advanced Arithmetic and had read Eggleston's History of the United States. As for the subjects of animal biology, the organs of their bodies, of breeding horses and cattle, crossing of strains and similar items, I frankly cannot remember when I learned about them. It seems I always knew whatever it was necessary to know. I do remember when a steer was butchered, my father went over all the parts and explained them, and even took an eye and carefully cut it apart to show the different parts. In short, when I recently heard a professor wax eloquent about the superior knowledge of the present-day child, I wondered how often even the mechanically active minded boy under ten would know how to weld a broken piece of metal if he did not have a welding torch. Something the farm boy would have been able to tell at once. And the city boys' jokes about "Propagation and about the Alimentary Canal" never seemed to be funny.

Frankly, the little country boy had enough of a vocabulary so he did not need to depend on five or six words dealing with those areas in place of more effective adjectives. We said manure when we spoke of manure, but did not need to explain every emotion, condition, or action.

What one remembers about the years from four to eight is often confused with what one has heard repeated by members of the family. There are some things, however, which are definitely remembered, because they were too insignificant to be repeated by anyone else. One of the first things I remember is my mother holding me in her arms, then putting me in a cradle, and Grandfather pulling the cradle back and forth with a string while he sat in a chair and read a book. There were other events which left a permanent impression on me and which were details which no one else has ever mentioned.

In the summer before I was three years old, an older brother made a long whip to use when driving a three-horse team on the grain binder. He cut a long leather strip from a boot top and fastened it to a whip stock. My sister, Victoria, who was about eleven, made a small whip for me. I walked over to the yard where the horses were licking salt. I got behind a colt, hit him on his legs, and he kicked me in the stomach.

I remember my mother crying and saying, "He is so little, not even three years old. The muddy print of the hoof was on my chest, but my father said that it was only a mud mark. I guess that was all it was, but I had learned not to walk up behind horses.

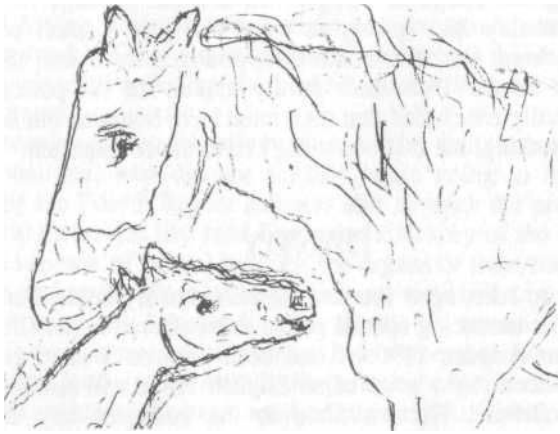
Another event which I remember very well; it was after I was three but early in the summer. My father was building a gate. He let me have a hammer, a board, and some nails to pound into the board. They did not go in very well. Later that day, he went to the store, about two miles away. Among the things he bought was a small package of big nails. They were probably 20d spikes, as there was just a small package of them. I took them, and with a hammer, pounded them into the ground. He looked for them. The whole family looked for the package in the wagon. He finally concluded that they must have bounced out on the way home. I said nothing, but it is one thing I have never forgotten.

DANDY

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

At last the day came for the trials. The contestants were chiefly boys from ten to sixteen years of age. I was lifted into my cart and Dandy trotted off. He went the first time around the half-mile track at a brisk little trot. As he neared the gate, the crowd, noticing the size of the driver, let out a roar and a cheer, accompanied by a vigorous hand clapping. That was more than little Dandy or I had been trained to expect. Dandy reared up on his hind legs and then struck out around the track as fast as he could run. The people in the grandstand screamed, which added to his fright. Ulric was quick-witted enough to lead Prairie Maid, whom they had brought to the gate, on to the

track, and as Dandy came tearing down on the home stretch the second time, she began whinnying for him. He whirled around and came to his mother. I retained my seat on the driving cart and kept hold on the reins; although I doubt whether I realized the seriousness of what was happening. I won and still have the bridle and saddle which was granted to me by the saddler, Mr. Schuler. My father sold Dandy for a very high price. I used the saddle for many years, and now, eighty-five years after I received it, it is a relic of my grandson.



THE COUNTY FAIR

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

A MOTOR TOY WAGON

During the winter of 1889-90, my father was very ill. He had a severe case of what the doctor called La Grippe. I was about three and one-half years old. After he was well enough to sit in a rocking chair, he would ask me to get his pipe and tobacco. After a while, I would stuff tobacco in the pipe, and finally, I put it into my mouth and tried to light it. That was too much for my mother. She scolded my father. "Why don't you teach him something worth while.

You'll ruin his life, and so on and on. After she quieted down, he said, "Manuel will be one boy who will never smoke when he grows up." It did make an impression on me. Later when the boys would try smoking, I would say, "I know how to smoke; my father taught me, but I don't smoke." I never did.

However, my mother's tirade apparently had an effect on my father. It had been reported that an automobile buggy had been exhibited in Paris. The next day, he took an old clock from the top shelf of the pantry and said he was going to make a wagon for me that would go by itself. He took out the works of the clock. Then he made a wagon frame from heavy wire, and cutting thread spools into two parts, made four wheels which were attached to the wagon. The clock works were fitted into the wagon frame, with one of the gear wheels touching the floor. By winding the clock, it would move. But the clock was an eight-day clock; so he took the works out and replaced them with the works of the alarm unit. This was a more satisfactory wagon, because it would only run for about a minute before needing rewinding.

My father hoped that I would become a mechanic, like he was before he lost his arm and had to take up farming. My grandfather, who lived with us said that I should be a geologist like the Swiss Geologist, Louis Agassiz, and both tried their best to interest me in their hobby.

My father would let me do things around the shop. My grandfather would stroll over the hills and talk about the rocks and fossil shells. But he would often get off on a tangent and talk about a man called Goethe. I knew about Goethe as a biologist and director of Silver Mines in Weimar long before I knew of him as a poet and philosopher.

The following winter, Edwin Copeland was the school teacher and roomed at our house. He later attended the University of Wisconsin, Leland Stanford and various German Universities, and in time became a professor of Botany and head of several colleges. He is known particularly for his exhaustive studies of the flora of the Philippines. He taught me to read. He took me to school one day. I had a book of Fairy Tales. He would allow the students to call out what they wanted me to read. I would find the story by the picture and read it. I think that perhaps I knew the stories from memory, but at any rate, they were read correctly as called for.

The next summer I was four and a half. That year stands out very well. There were several events that left an impression on me and made that year firm in my memory.

It was a warm spring day. The ground was wet and soft; the new grass, apple blossoms, and lilacs giving off a smell only known at that time of the year. Bees were buzzing; the sun was comfortably warm, and I was sitting on the south side of the house sort of dreaming, talking to old Tiger, our great Dane, who was sitting on his haunches with his tongue hanging out, talking to me. I saw Victoria, my twelve year old sister, at the kitchen door. I could smell cookies. I walked in. She yelled at me, "Manuel, don't come in the kitchen with your muddy shoes. You are four years old and should know better. I responded, "You zz zz zzzzzz." (You condemned by the Lord male off-spring of a female pup.)

She caught me and spanked me. I yelled vigorously. Mother came out and asked what was happening. When told, she asked, "Where did you learn such things?" I told her, "Tiger said that to me." Then she spanked me for lying. I still believed he had and felt very abused. I have never forgotten and only once repeated that to a person when I was about thirty years old and was accosted on the street in Kansas City by an unnatural male solicitor.

Other occurrences that spring were walks with my Grandfather up toward Rudy's Hill. During that early time I was learning the geography of our farm. It did not occur at once, or on any specific, accountable occasion.

After Grandfather died, my father sort of took over my education. He soon saw that I read only those things which had been read to me. It was memorizing and repeating, not reading. He bought me a tin plate with the alphabet around the edge. Turning it clockwise the letters ran, zyx-wv-uts-rqp-onm-lkj-ihg-fed-cba. That is how I learned them, and to this day, I look through a card index or a file that is arranged alphabetically from the back to the front. He tried to get me to read a first reader. I would not concentrate. It bored me to read, "This is a boy. This is a girl. The boy has a hoop. See him run with the hoop." One day I ran across a book that had other things and surprised my father by reading, "The duck with the feather curled up on his back was always ahead with his Quack, quack, quack." I think part of that was guess work, but it was something that was in my range of experience, while "rolling a hoop" was not. Then there was another, "Morning bells I love to hear, ringing merrily loud and clear." And "In early morning's ruddy light, the men to labor go, they walk to work with scythe so bright and on the hay to mow; they cut the lilies and hay today; they cut the lilies and hay." Those were things that meant something, so I learned to read them. It has taken some "educators" a long time to understand that.

Soon my father would ask me to read the newspaper to him. "Just read the words you know, skip those you don't know. I will get the idea." So I did. Often I could guess the correct word. Only once do I remember that he stopped me. I guessed at the same word twice. Stomach. I said, "Stoo-match". He looked at the word and said, "That is stomick." I asked, "Is it spelled wrong?" He said, "No, some words are pronounced differently than they are spelled. Worcester is pronounced like rooster, but you don't need to bother about that now, go on reading."

He soon had me interested in geography. Learning the states and all sorts of things. We had a big herd of milk cows, and he let me name young heifers and even some colts. So we soon had a great variety of names, and they had names which he would tell me about or have me read about. Names like Cleveland, Blaine, Harrison, Logan, and as he had been a Scout in the Civil War, Spy in the South. A big lead cow was called early also, Zollikoffer, Stonewall Jackson, Texas, Nebraska, Denver, Oshkosh, Dakota, New Jersey, Mohawk, Cherokee, Mohegan, Black Hawk, Grey-Eagle, and Buffalo to mention a few that I remember very well.

We would spend much time discussing the background of these names and look up in a geography the location of place names, and he would tell me about the names of persons selected. I knew the names of the states and territories, rivers, lakes, major cities, and could find them on the map before I was able to do much reading.

We had lots of cows, probably with the young stock, one hundred head, fifteen to twenty horses, and at times over one hundred hogs and pigs. He taught me to count to one hundred. Then back from one hundred to zero. Then by twos, by fives, by tens. Then to divide by figuring how many pens we needed if we put five, six, eight, or ten in a pen. How many were left if we sold seventeen, nineteen, thirty-six, and so on. How much we would receive if they averaged two hundred pounds each at fourteen cents a pound. Things were getting harder, so we learned the multiplication tables. Example. How many less is nine than ten, is eight than ten, seven than ten.

One nine is one less than ten; two nines, two less than ten, three nines, three less than ten, or

The nines - 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1, or 9-18-27-36-45-54-63-72-81

The eights - 2 less, 8-16-24-32-40-48-56-64-72-80

The sevens - 3 less, 7-14-21-28-35-42-49-56-63-70

We had a game, and I learned the multiplication tables without memorizing them. Then we began to work on halves, thirds, fifths, adding, subtracting them, multiplying, measuring corn, grain in the bins, hay in the mound or stack, measuring lumber, estimating amount of board feet of lumber in standing trees, measuring acreage of land, number of shingles to cover a roof.

There was a thirty-acre patch of fine timber on our farm. This was of use for very selective cutting for fuel, lumber and posts. There were many different kinds of trees, each having particular uses. The white oaks were used for posts. Elm trees, hard to split, were not considered of value except excellent for floor boards in stables. Red, black, and burr-oak was strong lumber, especially for dimension lumber in buildings. Hard maple trees were not cut, but tapped for maple sugar and syrup each spring. Black walnut and cherry trees were of value for fruit and nuts and excellent interior lumber. Bass wood trees were cut for lumber to make bee hives and honey boxes and for cheese boxes and butter tubs because odorless. There were along the edge, several kinds of wild crab-apple trees. Their fruit was especially in demand for making jelly and for mixing with other fruits as elderberries which needed the tart addition to make it jell. We did not have artificial pectic acid.

Then, of course, there were butternut trees and their most delicious nuts; hickory trees, whose tough wood was excellent for wagon accessories as well as the nuts in fall. In the hollow back of the woodlot were blackberries, red and black raspberries, wild strawberries, and in the fall after the first frost, wild grapes. All kinds of plums in the Plum Hollow where there was also a big bed of mint and where we had planted great clumps of rhubarb and where we allowed a patch of elderberries for fruit and blossoms which were picked and dried for an excellent tea. Bass wood blossoms were also dried for a very fine mild tea.

First, I had learned to know the different kinds of trees. Now I was learning about the uses of them. It was a "next step" that came about without any special effort. This was the case with all kinds of information. When we learned it, I do not know; but there was little we did not know about chipmunks, squirrels, woodchucks, raccoons, and bugs, beetles, and other common insects. We knew where to find angle worms, where the soil was dark and moist, but not too wet. The times when the flocks of blackbirds collected to fly south as well as the geese and ducks in spring and fall. We knew when the hawks flew south, and the area where their flights occur, and when to expect the different birds in the spring, and the places and kind of nests they would build, robins, brown thrush, bluebirds, orioles. Then there were the wild game birds; ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, and wood cocks. While the domestic chickens, ducks, guinea hens, geese, turkeys and peacocks, and all their characteristics were common knowledge, we knew what wild fruits and plants could be eaten and where to find them, knowledge which we enjoyed displaying to CITY boys on occasion.

We knew that pumpkins and watermelons were not planted near each other, and that if pop corn or sweet corn was planted adjoining the coarser field corn, it would be cross-fertilized and be inferior for its use. The cross breeding of cattle, horses, chickens was common knowledge which was not especially taught, just part of the everyday life on the farm. The biological facts of life were not segregated as of any particular importance. Humorous stories were told dealing with situations, but the processes of propagation and the function of the alimentary canal were such factual matters that they did not lend themselves to humor and were seldom incorporated as jokes. There was a boy of twelve who visited in the neighborhood and who lived in a city. He tried to amuse us by telling "jokes" dealing with biological functions. Albert Stauffacher, aged ten, and my best friend, said, "Watt is sure a dumb cluck." We all agreed. Adolph Agea said, "I'll bet he never even saw them butcher a steer and don't know what is in an animal's belly." I was eight, so added my word, "He don't even know the difference of a drone and a working bee."

One's life may be divided into a number of stages. Each one, built upon the preceding one, but each one reaching a plateau where one may stop or go on to the next. The first is from earliest life to perhaps seven years of age. These are very full years of learning to speak, to express one's self and become oriented into the world of people, places and things. The second phase is gaining an understanding of the relationship of the life about one and becoming a part of the activities, up to about fourteen years. The next five years present a different kind of difficulty, growing from a child into adulthood, taking over adult responsibilities, looked upon as an adult, feeling that one is mature, but lacking the experience and judgment. Then reaching a level where things seem calmer and the temptation to settle on that plateau for life. Many do just that. The next stage, if attempted is different and harder to scale. There is much trial and error. Climbing a distance, failing, slipping back, then climbing again at a different angle. By age forty, much of the trials are over and the best course is settled upon and the best use of one's capabilities are concentrated.

At this stage, many persons push aside the prospect of reaching further areas. They concentrate on the present level, and after a time, look ahead to the customary goal of retirement at sixty-five. No more work, no concern, just waiting for the end, often with a fictitious front that they are having FUN. Some, however, may now plan activities for furthering secret goals they have had all their lives. Folwell, who was interested in the history of Minnesota, was diverted at age forty to become an administrative Dean, then Dean of the Graduate School, then President of the University. Finally at seventy, he was relieved of the work and went back to his first dream. The day he celebrated his ninety-third birthday, he finished the third volume of his History of Minnesota, rated as the best state history ever written.

In the following pages, we have followed these general stages by discussion and stories relating to each particular type of situation. Every decade of life leaves a distinctive mark in history, but as one recedes, it is difficult to distinguish one period from the next as they blend into each other. It is only by events that we distinguish them.

THE PANIC OF 1893

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

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

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

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

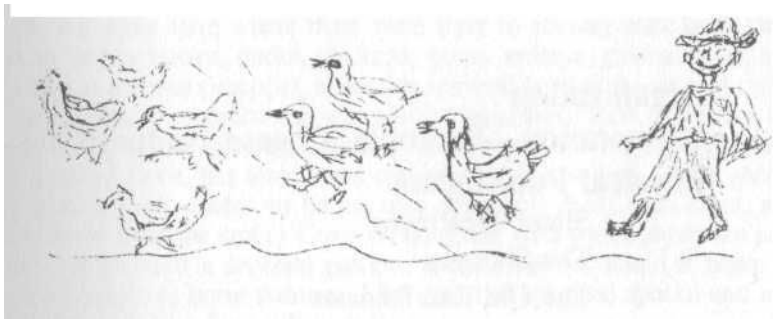
The main product of the farmers was cheese. This could be sold for five to seven cents a pound in Chicago, over 125 miles away. Each day the supply of cheese increased. "We've got to get rid of it to make more room," said Uncle Adam. His brother, Jacob, said nothing, but began to finger on an old newspaper. Finally he said, "We have a lot of Grade 3 cheese. The next day, they loaded 170 round Swiss cheese wheels, weighing from 85 to 150 pounds each, hauled them out into the field and plowed them under. Pigs and chickens had more corn and other feed, so attempting to use the cheese for feed would merely have added a stinking mess. They now had room for new and better cheese which they hoped to sell.

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

The days were not as dreary as it may seem. Every week there was a "debate" at the school house. First local, then championship meets between schools. Lots of food was served. Twice a year, a big entertainment program was planned. Short skits, songs, tap dancing of quality which was often better than many current TV programs, some very superior yodeling and piano playing by at least two persons who later won national reputations from New York to California. I have a school picture in which there are seven youngsters who later received Ph.D.'s and M.D.'s with national and international reputations.

I once showed this picture to a University teacher with the bare statement, "Here is a country school in Wisconsin in the 1890's." "My isn't that a wonderful picture of typical morons," was the reaction. When I named that list of seven, he recognized the names of five and was duly embarrassed.

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



CHAPTER III

ATTITUDES AND PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Organization
Cooperation - Example, Cheese Factory
Physical Punishment
    Silent Treatment
    The Shotgun
    The Old Red Rooster

Social adjustment must be learned. Those who do not learn remain unhappy social deviates.

ORGANIZATION, RESPONSIBILITY, AND COOPERATION

The idea of cooperation was apparently carried over from Switzerland in 1848. The building of Co-op cheese factories was a hobby of my grandfather. By 1885 there were eleven such factories in the County, and one or more of his children or a son-in-law was connected with eight of them. He always invested money in them to get them started, and his investment was passed on to his children. So, while he was supposed to be wealthy, when he died, he had only $1,800. He had held a "Life Tenancy" in property which on his death passed on to his children, most of them well-to-do farmers with estates up to $300,000. The children had all died before 1925. The idea was carried over to my father's family. We all worked as a Family, my two brothers until they were twenty-six and twenty-seven. It is a principle I am carrying on at this time in 1975.

On our dairy farm where there were sixty to seventy milk cows, sixteen to twenty horses, ducks, chickens, geese, turkeys, guinea fowls, and as many as a dozen peacocks, about one hundred head of swine, and twenty head of sheep, organization was a prime necessity. First, there was the organization of the different animals. Not only in the matter of housing and stabling them, but also in the matter of their pastures. Pigs, sheep, and horses, each needed to be pastured separately from each other, and particularly from the cows. Cows do not graze well where sheep are pastured. Hogs need a separate pasture, and we always found it better to have a distinctive horse pasture. Likewise, turkeys need special and isolated care and away from other poultry.

The responsibility for each type of livestock was assigned to different members. Everyone worked together. In fact, on the lower shelf of the pantry was a cigar box containing money. Whenever anyone needed any, he took what he needed, stating what he was taking. On returning home, he put back whatever remained. This was done by my mother and my father as well as each of the children. There were, however, certain things that each member had personally. We each had a cow and a horse. The proceeds of the calf and the colt were personal. We put that into the family fund, but kept a record of the amount as personal equity or what the Family organization owed each of us. My two brothers also owned the exclusive right to the turkeys. It was there they got some extra money. The girls were allowed one cent a dozen for all the eggs, in lieu of what the boys got from their turkeys. The duck eggs, surplus of what were used and hatched, were mine.

Each night I rounded up the ducks and put them into a pen. Ducks lay their eggs in the early morning. So I would gather the eggs which were lying on the floor of the pen. When a duck started to brood, she would be given a clutch of eggs. Also brooding hens were set on duck eggs, although that always seemed unfair as duck eggs take about a week longer to hatch than chicken eggs. Also ducklings desert the chicken cluck, especially when there is a creek available, as was the case. Each evening I had to round up the old and young ducks. One year we had eighty hen ducks and six drakes.

Our big springs were the head waters of the Dutch Hollow Creek. Our ducks would wander down about half a mile. So each evening, I would be down at Brecklins after the ducks. They were very kind neighbors. Our ducks would go down along their creek. They in turn would put their geese across the fence in a small patch of grass and a small marsh near their house. They raised as many as forty a year, would butcher them, and smoke them for winter use.

Ulric, my older brother, thirteen years older than I, was the cow boss. J. P., eleven years older, was in charge of the horses except for my own personal horse. If anyone, even Father or Mother, drove to Monroe, he would say, "Jake, which horses should go to Monroe?" He would decide also about the stabling of the horses as Ulric did about the milk cows.

My mother personally took the responsibility for the garden and house. My father was general manager but took the responsibility for the pigs and the sheep and the shop work, perhaps because no one was anxious to do that.

Thirty years later, when I was Head of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology and Director of the Graduate School of Social Work, in organizing the departments, I often mentally compared my job with my early experience on a farm. I assigned a phase of the work to a member and assumed he was boss. Once a young Assistant Professor said to Dr. Lundberg, "I have been here now over two months, and Elmer has never said a word about how I am doing." Lundberg told him, "When Elmer hired you and assigned a phase of the work to you, he felt you were capable of handling it. He will not interfere in any way with the methods you follow. He wants results. If at the end of the year, your results are bad, he'll come down on you like 'Hell and a Ton of Bricks'." I never had to do so. My father was right. When Mother questioned the advisability of a ten-year-old boy to be responsible for the ducks, he said, "If Manuel knows that looking after the ducks is up to him, he will do a good job, and he's smart enough to come for help if he needs it."

The time of active work was also a time of social recreation. The idea of milking sixty-five or seventy cows by hand seems a big task. It had to be done in a hurry. My father insisted that it was hard on the cows to dad-die when milking. Ulric could milk twelve cows in an hour. So he usually milked fifteen or sixteen. My father, with one hand, could milk only nine cows in an hour, and that was about my speed also. When we were under our last cows, Jake would hitch on the horses and the big thirty-gallon cans were rushed to the factory, less than a mile away where the milk was weighed and taken care of, and within two hours was in the presses in the form of big wheels of Swiss cheese.

While the milking was going on, everyone was talking, yodeling, or singing songs; this along with the intermittent clang of the cowbells as each cow was let out as soon as she was milked and walked across the yard to take a drink of water. While milking was a necessarily intense hour and a half of work each morning and evening, we all rather enjoyed the milking period. There always were enough people on hand to do the milking; so there was more than enough to do the general farm work. There was never any pressure during the day.

Life was entirely different than on a modern dairy farm. Today, a very minimum of people, probably two persons, milking fifty cows by machinery. No time to talk. No incentive to sing. No personal feeling for each cow, only the record of amount, quality of the machine induced milk. No time to waste with the little boy about naming a calf, General Zollikoffer and then telling him all about the General and showing him on a map where he had been. The father does not have time, and the little boy must catch a school bus to go ten miles to be bored all day by a bored teacher, who hardly knows the little boy and most certainly does not know the things which are actually a part of his life. When, later on, he acts irrationally and does not appear grown-up, it may be that like a stalk of corn with a stick lying on it, he never had a chance to "grow up" like the little boy on the dairy farm at the end of the nineteenth century. We really learned to live together.

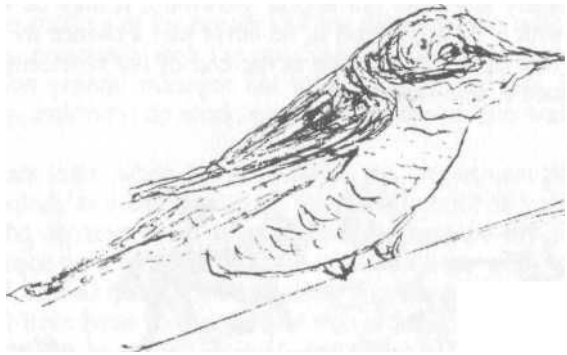
ENJOY WHAT YOU ARE DOING

There is one particular lesson I learned from my father. I suppose one might call it a philosophy of life. It was very simple. Always be happy when you have finished a job. If it is digging a post hole, feel that it is a good post hole and that it is something you would like to have anyone see. If you split some posts, you are happy to see what a nice stack of good posts you have made. If you haul out a load of manure, it is good to see how it has been spread and to notice how evenly it has fertilized the field. When you train a colt, feel that no one could have done a better job. Take a personal pride in everything you do whether it is cleaning the horse stable or giving a talk at the Young People's Association. He took delight in everything he did and repeated that idea to me over and over and over. The only negative thought was that when you make a mistake, never go and make the same mistake again.

At my last birthday, I was eighty-nine years old. I have had a very happy life. While I recognize that if I had done some things differently, the results might have been better, I have enjoyed every day of my life and do not regret anything I have done. The ups and downs have been normal ups and downs of climbing a mountain or crossing a swamp. You get stuck, sprain an ankle, stub a toe, break a rib or a leg, but those are just items along with the process of getting something done.

When, at sixty-five years of age, I cracked several ribs and broke my breast bone, there was some temporary discomfort, but the fun of it was the result; a horse that was considered an "outlaw" be came a wonderful family pet. If the long view is kept in mind, LIFE CAN BE HAPPY. My father's pet phrase was, "No matter what you do, always aim at the Top Shelf. It is never crowded there, even if it's greasing a wagon."

Recently my wife, June, said to me, "Pat, you have been lucky. You have never had a job you didn't like. So many of our friends are doing work that is a bore to them."



Bluebird

PARENTS' ATTITUDE

My father had two years of schooling with John Addams, father of Jane Addams (later of Hull House, Chicago) as his teacher. One day in 1913, a neighbor asked my father, "Where is Manuel now and what is he doing?" "He is going to school." "Well, didn't he finish in Naperville (North Central College)?" "Yes, two years ago." "What did he do last year?" "He went to the University of Illinois and got a Master's degree." "Then why is he going to a school now? What does he want to make of himself? I always thought he was not afraid to work. Is he going to loaf all his life? He'll soon be twenty-eight. Johnny is two years younger and is doing well on the Pengra farm and has four children already." My father said, "Well, I always tell my boys not to be afraid to stop what they are doing and do something else that they can do better. The 'top shelves are always empty."

A year later, after I had finished my work at the University of Chicago and was going to teach at Fargo College, my father said, "You have the schooling you wanted. You can be the best farmer around. I'll rent the farm to you for half, or you can run it, live on it, and I will pay you twice what you will earn at Fargo, North Dakota. You can go to the top here as a farmer or do your best in Fargo; whatever you decide on will be the best for you.

I doubt if whatever success I have had in my line would have impressed him, but I am sure the fact that I was selected as the Outstanding Timber Farmer in a nine-county area of West Central Wisconsin when I was eighty-four years of age would have been received with a quiet nod and remark, "That's what I expected."

When my sister was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1908 with highest honors and I suggested that someone from the family should go there for Commencement exercises, where she was to play a piano introduction to the Graduation Ceremonies, he said, "Ain't she supposed to finish in four years?" When I was graduated from high school and gave the class oration, no one of the family was there, nor to my B. S. from College, M. A. from Illinois, nor my Ph. D. from Chicago. It was assumed that any member of the family would do his best in any job he did and if his best was better than that of some others, it was what should be expected from one of our family.

PHILOSOPHY OF FAMILY LIFE

It was mid-August. The grain was ready to cut. In fact, in some parts of the field, it was beginning to wrinkle, the overripe grain was too heavy for the weakening stalks. We had to hurry with the cutting. Dew was heavy in the morning until about 8 a.m. and began to set in by 7 p.m. That limited the time of cutting. We had a three-horse binder and worked the horses hard. A three-horse team from eight to twelve, another from twelve to three, the third team from three to seven p.m. That was the period of work assigned to each set of horses. We had good and valuable horses and never overworked them. In fact, most farmers paid off their road tax by putting their teams on the Road Grader where extra pay was allowed. My father always paid off his road tax; he would not put any of our horses on the Road Grader.

Ulric ran the binder from eight to twelve; Jake with the next team from twelve to three p.m.; then the third team was ready for Ulric to use from three to seven. My father and I got the third team ready. Ulric was nowhere around. Jake came in with the second shift team. Where was Ulric? My sister, Victoria, said she saw him go back of the house about an hour ago. We went back there. Ulric was sitting on a stump, a pine board in his hand. With a sunglass, he was burning an outline picture of the bluff and trees east of the house. When Father saw what he was doing, he touched his lips, shook his head, and motioned us all back. "Don't bother him. He is finishing a job he is working on, and it won't be good if he is interrupted at this point. The grain will still be there tomorrow.'

Is there any kind of an education in any institution where the philosophy of life is better expressed, "Whatever you do, it must be the Best that you are able to do." With such a point of view, nothing one ever did was drudgery. You chose your field and then did not feel any pressure to get it over with until you had put your best effort into its completion. That is perhaps the reason I have had a very happy life. No regrets. No wish I had done something else or done it differently. If it was fitting a horseshoe, it was done as well as I could do it. Every lecture I gave was the best I could give.

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH EMPLOYEES

When my brothers started up their own farms, Father talked one evening about hired help. He said that young farmers often have trouble keeping hired men. The trouble is that the young man has a very personal interest in everything on the place, and doing extra work or taking extra care is a pleasure, not a hardship. He is apt to think that the hired man should be as interested as he is, which is not the case, and sometimes a young farmer forgets that. Another thing is that a hired man should not be nagged if he does things a little different than the owner would do it.

The lesson I learned was that one does not interfere with an employee's way of doing things, but there are certain limits beyond which we stop.

My father often seemed to get along with hired men, even those who were notoriously inefficient in many ways; but in the long run, it paid out. I only remember two times that he lost his patience. He had only one hand, so he would cut down a tree with a light three-pound ax using one arm. He was an expert and could drop a tree wherever he wanted to do so. He was chopping, then would stop and look up at the branches, then cut some more. The hired man was standing by and making comments. "Why don't you cut a little above? Why don't you cut more to the left? That cut didn't do much good." In short, a steady stream of "why this and why that." Father stopped, put down his ax, looked at the man and said, "If you will shut your mouth and keep it shut for a while, it will help me." The other time was somewhat different. A hired man had been to "Town" Saturday evening. In a saloon, a rather dirty event had occurred. He told it to my father. No comment. Later a neighbor stopped by. The story was repeated. Father said, "If you ever tell that story again, I'll whale you." That very afternoon, we were in the field husking corn. Charley Brechlin crossed the fence and came over. We always mixed some melon seeds in with the corn, so that at harvest time there were musk and some watermelons to eat as we worked. We were resting and eating melons. Bert retold the story. Father grabbed him by the back of his neck, threw him across his knee, and with one foot on the wheel hub, held him tight with his stump arm in his back and spanked him hard. Bert was eighteen years old, a husky one hundred seventy pounds. Father was a sixty-year-old man, one hundred fifty pounds, and one arm. The story of the spanking was told by C. Brechlin and Bert was laughed at because of his spanking for telling a dirty story.

INTEGRITY

In the summer of 1903, I was with my father in Monroe. He went into the First National Bank. Mr. Clarence Twining, father of General Nathan Twining, was the Cashier. My father asked him about a note for $3,000 which the defunct O. Luchinger Co. had given a Mr. Tuescher for a loan. Mr. Twining looked it up and said there was only $2,200 due on it. My father took a pen, held the Certificate of Deposit he carried, signed it, and handed it to Mr. Twining.

Twining said, "Mr. Elmer, you are not responsible for the remainder of that loan. My father answered, "I promised to make good." On the way home, I asked why he had paid that loan when Mr. Twining said it was outlawed. He said, "I won't leave much money for my family, but I will leave them Credit." He then told me about a Mr. Bowen, who was an early settler near the Illinois line not far from where his first American teacher, John Addams lived.

"In 1842, Tom Bowen and Arthur Smith raised four thousand bushels of corn. The price was ten cents a bushel. Mr. Bowen said, "My corn is worth twenty-five cents and I'll be damned if I sell it for any other price. The next winter was hard. Corn was worth one dollar a bushel. Bowen sold his corn to people for twenty-five cents. He said, "I promised to sell it for twenty-five cents. It would not be fair to my children if I did not keep my promise."

About ten years later, my brother, J. P., wanted to renegotiate the $10,000 mortgage on his farm. He took his deed, insurance and other papers to Monroe. He saw old B. Chenoweth, who was connected with the bank. He presented his papers and documents. Mr. Chenoweth said, "Aren't you one-armed John Elmer's son?" Aren't you as good as he is? I don't want those papers, sign a note."

In 1920, I wanted to consolidate a number of small bills incurred in putting up a building, $1,300. The bank where I was teaching refused the loan even when I offered my deed to property in Wisconsin as collateral. I stopped in Monroe, spoke to Mr. Schrum, the Cashier. Mr. Henry Ludlow, overheard the conversation. "Which Elmer are you?" I said, "John Elmer, of Dutch Hollow." "Give him all the money he wants; his credit is good." And he walked back to his desk.

When June Ashley told her father that she was going to be married to Manuel Elmer of Monroe, Wisconsin, her father, a Denver lawyer, decided to check on him. So he wrote to John Dunwiddie, a lawyer listed in the national records, about the status and integrity of the Elmer family. He got the following terse letter which he enjoyed showing, "If the Ashley family has the status and the integrity of the John Elmer family, the Elmers do not need to worry about their son, Manuel, marrying a daughter of the Ashley family." That was the type of integrity from the bottom up, found in the nineteenth century.

THE CO-OP CHEESE FACTORY, FROM 19TH TO 20TH CENTURY CULTURE

An interesting shift and blend of the 19th to the 20th century culture was the development of the Swiss Cheese Factory Co-operative.

In the early days, each Swiss farmer in Southern Wisconsin made cheese in his own home and sold whatever surplus as best he could. He traded it for groceries at the village store or sold it to individuals as demanded. Grandfather Elmer had seven boys and five girls. He had bought up much land in Dutch Hollow, and as each son or daughter got married or wished to farm on his own, he sold them a tract at the

price he bought it. "Hutte" or co-operative cheese Huts were common in the mountain pastures of Switzerland, so Grandfather helped his children and "in-laws" to start up small "Co-op" factories. In 1885, there were eleven Co-op cheese factories in Green County, and eight of these had one or more of the twelve Elmer children active in it.

So, I was actually brought up from earliest childhood in that tradition. It was a part of my early unconscious education and culture. I will give a brief summary of its growth from a family activity to a business, taking the one I was a part of from its beginning.

Three farmers decided to form a co-op cheese factory. They had a total of around two hundred milk cows. They had a small building and a cellar for curing the cheese. For the first few years, they divided the earnings on the basis of how many cows each one had. For example, (a) had 85, (b) had 65, (c) had 58. They were satisfied. It was felt, however, that some herds gave more milk per cow than others, so they began weighing the milk twice a day, totaling it up and dividing the proceeds at the end of the year on the basis of the year's proportion of milk, instead of the number of cows. They were satisfied.

The next step was that the price of cheese varied during the year, and that some herds gave more milk in May and June, and others which were especially fed gave more in the fall months when cheese was higher priced. Now the milk was weighed, and each month an amount was credited with that months income to give more reliable distribution. All were satisfied.

The final stage came when the milk was tested for cream content, and finally for curd content as well. It turned out to be of some advantage to our family herd, but my father, said, "Well, I s'pose it made a few dollars difference in our favor, but I think the old method was better." It was a friendly neighborly attitude that was worth more to my family than a few extra dollars and the bother of checking every little thing.

There were many things which the average little boy and girl learned long before they ever heard of biological and chemical matters. One of the first was the need for absolute cleanliness of utensils used in milking. First rinsing with cold water, then washing with home made soft soap and often with lye water, then with scalding hot water, and finally rinsing with cold water. It was a major operation which never could be short cut. Learning to milk cleanly and with the thumb bent into the fist, that gave more strength and aided in milking with "dry hands" and could be better adjusted to milking cows of varying udder conformity.

There is no cheese that demands the extreme care of the milk demanded of Swiss cheese, nor the care in curing.

The small factory was run as a convenience for the farmer, and the extra income of a more efficient procedure was not the first consideration. The factories were located at convenient points so that no farmer needed to drive over one and one-half miles to deliver his milk. Thirty-gallon cans were on a light wagon, and as fast as the milking was done, the milk was poured into the cans; and in a few minutes it was at the little factory and was taken care of by the cheesemaker.

Milk was hauled morning and evening, and the cheese made twice a day. By December the cows were allowed to reduce their milk flowage, and the milk was hauled only once a day and made into Brick cheese. By early January, milking was discontinued; the cows and everyone concerned were given a rest period. The cows required less feed, and farm work was shifted to less regulated work. It was shifted to cutting fire wood, cutting logs to be hauled to the sawmills for lumber, and the general chores of feeding cattle, working with the training of colts, blacksmith shop work, all with educational value.

By March the cows began calving again, and the education of the youngster continued. Some farmers dehorned their young cattle. My father never did. He used to say that cows with horns did not bunch up so much, and that was why we never had "Malta Fever" in our herd which some of our neighbors did. We called it "Contagious Abortion." He had another theory. Each morning, from January to March, he led our whole herd to a feeding lot one-fourth of a mile from the barn. This was done in all kinds of weather. Some days we had to shovel sand along the road they walked because of the ice and the danger of a cow, heavy with calf, falling. He claimed it kept them in good health. It seemed to have done so.

Working with cattle and horses from the time I was four years old, I was never impressed by a joke of which the point was some function of the alimentary canal or the process and results of propagation.

But to get back to the Cheese factory. Swiss cheese takes only the major per cent of cream from the milk. Some is left in the whey after the curd has been removed. In the early years, the whey was put into large wooden vats where the extra cream rose to the top, was skimmed off and churned into "whey butter." It did not have the flavor of cream butter. We would melt it, skim off the "whey" elements that rose to the top, put the "rendered" butter into crocks, and store in the spring house. This was used for cooking and baking. When more than the farmers used was made, it was sold at a reduced price. One company in Illinois would re-churn it in fresh buttermilk to increase its flavor, and sell it as a second-class butter.

Early "separation" methods came before the mechanical separator. This was done by putting the whey into a tank and adding water slowly through a pipe in the bottom. This caused the cream to rise, and it was much better tasting than when skimmed off the whey after standing for several hours. The farmers, however, felt it reduced the value of the whey for calf or pig feed. Whey was also a conditioner for run-down horses. Whey was added to barley and given to horses that were run down. My father would take horses from livery men and dray men and get them in shape by feeding a peck of barley soaked in whey and pasture. They Paid a fair price for a month's care.

When the centrifugal separator was developed, the cream was taken out of the whey at once, and soon the exact amount of cream desired in

Swiss cheese was determined and that amount removed before the cheese was made. Grocers, restaurant people, and hotels preferred a minimum of cream, as the slices could be cut thinner and the excess fat

at the end of a cut, tended to ooze out and harden the first cut. We did not like the "cream reduced cheese" so some was made for the farmers' own use with full cream. With the commercialization of the industry, many of these personal things were lost.

There were a few scattered Limburger cheese factories, but were not particularly approved by the Swiss farmers. In fact, for a long time, Monroe, Wisconsin, had an ordinance forbidding the storage or sale of Belgian (Limburger) cheese in the city. This was finally removed on the insistence of Arabut Ludlow, on behalf of Limburger factories who wished to become patrons of the bank.

As the twentieth century arrived, the University of Wisconsin began to place more emphasis on dairying. The testing of cows for tuberculosis and brucellosis became compulsory. When the University added Fred Marty to their staff as an advisor for Swiss cheese making (a local man), their advice began to be accepted. Soon the small co-op cheese factories were combined into larger plants. The increased facilities for the care of milk on the farm, good roads, motorized transportation, all were a part of the twentieth century culture.

Much of what the young country boy learned as a participant observer was also moved into the larger "commercialized" school. There were some gains. There was much lost, which is shown in the lack of understanding in learning to live together.

This rather lengthy account of one phase in the education and training at the turn of the century had a definite part in my understanding of many things which were later covered in life and in formal academic work. I do not know when I learned about harmful and beneficial bacteria which are harmful or aids in cheese flavor. It was accepted and understood by everyone.

PARENTS' ATTITUDES

"Some people are like turkeys," Mother said one morning at the breakfast table. Turkeys are savages, and that is why we have to watch young turkeys who have dried dirt on their feet, which they pick at. If we don't clean them before they start to bleed, the other turkeys, smelling blood, attack them and kill them." We knew Mother well enough that there was some reason for this sudden outburst. So no one answered her until she continued. "Little Margaret is a sweet little girl. She trusts every one. She trusted and thought she loved that boy from below Juda. She made a very foolish mistake and is going to have a baby. She is still a nice little girl, but everybody acts as though she was a wicked old hag. Even her family has kicked her out. Now what will become of her. People are like savage wild turkeys. They see a little blood, and they all try to get into the situation and have a massacre."

Finally, my father spoke up. He always added his ideas after everyone else had finished, and usually, made a summary statement which seemed to stick. This morning he said, "Well, even in the olden times, when one side won in a battle, they cut off the heads of the defeated

men and stuck them on pikes so people could see them. And the way the papers and speech makers talked about President McKinley, you can see how some half-crazy man decided to murder him. While few people will dare to come out and say they were glad he was kilted, many secretly like the wild turkeys Ma talked about, are glad to repeat stories about him, and fifty years from now, more people will mention that he was shot than will know about the good things he did." Well, it's soon seventy-five years now, and I wonder whether my father and mother were correct. It appears they *were.*

One of the greatest Judges I ever knew, Judge Becker, opposed our entry into World War I and was hounded to death. People remember the vicious accusations and some like to think "there was something in it," but seem to have forgotten the great contributions he made.

My father had some very well-defined principles which he would talk about when I worked with him alone. He never said much when in a group of other people. One day we were sawing logs. We were sitting down after sawing some big white-oak logs to haul to the mill the next day. I was nineteen years old and was planning to start to High School when the term opened in the fall. We talked about various things and were sitting, just resting. Suddenly he looked up and said, "Next year you will be doing different work than now. You will be living with different kinds of folks. Whenever anything comes up where you have to decide one way or another, don't do it in a hurry. Make up your mind about what is the best thing to do. Then stick to it, even if everybody else goes the other way. When everybody seems to go in the wrong direction, the man who stands still will be ahead in the end." I suppose that may be called conservative.

In 1929, most of the Faculty who had any money or credit followed the popular attitude of buying stocks. My wife was at a gathering of women whose husbands were in the University. They were lamenting about their losses in the financial crash. June said nothing. Someone finally asked her, "Did you lose much?" "No," she said, "We didn't lose a cent. We built a house, instead, and still have it."

Then later, following the "conservative" policy of my Swiss ancestors, we simply put whatever savings we could garner into nonproductive land in West Central Wisconsin from which the money hungry people like Ezra Cornell, Stevens, Crane, Sawyer, and others had cut the virgin timber.

Characteristically, we just waited and now in 1975, forty years later, nature has taken care of our investments, perhaps better than if we had tried to hurry things up. The Elmers still own some property in Switzer-land that they acquired four hundred years ago. So I suppose we may generally be termed as Conservative in at least that we do not discard what has been proven of value for something that has only speculative and perhaps temporary value.

Our family seldom seemed in a hurry. There were certain things to be done each day. There was never more planned than was a reasonable, comfortable amount. There was never an accumulation of yesterday's which had not been finished. So there always seemed to be extra

time to do special things. This was an attitude found through the whole valley, among the Stauffachers, Bablers, Norders, Martys, Zentners, as well as the several families of the Elmer relationship. If because of sickness and accident or other situation, anyone was slowed up, there was no question as to what should be done. The neighbors took up the slack without any fuss or fooling. If a neighbor got sick, or something prevented him from doing his regular work, someone showed up and took hold. There was a neighbor who died when I was about eleven years old. My mother noticed his wife, an old lady in her late sixties, digging potatoes and root crops in her garden. My mother stood a moment, looked at me, then nodded her head in the direction of the woman. I knew what to do. So, for two days I worked up there. I came home for lunch each day, but about 3:30 in the afternoon, Mrs. Shoemaker would say, in Swiss, "If you will go and wash your face and hands, we will have 'Vespers,' a slice of bread with a chunk of comb honey on it and a glass of milk." Another neighbor's cow got into his cornfield. My father saw it and said, "Brechlin is having trouble." That was all that was said, but my brother, my older sister, and I ran over to help. Any of our neighbors did the same for us.

My father and I got stuck in the mud with a load of stones from Rudy's Hill. We were seen from about half a mile away. The neighbor, Brechlin, unhitched his team from the plow and came around the road, nearly a mile, to help. What he had observed was some kind of trouble. That was the general attitude of Dutch Hollow.

PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT

Physical punishment as a means of control was practically unknown in our family. In a family of six children, over the years only two incidents are remembered and spoken about. The first was when my brother Ulric was a little boy about five years old. My father was planting apple trees. Ulric found a thin piece of iron and cracked the limbs off a tree that had just been planted. He was told not to do that and probably scolded. A few minutes later he came to my father and said, "Pa, I cut down another tree." He received a spanking.

About seventeen years later, another event. I was about four years old. I came to the breakfast table with my shirt and a waist on, but no pants. My mother protested. I was stubborn and mean. My father got up from the table, went outdoors, came back with a willow whip, took me on his knees and whipped my bare bottom. I bawled and held my hands on my red seat. He put me down and said, "Now do you understand why you need pants?" Those were the two physical events remembered by our family. There were other methods.

SILENT TREATMENT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

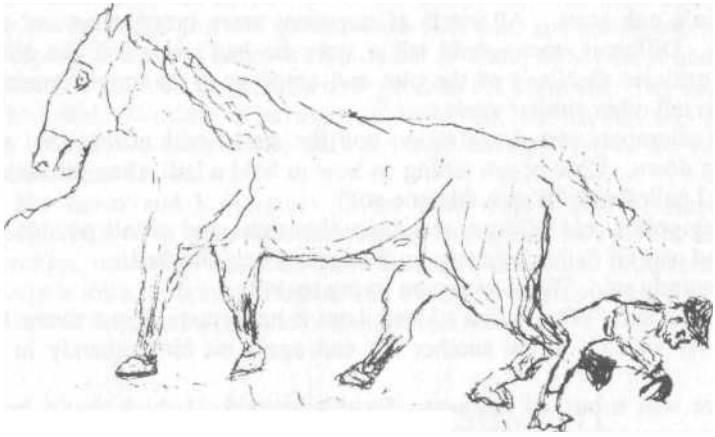
It was a lesson I never forgot, and it was only exceeded by the time I broke into a house.

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

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

I took it and kept it for about a half a mile, then gave it back. He kept on his eight and one-half mile trip home.

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



At 14 allowed to shoe a horse.

A SHOTGUN

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

There was a small piece of woods, mostly oak, walnut, and hickory with a few scattered maples near our house. There were only about twenty acres in the patch, surrounded by open fields. As long as I can remember, I was allowed to go to these woods and play there with no restrictions. The woods abounded in squirrels. Sometimes my grandfather with his muzzle-loading musket would take me with him on a hunting trip. Following his custom and beliefs, he would not shoot at a squirrel while it was sitting. When a squirrel, sitting on a limb and peering down at him, refused to move in response to his shouting and

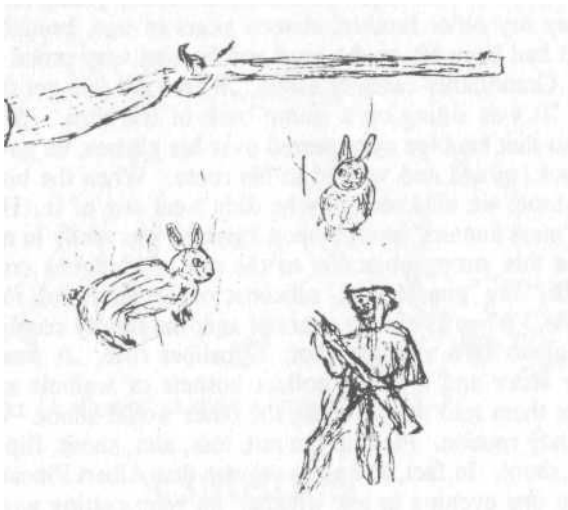
waving his hat, he would try another method. Aiming carefully at the limb below the squirrel, he would shoot to startle the critter off his perch by the spatter of bark thrown up by the bullet. Sometimes it would actually lose its poise and tumble to the ground, but usually it was able to grasp a branch of the tree and scurry away. He would reload his musket while running, settle the single pellet with his ram rod, put a new cap in place, stop, take a quick aim at the jumping, climbing, frightened squirrel, and shoot. There were very rare occasions when he hit a squirrel and then he actually seemed sorry. Those were delightful days. I was about five years of age, he was seventy-five. Some days we would make little piles of acorns, hickory nuts, and walnuts and leave them for the squirrels to carry away and bury, because, he would tell me, the people were cutting so many of the nice old trees that we and the squirrels must plant many young ones.

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

Perhaps this strong objection to the use of shotguns continually emphasized by my grandfather, subconsciously increased my interest in owning one. When I was ten years of age, the family considered me mature enough to own a single shot, 22 caliber rifle. It was a wonderful gun. My sister and I would collect bushels of walnuts and one of us would toss them into the air while the other would shoot. We developed a very steady routine. Pick up the nut, toss, aim, shoot, flip shell, reload, toss, aim, shoot. In fact, it was so regular that Albert Pineau, a neighbor, dropped in one evening to ask whether we were cutting wood in this hot weather. He had heard a steady chopping all day. We became pretty fair shots. We learned to sight the nut as it started to fall, line the rifle and shoot just enough below the falling nut to hit some of them. But the "scatter gun" still was tempting. At Schultz's store I bought some very fine "chill-shot," made small projections from cigarette paper which contained about six of these small shot, removed the bullet and substituted the "chill-shot." It was a tedious project, unsuccessful so it was discontinued. But the idea was planted. There was a Civil War musket in the summer kitchen. I took this gun to Mr. Spengler, a gunsmith in Monroe, Wisconsin, and explained to him that I wanted a block cut out in the back of the barrel so it could be used as a breech-loading shotgun. He was busy filing a saw, suddenly he stopped, hocked his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest, puckered his brow, and grunted. The minute or two that he was silent seemed to last at least an hour. Finally he said it could be done but that it would cost a lot of money. That was simple; I pulled out a big buckskin pouch and emptied it on his bench. It contained $2.25. Finally he said, "It will cost $2.75." Leaving the gun with him and the money as down payment, I left and returned about a month later with

an additional fifty cents. The gun was ready. It took 10-gauge shells. The next morning, I sauntered off for a real hunt. My older brother had loaned me ninety cents to buy shells.

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



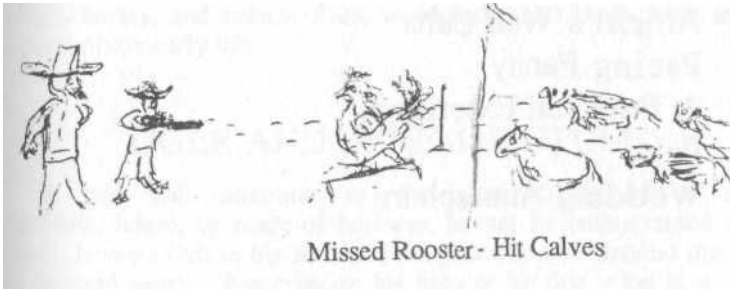
THE OLD RED ROOSTER

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

One day Mother told me to kill a chicken for dinner. I got my 22 rifle and started for the chicken yard. Father said, "Are you looking for a chicken for dinner? Let's get the old red rooster over in the tool house." We went over there. It was north of the barn over in the hog pasture. As we came near, we saw "Old Red" standing on the seat of a corn planter superciliously viewing the world around him. I got ready to pick him off. Father said, "You see if you can hit him in the eye. If you can't, I'll do it." I took steady aim at about sixty feet. "Bing." He flicked his head but retained his pose. "Guess I missed." Father took the rifle.

Since he had only one arm, he would swing the rifle at a sharp angle, resting on the stub of his left arm. Again there was a snap of the rifle, a flick of Old Red's head, and everything was as before. Over and over we handed the rifle back and forth. It was only after a dozen or more tries that Father dropped him with a bull's eye, or should I say a rooster's eye.

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



Missed Rooster - Hit Calves

CHAPTER IV

DOGS, WOLVES, HORSES AND PETS

"The world is so full of a number of things."

Early experience with animals made it easier to learn how to get along with divergent human beings.

DOGS, WOLVES, HORSES, AND PETS

While people play the most important part in the early life and education of a young person, on a farm, animals were also a very important factor.

The young person talks to them and treats them as contemporaries, if not equals. We had a large farm and often rented an adjoining farm.

There were hills, valleys, thickets, patches of timber, and some areas unsuitable for crops. Even when very young, I would be sent to locate a bunch of young cattle or colts. It was easy to locate the horses, as there was usually one or two on a high point as sort of "lookout." But the cattle were apt to be bunched in some isolated hollow or thicket. I early learned to think, "Where would I go if I were a cow, to get away from a breeze, to be protected from flies, or on the warm south slope on a cool but sunny fall day." In short, where would a cow go to be protected from whatever kind of weather prevailed. Also, tracks left a record of previous cattle or horses' passage. It was with pride, when a man came to our house, looking for a stray horse, that I spoke up and said that a few days ago I had seen the track of a strange horse on Rudy's Hill. "How did you know it was a strange horse?" "Because its track showed it had a split hoof with an untrimmed snag." It was his horse and he was able to locate it later that day, several miles southeast toward Brodhead

Dogs, horses, and even wolves, woodchucks, and birds were important parts of my early life.

TIGER AND BENEMADICTUM

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

Tiger was a Great Dane. He was not an unusually big dog, but because he was so much larger than I was, he seemed tremendous. He weighed about ninety to one hundred pounds. Except for his white feet and a white line on either side of his face, he was iron gray with black spots on him about the size of a silver dollar. He came to us with the herd of cattle the year I was born, so as far as I was concerned, he was always one of the family. The husband and wife on a neighboring farm had died. The three girls and their young brother, Arthur, worked the farm for a year and then sold out. My father bought all of the cattle.

As the herd of cattle was being driven away, thirteen-year-old Arthur threw his arms around Tiger's neck, hugged him a while, and then said, "Tiger, you go with the cows and stay with them." Tiger trotted after the cows, and from that time, never left our farm. He was seven years old when he came, and he lived with us until he was twenty-two. He was part of our family and a part of all the joys and sorrows.

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

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

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

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

It was about five years after Tiger came to us. He was around twelve years old. A young man under twenty drove up with a fancy light rig and two prancing horses. It was Arthur who now had a job in a store in Dubuque, Iowa, and had driven the sixty miles to visit old friends and neighbors. Tiger had never seen him since he was thirteen and Arthur had ordered him to stay with the cows. With a deep-voiced bark, he loped out to the buggy. As Arthur stepped down, Tiger stopped shortly, moved toward him, and when Arthur spoke, Tiger sniffed, seemed to cock an ear at the voice which had now changed from that of a boy. Suddenly, the old dog turned, drooped his head and his tail

and walked slowly toward the house. During the next two or three days, whenever Arthur approached, Tiger, with a grunt, would turn away. Toward the end of the week, Arthur decided to return to Dubuque, but he wanted to see his old home before he left. So he took the short farm road up through the woods and pasture toward his old home. Tiger saw it and dashed after him, grabbed the rim of the wheel in his strong jaws, braced his feet and hung on until the wheel he had gripped slid on the road. Arthur yelled at him, so he let go and walked slowly back to the house in a receding cloud of dust.

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

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

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

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

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

When a cheesemaker whom Tiger knew came to our house one day, Tiger put his paws on the man's shoulders, pushed him to the corner of the house, and kept him there for about half an hour until Father

came and took care of the situation. He had aroused Tiger's suspicion. The more routine matters of life on the farm in which Tiger played a part did not leave much of an impression. But the summer he was twenty-two years old, he began to slow up, and finally he died in the cool shadows of the willows below the spring house. I still have a picture taken when I was nine and he was a peppy dog of sixteen. We had taken him to town, six miles away, in the buggy to have our pictures taken. When we left the shop, he dashed away. We called and looked for him. Finally, we went home, and Tiger met us at the gate. This was the only time he had left the farm, and he was not happy away from the place.

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

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

Nobody seemed very much interested in Benemadictum. Nobody tried to pet him, and he didn't encourage anyone to pet him. One day he growled at a hired man. The hired man kicked at him. The dog grabbed him by the ankle and hung on. Using a hand sickle for a weapon, he finally beat the dog off but broke one of the dog's forelegs. The family wanted me to get rid of him, but I loved him. He was my dog. People began to worry about him. I did my best to keep him away from other people. There were many family arguments about whether he should be disposed of or not, but our family was always rather sympathetic with the idiosyncrasies of its members, and no one felt like taking the responsibility of getting rid of Benemadictum. He was my dog. One day when one of my brothers was cutting hay with a mowing machine, the dog took exception to the sickle bar going back and forth on the mowing machine. He jumped at it. The result was another leg was crippled.

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

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

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

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

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

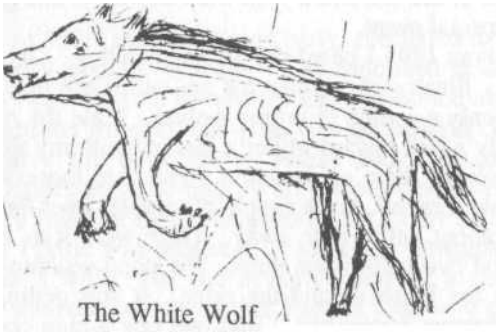
of excused them, feeling that he had a wrong start in life before I got acquainted with him. Perhaps that is the basis for some of the things one does later on in life. There may be some connection between a little boy's reactions and the idea that if we knew everything about everybody, we would not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

WOLF HUNTERS

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

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

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



The White Wolf

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

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

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

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

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

One night about 1895 I heard the wolves howling. Old Tiger began to bark furiously. Finally, my father got up, called the dog into the house and said, "It's only a couple of timber wolves. " Late the next afternoon, I was up on Rudy's Hill toward Miller's Hollow with my two big brothers. One said, "Look up there on Brechlin's Hill, see those wolves!" They had dropped into a ravine, but a couple of minutes later they trotted up on the other side about half a mile away. There were five, two old ones, a smaller one, and two half-grown pups. We stood watching them till they disappeared in the brush around the ridge. It was getting toward dusk, and we were starting homeward. Then we saw a man coming down the ravine where we had first seen the wolves. He followed the direction the wolves had taken. Down the ravine, up the other side, onto the ridge, into the bush beyond. It was old Nick Bieri, the wolf hunter. That evening, hours were spent after supper telling wolf stories. It seems that old Nick Bieri never carried a gun, just a knife and a small hatchet. He would follow the wolves till he found their den, kill them and collect the bounty. His ability to track them was uncanny. He thought like a wolf and was able to stay on their trail for days. He could see marks no one else could see. It was claimed that he could trail them by scent. Perhaps he could. He always had a quiet little dog with him. Perhaps she was the bait, and he was making use of an idea stated by William R. Smith over fifty years earlier. Sheep and cattle men used to give Nick Bieri a special bonus for getting rid of wolves. There were some coyotes around, but he never would bother with anything but the big gray wolves. He was the chief wolf hunter. His method was always a secret. He might be seen miles from his home swinging along in a half dog trot, carrying a small hatchet or hand ax in his hand. If one stopped him for a short conversation, he would admit he was looking for wolves and frequently he showed up with a few scalps for bounty and pelts for sale. Sometimes he would report as many as six. Whether he got them in some den, poisoned them, or cornered them and fought it out with them was never revealed. Only on rare occasions did he shoot one under conditions that was known to be the way he got his wolf. There was no question that he could trail wolves and find their hangout. Perhaps he knew their habits and a track here and there was all he needed. Most people insisted, and he encouraged the belief that he could trail them by their scent.

The stories of wolves also centered around a much earlier wolf hunter. Reuben Fulsom, who came with the early settles from New York State in 1842. He lived south of the Little Sugar River in what was later Mt. Pleasant township. He lived near what was Known as the

Thompsons Holdings and had a den in a cave in the woods east of the Jenny Bluffs. It was common belief that he had some half-tamed wolves or half-breeds, as he always came in with the scalps of young wolves and very seldom an old wolf. He was never the well-liked person that Nick Bieri was. In fact, he was always spoken of with sort of reserve. He was buried in the old county-farm cemetery in Mt. Pleasant. His headstone is marked simply, "Wolf Hunter" was later moved to the Gap Church cemetery near Albany.

In the winter of 1876, the snow came early, continued to fall all winter without any normal periods of thaw. The continued cold weather and deep snow drew the wolves in toward the farms scattered about the settlement. Every night the weird OW-w-w-w-w-w of the wolf could be heard, which would drive the dogs into a frenzy and tend to increase the youngsters' reluctance to go to bed. Wild rumors were circulated of how a child was killed in some distant neighborhood or how a stranger driving over on Shooks Prairie was attacked, or someone "towards" Albany had had a fight with a wolf. No one actually knew of a case; but nearly everyone knew someone whose brother knew a man who could swear to the facts. A rumor, however, is often more hair-raising than a fact. Everyone became jittery. The wolves became bolder and hungrier. A sheep, a goose, and finally a young calf became the victim in an increasing number of instances. One morning about 6:30 a.m. when the grey light was beginning to seep into the black shadows, my father looked out of the window and standing on a snow drift, which almost obscured sight of the barn, he saw a giant timber wolf. He started for his rifle, but by the time he got to the door, the wolf had vanished like a night shadow. His brother, Mat, a husky young man of twenty-five, said he was going to get the wolf. Without eating breakfast, he saddled a horse and was gone. The snow was deep and the crust was thin. It was easy to follow the trail. After an hour or two, the horse was winded. The wolf also was having a hard time. Through stretches of woods, across plowed fields, buried deep in snow, the wolf waded through the snow. Mat, on his horse, plunged after him. All day long he never lost the trail. A dozen times he saw the wolf, sometimes for only a second, sometimes for half a minute, five hundred yards away. About midnight he returned. Both he and the horse were nearly dead. No one said a word. Mother and father had sat up waiting for him. After he had eaten a bowl of hot barley soup, boiled potatoes and cabbage, boiled meat and coffee, he looked up, grinned, and said, "Well, anyway, I gave him a damn close rubbing."

Wolves Running

Little Ameal lived with his widowed mother. He was ten years old. His older brothers and sisters were working away from home. One day he came home excited. He had been back in the woods and had seen a young wolf cub. It had gone into a cave in the side hill. The next day he persuaded his mother to allow him to go and see George Simmons. Simmons owned several wolf traps and had been known to have caught wolves in that manner. He told Simmons what he had seen; but would not tell him where. Ameal was a shrewd little boy and made a bargain. He would set the traps and give Simmons half of his catch. While the story of the boy was doubted, there might be something to it. No loss in trying. So with great care, Simmons taught Ameal how to set a trap, by placing a board across the spring and standing on it until the tongue catch was fixed. But first stapling the chain to a log, placing the bait, scattering loose leaves about as well as all the known trappers' tricks for destroying or reducing scent, Ameal set his traps. Two days later he surprised his mother by announcing that he had caught three young wolf cubs. Carefully he scalped his cubs and took the scalps, with their perky little ears to the county seat, eight miles away. Joyfully he pocketed the fifteen dollars bounty and walked home by way of the Simmons farm to turn over one half of the money. It became one of the wonder stories of the community.

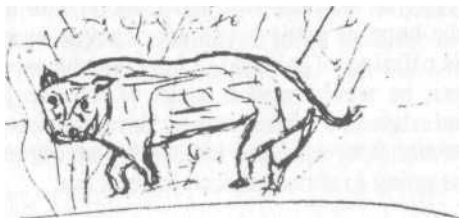
About Thanksgiving time his older brother, Peter, came home on a visit. Ameal told his story. Peter doubted it, so they went to the barn to see the pelts which had been nailed to the shed door even though it had been an off season for salable fur. Peter was sixteen. He was fond of little Ameal. He did not have the heart to tell him the pelts had belonged to woodchucks, and he did not tell Ameal's conscientious mother the truth. Years afterward, the story was still told in the neighborhood how little ten-year-old Ameal trapped three wolves.

A PANTHER REPORTED

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

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

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



HORSES AND NEIGHBORS

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

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

PACING FANNY

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

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

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

When she was twenty-six years old, she could still pace a mile under three minutes which was good time for an old mare on a dirt country road hitched to a practice sulky. She had two other records after reaching that age.

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

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

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

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

praise when he said, "Ah, the Elmer boys are Devils in a horse deal."

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

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

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

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

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

By prodding the colt, jumping and running, we made slow progress. I held the long rope, my son would jump on the colt. The colt snorted and jumped till his rider rolled off. We made some progress. Then the colt would stop. My son, taking a run and jump, would land on his back, and again we would gain a few hundred feet. A very sore college student and a tired old man finally got the colt in the paddock which was about three miles from where we roped him.

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

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

I said, "Hell, no."

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

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

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

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

An old man, about sixty said, "How old are you, Pat? " "Sixty-four."
"You are too old to try to ride a colt."
All I could say was, "I rode him."

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

I Rode Him

PETS

Even though a ten-year-old boy, in 1896, was considered old enough to hunt squirrels, there was still some growing up ahead. It was the kind of a perfect October day that occurs in Southern Wisconsin.

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

When the day had gone, dusk came about suddenly. It was getting dark as he started to run south toward home. There was a deep Who ho oo ho oo 00! Hurrah, a Hoot Owl. Soon even in the dusk it was possible to distinguish the Owl on a low branch. The hunter, aimed and fired. The owl fell to the ground. Jerking off his denim jacket, he threw it over the great horned owl. It was a long walk, and a tired boy by the time he reached home and put the owl in a back room of the granary.

The bullet had gone into the wing and ripped a flesh wound along the side of the body. The owl was bitter and snappy, but a gunny sack soon quieted him, some wagon grease applied to the cut, and he sulked back of a barrel. He was offered meat scraps which were ignored. That night, a half-grown chicken was put into the room with the owl. For some unknown reason, the boy's Mother found the remaining evidence. The boy was very emphatically informed that such a thing was out of bounds.

What could he do? He did nothing. On the second day, however, the hungry owl got on his conscience. That evening, after dark, he ran across the meadow to the neighbor's farm. Some young chickens roosted every night on the rail fence. Carefully, he sneaked up and grabbed one, holding its head to prevent squawking, and took it home to the owl. Again his mother discovered it the next day. He argued that this was different. "It was not one of our chickens." She stopped, stood and looked at him and left. On the way out, she picked up a rattan cane that someone had brought from the County Fair. She returned, took the boy by an ear, raised the cane, and said, "You ought to get an awful whipping, but I won't do it this time. You still have not grown up. Then she said, "You go and give Mrs. S-- fifty cents for that chicken." That was much worse than a beating. The fifty cents was taken from a small hoard, being saved for next Christmas. It was wrapped in a piece of paper and quietly slipped under Mrs. S.'s door. Later. "What did you tell her?" "Nothing." "What did she say?" "Nothing." Later, she told his mother about finding fifty cents wrapped in paper under her door.

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

It all started because a fool pigeon didn't have sense enough to stay in its nest till it had "grown up" enough to fly. It fell to the ground where I found it and took it to a back room in the granary. Soon I caught a young robin. Then a kill-deer. A few days later, a crow's nest was discovered in a neighbor's woods. Every day it was inspected from the ground, and when the young crows began to get noisy and struggled for space, I decided it was time to act. It was a nasty miserable climb, but the nest was reached. There were two young crows. One hopped out of the nest and scrambled far out of reach in the tree. I grabbed the other one, pushed him into my shirt front, and started down.

He squawked, struggled, and scratched my naked chest with his sharp claws. The last ten feet I slid down, tearing my pants and scraping my legs. If it had been in doing regular work, I could have been excused from getting the crows or doing other tasks, but this could not be mentioned. The birds lived and grew.

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

Up in the pasture where the wood chucks were, there were also eight or ten young horses. Several yearlings, two-year-olds, and a brood mare with her colt. One especially appealed to me. She was a skittish two-year-old French Coach filly. The men were talking about breaking her to drive. By getting on the back of Prairie Maid, the gentle brood mare, I could get into the bunch of youngsters. I would carry a few ears of green corn to give to them. Soon I made friends with Minnehaha, the filly. Each day, we became better acquainted. Finally, one day, she sidled alongside Prairie Maid to beg for corn, and I slid over onto her back. The response was instant. She jumped and plunged through the group of yearlings. I was bumped up and down, and as her speed was suddenly checked by the horse in front of her, I was thrown forward on her neck. Hooking my legs around her neck and grabbing with my arms, I hung on. She was as frightened as I was. She rushed back to the other horses, where I was lost, bumped off, scraped off, or simply so scared that I fell off. At least she was free of the pest, and the only damage was a sprained ankle and some more brush burns and scratches on my legs. Limping home at dinner time, an older brother said, "I thought you were told not to climb for crow's nests again." Everyone else had some remark or suggestion. Mother, wrapping the ankle, said, "Pa, why don't you say something to him?" He responded, "I guess he'll learn. He's growing up." I did not say one word. No one gave me a chance to explain. No one even thought about Minnehaha.

WEDDING ATMOSPHERE

A common remark when anyone in The Valley wished to express antipathy concerning anything was, "I like that as little as Carl Austin likes a skunk." Carl was a young man about seventeen years of age who had great ambitions to further his education and to go into politics. He was working on a farm, and, to add to his wages, he did a lot of trapping, catching mink, muskrat, an occasional martin, raccoons, and small game, which he would sell in the local market.

He received word that his sister was going to be married on a certain day, and he was given the day off attend her wedding. His plan was to leave the night before, walk three or four miles across the hills to his brother's, and ride with him to the place where the marriage was to occur. After the evening chores were done, he packed his best clothes in a telescope-valise and started across the hills. As he was crossing a corn field, a beautiful furred animal calmly crossed his path with the dignity that only a skunk can assume. He looked around for a pumpkin or a stone, but saw none. He could not let the animal get away. It was unusually large with a minimum of white on its shining black back. He threw his valise at the skunk and stunned it. Then he found a heavy ear of corn with which he dispatched it. At first the musk odor seemed terrific to him, but as he walked along in the cold late November night, it gradually seemed to disappear; and, by the time he reached his brother's home three miles away, the odor was unnoticeable. He quickly stripped the pelt, put it on a drying board, washed, and went into the house. The house was dark, but he knew his way about and went up to his bedroom. Early the next morning before the sun was up, his brother, Walter, was calling him. The chores had been done, and they were ready to start on their fifteen-mile drive to the wedding. When he got in the buggy and they had been driving a short time, Walter remarked that someone must have killed a skunk in the neighborhood. Then Carl informed him that he had done so and that he had left the pelt to dry back of the barn.

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

CHAPTER V

DUTCH HOLLOW

DUTCH HOLLOW

Dutch Hollow was located in the northwest comer of Sylvester Township and extended north into Mount Pleasant along the creek which flowed into the Sugar River, east of the village of Monticello. It extended south to our farm on which there were large springs and surrounded on the upper end by a range of hills. Rudy's Hill to the east was the "Keys tone" of our farm. I was allowed to go there alone and look over the valley and surrounding countryside even when a very small boy. When very small, I would walk there alone with old Tiger, and when about nine years old, I rode up there on "Prairie Maid." In between, my grandfather would go up there with me and tell me about the world, about people, about stones and flowers, birds and trees. With some Swiss cheese and apples, we would spend long hours on the Hill, and he would point to a distant farm and tell me all about the different people who had lived on that place and the adventures with which they were connected. It is obvious why Rudy's Hill became the seed-bed for all my future work in Community Surveys, Sociology, Social Research, and even that of a timber farmer in the years after I retired from University work at the age of sixty-nine.

It was there youngsters began learning about other places and other people; first, as far as we could see, then later, on to Europe, Asia, Africa, and all over America, into every type of activity and profession.

This community was first settled by people from New York: the Van Slykes, Van Ocken, Pengras, Howard, Rolfs, and Cottons. Hence its name, Dutch Hollow. It was a valley about one mile wide with three smaller valleys entering it in its six-mile length where the Dutch Hollow Creek and tributaries entered the Sugar River.

The Dutch gradually moved on, and their smaller holdings were bought up by New England people. Hulberts, Burts, Woods, Ludlow, Treat, and then soon people brought horses and cattle from Virginia, like the Chenoweths and C. J. Simmons from Greenville, South Carolina. He was an important breeder of good horses.

The Swiss, settling in New Glarus in 1845, were followed by others from the Canton of Glarus, Switzerland; from Bilten, settling west of Dutch Hollow in the town of Washington, and a group of families from Engi, Matt Elm, an area along the Sernf River, Chlytal Little Valley, moved in on Dutch Hollow, buying out the Yankee and Dutch settlers

The Elmer family had twelve children; the Stauffachers, nine ; Antone Stauffacher, six; Norders, eight; Zentners, six. Most of them settled in that district. For example, my grandfather eventually bought nearly six thousand acres of land; and as a son became twenty-one, or a daughter married, he sold them a half section at the price he had purchased it. The Stauffachers did the same. Soon the valley was largely dominated by the families of those three or four basic families. There was the Elmer School at the lower end of the valley, in which over half of the children were Elmers and Stauffachers. I have a picture of the Dutch Hollow School, 1896, where out of about forty-three pupils, over thirty were Stauffachers and Elmers. The Church was much the same.

The neighborhood was like a big family, little upsets and minor disagreements, but all stuck together solidly.

Their families had lived together in the same little valley in Switzerland for several hundred years, and while things in general were different here, their attitudes regarding human relationship had not changed. It was natural that in this little valley there were five co-op Swiss cheese factories out of eleven in all of Wisconsin in 1880. When a man's house and barn burned, six wagons went in all directions, and by night, brought back supplies of every kind and money to buy lumber. Within a short time, the buildings were replaced; as many as thirty men and boys working at one time at everything from carpenter work to plowing his corn and building fences; anything; it was a personal relationship.

TYPICAL WINTER EVENINGS ON THE FARM

The after supper evenings on the farm in the wintertime varied somewhat. Some nights there was work to do for the older children who were going to school. Then Mother would go out to the kitchen to prepare bread for baking the next day; Father would do odd jobs like repairing shoes; Mother would bring in a basket of clothes to sew on buttons, patch, or knit. I liked knitting, since my task was to put the skeins of yarn over the back of a chair and wind the yarn into a ball. Also Father did something else on some of those evenings. We had very severe ice storms in February and March. We wore either felt boots or very heavy wool knee-length socks into which the pants legs were folded. By the midwinter, the rubber overboots had worn smooth, and the ice was worse; so Father would take leather patches, and using heavy clinch nails, nail these patches of leather with the heads of nails at the bottom. No better shoe for walking on ice. We always took those overboots off in the house and walked about in our heavy "lumberman's socks." These socks were reinforced at toe and heel with heavy linen thread and were almost indestructible. These work evenings, however, did not occur every night.

A more usual evening was spent in simple relaxation. We would take a piece of cardboard on which had been drawn a pattern on which two persons played a game of Draws. The winners would play each other. Sometimes we would all sit around and hear Grandfather tell stories. On the day that the Youth's Companion came, we would gather around while one person read it aloud. Mother would read aloud from a German Church Weekly, the "Christliche Botschafter" certain things for all, but that was too much like our regular morning fifteen minutes after breakfast, so was not appreciated. The real events were books read aloud. There was the Annual Chatterbox, a wonderful book we got each Christmas. Another book was "Frank Fairweather" the story of a boy who went to sea, was shipwrecked and with an old sailor, crossed Nicaragua where they discovered all sorts of statues and remains of earlier civilizations and spent much time with native Indians.

Then one of my brothers bought a set of volumes at a store auction written by James Fennimore Cooper. There were, of course, the Leather

Stocking tales, Deer Slayer, and Last of the Mohicans, but there were others which at the time impressed me even more. One was The Spy, that was perhaps because my father had been a Scout in the Civil War and told us yarns about his experiences in Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia. Another Cooper book was the Red Rover, and to this day I rank that as one of the best of his novels. There were some books by Weems; I still have "Weems' Franklin." I had one on Washington, but it is lost.

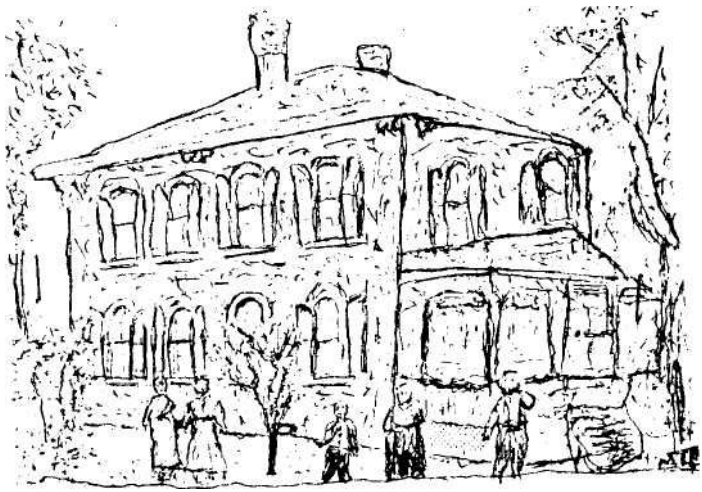
Our dining room was a large room, eighteen by eighteen, with a large table and a stove that took enormous blocks of wood. A butt two feet in diameter would be split in two, and the half, twenty-four by twelve and twenty long, put into the stove from the top. It kept the room warm all night. Apples were plentiful; black walnuts, butternuts, and hickory nuts would be cracked and put into large dripping pans. Hazel nuts were the only scarce ones. These did not grow on our farm, and we had to spend a day in the sandy hills along the Pecatonica River to get them. Some years we had none.

Sundays there were always some people who came home from church for dinner, and in the afternoon, my older brothers and sisters always had a crowd of young people around, singing and playing the piano. Victoria was a very popular pianist and worked in a music store before she was married. (She died when she was twenty-nine.) Famee, of course, became an honor graduate of University of Wisconsin and was connected with the Bush Temple Conservatory of Music in Chicago, a contributor to musical magazines, and a noted musician until her death when she was eighty-five years old. These Sundays brought young people from Belleville, Monroe, even Madison, often coming Saturday and leaving Monday a.m. As my five brothers and sisters were from five to seventeen years older, they were interested in some things in which I was not included, but in those winter evenings, the whole family took part irrespective of our different ages. The whole family consisted of Grandfather, around seventy-two, down to me from four on.

HOUSE AND FURNISHINGS

Our house was rather larger than the general run of farmhouses. There were four rooms and a bedroom downstairs and four large rooms upstairs, and a large hallway. The house was a copy, with some enlargement, of the Edwards House, described by Hamlin Garlin, in "Son of the Middle Border." In fact, my father had gone over that house to get ideas. He made some improvements. The window sills were marble. The whole house was slightly larger. In the two doors leading to the front porch, the glass in the living room was glazed red, and the one from the parlor onto the porch was blue glass. The floors in all the house were either oak or hard maple. In the large dining room, the boards were narrow and oak wainscot of narrow two-inch board, about thirty-six inches high around the dining room wall. There was a large three by four foot painted picture of fruit and another of the same size of Windsor Castle on the wall. Father had bought them from some traveling peddler for five dollars each.

A walnut extension table, two rocking chairs, and cane-bottomed chairs, and a couch were in the dining room. It was a large room where the family usually spent most of their time. The next room had a Brussels carpet, the piano and several comfortable chairs. This was a general gathering place where the young people of the neighborhood came on Sundays, evenings, and where the piano practice was done. The parlor was not used as much. It had a red-flowered velvet carpet, a blue velvet upholstered settee-couch, a tiptop table, lace curtains, and drapes in both the parlor and living room. The curtains in the parlor were Battenburg, the others regular lace curtains. The padding under the carpets was clean oats straw, and in spring and fall the carpets were taken up, scrubbed, aired, new straw put in and the whole house given a thorough cleaning from cellar to attic. This twice-a-year project was the work of the entire family, including my two older brothers and my father. It was usually a three-day job and was set at a time when it would not interfere with the general farm work, usually some time in April and in October.



SATURDAY FISHING

Beginning in April and lasting till June were great days for the young boys in Dutch Hollow. Saturday was fishing day. Sometimes girls also went, but they always went home by noon or on their own flower hunting trips into the woods. The boys stayed all day. They took dried beef, hard-boiled eggs, and, as soon as possible, radishes. We drank the water from the creek. Rain didn't bother and merely added to the day's fun. By afternoon, we were through fishing, put our fish pails in the cool water and went swimming until time to go home. On rare occasions, we went by Schultz's store, bought a can of salmon for ten cents and five cents' worth of oyster crackers, three of us giving a nickel each. The big springs were at our house, and we fished down the creek for one to two miles. In early spring we caught brook trout and then suckers, redhorse, sunfish, and chubs;

or we could go up the smaller Geigel creek and catch bull heads. Some days we caught lots of fish; some days none.

Days when the fish were not biting were the most interesting. No fish to clean when we got home and a plausible excuse for not having any. There were a few big holes, probably fifty feet long and thirty-nine feet wide. They were six to eight feet deep, so we could dive into them and scoot to the other side. We would stay in the cold spring water till our lips were blue, then lie on the bank to warm up again. If we were at the lower end, there was a vacant house where we could get rhubarb, a real treat after the salty dry beef and hard-boiled eggs.

Once, lying in the creek where we usually drank, there was a dead calf. I suggested we drink above where the calf lay, as we might get sick and die. Albert Stauffacher scoffed at the idea, and said he would prove it was wrong. He drank just below it and said, "Now if I die, you were right. If I don't, you were wrong." He is still living at age eighty-nine and has just recently retired as President of the Plymouth Retirement Colony at Clermont, California. He had been a missionary in Japan, a very prominent Congregational minister and the Head of Home and Foreign Missions for the Congregational Church.

Sometimes bigger boys came fishing. They usually caught more fish than we did, and, if we got too boisterous, they made us go up the little creek to catch bullheads. There were also some small yellow and striped sunfish there. That was as much fun as fishing for bigger fish.

About 1900, John Stauffacher went to Nairobi, Africa, and Charles later went to Mozambique, Africa.

Fishing on Saturday

Many years later, when I was thirty-three, I was in Dutch Hollow with my wife and three-year-old daughter. I decided to go fishing. My mother said, "No one goes fishing there any more. There are no fish, but why don't you take Anne June along." I was not anxious to do that, but she wanted to go and was encouraged by her grandmother. So, instead of walking along the creek, I took my mother's horse and buggy. We drove about one and one-half miles, then walked across a corn field. I carried Anne June.

When I started to fish, she also wanted a pole and a line. I cut a willow stick, attached a line and a worm. "Now you sit here, while I go over there, and we will both fish. About fifty feet away, I started.

She yelled, “Daddy, I have a fish," She did have a nice ten-inch trout. I rebaited her hook and went back. Hardly got there, "Daddy, I got a fish."

The same act repeated. Again, "Daddy, I got a fish." That was too much. Taking her, her three fish, and her little coat, I carried her to a dry spot on the bank. "Now you sit still here. You have caught all the fish you are going to. I want to do some fishing."

Catching three fish before I got started was too much for me. I actually caught a nice mess that afternoon, but in about an hour she went to sleep and was ready to be carried back to the buggy and go home.

A TYPICAL DUTCH HOLLOW ADVENTURE - 1896

"FROGS

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

Anonymous

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These were all marked in care of the brokers whose name we had seen on teacher's circular, and the further statement, "Shipped by the Dutch Hollow Frog Leg Company."

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

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

Sincerely."

We read the letter. We walked away. Nothing was said for over two miles. We came to the big bridge, sat down on the end, stuck our legs through the bottom railing, and threw pebbles in the pool below. A big frog plunged into the water. "I'll bet there are a million frogs in the swamp." "Well," answered Albert, "the Frenchmen can have them." I was ten years old. Albert was a year older, eleven. We were gaining experience and maturing.

THINGS ULRIC TAUGHT ME

Sunday was a day when the young people got together. They would come to different homes for the afternoon and evening. During the afternoon, when cake and lemonade were abundantly supplied, the younger children were much in evidence, but about four p.m. they drifted away, and some of the older boys went home to do the evening chores and then either returned, or more probable, went to the local church for the evening meeting. During the afternoon, much time was spent singing songs around the piano which was found in practically every home and general conversation. At times, a couple would drift away for a walk over the hills or even for a short ride along a country wooded road.

I was eight years old. Ulric, my brother, was twenty-one. I saw him and a Malkow girl get into a buggy to which a speedy trotter was hitched, for a ride. Often when my older brothers left, I would hop onto the back extension of the buggy and ride over to the road and hop off. Considerable cleverness was developed in grabbing one side, Jumping and turning, so that my back would rest against the body of the buggy, my legs hung down, and I could hold on with both hands to the sides of the buggy top. I assumed they would merely drive a mile up to the top of the big hill and then return home, so instead of dropping off at the road gate, I stayed on the back.

They drove to the top of the hill, then turned east and went on and on for five miles to the Searles school house, then turned north another three miles to the Gap church. It took less than an hour, but it seemed AGES.

My arms ached, my back hurt, I felt dizzy. As they turned west, the heavy sand in the road caused the buggy to lurch, and I fell off.

Ulric saw me. He stopped and asked, "How did you get there?" I was scared, but told him. Instead of scolding me, he laughed and laughed, then took me in the buggy, let me sit between him and Miss Malkow. It struck him so funny that when he got back, he regaled the crowd. He told them how I had sat on that awkward perch for eight miles and never made a sound.

While he was very rigid regarding rules he set, he would take me hunting long before I was permitted to own a 22 single shot rifle. On some cold misty days, when no farm work was possible, he would take me rabbit hunting. He claimed those were the best days to hunt rabbits as they were not afraid of their shadows and were less jittery. He would let me circle thickets or poke brush heaps to scare up the rabbits. He also followed Grandfather's objection to using scatter guns. He could pick off rabbits with his rifle as they hopped along.

He would take me to gather hickory nuts, go fishing, and to hunt Ginseng roots in the woods. While I learned much about those activities, it was actually the hundreds of side items of information which I learned. For example, that some trees send up sprouts from their roots; others, only from seed; that pine trees do not lose their foliage in fall, but about every two years the foliage is replaced gradually. I learned that it is not the frost that turns leaves red, but that a certain time of the year they mature and the juice goes back to the tree, and that a frost only hurried the ripening; that basswood trees grow from seed, but more often sprout from roots and would grow to be big trees with three or four in a clump. I learned that walnut trees like a rich heavy soil, but that it is difficult to move a young walnut tree, because it had such a bulging root just below the surface and that the fine roots below are apt to be injured when dug up.

Ulric taught me how to fish for different kinds of fish and how to find fresh water clams and get the pearls. He found many. I found many seed pearls which I could sell to a Mr. Benkert in Albany for $2.50 an ounce. I did find one pearl worth $65 when I was fourteen.

My two older brothers and two sisters were all interested in music. My oldest brother, Mathias, who was seventeen years older and had gone to high school and then to Northwestern College before I was born, always seemed more like an uncle than a brother. The other four were also older. The youngest was five years older.

While I was always around and was taught to accompany Ulric when he played the violin with chords on the piano, I never learned to play. I was taught how to shift chording from key to key, and that was all I needed to bluff my way as an accompanist. The other four made a good quartet. Victoria was an exceptional pianist and organist and worked for some time, before she was married, in a music store. Famee was a more classical musician, and after graduating in music at the University of Wisconsin, became associated with the Bush Temple Conservatory in Chicago until she was married. Ulric played the violin and sang;

and J. P. sang in church choirs in Monroe until his wife died, when he was well in his eighties. His voice never lost its clear tonal quality as is usually the case with older people.

Little boys and girls of that period found their own particular items of attractions. When I was very small, I had a china doll. It had blue eyes, dark black hair, and was a replica of a Currier and Ives of a little girl called Daisy which hung in my bedroom. This and an illuminated Lord's Prayer were special delights.

We had an old granary building under which chickens would hide nests. My mother had me crawl under it to get eggs. Then I found two large bottles. One was dark blue, the other a sort of creamy opaque yellow. They were beautiful. I shoved them behind a log and later took them to a shallow cave on the hill above the house where I kept treasures. I had them there for several years until I was going to school when I was nine years old. They became lost, but the illuminated prayer is now my son's at South Bend, and Little Daisy is in my younger daughter's house. The house is now being renovated by its present owner, after an architect from Chicago offered to buy it.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

During the nineteenth century, the neighborhood was the core of social life. Families depended upon each other for all types of activity in which more than the small family groups could participate. This included, not only barn raising, grain threshing, and such major physical operations, but also all types of recreation, entertainment, and religious gatherings. Every type of activity was thoroughly discussed by everyone in the community. Any act of vandalism, or in fact any act which interfered with the life and activity of others, was disapproved; and the violator was simply "cold-shouldered." This was true, not only in strictly rural communities, but even in towns and small cities. For example, at the beginning of the twentieth century, Monroe, Wisconsin, the County seat, had only one man as constable and policeman, Marshall Blount. He went off duty about ten o'clock in the evening except on special occasions when he would be around later. He was subject to call any time if necessary. One man was all that was necessary to help out in any type of emergency in a city of between three and four thousand and the surrounding rural population.

Everyone knew all the people living there and the surrounding population, and there was little inter-community movement except at the time of the County Fair or when Ringling Brothers Circus came to town. Then a few extra persons helped out, mainly keeping the traffic moving and helping stop a "run-away" team. On such days, there might be a few men who got drunk and were taken to the local jail to sleep it off.

The first physical change which had a social influence was the "rubber-tired buggy." Winter's bob sledding was a local matter, but the rubber-tired buggy made it more comfortable to visit neighboring communities, which had been done only at Fair time, Camp Meeting time, or other very special occasions.

With a good trotter, a light rubber-tired buggy, young men could go twenty miles to meet girls and marry outside the community more generally. They made contact with a wide circle of families and all their relatives and friends.

The neighborhood expanded. Then came the Rural Mail Delivery. At the time of the Spanish-American War, many people began taking a daily Chicago paper. Some took the Hearst paper. We took the Chicago Journal. That made it necessary for someone to go after the mail each day. Usually it was my job. Prairie Maid was always saddled in the morning ready for me to run errands, look after the cattle's salt, see that the gates were closed, take water and lunch (mid-morning and mid-afternoon) to the men, and just riding around, over to the Schultz Post Office and listening to the men talking. There were the men from Washington Township: Chesebros, Wittenweilers, Simmons, the Holloway men, and others who brought their loads of cheese to be shipped to Monroe about ten miles away, but better by local train than the rough hilly and often muddy roads. Those were wonderful times for us boys, hearing the stories, some of which are included here.

Then it was announced that there was to be Rural Free Delivery. It was decided that I should take the petition around a twenty-five mile route which my father and brothers figured out. It was necessary to have a certain minimum number of signatures to secure any given route. I went at it. Over half turned me down. It would remove the Post Office from the Schultz station. It would mean that the store there would go out of business. Much mail for people east of Dutch Hollow was brought to the church where it was picked up on Sunday morning, so it would hurt church attendance. The most general objection was, "We will have to keep the road open in all kinds of weather for the Mail man." I came home after two hard days' work with less than half the number of signers. I had tried to get one name for each farm. The next day, I was bullied to going again. I had had as hard a time as a thirteen-year-old boy could take. So, instead of fighting the same battles, I went only to the friendly farms and got the additional signatures of the wife and any of the older boys and girls of the family. I came home with the names of more than twice the minimum number. Monroe, Wisconsin, Rural Route 4, was accepted and established. That actually caused an increase in the amount of mail we all received, and it was another link in the breakthrough of the twentieth century.

Naturally roads were given an additional boost which was added to by the coming of the automobile into general use a few years later.

The third physical factor was the telephone. First, short co-operative lines. One woman said, "The telephone is wonderful; now you can talk with someone other than your nearest next-door neighbor." The old neighborhood was changing.

AN EARLY CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGIOUS PRACTICES AND INDUSTRY

By 1890, Swiss cheese was being made in co-operative factories. It was made mornings and evenings. The factories were near together, so no farmer had to haul his milk more than one and one-half miles. The milk was taken in large thirty-gallon cans to the factory, where it was clarified and made into cheese at once. This was a great saving of work to the farmer and guaranteed proper care of the milk which might in some cases not have been carefully cooled and kept in a sanitary condition, an absolute necessity for Swiss cheese.

Religion and Sunday Work

A new minister came to the valley. He was very concerned that the five cheesemakers were compelled to make cheese on Sunday. There was one small factory with one man, centrally located to serve four to six farmers. The minister came to my father first. My father was a very quiet man, always ready to hear a point of view, then quietly agree or disagree. (See story of the Book Agent.) So, after hearing the minister's argument about the wickedness of requiring a cheese maker to work on Sunday, my father said, "Perhaps you are right. You admit that the cows must be milked. Now the problem is to take care of the milk. We have a good big, well-organized spring house. We could carry the milk over there, cool it Sunday morning and evening, and then take it to the factory early Monday morning. Of course, that takes quite a lot of work as we milk sixty-five cows (by hand), and we do not have the time or help to do this, as it must be done at once. I will pay you double wages on Sunday, from five to seven, morning and evening - that will not interfere with church services. You take care of the milk while we do our regular chores. Then you make the decision, and whatever you say, I will do and guarantee we will all agree." (The Elmers had three factories, and the Stauffachers, some of whom were brothers-in-law, two others.)

The minister was on hand Sunday morning at four thirty. He worked very hard. He was on hand from five to seven in the evening. Then my father said, "Now of course there is a lot of extra work tomorrow morning beginning at four a.m. before regular milking time to take care of Sunday's milk, but our agreement does not take that in. What is your decision?" The minister said, "I made a mistake. I knew nothing about the dairy industry. I think you folks may know what to do better than I do." Eighty years after that occurrence, I am wondering if the Smart Young Men in Harrisburg and in Washington know what is best for a local community.

WHAT CHANGES HAVE OCCURRED IN THE PAST FIFTY YEARS?

That was a question asked me the other day by a young instructor at the University of Pittsburgh. A few instances come to my mind, I suppose because I have just read part of an account by Elliot Roosevelt, in which he dwells on the indiscretions and the cold-blooded attitude of his father and mother. It is like smearing a great piece of architecture with tar because of some mistake the builder made in his work.

When I was about fifteen years of age, a girl in a nearby community gave birth to an illegitimate child. Someone mentioned it to my mother. Her response was, "She is a young girl and has a hard life ahead of her, let's not make it harder." A farmer coming home from town when drunk and fell off the wagon, was killed. The local newspaper had the story. My father's reaction was, "Joe is dead. His family will have a hard time now. They know the story. It was not necessary for the paper to put that in. He was one of the best farmers south of Monticello. He had fine horses and fine cattle, and he has three nice boys and two good girls. Why don't the paper tell about all the things he has accomplished instead of the one flaw in his life."

In another case, a man in an area some miles east, was accused of incest. A few days later his house burned and all of the contents. A meeting was called the next day at the cheese factory. Six young men were assigned roads to take to collect money and supplies for the family. They were cautioned that if anyone mentioned the rumored moral situation to say, "A bad wind carries lots of dirty dust. The best thing is to put a handkerchief over your mouth." They collected $400 and six loads of various supplies, and the family was not cursed with a further burden. That is a type of social change which Elliot Roosevelt has missed in a story of his family.

The answer may be that today there are so many persons who are trying to be social climbers, but have something in their own lives which bothers them, so they glory in finding a flaw. A person going to a formal party who has stepped in the mud is happy to find another with dirty shoes. A drunk or a drug addict likes company of other drunks or dopes. A politician with a bad past delights in accusing his opponent of acts of indiscretion.

THE CHARIVARI

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

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

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

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

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

As he stood there fascinated, a man entered and was handed a pair of new-soled boots. He laid a twenty-dollar gold piece on the counter and walked out. A little later, a second man came in, picked up a pair of shoes with new heels, laid down a ten-dollar gold piece and left. On the way home, the boy told his father about the shoe shop. "Why did they do that?" he wanted to know. "Oh, they were shivaree (charivari) boys." A long explanation followed how when a marriage took place, the boys of the neighborhood came with bells, horns, tin pans, blank shotgun shells, to make noise and "serenade" the newlyweds.

Long before the explanation was finished, the boy was asleep, but from time to time during the next few years, the story took form from the snatches of conversation and comments.

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

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

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

CHAPTER VI

The Community at End of Nineteenth Century
Training for Breakthrough
Beginning of a New Era - 1900
    Horse Power to Steam Engine
Folk Stories
    The Little Old Woman
    Man Who Never Argued
    A Mule Named Peet
    Andrew

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY NEIGHBORHOOD

One of the particular changes which the twentieth century brought was the shift from the neighborhood to the wider areas of social contact.

There was always a keen interest in state and national politics and even of such things as over-all church organization. But the important unit was the local community, the township, the neighborhood. The older men, on a Sunday afternoon, would argue about the Cleveland Depression, the Venezuela confrontation, the tariff problem, Prohibition and free coinage of silver. But the local neighborhood accepted responsibility for most things. True, there was a County Superintendent of Schools, but the school was a local problem, from hiring the teacher to the curriculum, which was only in general determined and advised by the State and County requirements. For example, one year it was locally decided that German should be taught, German readers, history books.

The Swiss and American families agreed that it was a good thing to know, so the local school followed that practice. Another year, the minister from the German Evangelical Church came each Friday afternoon, and from three o'clock to four, conducted "Unterricht" to those who wished to stay.

Except for County Fairs, Camp Meetings, and farm sales, the people of the different neighborhoods had little contact. The exceptions were when some young person from one neighborhood married someone in another. Then there were occasional visits of relatives. Sometimes, if the distance was more than ten miles, the visit would last at least over the week end. The valley was predominantly Swiss and consisted of a few large family groups.

Most of these neighborhoods were quite self-sufficient. Let me describe the background of such an apparently typical neighborhood not directly influenced by any nearby town or city. Such a community was Dutch Hollow.

The valley soon developed into a close-knit community, first with a stone school house with eventually fifty students enrolled, then a small church, where by 1860, with ministers largely from Pennsylvania, a platform on the outside from which the minister would read Horace Greeley's newspaper after the services. This drew a wide range of people from surrounding communities, from the people such as the Sylvesters, Pengras, Bullfinch to the east and the Simmons, Holloways, Chesebros, Gillins, Cothermans, Lemons, and after the 1870's, many German families came and settled in the country surrounding the valley and came to the Dutch Hollow Church, although they belonged to different school districts, but the general social life of the Dutch Hollow included them.

Families like the Witts, Coplien, Felt, Swartzlow, Brandt, Walter, Mahlkow, Sieg, Wendler, Pagel, Miller, Hintzman, Berndt, Schultz, Ohms, Milbrandt, Brechlin, and Wobeck all centered their life activities in and around Dutch Hollow. Mail sent to these people to Monroe was brought to the church, and each Sunday after the services, it was distributed. So many people began to come regularly to the Dutch Hollow church to get their mail, to hear the discussion after services,

and to meet other people. All of the older families made preparation for a big Sunday dinner, and any from any distance, as well as relatives, always went for dinner to one of the near families. On the road past the church, there were fifteen families, each of them less than one-half mile from the church. Their land reached back over the hills, often for a mile or more. So everyone who came to the church on Sunday morning, ate at one of the neighboring houses, and in the afternoon, there were always groups of people together. It was a generally-accepted pattern not to ask the same people each Sunday. I often heard my mother whisper to a neighbor, "Do you want to ask the X's to your place this week; I will ask the Y's who were at your house last week." This was deliberately done to avoid creating any feeling of a selective procedure.

In short, it was a typical American community of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It was made up of people from a wide range of backgrounds, who brought with them details of living, ranging from all parts of the United States, England, Ireland, Germany, Alsace-Lorraine, Switzerland, but in a setting of a new land, new problems, new opportunities, and from which grew a new hybrid population which in the twentieth century broke forth in achievements undreamed of by the previous generations. Some were not able to meet the new challenges. Their counterparts occur in every generation. They are unhappy, bitter often violent, but as the ancient poet said, "Their days are as the grass, like a flower in the field they flourish, then the wind on them bloweth and they are gone, and the place thereof shall know them no more."

TRAINING FOR THE GREAT BREAKTHROUGH

The training which the youngster of the nineteenth century received for the great breakthrough into the twentieth century was not any specific incident, situation, or planned educational program. It was an accumulation of the Way of Life. It was the kind of education which did not deal with any specific skill or technique, but general principles and understanding, logical analyses, which enabled the individual to figure out the required procedure. It turned out "over all" planners, rather than skilled assembly-line hands.

New people often shared some prejudice of the people and way of life. For example, at a gathering, a lady in 1940 remarked about Elmer being an unusual last name. She mentioned a glue and a big sausage. I told her it was a Swiss name; so she shouted to her husband, "Harold, Mr. Elmer is Swiss. Do you remember that funny little man? He was Swiss."

Sometimes I have been in a situation where someone made a negative remark about me or my group and have ignored it in order not to cause embarrassment. Once, however, I did not do so. I was about fifty years old. The American Sociological Society was meeting in Chicago. After an evening meeting, a group of us went to the home of Dr. Kimbel Young for the later part of the evening. As all did not know each other, we were introduced and identified. I was from Pittsburgh, but explained that I had lived in Wisconsin. "Oh, Wisconsin; that's interesting," said a vivacious woman, "I have been doing some

exploratory work for the Methodist Church in Wisconsin." Then, "Have you ever heard of Monticello?." Having been born and raised just five miles south, I said, "Yes, I have heard of the town." Then she let loose. "It is the most backward place I have ever seen. They all seem to be wealthy farmers, but they are all morons. You go to a nice-looking house. They invite you in. You tell them what you are doing. There is no sign they understand you. They leave the room, come back almost at once with a plate of cookies and coffee. They don't say a word, just smile and hand them to you. Then I would talk, explain my work. They look blank, say nothing. If I ask a question, they just shake their heads. They understand English, because they speak to their children in English. I go to the next house, exactly the same reaction. It was like shouting down a rain barrel."

I had just been up there and had a picture of the Dutch Hollow school with about forty pupils. I took it out and said I had a picture of a school group about five miles south of Monticello, handed it to her. She shouted in ecstasy, "There, look at them. What I said is true. Isn't that a perfect picture of degenerates. They are all morons. Look at them."

She passed the picture around. No one said a word. It came back to me. I took it. "This picture was taken about forty years ago. These children are now grown." She interrupted, "I am sure I met them in Monticello." Then I continued, "This boy went to Nairobi. He is credited with its development. This boy was sent to Mozambique by Northwestern University to study rose cancer and leprosy. This boy recently credited as the outstanding breeder of Guernsey cattle in Illinois. This girl, spoken of by Arre Avinoff, as the outstanding authority of butterflies in America. This is Associate Editor of American Organist and teacher of piano at the Bush Temple Conservatory. This boy is head of the Home and Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church. This boy is a Professor at White Water College. This boy is a Professor at University of Illinois. Fourteen of this group are college graduates, a pretty high percentage before World War I. Shall I go on? This little Moron in the front row was me."

Frankly, it was cruel. But all of my training regarding politeness did not keep me from openly being offended by having all of us advertised as Morons.

1900 - NEW KNOWLEDGE CAME WITH THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

The first positive thing that comes to my mind of that period was my Uncle Peter moving to Minnesota. The New Year week, while his folks were away, Sammie stayed at our place. We began talking about the new twentieth century. I insisted that the twentieth century began on January 1, 1900. Sammie said not till January 1, 1901. I insisted that the new century was zero days and one hour on January 1. It ended in the only real fist fight we ever had.

But other things were coming. Mr. Roth of Monroe bought an automobile. When he went for a drive, if a horse or team came along the road, he had to stop, turn off the engine, and lead or help the horse vehicle go by. The telephone was coming in. At first, it was just a local mutual project. A dozen fanners along a road to town would put in a line. This was attached to a place of business in the town, which as an accommodation, would send the message to other business places. The business man felt it was a service which would result in business for him. It did. Soon a mutual system was set up connecting several of these short lines and a central clearing paid operator. It all came and grew so gradually that there was no sudden break or change-crash.

The only abrupt change was the introduction of testing cows for tuberculosis. The State of Wisconsin passed a law requiring that all dairy herds must be tested for tuberculosis. Herds were tested, and in one instance, thirty-eight cows in a herd of forty, responded positively. Thirty-eight cows were killed and the carcasses burned. The owner was paid one-half of the value of the cow at beef prices.

Another change came when the farmers of Wisconsin were ordered to reconstruct their dairy barns. My father and we boys were talking about it after supper. We didn't see what right the State of Wisconsin had to tell us how to run our Dairy Farm. When we had all expressed our wrath, Mother, who was mixing bread dough in the kitchen, came to the door of the dining room, shook her dough-covered hands at us and said, "You all make me tired with your talk. Why shouldn't the place where you milk be as clean as where I make bread?" Father grinned, stroked his beard, and said, "I guess Ma is right." That was a new step and was why Wisconsin became a great dairy state.

SAW MILLS AND HORSE POWER

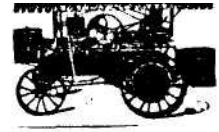
In the early days, a dam was made on a stream, and a saw or flour mill was located there. The saw mills were a step above the old pit saw, where a man would stand above the log pulling up, and one in the pit under the log pulling it down. The saws by dams were permanent, and we used to haul our logs down to the Ball's Mill, about six miles away, near the southeast corner of Sylvester Township. In the 1880's, small portable saw mills were introduced. These were owned co-operatively by a few farmers who joined in the sawing operations. They were run by horse power, a mechanism which was also used to run threshing machines.

The "power" was a large circular gear, from six to eight feet in diameter. To this was attached poles like wheel spokes, and from four to eight teams of horses were hitched, depending on the amount of power needed. Meshed to the big gear was a small gear, in turn attached to a steel rod. This steel tumbling rod was connected with a small gear wheel, which in turn was geared to a large balance wheel called a jack. This balance wheel was attached by a belt to a small projection on a shaft which held the circular saw on the other end. These five gear reductions gave the saw a terrific speed. The particular whining sound of the saw was the signal for a log to be sent through.

Those sawing days were the horror of my life. After I was eight years old, it was my job to sit on a box on the platform of the horse power and keep the horses going at a steady pulling pace. Sometimes a big oak log would slow the saw, and the yell would come, "POWER, POWER." I would have to whip the lagging teams, and as the day wore on, they lagged more and more. I had to whip the tired sweating horses. From about three p.m. I was mostly crying, and sometimes, one of the men would jump on the platform, take my whip, and probably set me off. That whining sound still sets my teeth on edge and sends tingles up my back, even if it is the sound of a vacuum sweeper. Sawing logs is the one horrible childhood memory.

When the steam engine was introduced, it opened up a new world.

THESE ARE THE " YELLOW FELLOWS."



THE STEAM ENGINE REPLACED HORSE POWER MACHINES

Every sad situation ends. By the time I was eleven, the steam engine took over horse power machines everywhere. My job became largely that of seeing the wood was in supply. Beforehand, a good supply was already there, and I only had to be sure there was enough, which I hauled from the big pile of cut firewood.

Much of the day was spent running errands, seeing that drinking water was available, getting tools if necessary from the shop, carrying messages, and listening to the yarns and discussions whenever there was a stoppage. When there was rainy weather or a breakdown, there was sometimes nearly a whole day of sitting around on a pile of straw, or when sawing, on a box in a shed.

These discussions were even more interesting than the yarns of the regulars at Schultz's store, because the men were from different communities, and sometimes different states, and a few even from foreign countries. They told of interesting events, discussed the merits and failures of President Cleveland or Harrison, and the writing of Governor Peck, who had written a book called, "Peck's Bad Boy." It was funny, but some thought he should have been concerned about the "Bad Lumbermen and Railroads," instead of the silly tricks of a little boy.

There was one unpleasant episode I remember. A young Jew peddler came by and was invited to eat with the crew. Along with the great platters of beef, there was a platter of pork chops. Max passed that along. Old Gus, a former saloon keeper, now one of the crew said, "Max, take some pork." Max said, "I can't eat it." Old Gus said, "Can't? I say you will." He took a pork chop, came around the table toward Max, who jumped up and ran. Gus followed and chased him up on a pile of lumber. There Max stood, held out his hands and said, "Wait, please. You don't eat cat meat; I don't eat pork. If you eat some cat meat, I will eat some pork." The crew thought it a good joke and cheered. "There you are, Gus; take him up." It ended the conflict, and everyone had a good laugh, even Gus and Max.

LEARNING ABOUT AN ENGINE

The best teacher I ever had on the mechanics of a machine was Ora Prisk. He was the son of the threshing boss. I think they had come from Kentucky or Tennessee. He was a slow-talking, meticulous chap. At the end of the day, before going in to eat, he not only washed carefully and combed his hair, but carefully brushed the dust off his clothes, even rolling down the up-ended fold of his overalls to brush the dust out of the turned-up hem. That was an act that impressed an eleven-year-old boy.

Ora Prisk told me all about steam engines. After the machine was going, he had leisure. He went over the entire engine, and in his slow-talking unhurried way, explained every bolt, nut, rivet, brace, and part of the machine, even why a rivet was used in one place instead of a bolt or screw. Then he taught me every part of the engine and how it worked and related to other parts. After that was done, he explained in minute detail every part of the threshing machine. I am sure I could have been able to describe every detail of the engine and threshing machine so it could have been reconstructed. He prided himself as being the best mechanic in the county, and I doubt if he ever had such a good chance to present his knowledge. He was so slow and meticulous, no one else would have listened to him for days. When they went to a new job, he said to me, "Manuel, you now know more about a steam engine and a threshing machine than any member of the crew."

There were some breakdowns and some bad weather when the men gathered in the barn and spun yarns, which are found in "Yarns and Legends" and one or two I shall repeat here.

JUST FOLKS

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

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

The first few were mild and only of semi-interest, gradually they became better, in part because they were often stories which might cause embarrassment to people they knew, but also better because of details which the teller added to make it better than the ones already told.

One of the first yarns was told by a relative staying from the area up toward Evansville. After meandering for a while, his story settled down to an account of a very efficient woman he knew. No one ever actually saw her face. She always wore a sun-bonnet in the summertime or a heavy grey knitted bonnet in the wintertime, which had sort of an overhanging edge sloping down and almost covering her eyes. She seemed small when compared with some heavy farm women, but she would toss one hundred pound sacks of grain into a wagon with less apparent effort than the average man.

On a trip to town on Saturday to do the week's shopping - carrying in pails of eggs packed in oats and coming out with boxes of groceries which she tossed into the wagon box a hundred-pound sack of sugar made one trip. She would take two fifty-pound bags of flour, one under each arm, and place them on the straw-covered floor of the wagon. Then when she was ready to go home, she would make the rounds of the saloons until she found Jimmy, her husband. Without a word, she would take hold of his shoulder with one hand and with the other on the small of his back, march him out. If someone who didn't know her made a remark, she would stop, walk up to him and look at him with a cold stare. If he seemed abashed, she would walk out with Jimmy. If he, unknowingly made a remark, grinned, or in any way showed disrespect, she would give him a slap, then turn back to Jimmy.

One day, Jimmy went to town alone. She told him what to buy with the egg money. He did not get home until she had finished milking fifteen cows, done all the chores, and then sat waiting for him until ten o'clock. Finally she heard the wagon coming. Jimmy was slumped on the seat, unconscious. She looked into the wagon. There were the empty egg buckets, but no groceries. She took Jimmy by the arms and pulled him off the wagon seat. With him, there rolled out a one-gallon whiskey jug, about half empty. She picked it up, swinging it, and cracked it on his head. Slumping more than ever, he sank to the ground. She shouldered him like a sack of grain, carried him to the house and tossed him on a couch in the living room. After taking care of the horses, she went to bed.

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

Within a year she married a widower. They did not get along very well, but fortunately, he was found dead before a divorce or separation was forced upon them. She reported that he had been oiling the windmill and fell down from the forty-foot tower. His son climbed the tower. The wheel had not been oiled. No oil can was found anywhere. There were various comments and suggestions as to what were the actual facts. For a while no good stories were told until a man who usually was quiet told one.

A MAN WHO NEVER ARGUED

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FILOSOFY - FACTS AND FUN

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

Sometimes an ornery mule is a man's best friend. There never was a meaner critter than old Peet; but his very meanness was old Ab's backlog of security. Abner Wolcott had a small farm in a clearing of the Big South Woods. It was about two miles from the main road. The Big Woods were owned by about fifty farmers who got their wood supply from their small woodlots. Wolcott raised a large number of sheep, which ran at large in this timbered area. There was general disapproval of this, since all the small trees were ruined, but as few men owned as much as forty acres, no one took the trouble of starting objections. Furthermore, before objections could be made, a man would have to have, as a minimum, a legal four-strand wire cattle fence.

So the sheep had the run of the area. Whenever a dog was lost in the community, it was generally conceded that he must have drifted to the Big Woods. Abner was ever on the alert for wolves or stray dogs which might "harry" his sheep.

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

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

There is always some man who acts as a balance wheel in a community. So, whenever a tense situation began to stick its head above the ripples of good-natured bantering, John Grant or Emil Crouch would switch the attention from sarcasm to one of Peet's latest escapades.

There was a continual battle between Ab and Peet. Sometimes Peet apparently won, as the time Ab offered him a leaf of tobacco in which he had rolled a piece of that evil smelling and, I presume, tasting cure-all of another day, "asafetida." Peet tried to get the taste out of his mouth. He grabbed Ab's coat sleeve and tore it off. Abner turned to pick up a stick of wood, but Peet beat him to the draw and grabbing the seat of his trousers, succeeded in getting the major part of them. Or the time when Ab was hitching him to a wagon and accidentally touched Peet's nose with his hot pipe. Abner was amused by Peet's reaction, so he took his pipe and deliberately touched Peet's nose. With the fastest move in Peet's life, the pipe was grabbed and ground between his strong jaws -hot tobacco and all.

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

The farmers were glad to do this, first because helping a neighbor was part of their accepted mores, but chiefly because it gave them a weapon against Old Abner Wolcott.

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

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

She never came back.
She left him at the side door.

No saucy young thing
May bring him the ring
When they meet on the
Beautiful Shore

ANDREW

Did you ask whether I knew any tear-jerker stories? Well, here goes one. If it had occurred to some person other than Andy, it might have brought a laugh or at least a smile; but Andy was different. Not that you noticed him in a crowd; in fact, you hardly noticed him at all. He was usually near the edge in the background of a group saying nothing.

When topics of interest became worn out, horse play could be directed at Andy as the chief actor. It gave the story a personal touch. Everyone knew it was fiction and Andy didn't seem to mind. In the wintertime he worked in a lumber camp where he was called upon for all the one-man odd jobs which were usually something in addition to the regular day's work. He was never invited to go to the Saturday night dance in town, but was given the job of keeping up the fires in the bunk house. So he saved his money. He bought a small piece of land, and in the summertime, made hay and raised potatoes which he sold to the lumber camps in the fall. Finally he built a large square frame house with eight rooms. From the outside it looked like any other square, eight-room house; but on the inside it was different. It was not plastered. The upstairs rooms were not subdivided, except for frames indicating where the walls should be. Two of the rooms downstairs contained corn, clover, and timothy seed and general utensils, shovels, axes, and similar hand tools. The main room contained an old wood stove, three crude homemade hickory chairs, a simple plank table, a corn-husk mattress in the corner, and a crudely constructed bench bed. This was the place where his old mother slept.

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

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

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

"Object matrimony. Man 48 years of age, never married, interested in meeting a woman 25 to 40 years of age who would like farm life. Have an eighty-acre farm, eight-room house, cattle, and tools paid for. Some money in the bank. Am in perfect health; blue eyes; red-brown hair; six feet, two inches; weight 168 lbs.; do not drink. Speak and write in French, German, English, Bohemian."

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

When the woman arrived on the train, her appearance was an improvement of her picture. She was about thirty years of age, well dressed, and groomed with a general appearance above average. They walked up through the main street of the town, then drove back to the farm for supper.

How the evening passed and how the home situation impressed her, no one knew. The next morning at ten o'clock, Andrew and his lady were back in town. They went to the jewelers where Andrew paid $420 for a ring she had selected. Afterwards the jeweler said that when they came into the store she had a sort of Mona Lisa smile on her face. When they bought the ring he said that she had the same frozen smile, only a little deeper, and as the memory of her face was dimmed by passing time, he remembered it more as a sort of cat-smile. They then went down the street to Manheim's Store where he paid $365 for a coat she selected.

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

The rapid accumulation of factual items by a computer only assembles data from which judgment and procedures may proceed, assuming that the feed-in was correct.

CHAPTER VII

The Breakthrough from Nineteenth to Twentieth Century
Given Responsibility, "If he gets hurt, he will learn."
Driving Cattle
"Roll with the Punch."
Orphans from Big Cities
Baby Sitters
The Country Store

There is more than an Age Gap. Some people mature as they grow older; some just grow older.

BREAKTHROUGH TO TWENTIETH CENTURY

Living and Learning.

One day I was walking along a street with my great-granddaughter who was three years old. We stopped to look at a bed of petunias. She did not seem too interested, but when we had gone past, she let go of my hand and ran back. She carefully took hold of the petal of a white flower and with her finger traced the delicate pink veins on the petal. She had seen something that had escaped my notice when we looked at the whole bed of many colored flowers. She had learned something "on her own" which directed instruction might have missed. It is learning by living.

Recently, an educational expert said to me that modern education was so much better than that of sixty years ago, because there were so many more things to learn and they could now be covered in a fraction of the time. He mentioned speed reading as an example. Perhaps he was right, unless one lives as long as some of us do. I had more time. When I was eleven, my sister bought me a Webster's Collegiate Dictionary for Christmas. I had time, so I read every word and its definition. I learned a large variety of things. Some I still remember. Also, a young man from our neighborhood went to Africa and located at Nairobi. After a few years he returned for a year and brought a young Maissi, "Chief Mulungut" with him. He had sold four hundred head of cattle to pay his expenses. He attended Hampton Institute, which college some years past had as its president, Dr. Alonzs Moron, one of my graduate students. Mulungut spent the summer in Dutch Hollow. I had read Stanley in Africa and Paul du Chilleau, "Land of the Gorillas." So Mulungut was pleased to find a young white boy who was interested. He talked for hours with me and we had plenty of time. I am sure that early experience gave me a better picture geographically, politically, sociologically, upon which I have been able to build new and contemporary data than could have been obtained in any other way.

We had leisure time, and we established rapport which would have been impossible even for a teacher or missionary in Africa. Speed is not a good basis for building any kind of structure. The slow-growing sugar maple tree has some qualities in addition to sugar sap beyond that of a fast-growing sugarcane.

Life's activities and the culture of a people are in a constant process of change. Most changes, however, occur so gradually and are so blended in with the existing order that they are practically unobserved. Gradually, the new elements introduced become more dominant than the older elements, and for a time there seems to be a sort of dead center, a sort of opaque quiet, like the apparent vacuum of all movement before the burst of a tornado. There is a "dark age," a period of doubt as to which direction the movement will take. Usually, those points of variation are minor, but there are occasions when a great accumulation of interrelated changes actually mark the end of an era and the beginning of an entirely new era.

The end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth century marked such a major change. As the dust of the Civil War began to settle and the new elements began to appear, a period of "dead center," the change from the nineteenth to the twentieth century began to take form. Certain peaks called attention and crystallized attention to these changes. There was the Panic of the early nineties, the Chicago World's Fair, the Spanish American war, the assassination of McKinley, and then the Great World War I which ushered in, definitely, the new twentieth century.

Those peaks, called attention to major changes in mechanical, industrial, governmental, and other institutional changes; but underneath all were the spiritual and psychical attitudes, the beliefs and disbeliefs of the individual men, women, and children who make up the Warp and Woof of the great tapestry which we call the culture of the people. To understand this, we need to see and observe the many detailed trivialities which make up the life of individuals. These apparently minor events express the changes occurring in the transition from one era to the next more accurately and effectively than the "profound" analysis and philosophic generalization. Following the detailed activities of an individual ant may give us a picture of how the ant colony adjusted to a catastrophe of a plow moving through its "world," or the detailed life of a youngster growing up in the maze of intermingled nineteenth and twentieth century culture can best be shown by following through the life and activities of a typical case living through the "Dead Center" generation from 1888 to 1918, during which time there was an era change more astounding than during the preceding three hundred years.

How was the individual educated and adjusted to that major cultural change?

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY –A REAL SOCIAL REVOLUTION

The whole structure of life in the valley changed. The first period of my education was past. At fifteen years of age, boys were treated as young men.

The recent "teenage" idea is an artificial concept, sometimes applied two years past the voting age.

The period of 1898 to 1903 marked a revolution in the life of a young Wisconsin farm boy. It also marked the end of a happy-go-lucky period absorbing the accumulated culture and becoming adjusted to life. One of the first cracks in the established order was taking the Chicago Daily Journal and following the course of the Spanish-American War. The paper, however, was the real innovation. The war was merely a small repeat of the Civil War of which I had heard from earliest childhood. But the paper meant someone had to ride two and one-half miles to Schultz Station each day. That was my privilege on my horse, Prairie Maid. Each morning she was fed and curried, saddled, and ready to go. First about the farm, and then to the Post Office.

Many hours were spent there listening to the yarns, tales and comments of Chesebro, Gillin, Schultz, Dillen, Martin Geigle, and others. Once I forgot the mail. I was sent back on another horse and told to hurry. Fred Schultz had just come back from hunting with two deer and a story about finding a big honey tree. I came home all excited a second time without the mail. So, Jake got on the same horse and went after it. I was not scolded, but was teased about it for a long time.

Other events occurred at this time. Uncle Peter Elmer moved to Austin, Minnesota. Uncle Isaiah Stauffacher and Uncle Peter Stauffacher sold out and moved to Monroe to go into the wholesale cheese business. Uncle Conrad retired and moved to Monroe, where he died the next year. Henry Stauffacher rented his farm to his son and moved to town. Albert and Harry, naturally, were gone from Dutch Hollow. My two brothers, Ulric and J. P. got married. So did my sister, Victoria. Famee began her work at the University of Wisconsin. I was now being shifted into a man's status. The summer I was fourteen, weighing eighty-five pounds, I had to take my place with threshing crews and road work. The self-feeder threshing machine and the bundle-carrier harvester were in common use. No need for boys to pull the bundles of grain together or cut the twine bands of grain bundles as the man fed the machine. A boy had to take one of the other jobs. There were mornings when my back ached so, I wished I had never been born, but it didn't hurt me; and the next two years I grew from eighty-five to one hundred forty-eight pounds in weight and could do the full day's work required of any man, including pulling a cross-cut saw or handling an ax.

The terms, Hard and Easy, when applied to the process of getting an education are meaningless. In all cases, the individual must do the learning. He may read in a book that when sinking in a Muskeag Swamp, instead of attempting to walk out, a better way is to lie down and roll to more solid footing. But to learn it, he must still go through the process. I was told to do that by an old trapper who did not bother to explain the Physics of the proportional increase of the base, and the decrease of pressure on a limited area. He just said, "If you start to sink in the Muskeag, roll." I did so on two occasions.

My grandsons learn the principle of Physics involved in welding from lectures, a textbook, and the laboratory. I learned it by pumping a bellows in a small shop, from my one-armed father whom I watched and who let me try welding different types of metal, using water, oil, and, in some cases, sprinkling fine sand, and sometimes powdered limestone on the white hot metal. We tried all kinds of things, but it was no more difficult for me than for my grandsons to learn about things. Surely, it was hard for a fourteen-year-old boy to have to "puncture" bloated yearlings to keep them from dying, with his one-armed father directing the process, but he learned how to do it. So, the mechanics used in the process of learning changes, but much of the reputed "advance" in method and equipment is merely provisions to care for a group or "mass education," in order to achieve the efficiency of the older personal face-to-face tutelage.

I contend that I had a much easier time in acquiring an education than the confused attempts and machinery needed for "mass" instruction. True, the financial burden is different, but ours was a little more difficult because of different standards. We always wore pressed suits. We had an iron which we heated on the little coal stove at college and pressed our suits EVERY week. We cut each other's hair every three weeks. We washed our own clothes and ironed them. Now the college students have more money, may wear unpressed casual clothes, unpolished shoes and uncut hair. We, privately commented about a professor of Biology who only shaved twice a week, wondering how a man could be so untidy personally and do reliable laboratory work. I still wonder. We learned it in a more direct way. A cheese maker refused to accept the milk of a farmer because the cans were dirty. The farmer objected. Then the cheese maker said, "Look at your dirty shirt and pants and hands. If you are so dirty personally, how can I trust your handling milk to make good Swiss Cheese?" (See Incident of the Busy Cheesemaker)

It is difficult for me to become responsive to an unkempt professor talking about pollution in the environment. Is education today easier or harder?

It is easier for a professor or a student to talk about the national pollution than to clean up his room or wash his shirt.

When I was thirteen years old, my Father said I was old enough to learn how to farm. He selected an area of about twelve acres of rather rough land that had been used for pasture for many years. It was covered with short brush, prickly ash, hazel brush, blackberry, and in the upper part, a stony, steep hill. He turned over to me a steady old team and a small one-fashioned, wooden-beamed twelve-inch walking plow. He plowed one furrow around the patch, then said, "Now it's your field. Get it ready and then plant corn and see what you can do." He never came back there again till the corn was ready to harvest. I did some fooling around, hunting arrowheads, but by June needed to finish. So to hurry the plowing and easing the work, I made round corners and just plowed around the field. I planted the corn in the same way. The field became a great joke with the neighbors, as I had to plow the corn the same way. Result, it was one of the best crops around. I had, incidentally, followed the same method Jose Voegeli had spoken of to the old men when I was four years old. The good soil was not washed away. Contour plowing was not followed till thirty years later. I was fourteen the following December, 1900.

I had decided the previous summer that I knew all that was being taught in the Dutch Hollow school.

The winter I was fourteen, I announced that I knew all that was being taught in the Dutch Hollow School. In fact, I had decided that during the previous summer when I was still thirteen. My brothers were planning to be married in the following spring and were busy looking around for farms on which to locate. They took trips of several days into northern Illinois, into Iowa, and, of course, all over the southern part of Wisconsin.

It was customary to run the Co-Op Swiss cheese factory until about the second week in December at which time all the cows were given a period of rest, and then they began to drop the new calves about the first of March.

There was no milking during the winter months, but lots of feeding and caring for the livestock. This my father and I were able to do. But one day while he was carrying a basket of grain suspended from the shoulder of his missing left arm, an Ayrshire cow dashed by him and struck his right arm with her horn, so that for about two weeks, he was unable to use it. My Mother had to feed him. I had all the chores to do. It was an all-day job; about eighty milk cows, twenty head of young cattle, sixteen horses, and one hundred head of hogs. Feeding was one thing. Cleaning out the stables another. In those days, the manure was scooped out of the gutters, then loaded by hand fork and shovel onto a wagon or sled and hauled out and spread over the fields. There were two big loads of manure to be taken out each day, then the evening feeding started and the long day from six to six ended. If there was any extra trouble, it lasted longer into the evening. In the morning, my back would hurt so I could hardly move, but there was nothing else to do but start a new day. This would only last a few days until the boys came home. I was strong even though I weighed only eighty-five pounds. That winter, I grew up emotionally.

The next summer, when I was fourteen, I grew in most ways, but still acted like a fourteen-year old. We had a team of small horses which I used. They were lively but more intelligent than I was. I would drive to an upper field with a load of something, then turn them back home and let them gallop full speed, wrap the lines on end of wagon, crawl out on wagon tongue, get up and stand with one foot on each horse, and come galloping, rattling home for about half to three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Hurgy, a cattle buyer, spoke to my father and said I would get killed.

My father said, "I think he will be all right, and if he falls, he will learn." I didn't fall.

DRIVING CATTLE

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

I was fourteen years old, but had never seen that done before. I started and flinched as the blade began to penetrate, and began to cry. "Hurry up, you can't do any harm."

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

GROWING UP ONE DAY AT A TIME

"Pa, it's wicked to send a little boy like that on such a trip. He is only fifteen years old, and it's over eighty miles." My Mother was upset.

A man in Prairie du Sac wanted a horse we owned and was willing to meet our price and trade us one of his horses. My father had decided to send me on the trip and take care of the deal. Answering my Mother's concern, he said, "A boy has to grow up a day at a time. If he never has a chance to grow and then suddenly has to do something, he will break down. Come out here, Ma, I want to show you something." My Mother and I went with him to the side yard where there was a board lying on the grass. He picked it up. Under the board, the grass had grown as long or longer than the grass on the lawn, but it was yellow, spindly and weak. "That grass never had a chance to grow up. I think it's time to take the board off Manuel and let him see how many mistakes he will make."

He outlined my trip; Go to New Glarus, then to Mt. Horeb, then to Black Earth, to Mazomanie, Sauk City and Prairie du Sac. Coming home take a different road: Sauk City, Lodi, Madison, Middleton, Mt. Vernon, Belleville, Monticello, and home. If one cut across, it would be shorter by ten or fifteen miles, but better to go the longer way from town to town and then stop if necessary for the night. He assured me and my Mother that there was no way to get lost, just go from one town to the next. Give the horse a double handful of ground oats and some water every two hours, unhitch her, take off her harness and bridle, and rest for half an hour, eat a sandwich. I followed his suggestion and made the eighty miles both going and coming in one day each way. Also, I made a very good deal in the horse swap. It was my first step from under the "protective board," but later when I went through high school, college and university with a total aid from my parents of three hundred fifty dollars, this first independent step, when I was fifteen, helped me to get along.

Today, I see young people who were guided and who had no need to be concerned about where their next meal, shoes, tuition, or cost of a book was to come from, suddenly meet the world and are swept off their feet. They are like the yellow grass under the board bigger, than their parents, overfed, overprotected weaklings, who because it is all new to them, feel that all is wrong, and they easily become the pawn of charlatans. Often because of their native ability, they do exceptionally well in their school work and become college teachers but still immature and socially poor advisors for similar individuals.

FOURTEEN - A TRANSITIONAL YEAR

Age fourteen marked a definitely transitional year. More and more duties were assigned. It was now my duty to decide when to sow the oats, plant the com, arrange for the threshing crew, take the responsibility of hauling our quota of cheese from the Co-op factory, decide when we needed new barrels of salt for the cattle. If we needed new posts to repair a fence, go up to the woods, pick out a white oak tree, cut it down, cut it into lengths, split out the posts, soak them in creosote, and fix the fence. The farm was run on a reduced scale. We cut the dairy herd to twenty-six cows, of which I milked fourteen and my Father, with one hand, milked twelve.

It was a hard year for me. The increased responsibility and the actual physical work was hard. So the next year, without any discussion, I changed things.

One Sunday evening, Charles Coplin, another fifteen-year-old boy, said that next year he was going to "work out." I asked what he expected to get. He said, "Regular hired men are getting $30 a month, board and washing, so I thought I would ask $15." I hired him on the spot. He was a very good boy, and the next year was paid the regular man's wages of $30. Most hired men also owned a horse. He did not, but was allowed to use any of the horses, except mine. The only fuss we had was one evening when I wanted to ride my horse and she was gone. When he came home, we had a little fuss. He felt she had not been used and needed the exercise. No one took another's personal horse any more than he would take your boots or toothbrush.

It was in my fifteenth year that full man obligations were assigned. On my own accord, I took Hercules a 2,000 pound Clydesdale to Monroe to sell to horse buyers. I had gone to Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin, eighty miles with a horse a man was interested in buying and traded Maude, a Hambiltonian, for Nancy Hanks V, a descendant of the famous trotter, Nancy Hanks. My Nancy had a bad scar above her right front hoof, so she was out as a harness racer, but was a beautiful horse (see picture). Maude was finally sold to a man who raced her successfully on ice at Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

The year I was fifteen brought a change as much in my general thinking and reading as it did in my way of life. I no longer spent my time reading "The Chatterbox," Butterworth's "Zig-zag Journeys Through Northern Lands," "Zig-zag Journeys Through India," or Paul du Chilleau's "Gorilla Country." My interest shifted. I read the "Etude" a musical magazine regularly. I subscribed for a magazine, "Educational Foundations" which was far above my understanding, but it cost me $1.50 a year, so I read every word, even philosophical arguments re Pestolozzi's theories about elementary education. Some of it I partially understood. It was something beyond me toward which I could work. But the most thrilling book which I read and re-read was a book called, "Fourteen Weeks in Natural Philosophy" by J. Dorman Steele. That was a real treasure. The chapters covered: Matter, Attraction, Laws of Motion, Mechanical Powers, Pressure of Liquids and Gases, Sound, Heat, Electricity, with notes and pictures of apparatus and experiments. It was a very good summary of the subject of Physics at the end of the nineteenth century.

Another fascinating book which I bought for seventy-five cents was called, "Etymology." This was a good step ahead from my earlier reading of the dictionary. It has proved of value to me all my life. Then, at a bargain sale of a variety store going out of business in Monroe, I bought a set of four volumes, Macaulay's "History of England." That was also above my level, but I read it at least twice, and while some of the factual material may not have met the standards of historians, it was of great value to me. His use of the English language, descriptions, method of presenting his material, was as

good for me as Czerny's "Fingerfertigheit" is for the young musician. If youngsters were put through the drill of language and vocabulary, the tendency of some writers who feel they must limit their descriptive vocabulary to perhaps a dozen four-letter words so that the young readers would be interested, would soon find their attempts relegated to the trash barrel.

Parents and educators tend to make a mistake if they point their efforts DOWN to what they feel is the child's level instead of holding it above and repeating the old farmer's admonition to his bantam hens, hanging an ostrich egg in the hen house with a sign, "Look at this and do your best."

INFORMAL EDUCATION

This early accumulation of facts, ways of doing things, and general information seems to illustrate the following point. There are all kinds of knowledge which are just part of living. In order to centralize some of these, we set in motion machinery which in turn complicates everything and it assumes the form of a major problem. Recently, a big truck loaded with logs got stuck in a mud hole. The Crew Boss said, "Someone will need to go after a wrecker, and in the meantime we will roll off the logs." I said, "Wait a few minutes. Give me an ax." I cut a slender young elm tree and told them to pile three feet of wood blocks near the truck. With a thirty-foot pole, a sound block base, and six men, we raised and blocked in turn each of the axles and got out without going three miles for a wrecker nor unloading the logs.

The Boss said that he thought I was a college professor. I told him that my father raised a sinking corner of a corn crib in that way when I was eight years old. In short, the little country boy grows up seeing fruit trees grafted, chickens laying eggs, cows dropping calves, selection of seed, creosoting fence posts, testing milk, repairing machines, and the various functions relative to the alimentary canal and of reproduction, none of which seem of distinctive importance when not out of context. When he later reads a story in which a short word for excrement or manure or feces is used eleven times on two pages by a prominent author, he feels that the writer still uses the infantile vocabulary of the three-year old who doesn't know too many words.

TRAINING FOR EXTEMPORARY SPEAKING

The best advice for extemporary speaking is, "Be Prepared." A good spurt of training was my fortune when I was sixteen years old. I was president of the local Young People's Society. We had a meeting every other Sunday evening when the minister would be at one of the other churches of his circuit. We had the whole evening, and there were usually fifty or sixty persons there. They came from other communities. So, we usually tried to have a good program, music and various specials by different persons.

It was soon evident that too often the person assigned would not be ready or have prepared only about a ten-minute program. It was then up to me to carry on, to make supplementary remarks, start a discussion on some-thing. Now, in some groups, it is easy to start a discussion, but with a bunch of country girls and boys, it was not easy. I was always able to call on my sister who had studied music in Janesville and was a music student later at the University of Wisconsin; but I developed the habit of having a dozen cards in my pocket on all kinds of topics, so that I could at any time get up and make a talk on a dozen widely varied topics. I kept that practice up most of my life. The cards were kept up to date and became a source of most valuable aid to me. Even today, I am ready to discuss many things "impromptu." Last fall I was asked shortly to give a talk at a University when some scheduled speaker did not show up. I did. It went over well. I was not only given an "honorarium," but later received a book, published by the University, which contained selected lectures given there which were "worth" publishing. It included my "practically impromptu" lecture.

THE SHIFT FROM THE NINETEENTH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BROUGHT THE TEENAGE PROBLEM.

During the last quarter of the twentieth century, the vast majority of boys and girls had a definite part in the work of the family. If the family had a store, the boys and girls took a definite part after school and on Saturdays. Boys and girls had definitely assigned work on a farm. The blacksmith, the barber, the harness-maker had things to be done. Even service activities like running a threshing machine had a place for the youngsters to help. Cheese-making was a major activity, and the skilled cheesemaker kept his girls and boys busy washing utensils and tables and keeping things clean and tidy. The young people took a pride in the family's activity and felt a definite part of it. Sometimes there was a negative feeling; for example, this was a Swiss area. Some Belgian cheese was made in a few factories. Monroe even had an ordinance that no Belgian cheese (limburger) could be sold, stored, or put in warehouses there. (Discussed elsewhere) Adolph was the ablest and smartest boy in our crowd. When we were talking what we were going to do - lawyer, factory manager, farmer, run a newspaper, Adolph said nothing. When urged, he said. "Oh I suppose somebody's hired man. My father is a limburger-cheese maker."

There was one man who ran a saloon but finally gave it up and moved to a small farm. He did not like his new work but shrugged his shoulders and said, "What's a man to do when his wife and daughters nag him all the time?"

I do not remember a single boy or girl when I was in high school in 1906-07 who did not have a regular job for his spare time - dentist,

newspaper, drug store, planning mill, lumber yard, veterinary, farmer, cheese maker, even the man who did general teaming and ran the sprinkler wagon on the dusty street. It is no doubt that this is one of the major changes. Then, one constable was all a city of 4,000 needed. Now, these same boys and girls have nothing to do but drive their own or the family car adding to the traffic and the need for additional "constables" to keep things moving. The teenager has no place in the structure of his community.

One of the most important things I learned from my father was, "not to waste your strength fighting things you can't help. You must learn to understand what you have to offer and then figure if what you get will be worth what it took from you." He would say it was good to be stubborn, and if you start something, stick to it until finished but use sense in what you start. An example that occurred when two of my cousins were looking at a big elm tree. One said that it would be a hard tree to cut down. The other said, "I could cut it down with my hatchet and jack knife." They bet one dollar. Charles worked at it all summer till school began in the fall. He did it - a hard summer's work. Later he was a medical man in Portuguese South Africa. He built a hospital and made several outstanding contributions to tropical medicine. Cutting the elm tree did demonstrate his stick-to-it-iveness, but in itself, the project was hardly worth the effort.

With only one arm, my father developed aids which at an early age taught me many things. He would move big stones or heavy tree trunks using a lever. Going through the woods, I caught my foot in a vine. I struggled and jerked. He said, "Don't waste your strength on something that has no loose end. You can't move it. Better sit down and figure out the best way to get through it or around it. If a tornado comes toward you, don't try to fight it. Lie down in a ditch or hollow and stick close to the ground till the worst passes. The best way of meeting any hard situation: Don't try to bump it with your head; use the brains in your head to figure out the best thing to do." A statement I've heard all my life is, "Learn to roll with the punch."

ROLL WITH THE PUNCH

For thirty years we had been raising French coach horses. We felt we had a specially good strain. We never made much money with them, but they were a part of our family life which gave us personal satisfaction.

When my father finally sold the old farm, there were seven horses with which he would not part. He kept twenty acres of land, built a barn and house on it, and kept his pet horses. When he died ten years later, there were only two left. The automobile was beginning to make its appearance. The fall before he died, he began making arrangements for an automobile with special equipment so he could drive it with the lack of one arm. My mother was quite concerned that a seventy-five year old man should have such ideas. His response was typically short. "Ma," he said, "One has to learn how to roll with the punch."

Then he went on, saying that whether we like it or not, the day of the horse is past. Soon the farmers will do all their work with power machinery. Many folks can't drop what they are used to doing and do something different. Those who can, will make it big. The old farmers here in Dutch Hollow after the Civil War did not take to the new reapers and new threshing machines, so they lost out. The Swiss didn't know anything about American farming, so they only had to learn how to farm. The old American farmers had to forget the old way and learn a new way. They had to go through two steps; so the new Swiss soon were ahead of them and bought the old farmers out. "There is always room on the top shelf for those who can make it. Don't fight too hard about some unexpected blow; learn to roll with the punch."

He had been a machinist. He lost his arm, so he went to fanning. He learned to adapt himself to whatever was needed. He used a very sharp knife so he could cut his meat without holding it with a fork. He put snaps on the bridles, so he could put them on the horse with one hand. He made blacksmith tools with long handles, so he could hold them with his stub arm and shape horseshoes. We never really noticed that he had only one arm. He could do anything. His oft-quoted remark when any of us came to him with a problem was, "Find a way, or make it." Another was, "If you are stopped by something too big for you, find a way to go around it." Or, "If you think you can't do something, always know that Somebody will do it."

FREE AND EQUAL

In our neighborhood, there was a rather inadequate casual laborer. No one hired him regularly, but he usually was employed by farmers who needed an extra hand, like leading the horse in unloading hay or various odd jobs around a farm. I do not know his whole name. Everyone just called him, "Shang" a form of pronouncing, "Jean." My farmer and I were hauling flat stones to repair the barnyard where the cows gathered before entering the stables. As usual, my father carried on a general series of observations. He was not a great talker in a group, but when with one or two people, he liked to give his observations. He began talking about the rights of people and said something about all people being born "Free and Equal." I spoke up and said, "What about Shang?" He said, "Free and equal does not mean height, weight, the same mental or physical capacity, no more than all of our colts are born with equal abilities. It only means that they have the equal right to live and work, to be educated up to their top level and to live their own life within their own abilities. Some need special aid and protection so that they do not become a block to themselves, to their families, or to the community. "Shang" is not as bright, as strong as some other people, but he still has a right to be protected by the law of the land." It was a point of view that stuck with me when, twenty years later, I was studying Administrative Law and Constitutional Law at the University of Chicago.

Equality before the law means just that and not that equal rights means that a man who puts the blocks under the wheel of an airplane should be allowed to pilot the plane - unless he is EQUIPPED to do so. A Lieutenant returning from Korea said he asked a man in Seoul what he understood by "Liberty." The answer was, "Doing whatever you please." That is sometimes the attitude found, even in America.

My father went on to say that some people never "grow-up," and that some are old worn out men at thirty-five, but that they all have equal rights before the law. It does not mean equal ability, understanding or physical or mental strength.

THE ORPHANS

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

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

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

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

The field within which the sixty-five cows were scattered seemed endless. The cows paid no attention to them, but calmly kept on eating. Sometimes a few would be started homeward, but by the time the stragglers were brought up, the main herd had drifted back to the other end of the field. Back and forth they stumbled over stalks of corn, through briars, across patches of dry smart weeds. As the sun began

sinking in the west, the cows on their own accord drifted homeward. Twilight began to cover the hills. When they got to Fischer's Grove, instead of sunshine and squirrels as they saw in the afternoon, there were deep shadows, and the "Whoo-Whoo-Whooo" of the hoot owl. Taking hold of each other's hand they ran through the woods. Their sides began to ache before they reached home. On nearing the barn, they were met by an older brother who was cross because the cows were so late.

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

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

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

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

It was announced in the village of the upper valley that on a certain day children would be available for adoption. Such placements were a far cry from present day selection and supervision. It was superficially done by a well-meaning Church society in New York. Jane Addams once said in my presence, "One half of the time of the wise is spent in correcting the work of the Good."

The cold blustery March Sunday was followed by a sudden change. Monday was a warm, balmy day, with a steady south wind which the Swiss called a "Foene," referring to a warm south wind crossing the Alps from Italy. A load of calves were to be taken to market and since one belonged to the little boy, he was taken along. It was a great day. Two carloads of Western Broncos were to be auctioned off.

Teen-age farmer boys who had saved from $15 to $40 were on hand with their fathers to buy a bronco and then get it home, which was often a most exciting project. The wild horse was roped and tied between a big steady farm team. After much struggling, it was pulled, dragged, and persuaded to move on to its new home where it was tamed in a "non-movie" method. Each day grain, hay, and plenty of salt were made available with a small amount of water in a wooden bucket. After about a week the boy and horse became used to each other, and these tough little horses became very desirable as well as useful pets.

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

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

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

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

Dear Mr. Elmer I just happen to run across a letter you sent to my Dad, in 1930 after my mothers death. My Dad, I don't know where he is now. Two years ago last fall he stayed with me, but left in March.

You know after Mothers death us nine children were taken away from each other and it was Mothers brothers and wives that caused it. Believe me I don't even call them Uncle. But as soon as I was of age I found some of them. My brother and one sister, I knew where they were, but I couldn't get them till they were of age. Just the same we three children were together till another sister was of age and we found her. She knew where another sister was. She was in Minneapolis and I went there the same day. She looked at me and said, "You are my sister." That Christmas us five oldest ones were together. Then last summer I took off a week to find the four youngest ones. The Judge would not tell me anything-just that they had been given to some Church of America. It took me some time to find the church society that had placed them, and they wont tell me where. My Brother Bill is now out west. Two of the girls are married and the youngest of the five is taking nurses training. So I don't blame Dad for roaming He hasn't anything to keep him in one place —.

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

BABY SITTERS

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

Settling the children for their afternoon nap took nearly an hour. Then Anne hurried back of the woods to help John stack wheat. He had gone ahead with the wagon but work for him was slow since it was difficult for a man with one arm to pitch bundles of wheat on the wagon with no one to load them. He had developed a technique, however, of throwing bundles up by grasping the fork at the lower end of the handle, catching the upper part of the handle under the stub of his arm, and thus tossing the bundles on the wagon. Anne was a vigorous young mother of twenty-three. Her relatively slight appearance and one hundred fifteen pounds of weight belied her actual strength and vigor. She took care of her household, which included three boys. One was five years old, one two and one-half years old, and a baby eight months old. Since John had only one arm, Anne helped with the milking and helped bind the wheat and stack it for threshing. She hurried back to the field, hoping that the children would sleep long during the afternoon so that she would not need to worry about them.

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

About three o'clock, the five-year old boy, Matt, awoke and the baby was crying. He decided that the kid must be hungry and tried to give him milk that was standing in an unfinished bottle. The baby, however, was in need of other attentions and refused with vigor that only a healthy baby boy can display. In desperation, Matt thought of something else.

There was a barrel of hard cider in the cellar, and he had seen Tom, the hired man drink of that until he went to sleep under an apple tree. He went to the cellar and got a dipper full of the apple jack and decided that was what the baby must have to be quieted.

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

Later that year, the parents had to go to a town twelve miles away. It was early December. The dirt roads were frozen and rough. The trip was made in a farm wagon. As they would be gone all day, they took the baby, now eleven months old, along. The two big boys stayed at home; they took care of themselves without a babysitter. The mother put bread, milk, cold sausage, and cheese on the table for them to eat. They also had apples. Since it was cold, they were told to stay on the couch, dressed for the day, but with blankets, all day except when they ate. On no condition could they have a fire in the stove. About the middle of the afternoon, it turned colder. The five-year old suggested they get up and put on their coats and shoes. He got some paper and matches, went out to the woods and tried to start a fire, but the wind blew out the lighted matches. So with the shrewdness of an intelligent five-year old, he went into a ditch, scraped dry leaves together, and soon had a nice warm fire where they warmed themselves before going back to bed. Fortunately, the fire was in a ditch and did not spread to the adjoining woods. The boys were gradually learning to take care of themselves.

CHAPTER VIII

VALLEY DOCTORS

Early Doctors
Home Remedies
A Prairie Death
An Accident
Small Pox
Dr. Dwight Flower
Young Morrison becomes a Doctor

PEDDLERS

Arabut Ludlow
Solomon Levitan
Preacher Sam

VALLEY DOCTORS

There were a number of persons outside of the family and neighbors who played an important part in tying the social life together. Of course, there were the school teachers and the minister. But on an even more intimate level was the doctor. He was in touch with both those who were connected with the school or church and those who were not connected with either. He was also a general guidance confidant.

The community doctor has always been of greatest importance in the life of a community. He touched the life of the families and of the individual members as no other person. The clergyman was considered in relation to the spiritual, religious, and morals of the community by those who were part of his communion particularly. The doctor was the one to whom everyone came when in any physical need and in whom the absolute confidence was placed. There were, no doubt, some doctors who did not live up to the confidence placed in them, but I am sure the proportion was smaller than in any other field, whether of business men, farmers, laborers, or in fact any profession you might name. In our valley, the doctor was the one person whom one could trust with his life or any part of the well-being of individuals or of families.

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

When there were only a few scattered families, an occasional illness and death made little impression. When settlers increased, the occasional sickness became recognized as an epidemic and caused general concern. In 1852, Scarlet Fever hit the Valley. A total of seventeen children died in the area of the Sugar, Rock, and Pecatonica river valleys. Then in 1854, a man came to Green County from "somewhere in Illinois" -probably from the river town of Galena. He was ill when he arrived, and died the next day. Soon many more became ill and twenty-two adults died. It was the dreaded cholera.

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

A man staggered up to the home of Ulric and Verena. He was very ill. He was following the road across Shooks Prairie, toward Mineral Point. Since they had experienced cholera on the ship in the Gulf of Mexico, where Verena had survived it, they recognized the illness at once. The man was directed to a shed some distance from the house and children and given a blanket. Water was taken to him. He was too sick for food. In the night he died. The next day Ulric and his brother-in-law, Antone Baumgartner, split rough slabs off a cotton-wood log, made a crude box, rolled the dead man in the blanket into the box, and buried him out on the prairie. With the coming of cold weather, the spread of cholera ended. The unmarked grave contained the remains of an unknown man.

HOME REMEDIES

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

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

An extreme case was one reported about an old man who knew how to set a broken bone or to remove a bullet from a wounded person. He lived in the Upper Sugar Valley and was known as "Old Golly Smith." He walked with a stiff swinging stride of this left leg. The story generally accepted was that he had been working in a lumber camp.

In the spring drive, a log jam occurred on the river. Smith went out to break the jam. A log hit his knee, broke the knee cap and left him in bad shape. No help was available. He persuaded his team-mate to drive two nails into the joints. The nailed knee healed, but became as stiff as a wooden stake. There is no record of the facts of this yarn except the existence of "Old Golly Smith" and his stiff leg.

There were, of course, home remedies for every kind of ailment. This was true in all parts of the United States, but our list is limited to the River Valley of southern Wisconsin.

Basswood blossom tea when bilious.
Black spruce leaves (needles) - for scurvy.
Black cherry (dried) tea - for coughing, also honey and vinegar.
Bone-set tea - to increase perspiration, control fever.
Catnip tea - for constipation.
Elderberry blossom tea - headache or fever.
Gentian root (yellow gentian) distilled - stomach cramps.
Coal oil (kerosene) - for tapeworm.
Raw white of egg, strong hot tea - to counteract kerosene or poison.
Mint tea - stomach upset.
Nutmeg in hot milk - diarrhea.
Sage tea (strong) - diarrhea.
Salt in hot water - over eating.
Sassafras tea - general appetizer for children.
Yeast - for constipation.

External Use.

Arnica blossoms, boiled and mixed with wax from poplar buds – for a salve.
Dry powdered wood from pine stump - for chapped hands.
Dry powder from ants boring holes in posts - for diaper rash.
Chestnut, oak, or hemlock bark, boiled, brandy added – for blisters and sores.
Hot linseed (flax seed) - for boils.
Hot needle and silk thread - to sew a bad cut.

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

The copper kettles were scoured with fine white sand before washing, because the fine sand would cut away "grue-spau" (verdi-gris) upon which soap and hot water had little effect. All milk utensils were first rinsed with cold water to remove milk which hot water would cause to stick to the utensil. If no fine sand was available, utensils were first scrubbed with ashes, then hot water and soap were used.

After washing, the utensils were put on a bench in the sun, then rinsed with cold water before using. Horses were never kept in the same stable where milking was done, as the odor of ammonia and horse perspiration tainted the taste of the milk.

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

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

Doctor Dodge, the Sleep Doctor, mentioned in the story of "Gold" was sought after about health as well as other matters. A young man was sick. He was taken by his father to see the "Sleep Doctor." One dollar was paid. The "Doctor" lay on the couch and went to sleep. Soon, he began to mumble. His wife, who could interpret his mystery language, asked, "Does the boy eat well?" "Oh, yes, for breakfast, but not much for dinner or supper." "What does he eat for breakfast?" "Fried down pork, two eggs, and a few pancakes." The Doctor mumbled some more. His wife asked him to repeat it. Finally she stood up. The Spirit has told the Doctor that for a week the boy must eat nothing but thin-clear soup made from pigeons. After a week, he can eat the pigeon heart and livers. In two weeks, some of the pigeon meat and one slice of bread and beet greens. Then he will be well. Charley got well, and Doctor Dodge's reputation was increased.

With the coming of the new immigrants from Prussia after 1875, there were men and women who were particular specialists. They were among them women who had had special training as midwives. They introduced the collection of the powdered wood dust on old posts where carpenter ants worked. This was used for abrasions on delicate skin, diaper rash, and the navel of young babies. During the summer, one midwife would have her little boys go along fences where carpenter ants had drilled holes and left small piles of fine dust. This wood dust was carefully brushed into paper bags with a feather. When mothers came to the midwife for advice about "diaper rash," she would give them a small amount of the fine wood powder which usually proved effective.

Woodsmen have long recognized this, and on a raw wet cold day would reach into an old pine stump for powdered dust to stop the chapping of their hands. They also, in the rough, old time lumber camps, used to take a handful of unwashed wool to rub on their faces. This protected their skin with a coating of unrefined but very useful LANOLIN.

Sleep Doctor

A DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE

The only sound, other than the steady rhythm of the four young men walking through the prairie grass, was the distant drumming of a prairie chicken on a nearby hilltop. The young men walked steadily and fast. The indications were that it would be a hot August day, and they hoped to have a good start on their forty-mile walk to Janesville. John Elmer and Dick Zentner were sixteen; Ira Simms and Hank Boyle were older and more experienced and were more inclined to hold down the pace a little. The forty-mile trip would be complicated by the necessity of crossing the Sugar River flats and wooded hills and later some of the rough Rock River country. John and Dick were ahead setting a fast pace, only occasionally breaking the monotony with some comment in Swiss. Ira and Hank followed, annoyed at the pace set by the younger men; and with the direction taken; the two Swiss boys wanted to follow the ridge for about three hours, then swing east toward their objective. This was about five miles longer than the other shorter but rougher route.

Finally, they all halted to settle their differences. Simms wanted to follow the Sugar River for about twenty miles before turning east. Boyle wanted to swing east through the Gap. The younger boys insisted on keeping to the high, dry ground, even if a little farther. Boyle and Simms sat down to mark respective routes on the ground. Boyle produced a flask of "potato likker". Their argument got louder. The boys did not care for the "likker," and became tired of the argument, so they started out on their own route. They had walked about five minutes when they heard two fast shots back of them. John said there were two consecutive shots. Dick said, two shots but so near together they had to come from two guns. Did one man shoot twice, or did both men shoot at almost the same time? "Guess we better go back," Dick said. When they got back, Simms was lying on the ground, dead. The boys made a crude stretcher with a blanket and two sticks. There was a homesteader's cabin which they could see about a mile away.

They carried the dead man there and went on south to Monroe, where it was reported to the Sheriff. Then they hurried on toward Janesville. They never heard of any conclusion of the episode. Years afterwards, on occasion one would say, "I wonder what happened to Boyle?" Within two years the two young men were eighteen-year old soldiers in the deep south.

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

The Accident

John Holds Lantern.

AN INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT - 1868

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

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

When several layers had been tramped, the straw was raked off, and the grain was shoved together to be cleaned.

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

The sifting and clearing of the grain spurted out on one side, with the separated straw going up an elevator at the back. The belts and gears, the power with eight to twelve horses attached to great levers going round and round, the moaning of the tumbling rods transferring the power to the great machine was almost beyond the understanding of most men. The great machine came in unassembled parts. These parts were not machine tooled. It took a real mechanic to assemble a machine, set it up, and get it in working condition. This was done on the field where the mechanic also trained the new crew to run the machine and make repairs, from sewing a belt to welding a broken gear at a field forge. He taught them how to "strike" a set, load movable parts on wagons, move and reset on a new job.

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

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a bright October day in 1868. The long shadows from Howard's woods began to reach toward the Plum Hollow. The Bill Wood threshing crew was trying to finish the job as quickly as possible in order to move the machine while it was still daylight over the rough road to Antone Stauffacher's three miles away. The men were tired. They sort of puttered around, cleaning up the spilled wheat and chaff. The machine crew became restless. The minutes were passing and picking up the few bushels of loose grain was taking too much time. John jumped from the platform of the power machine which was pulled by long levers around and around by twelve horses. He grabbed a basket of wheat and chaff, jumped to the platform of the threshing machine, and dumped it into the roaring cylinder, jumped down, grabbed another basket and repeated. The lackadaisical sweeping of the scattered wheat and slow work of "cleaning up" the day's work irritated him. As he emptied his third basket, a torn glove was caught by the whirling cylinder. He was jerked off his feet for a moment and fell backward with the shattered arm hanging limply at his side.

Someone rushed to Howard's house one hundred yards distant, tore a sheet off a bed, and returning, wrapped it around the arm. Mathias, his younger brother, saddled a horse and rode off to Janesville, thirty miles distant to get a doctor. After resting a few minutes, John stood up and said he would walk home, a distance of a mile. His mother was subject to nervous shock which sometimes took the form of prolonged cramps. Whistling, he walked home, stating later on, however, that for about an hour he felt practically no pain. After several hours, about 2 a.m., the doctor arrived. In his hurry, he had forgotten to bring any anesthetic (laudanum). By that time, the pain was terrific. John begged him to proceed. It was a poorly-lighted room. The only light was a metal lantern holding a large candle. The doctor asked someone to hold the lantern. Alt the men in the room shrank back at the sight of the shattered arm. One man who thought he was brave began to retch and dropped the lantern. John's father, a tough old Swiss, picked it up finally, and then fainted. John was impatient. He grabbed the lantern with his right hand and said, "Darn it, I'll hold it." He held the lantern so the doctor could see. The "job" was first trimmed. John winced. When the bone was being cut about six inches from the shoulder, someone else was holding the lantern. John had passed out. He gave up being a mechanic, got married in December and started to farm. He was treated well as a workman of that period.

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

John was paid in full for all his time and only one-fourth deducted from his last day when he worked until 4 p.m. And, he was only charged seventy-five cents for the bed sheet used to wrap his shattered arm. The rights of workmen were moving forward.

YOUNG MORRISON BECAME A DOCTOR IN1850 - 1908

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

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

The year I knew him, it was Sociology. Here is his story as told to me:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In 1917, he was still a happy old man, sixty-seven years after **his first** case as an obstetrician.

SMALL POX

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

DR. DWIGHT FLOWER

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

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

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

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

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

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

By the time I was ten years old, he used to drop by and say, "There is a package I brought for you in the back of my buggy." It would consist of a bundle of old magazines: St. Nicholas, The Outlook, and Literary Digest. Then perhaps a month later, he would come by and ask me what I read that was interesting. "The only way I know what is happening is to have boys like you, who have time to read, tell me about things." I took it very seriously, and read and remembered to tell him what was in the magazines. Once he told me, "You are the only person around here who knows what the Boer war is really about." I began to read even more carefully. Dr. Dwight Flower was more than a skilled medical man; he was a great community builder who was interested in every little boy and girl with whom he came in contact. From John Adams to Dwight Flower and all the variation in between, the Valley depended on these doctors for physical and mental support and growth.

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

PEDDLERS

There was another group of people who played an important part in the life of that period. The Peddlers. They knew what was occurring within their range of traveling. They could tell us how things were going in the areas east, west, north, and south. The more respected did not concern themselves with personal gossip, but they did give information regarding the crops, cattle, weather, and other things of economic concern locally.

Personally, I got much information which was of interest to me. I told one man about how my Grandfather had taken me to Rudy's Hill and pointed out the directions from Switzerland, of other countries. His name was, as I remember it, Nassa Gorrah. He taught me the Greek alphabet. He told me about Armenia, about Greece, about the Great Desert where the people moved about with camels from one place of springs to another; that they lived very much on dates and camel's milk; that they wove garments and rugs from camel's hair; and many other things. Another Peddler, whom I mention later, came from Latvia, and he told me many things, one of which was about Amber, found in the sea. He had a piece in which there was imbedded a small insect. The Peddlers were wonderful people.

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

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, another group of peddlers appeared. They were men who had come from central and eastern Europe to America. There was one who carried rather compact cases containing Armenian lace of every description. He often stayed at our house, but about all I remember is that he tried to teach me the Greek alphabet, which I remembered in part most of my life. But the peddlers I really remember were the Jewish "Pack" peddlers, and among them, one in particular. These men carried tremendous loads. A peddler carried on his back a big pack weighing up to one hundred twenty pounds, while to balance it in front, a smaller telescope satchel weighing thirty to forty pounds. The load grew lighter as they went

along, and sometimes they would hitch a ride with a farmer who had come a long way, and work their way back towards the central source of their goods. The big bundle held linens, cotton cloth for dresses enough for one dress of each pattern so that women could have a choice and neighbor women would have different patterns; work shirts for men, suspenders, buttons, thread, needles, pins, hairpins, combs, scissors, packets of small nails or tacks for mending shoes, leather gloves, and whatever the peddler thought might attract the eye. He was the forerunner of the later five and ten cent store.

ARABUT LUDLOW

For over half a century, Arabut Ludlow was a dominant factor in the life of Southwestern Wisconsin while it was growing from a pioneer territory to a great state. From the time he traveled as a peddler and a trader from Chicago to Madison, then settling in the new town of Monroe, loaning money to homesteaders as he did to Ulric Elmer with a split shingle for a record, later a banker and a guide to new peddlers and tradesmen. Arabut Ludlow was never afraid to go against the established way of doing things and try something new and continually work for something better. He was born on a farm near Burlington, Vermont, in 1818. In 1838, he was a mail carrier between Lyons and Grand Rapids, Michigan; then a peddler and trader from Chicago to Madison; in 1846 a storekeeper in Monroe, Wisconsin. Soon he became an owner of a large tract of land, the President of the First National Bank and promoter of business generally-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

factor in the very effective economic and social legislation in the state of Wisconsin.

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

A young teacher from Milwaukee came to Madison with her high school class. They went to the Capital Building and Museum. As they were walking along a hallway, an old man stepped out, bowed and asked if he could be of help. The teacher explained that they were from out of the city and came to see the state capital. They were escorted around the building and told all sorts of interesting things by the accommodating old man who assured them that he was not busy. Finally he asked the teacher to repeat the name she had given him. He shook his head. "It doesn't sound right." he said. "You look Swiss, but your name is not Swiss." She told him her father was not Swiss, but her mother had been.

When he heard her mother's name, he said, "I knew her when she was a little girl. Her father was a farmer with one arm. He was good to me when I was a poor pack peddler. Wait a moment." He went into an office and came out shortly, and said, "I have just ordered dinner for you and your students at the Hotel." They were embarrassed that this old guide should do this until he explained that he was Solomon Levitan, the State Treasurer - the little peddler from Lithuania who was known to everyone in the South Wisconsin River Valleys and was one of the greatest builders of Wisconsin's political economy.

SYMPATHETIC PREACHER SAM

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

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

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

burrs kept adding to his discomfort and annoyance until finally he relaxed and sobbed like a child. After an hour or so of excruciating agony, he became calm enough to figure out some means of escape. He reached his coat and shirt, and folding them on top of the sand burrs, was able to place one elbow and a knee on them and eventually got on his shoes and trudged on his way.

Since the journey had gone across the sand flats and there was no highway, he did not get home until after dark, hungry, thirsty, tired. As he walked by the cool pasture along the creek where his ponies were quietly munching grass in the cool of the evening, he stopped and looked at them and probably the first unkind thoughts he had ever had came into his mind, but all he said was, "I don't think you would have been any more tired than I am."

CHAPTER IX

BELLS ARE RINGING

COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES

The Church Bell
Old Swiss Tradition
Within Sound of the Bell
A Shocked Congregation
Language Conflict
Tragedies
Comic Relief
The Book Agent
Social Reformers
Camp Meeting
The Big Get-Together
Indian Turnips
Family Lunch
Casual Business
Personal Satisfaction and Gossip
Yarns from Distant Neighborhoods

BELLS AND THEIR STORIES

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

ON THE FARM

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

The dinner-bell was a larger bell, weighing from twenty to sixty pounds, fastened on a ten-foot pole or on the side of a windmill frame. This bell gave the signals for different messages and situations.

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

The most distinctive bells were the cow bells. The Swiss fanners usually had a set of those silver-toned bells. I still have four from an original set of eight. The bells remaining weigh from one-half to six pounds each. The two larger bells and two smaller ones are missing. Each set was in tune with a particular musical key. The bells of different farmers could easily be distinguished. Many stories were told about the bells.

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

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

THE CHURCH BELL

The Church Bell, and what it represented touched every part of the Valley's life. John was working on a broken wire fence. He had only one arm. He would put several staples in his mouth, hold the hammer near its head, take a staple from his mouth, and with the curved end against the side of the hammer, tap it in place, then drive the staple in.

A horse had jumped over a pasture fence into a neighbor's oat field. Sending a boy to get the horse, he had stopped to fix the fence. The neighbor, very excited came to inform him that the damage was five dollars. With his mouth full of staples, John nodded and grunted, "Uh-Huh. The neighbor repeated in a louder tone. Again, a nod and "Uh--Huh." Not getting the point the man began to yell and gesticulate. Finally the last staple was in. John stood up and shouted, "Shut up and get for home." He turned and ran. Then a boy was sent over with five dollars.

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

The bell with a history of about a hundred years had been carried thousands of miles. From Belgium to America, Milwaukee, then to a small country church forty miles south of Madison, Wisconsin. For sixty years it rang its message one half hour before all meetings, again at the beginning of the meeting, with six strokes of farewell at the end. These meetings varied from gay gatherings of young people preparing a Christmas tree, singing school songs, debates, formal and informal religious gatherings, Sunday School baptisms and funerals. At the latter meetings, the bell was not rung but tolled at five second intervals by a hammer hitting it on the outside, its timing regulated by a wheel which took five seconds to turn.

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

OLD SWISS TRADITION

When the services ended, the bell was rung again, and the women and children left the Church, while the men and boys stood quietly until they had passed out of the building. Then the men left, followed by the Pastor who then mingled with the people shaking hands and talking with them in a more leisurely way than is found in present day perfunctory handshake as people pass out of the door, restless to get to "more important matters." The manner of leaving the Church is an old Swiss custom, dating back about five hundred years. Legend notes two different settings. The places are Nafels, near Glarus, the other is farther east in Graubunden, although the occurrence is the same. A woman is said to have left the church to care for a restless child while the Services were still in progress.

She discovered the Enemy approaching. The congregation were ready for the Austrians when they arrived. The women gave noteworthy help in defeating the enemy by rolling prepared heaps of stones down on the narrow places in the Valley.

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

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

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

WITHIN SOUND OF THE BELL

The bell may have had some yet undiscovered means for recording what occurred within its sound. There were many interesting events. It could have recorded the time when the great wooden platform near the front of the church yard was torn down because it interfered with the increasing traffic as people began to come in buggies instead of on foot or on horseback. The platform had been built in 1860 when the old church was still a very small building. Ulric had come from a town where on Sunday after the church services, the citizens gathered to discuss affairs of the State and to instruct their representatives how to vote. So with the aid of Rev. Hammeter, as stated in another chapter regarding War, a big platform was constructed. Each Sunday morning after services, Rev. Ham-meter would come out on that platform and read from Horace Greeley's York Tribune.

* Matt-Canton Glarus, said to be the oldest church in the Canton

The paper was usually a month old and sometimes two or three weekly papers would arrive at the same time. A big crowd was always in attendance. A few of them were members of the Evangelical Association, but most of them were people who gathered from a distance to hear the preacher read the paper. After the Civil War was over, reading the paper no longer called people together and the task was taken over by the Bell. When the platform became a loafing place for young men to sit and laugh during Service, it was torn down, about 1900.

A SHOCKED CONGREGATION

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

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

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

LANGUAGE CONFLICT

Another occurrence recorded by the old Bell was a conflict of cultures. The old membership was largely composed of rather casual Swiss. After the Franco-Prussian War, there came a large number of German people to the community who affiliated themselves with the only church for miles around.

As they increased in membership, they tried to formalize the activities somewhat. These efforts were met with passive resistance until the matter of language arose. The older Swiss were not very language conscious. In their homes, they spoke the Swiss form of old middle-high German. Much English and some French was spoken. The formal church language was High-German. This annoyed the more disciplined German members, especially when a Sunday school class was carried on using English and German and Swiss interchangeably. Their majority membership succeeded in having all of the primary classes in Sunday school spend an hour learning to read German. There wasn't too much objection to this until, as one old farmer said, "They cooked their own goose." The primary books were not selected with too much care. Some were the 1890 version of the present day comics. One contained this couplet,

A-B-C
Katz Im Snee
Snee Geht 'weck
Katz Im Dreck

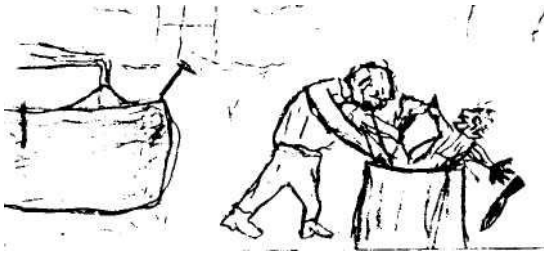
This settled the controversy and even the Germans gave up the struggle with the Swiss and allowed some classes to be taught in English and also young people's meetings were conducted in English. The old Bell had recorded another event.

TRAGEDIES

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

COMIC RELIEF

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



THE BOOK AGENT

The people of the valley had lived in another small valley in Europe for six hundred years. Their attitudes and beliefs were well established. They did not change their minds as rapidly as people brought up in a city might have done. It was difficult, for example, for the young book salesman to understand the reaction of a prospective client. "Would you be interested in buying a Book of Facts?." "No." "Do you have any time to spare?" "Yes." "Are there any questions you would like to ask me about anything?" "I don't know." "Well," persisted the salesman, "Is there some town you would like to know something about?" "Yes, how about Glarus, Switzerland?" After reading it, the farmer was asked, "Was that correct?" "Yes," he answered, "as far as it went." Then the salesman said, "Another question?" So it went on for three solid hours.

At the end of that time, the young man presented an order blank. The farmer said, "No." The young man was very angry. The farmer's response was, "I told you 'No' to begin with, but you asked if I had time to ask you questions and I did."

SOCIAL REFORMERS

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

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

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

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

Just as the men are entering the tents, Sammy and Frankie, with not even an observable wink at each other, find they must have a drink of water, although as their fathers look at them with frowning and insistent nods, they, in turn, nod their heads toward a sign on a tree, "Men's Walk." During the long prayer which follows, the boys are forgotten. They wander back to where the unhitched horses are standing by a roped-off tie-rack. There are some cautious remarks about horses, harness, jack knives, but as it is still early in the day, a modest absence of boasting or ridicule. A new boy appears, cautiously, like a young deer approaching a water hole, he partly circles, then edges into the groups of boys. A painful twenty seconds of absolute silence, then a surly, "What's your name and where you from?" is shot at him by Lee, the recognized boss of the crowd. "Milton, Milwaukee, he hesitantly remarks. That is a stunner; no one else has been farther away than Brodhead, or at most, New Glarus. He is quick to sense his advantage. "Are those supposed to be horses?" No answer. "You should see the Pabst Brewery teams, or Schlitz, or Babst or Millers. Each Brewery has horses of different color." Lee sneers at him, "Huh, Adam Blumer has big brewery horses, too." "How many?" "Oh, I think three teams, and they are some horses." "Ho Ha Ha Ha Whoopee," yapped the young urbanite. "Pabst has six horses on the team, and he has dozens of teams all exactly matched Sorrels. Schlitz has all matched Percherons." He was off with a good start. For an hour he first held them dazed, then a little resentful feeling, followed by a gleam of defiance beginning to take form in the faces of the boys. Albert started the ball rolling. "Do you have vegetables in Milwaukee?" "Huh, of course." "Turnips?" "Yes, yellow, white, and every kind." "Indian turnip?" He hesitated, the boys saw Albert's objective and jumped in. "Let's find some," they shouted and were off. Then began a flow of description which would have hypnotized an epicure. The mouths of the boys began to water actually for another reason. The Indian turnip, or Jack-in-the-Pulpit root, may look like a turnip, but it tastes like a mouth full of tannic acid which puckers every fiber and through which there is the tingling of an electric current.

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

Poor Milton, with his pumpkin, suffered. When he began to cry, they stopped, ate their melons, even sharing with him. He had been Initiated.

CAMP MEETING - THE BIG GET-TOGETHER

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

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

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

During the day, the crowd was made up largely of men and women with their families of younger children. They began arriving at 8:30 to 9:00 in the morning.

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

FAMILY LUNCH

The sun indicated it was noon. After about a mile of running, they arrived panting just as services were ending. Luck was with them. Albert's big sister was standing alone. From her they learned what the minister had preached about. It was, "Das Stein das die Bauleute Verworfen haben, ist zum Eckstein geworden." The boys repeated it over and over as they walked slowly and reverently to their buggies and kept repeating it while their mothers and sisters spread a tablecloth on the grass and put out great platters of fried chicken, smoked bologna, smoked short-ribs, deviled eggs, beet pickles, pickled peaches, apple pie, berry pie, chocolate cake, jugs of lemonade, coffee, and sugar cookies for dessert. When the inner man was satisfied, the fathers usually remembered the last they had seen of the boys was when they were drifting down the "Men's Walk" and asked, "Where were you during the services?" The prompt and unexpected answer was, "Oh, around somewhere," as a sharp look was turned toward the almost insolent answer. "Reverend Musseuger preached about Das Stein das die Bauleute verworfen haben ist zum Eckstein geworden." There was nothing more to say.

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

CASUAL BUSINESS

The men wore their Sunday clothes. They halfway felt as though it were Sunday. The discussion started in a mild fashion, in keeping with the almost Sabbath day feeling. "That tree looks like it was going to die." "Lots of trees look like that this year; it's getting kinda dry." "We had a nice rain Thursday." "Yes, but we was short of rain this spring. No Ground water." "The corn looks pretty good." "Yes, in the flats, but did you notice Dan Stearn's corn on the way up here?" "Well, he got it in too early and it got stunted to start with." After a pause, "There won't be any too much feed around this year." A sly look, followed by, "How are you fixed?" "Oh, I'll be a little short, but I'll get by." It's getting more to the point. "Tho't maybe you will have to get rid of some of your young stock, you got quite a bunch." "Yes, about forty or fifty head." Another move, "Do you have stable room?" "Oh, I can throw up a shed enough for shelter." The time for action had arrived. "What you holding 'em at?" After a pause of half a minute, "Thirty dollars." "Uh, huh." No further response, then the seller takes the lead. "They'll be worth money next spring." "Yes, of course, after you figure the feed and work and cost of shed." "Oh, I got plenty feed and have to keep extra help to milk. Am milking thirty-five cows and will have seven more in September." The conversation kept wandering on. The first bell rings. "Tell you what, I'll give you $900 for those forty-five calves."

"No, they are not calves, they are fifteen months old." "Well, I really don't have any use for 'em, the notion just took me for a minute." They move towards the tent, stop just outside. "Tell you what, I'll give you an even $1,000. I sold a bunch of hogs and that's just about what they brought." "Well, all right, I am sort of planning to buy a threshing machine." They part, both are very attentive during the afternoon services, though neither could have repeated the text, as the boys had done. As soon as the meeting is ended, one looks around to find Henry Halter. "Oh, say, Henry, I'll take that pasture you offered to rent me yesterday. I just bought a bunch of the nicest heifers you ever saw." The other man looked up Cap. Kundert. "Say Cap, what is the best figure you can give me on that threshing outfit?" "I hardly know. Jim Holloway is thinking about it." "Yes, I know you told me that a fellow in Clarno wants it, but you know you'll have to wait for your money. I just sold John a bunch of calves." The cash transaction got desired results all around and at least four satisfied men felt, but would never have said that the day at the camp meeting was a very successful day.

PERSONAL SATISFACTION AND GOSSIP

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

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

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

There were, however, real satisfactions. One neighbor notices a jar of beautiful pickled peaches, tastes one, and calls the attention of all within hearing. Everyone tries one and praises them. One woman brings a great basket full of "Kuechli" for which she is well known. When word gets around that she has brought some, everyone comes over to get one. She had brought a basket full. Her work till midnight the night before has been well repaid.

Kuechli or Fastnachtkuchaen (A Swiss delicacy)

Six eggs or twelve yolks, six tablespoons cream or rich milk, one-half teaspoon salt, flour to make stiff dough. Add milk to beaten eggs, sift on flour and salt and add to dough. Roll and stretch thin. The thinner, the better. Fry in deep fat and sprinkle with sugar. (Also called Fast-Night Cookies)

Someone praises the tatting on a little girl's collar or the drawn work on a child's apron. As they gather in groups, with schooled modesty, it may be casually mentioned how much current jelly has been made, the number of young chickens, or the "fancy work" being worked on.

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

YARNS FROM DISTANT NEIGHBORHOODS

There was the usual discussion about occurrences and people from the outlying areas. These could not be checked too closely and, likewise, they dealt with distant people, thus removing the danger of telling some yarn about a neighbor's relative. Most of these stories are similar to thousands which are told wherever people live together, each with a slightly different setting. Occasionally one has a reverse ending which comes to life many years later. This revives the story from the many long since forgotten.

In the course of time, the hired girl gave birth to a baby. There had been a lot of talk in the neighborhood about her irregularities, but Gustavson was accused of being the father. He denied it. Bertha was a very ignorant girl of low mentality, having never gone beyond the "second reader" in public school. When asked on the witness stand about the possible implication of Gustavson, she said, "Well, I can't remember. All the boys liked me." But Gus was designated as the father of the child and ordered to pay $250. This he refused to do and served out his sentence of $250 plus some costs at the rate of a dollar a day at the County jail.

An event like this gave rise to discussions among school children, as well as others, and all kinds of stories and events were recalled and retold. How much general effect it had on the community would be impossible to tell, but there was one direct result. The Dawson family and the Potter family, whose land adjoined, were not on friendly terms. Mr. Potter had planted some walnut trees along the highway. Mr. Dawson cut down the last tree because he said its limbs extended beyond the line and that he despised walnut trees because tent caterpillars grew on them.

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

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

The sound of the Bell is no longer heard in the valley. The scores of young and old have gone. The church has been torn down; the land which once supported twenty-five families and over one hundred fifty children is now largely lying unused in "Land Bank" reserve.

However, the echoes of the Old Bell are still heard, and its constructive tones are blended with the sounds of the world. The hundred and fifty younger people and their children are found in Texas, California, Washington, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Florida, and nearly every state between. They have carried its message to India, Japan, China, England, Spain, Switzerland, East, South and West Africa, Canada, Central and South America. They have become artists, musicians, scientists, ministers, missionaries, teachers, businessmen, farmers, newspaper men, authors, and publishers. The seed sown and nurtured in the little valleys within the sound of the Bell is being spread throughout the world and in every direction of the compass as indicated from the top of Rudy's Hill.

CHAPTER X

THE OLD COUNTRY SCHOOL

THE PRODUCT IS THE TRUE MEASURE OF A SCHOOL

A concerned teacher on one end of a log and an interested student on the other end usually tends to be a good school.

A "time-clock" teacher and a reluctant pupil in a palatial building and the best equipment results in a poor product.

GETTING AN EDUCATION

In order to get a complete picture of the Country School in Dutch Hollow, it is well to call attention to the period from about 1850 on to the end of the century. From the time when "school was kept" in the different farm houses and the teacher was a somewhat itinerant person - then a separate stone building built near the line between Sylvester and Mount Pleasant Townships and later a new one-room building just south of the new church, about one-half mile south of the town line.

There were several Swiss families which had settled in the Valley around 1850. Most of them had previously settled near New Glarus or in Washington Township, east of Monticello. They felt a need for some form of American education and for better association with their neighbors and to become an active part of the new neighborhood and their new country.

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

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

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

Some of the families had come from Virginia, one from South Carolina, several from New England, five families from Switzerland, and the ones who gave the name to the area were Dutch, from upper New York State. While Doc Addams was thought of as a teacher in the little community, in Cederville he looked after the physical well being of the community. He was of Quaker background and apparently had a wide range of interests. He encouraged the children to tell the other pupils about the part of the country they came from. He especially got the Swiss boys and girls to tell all they could about Switzerland,

which was an unknown foreign country. He encouraged the Swiss children to exchange Swiss types of bread or cookies for Yankee or Southern food. The Swiss did not like the corn bread nor the cold buckwheat pancakes they got in exchange, but they were encouraged to do so by their parents "so the Yankees won't think we are such 'komish leut' (comical people)." The Swiss children had some home teaching and could read French and German. They could not speak English. To meet the situation, the Addams program helped both groups. In the forenoon, everyone recited in unison the things he wished them to learn. They read in unison out of the same book, of which he had two or three copies, with two and sometimes three reading out of the one book. Then they recited factual material, singing it to the tune of Yankee Doodle, or some other easy tune. They sang the names of the States and their capital cities, the rivers, mountains, and other geographical information. They sang that a "noun is a name-word or the name of something," that "a verb is an action word," "an adverb a how, when or where word." They sang rules of spelling. They memorized the Declaration of Independence, the multiplication tables, and to limber up their tongues, repeated "Theophilos Thistle the Successful Thistle Picker" and numerous other tongue twisters. He got the Swiss children over their accent and the Yankee and Southern children to speak "clear-ly, dis-tinct-ly, with ease and eligence."

In the afternoon, a different technique was followed. He would lean on a table and say, "What shall we talk about?" One day a little boy brought in a garter snake and a frog, and he talked to them about the different forms of animal life and told them how certain animals laid eggs and how other animals produced live young. A boy brought in a pretty red striated stone and Doc Addams spent the afternoon talking about the various geological formations and the formation of agate.

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

The influence of Doc Addams on the boys and girls of that community cannot be overestimated. He was an erect, handsome man, dignified, kindly, and genuinely interested in the boys and girls of that community. I have often wondered when the life of Jane Addams had been written, how the biographers had missed some of these interesting anecdotes of her father, other than the casual reference to his Quaker background. He helped lay the foundation contributing

citizenship and was perhaps a greater influence in determining Jane Addams work in Hull Home than her oft-quoted visit to London and the Settlement house she visited there.

SCHOOL TAKES NEW FORM

After the Civil War, there was a great development and expansion of public schools. The provision had been made for schools by the assignment of certain sections of land in each township of six miles square, from the sale of which schools could be built. Soon a one-room school was built for every four sections, about 2,500 acres. It was located where there were several farms, so that most children did not need to walk over a mile, although a few would have to walk as much as two miles. At first, many of the teachers came from the eastern states, although some came from Illinois and particularly Ohio. As new schools were built, more teachers came from Valley high schools; Janesville, Rockford, Madison, and Monroe. After Nathan Twining, the grandfather of General Nathan Twining, became superintendent of schools in Monroe, many young people from surrounding areas got some advanced schooling there and taught for a term or two. They boarded with the local farmers. Some who wanted to go to college would teach a fall term or a spring term and attended college the rest of the year. Many of these country school teachers were very dedicated and effective educators. Occasionally, there was one teacher whose personality and other activities seemed out of harmony with the chief purpose of their work. However, they were so close to the life of the community, it was observed. Today, they would never come into the picture, just as valuable personal and constructive activities of many teachers today may never rise to the surface in our modern, standardized mass education

There was Bill Doyle, who conducted a good school. There were forty-five pupils, ranging in ages from six to eighteen. Bill had one little habit which he did his best to keep out of the daily school activities. He chewed tobacco. Each morning on his way to school, he would cut a willow stick, about three feet long and an inch thick. This was used as a pointer and casually moved across his lips when he could take a little nip of bark.

By the end of the day, it was a peeled stick. He brought a new stick the next day. It didn't fool any of the pupils, but neither did it disturb them. They liked their teacher. During the Christmas holidays he got married. It was apparently a lively affair. When he arrived at school the day after the New Year, his nose was bruised; there was a patch on one cheek, and both of his eyes were surrounded by an aurora of purple and greenish blue. They were nearly swollen shut. He stood before the surprised children and said, "Don't ask me about my appearance. I was "sand-bagged" last night and do not wish to talk about it." He turned, stepped into the coat room, and returned with a gunny-sack filled with peanuts. He dragged it around the room, stopped at every desk, put double hands full on each desk, saying, "Eat all you can, and put the rest in your pockets. Throw the shells on the floor. I will sweep them up at recess time. Enjoy yourselves; this in honor of my marriage." He went to his desk and pretended to read for an hour.

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

The next year there was an innovation. A woman was hired to teach the winter term. She was an honest hard-working country school teacher. Not a giddy girl. A tall strong-built woman, twenty-nine years old, square-faced, brown hair combed tight back with the long ends twisted into a biscuit knot in the back. Over her unadorned brown dress, she wore a black sateen apron. No fooling about her. She did not enjoy teaching, but it was her job. Children in general were something one must endure, like bad weather. It was the winter term with the usual forty or forty-five pupils, aged six to eighteen. The big boys did not come regularly, only as the mood struck them. They came chiefly for something to do during the winter months which was a dull period on the farms. Also, when the weather was bad, they would bring a sled full of smaller children to school. They did not disturb the school, except there was sometimes one who had to be taken in hand by the teacher. There was one of the older boys who was considered a pest. He was called "the Weasel"; not because of his pointed face, beady eyes, tawny hair, and perked lips, but rather because of his weasel-like disposition. He also had a big chew of tobacco in his mouth, and when the teacher's back was turned, he could direct a spiral to plop behind her. His activities were generally harmless, but annoying, such as bringing field mice to school to slip into little girls' lunch buckets or hiding skunk musk in cracks of the school house.

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

His father gave him a cow and a team of mules. Her father rented them a small farm. There was not too much work to do, and she was very capable; so he would go to town nearly every evening and sleep late in the morning, but they got along satisfactorily. He still liked to tease her in his usual way. He would leave the gate open so the cow would get into the corn field, then watch his wife run. He would squirt tobacco juice on the growing tobacco, then tell her that there were worms working. He liked seeing her try to find them.

She enjoyed trying to bring up a nice young man more than she did teaching a room full of children. They finally gave up farming. He drove a truck in a distant city where she got a job as a substitute teacher. They lived happily on.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

I suppose that a child in school with a good teacher may learn a lot about different animals and birds. That is not how I had learned about them. There was lots of leisure. In the morning, I would saddle up Prairie Maid and be ready to do any errands demanded. Take a trip to see if cattle had enough salt. Ride up Miller's Hollow to see that the fences were O.K. Run over the two and one-half miles to pick up the mail, and other things; but there was much time in the morning and usually all afternoon till about five o'clock when time was my own. I knew most of the different birds found in Southern Wisconsin, their habits, where they nested, what they ate. I knew several kinds of grasshoppers, crickets, and locusts. I knew what kinds of bugs could be found under stones, where they laid their eggs, and the different kinds of spiders, from those who made a trap hole in the ground, those which spun long lacy traps, and those spinning a long trailing sailing rope which carried them over the hills. Woodchucks, gophers, moles, field mice, and fox, red, grey, and flying squirrels were all part of my life. All these in addition to the varieties of domesticated ducks, geese, guinea fowls, peacocks, and chickens we raised. I knew the different breeds of cattle and most of the different types of horses. As I mentioned elsewhere, my father made it a point to explain all the parts of the organs and structure of a steer, a sheep, or a pig when we butchered it.

I was interested this morning in reading about a WONDERFUL school in California where they were teaching fifth grade children about the parts of the body. They were merely gradually catching onto the job which the parents had given up several decades ago and turned over to the schools so they could go out and earn some money to pay for the hiring of someone else to teach their children.

We have to earn money to hire busses to take children to meet others. Compare our method of getting together Prussian, Irish, Indians in Dutch Hollow.

Until I was nine years old, the pressures of society upon my life were unnoticed. There was no school I must attend, just be a part of the family doing the things a little farm boy was called upon to do. Going on long trips and walks with my grandfather.

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

The teacher lined us in the front of the room and asked if any of us knew the letters of the alphabet. I raised my hand. "Say them," I was ordered.

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

The year I was ten to eleven was a dreadful year of school for me. The teacher was Mary Bullfinch. The Chairman of the School Board introduced her to us. He said, "Boys and girls, we are very lucky to have our new teacher. She has her Master's degree in English from the University of Wisconsin. I know she will get along with all of you. Of course, she may have a little trouble with Manuel; our last year's teacher did also."

All laughed. When school started, the new teacher said, "Now Manuel, you may put your books on my desk. During morning and afternoon exercises you may sit in the front seat. Then you stand in the corner by my desk. I did that the entire term. In those morning and afternoon periods, she read to us Scott's "Lady of the Lake." A few lines each time and then discussed with us what Scott may have had in mind when he wrote it. She had, you remember, just taken her Master's degree. It was HORRIBLE. It killed Sir Walter Scott for me. That term of school was a continual conflict for me. I did learn to

shoot thorn apple seeds and pieces of chalk over my shoulder and hit whoever I pleased. I can still do it. There was a real problem in my life why I was bored to stand in a corner all day.

1. I read easily and extensively in German and in English. I had completed the fourth reader before I started to school the year before.

2. I knew all the country around for several miles and the different people, English, Irish, German, American, and Swiss, and knew where they came from and much about their various countries.

3. I knew types of cattle, Durham, Holstein, Jersey, Guernsey, and their special characteristics and much about breeding, cross-breeding, and feeding.

4. Horses - Clydesdale, Belgian, Percheron, Standard Bred, Morgans, Bronco, mules, and, of course, French-Coach, which we specialized.

5. The habits and life of chipmunks, gophers, woodchucks, raccoons, mink, muskrats, rabbits, squirrels, field and house mice.

6.. In addition, all kinds of domestic birds and poultry, including guinea and peacocks, many wild birds, prairie chickens, ruffed grouse, woodcocks, yellow hammers, all kinds of woodpeckers, killdeers, snipes, different wild ducks, cranes, wild geese, turtle doves, bluebirds, bluejays, crows, different kinds of sparrows, orioles, thrush, in fact most of the usual birds.

7. Corn, wheat, barley, oats, timothy, different clovers, wild and tame grasses, sorghum, broom corn, all sorts of garden truck, melons, squash and pumpkin.

8. Many kinds of wild plants and weeds, especially those used by the family as herbs, tea, and greens.

9. General big tools, but especially, all types of small hand tools.

10. Care of milk and the various kinds of cheese and how they were made.

11. Most of the native trees and shrubs.

12. How to measure lumber and the weights of different grains.

13. Owned a one-shot .22 rifle and had hunted and fished alone.

14. Had spent all my days with Grandfather and my father and lived with mature brothers and sisters. So, I WAS BORED BEYOND BELIEF.

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

across the face with her ruler and left a permanent bump on my nose. The second round was lost. Each day my affliction grew and the strangle hold increased. I had done much reading and browsing among the books at home. Regular classes were agony. I used the seat without a desk for the morning exercises. Then I had to stand facing the blackboard back of her desk all day long for the entire term.

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

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

There was a funny little book on the "Etiology of Language." I spent hours trying to understand it. It had some odd lines in it that were interesting to memorize "When that Aprille with hise shoures soote the droghte of March hath perceed to the roote and bathed every veyne in swich licour of which vertu engendered is the flore - and smalle fowles maken melodye that slepen all the nyght with open eye." There was a large volume filled with steel etchings - and edited by

William Cullen Bryant called "Beautiful America" and a poem by Bryant called Thanotopsis, which I memorized. The days were full of everything from finding a crow's nest, watching a badger dig a hole, helping to tidy up the yard, and learning to estimate the number of board feet of lumber in a standing tree. There is usually an ending of long-time pleasures. The very existence of those days of freedom and of absorbing all kinds of unrelated information put me increasingly into the power of the "system" and its resulting affliction.

SIXTEEN, A CERTIFIED TEACHER

In April, 1902, there was a notice that a teacher's examination would be held in Albany for first, second, and third grade certificates. First grade examination was for high school teachers, the second was for graded schools, and the third was for elementary, one-room schools. The third grade was to be over the elementary subjects, and, in addition, Etymology, with some knowledge of Music and World History and the Philosophy of Education. I read Meyers Ancient History and bought a small book on Etymology. The fact that I had read the dictionary, word for word, turned out to be worthwhile. Also, I had read my sister's copies of The Etude, a musical magazine regularly. Also, I had read a magazine called "Educational Foundations," which had long discussions about Froeble, Pestilozzi, Montissori, James, and others. Most of it was far beyond me, but I had a good memory and could repeat, even if I didn't understand, some of their conclusions.

So to Albany I went. It was raining. The buggy sank in the mud up to its axles. It would have been easier to ride on Prairie Maid, but I took a good suit, some books to study that night, and general luggage. It was so muddy, she could only walk, and it took me three hours to go the eleven miles. I was in Albany at 7 a.m. I took her to a livery stable and went into a restaurant to eat breakfast. As I entered the door, there was David Conway. He was the thresher boss now that William Prisk was no longer threshing. "Hello, Manuel, what are you doing here so early on such a muddy April morning?" I told him. He insisted that he would not permit me to stay at a hotel and took me and my horse to his home.

That evening, after supper, I went to my room to review for the second day's examination. The heat register carried the voices from below. A school teacher was also rooming at Conways. She had come in late for supper, so there was not much conversation before I went to my room. Through the register came her voice. "Who is that boy who just went upstairs?" They said, "Manuel Elmer, from Dutch Hollow." "What is he doing here?" Then, "I have met his brothers who are married to the Jenny girls, but why should that little 'snot nose' think he can get a certificate to teach? He isn't even in High School yet." I was very humiliated, but was tired and went to sleep. I woke up at daylight and went over material on Etymology and Philosophy of Education, which were included in the next day's examination. Two weeks later, I received a certificate which entitled me to teach in any elementary school in Green County, Wisconsin, and also a letter from the Superintendent J. Carl Penn, saying some very kind words about my last day's examination.

A school six miles away had lost two teachers. The enrollment of that school varied. The year was divided into three terms, ten weeks in the fall and spring, and sixteen in the winter term. During the spring and fall term, the pupils were mostly little boys and girls of varying ages. In the winter time, the big boys came to school, boys up to eighteen years of age. A young woman was usually employed for the spring and fall terms. The winter term required a man. It was an established state of affairs that the teacher would be given a rough time during the winter term. In fact, how the new teacher would handle the big boys was always a question of interest. There was usually some young man whose purpose in showing up for the first week or two was to bait the teacher.

The new teacher was a graduate of the State Normal School. He was a tall slender, gentle person. By the second day of school, the local bully, a stocky chap of eighteen years of age and weighing about one hundred sixty-five pounds, irritated lie young teacher until the teacher took him by the shoulder and tried to steer him from the room. The big boy grabbed the teacher by the shoulder and the seat of his trousers, picked him up and threw him against the closed door. The door split in two. The teacher kept on going, walked out of the community and never returned for his hat, coat, or books. The next teacher was a charming little Irish girl. At the end of the first day, the boys nailed the door and windows shut with Annie Murphy on the inside. As dusk began to fall, she smashed a window pane and escaped from the schoolhouse.

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

The superintendent of schools gave me a printed copy of a teacher's manual which contained a page of instructions for each course I would be required to teach. There were eighteen pupils in the school, ranging from four pupils attending school for the first time to two students who were taking advanced courses and who, at the end of the year, took the county examinations and were admitted to the High School. There were four children beginning their first year and twelve in between, including four boys who came only for the winter term. The prospect frightened me more than I would admit to anyone but my father. He suggested that I follow "Doc" Addams method, although fifty years had passed since he taught before the Civil War. I was also advised "never be afraid to admit you made a mistake."

With high hopes, hidden nervousness, and no clear-cut plans, I mounted my horse for the six-mile ride to the first day of school teaching. A new world was ahead. Arriving at the school, I saw the

boys gathered around a big, husky chap who glared at me as I spoke to them. At 9 a.m. the pupils marched in. The big boys and girls took the back seats, the smaller, the front ones. The seats were arranged in four rows decreasing in size from back to front. After starting the morning by singing a song known to all, the beginners were called to a long bench in the front of the room. The big boy raised his hands and said, "Kin I go out?" It was less than five minutes since they had come in, so I said, "No." He grinned and stood up. He was about five foot ten and weighed one hundred sixty-five pounds. I was two years younger and weighed about twenty pounds less. I saw my end as a teacher in sight. But the idea of being treated like the previous teacher did not appeal to me. I jumped at him as I had previously jumped to tie a calf. What I did was against all modern rules of "teacher decency." He finally quit struggling and slumped back to his seat. That was the end of any difficulty for the next two years. The pupils, the parents, and the community were satisfied with a teacher who could "keep" school.

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

There were several former school teachers in the community. None of them had children attending the school, but they combined and sent a letter to the superintendent of schools, J. Carl Penn, that the school was not being run properly. It was a beautiful day in May. I took all the children to the field in the back of the school house. Starting with one of the smallest, I asked, "What do you want to do this afternoon?" She said, "I like this flower." It was a violet. I marked a square around it. Now draw a picture of this square with the violet. That is a map. It will be your geography and drawing lesson. Then write a story about your map and picture. That will be your English, Spelling and Writing for the day.

Arising to my feet to assign work for another pupil, a deep voice startled me, saying, "I don't think that is too bad." It was Superintendent J. Carl Penn. He approved of my methods and raised my salary from $36 to $52 a month. The ratings of these young seventeen-year-old teachers cannot be done with today's standards. They lacked the formal and organized learning which a seventeen-year-old has today, but they did have a knowledge which they could present to other youngsters who did not have books, libraries, and other sources of information.

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

At least once each term, the teacher was supposed to "stay all night" at the home of different families. The first family I stayed with was

planning to shingle their barn, and the school teacher was asked to figure out the amount of shingles needed. Another family wanted to put wallpaper on three rooms. The school teacher figured out the amount of paper needed. Of course, the storekeeper would have done this, but the family wanted accurate information in advance.

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

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

There was one family which had come to America less than a year previously. They spoke a mixture of Polish and German to me, although they spoke Polish and Russian fluently. I was asked to be their guest. They lived in a big one-room house with a cooking "lean-to." There was a minimum of furniture: a plank table and two benches, a big stove, a curtained-off space for the parents' bed, rolled-up straw mattresses for the five children stacked in a corner of the room. The dinner was abundant: barley soup, boiled beef and smoked spare-ribs, fresh bread, butter, honey, jellies and jam. There were great quantities of boiled potatoes, rutabagas, cucumbers, beet pickles, big slabs of egg cake, and a large bowl of whipped cream to cover it, and very strong black tea. While the mother and the girls washed the dishes, the father and I talked. I had recently read a book on Poland. Then the father told me about the "jokes" they played on each other. He told me about an incident at Kishinev. The father told about a "joke" they played on an old Jew. There was a town called Kishinev a few miles away. On its outskirts was a Jewish community. One day a fanner took his old "Shimmer (an old white horse) to sell to a Jewish horse trader. He came home late one evening. "What did you get for your 'Shimmel?" "Nothing," he answered, "The Jews stole her away from me like they always do." It was his modest way of belittling his deal.

The young men were looking for any excuse for excitement. Someone shouted, "Let's beat up the Jews." A mob assembled and went to Kishinev. With clubs and stones, they smashed whatever they saw and beat up any Jew who dared to appear out doors. He said this was not an unusual type of activity where he came from. The evening passed rapidly. There were all kinds of questions the parents asked, aided in their lack of German, by the children who were learning to speak English. Having the school teacher in their home was a great event. The mother showed me pieces of embroidery and needlework she had brought from the old country.

The father showed me an "inlaid" darning ball he had made by mortising together several kinds of woods. He wanted the English word for many terms. He still could not translate "hectare" into acres, and was confused with comparative metric with English tables of weights and measures and with "Centigrade" and "Fahrenheit" thermometer.

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

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

CHAPTER XI

MYSTERY STORIES

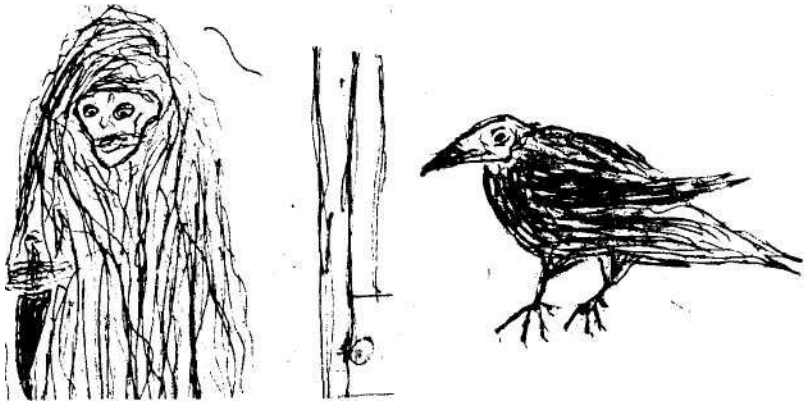
Haunted House
Old Shoe
Barrels
Lime Kiln
Burk's Brahm
Josie Arlington

Some have been explained. Some will remain mysteries forever.

MYSTERY STORIES

Any community where the same family groups have lived for more than one hundred twenty-five years, there are unexplained mystery stories. Some of these are common knowledge. There are others that are locked in the knowledge of a small group and kept as an absolute secret. Those commonly known may be told and retold with the necessary embroidery added which the particular group of listeners may appreciate. Other mysteries are not talked about, even among the small group who know something about the unexplained event or situation even without a solution.

There are a few with which I was concerned or at least had some contact with the events in some way and am at present the only living person who knew of certain facts connected with these events. The last other person who knew some of the facts connected with several of the mysteries related died in the autumn of 1974 at the age of ninety-seven years.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

One morning in the early part of July, as we were going to the house to eat breakfast, we heard a team being driven madly up the Dutch Hollow Road, crashing over the little wooden bridges, of which there were five or six in that half-mile stretch. Father looked and said, "What's the matter? is the team running away, or is Jake going crazy?" We moved back toward the granary and as Jake came dashing up in a cloud of dust, he yelled, "Allemann hung himself!" Breathlessly, the story came out. Scattered comments and incidents which might have some bearing on the situation. The night before, Allemann, the cheese maker had not been at the factory when the milk was brought in and Uncle Adam had asked my two brothers, about nineteen and twenty-one years of age, respectively, to help take care of the milk. It was assumed that the cheese maker had gone to town and gone on his occasional spree. I spoke up and said that just a few days before when I had been at the factory in the evening. the news of another cheese maker's death had been brought to the factory.

He was inclined to drink rather heavily and it was reported that his wife had him taken to jail to sober up. When he began to realize what had happened, he took off his suspenders and with their aid hung himself on the bars of the jail window. Allemann had sat on a three-legged stool and seemed rather depressed and said he did not understand how any man could commit suicide; that was the last thing he would think of doing.

There had been an epidemic of suicides among cheese makers that year. It had been a rather prosperous year. Many of the cheese makers were married men who had come from Switzerland as skilled workmen. Life in a small, one man cheese factory was rather lonely. Because of the refined character of Swiss cheese and the inadequate means of caring for milk in the little farms, it was found necessary to have the milk delivered to the factory as quickly as possible after milking and made into cheese at once. This meant that two batches of cheese a day were made, one in the morning and one in the evening. The cheese maker lived a very confined life. His pay was excellent, but he had no chance of spending it until the winter time when there were important meetings like "Schwingfest," the famous wrestling meet, the Kaesar Ball, and similar events. Many of the men who had made a small fortune and had written home to Switzerland of their success found themselves penniless and after brooding over the situation for some time committed suicide. These celebrations usually brought with them vultures from outside the community who came to make a killing on these men with money in their pockets and with their judgment fogged by too much wine.

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

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

kitchen drinking and thinking of his friends who had committed suicide and experimentally tried it. When he once got into this low position, the load of whiskey he was carrying did not enable him to get up again, especially when the chair tipped over.

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

One of my brothers was twenty-one years of age and was called in to the coroner's jury. It upset him terrifically. The other was too young to be called on the jury, but he had also seen the hanging man. I was about nine. We were finishing up haying that afternoon. There were just two or three small loads of hay from odd corners. I was on the hay load driving the team, and the boys were pitching hay onto the wagon. There wasn't very much work to be done so most of the afternoon was spent sitting on the hay rack in the shade of the big cherry trees. The whole horrible situation was gone over inch by inch. Towards evening, the boys began to direct their attention toward me. Their remarks took a trend something like this: "I don't suppose the kid will dare haul milk any more in the evening. He will be afraid to go past Allemann's house." I protested, weakly, then, "Oh sure he will, but he will imagine he sees the old cheese maker's head sticking out the window." "That will be pretty tough on him. When he grows up, he won't dare to go see a girl because he will imagine he sees a ghost." It was kept up for an hour or more as only big brothers could keep it up. Finally in desperation, I said, "I am not afraid to go down there right now!" That spurred them to another idea. One said, "There is an ice cream sociable tonight at the school house. I will give you a quarter if you go and light Allemann's lamp." The other said, "I will give you another quarter and pay for all the ice cream you want to eat." That is all that was said. After supper and after the milking was done, I slipped over to the boys as they were hitching up the horses to deliver the milk to the factory and said, "I am going to light Allemann's lamp," and started out across the back pasture, up over Brechlin's hill, across Nick's thicket, down through the old orchard to the back door of the wood shed. When I started, one said, "I guess he actually means it. Do you think he might get scared and faint when he gets over there?" The boys talked for a moment. They were going to get the girls and take them to the ice cream sociable. Ulric was going to get the girls and Jake was to haul the milk and then meet them at the school house. Ulric said, "If you see a light in the house, keep on going. If you do not see a light, stop and go up that way and I will come across the fields. I can tell whether you see a light by listening to hear whether you cross wooden bridges." In a few minutes he heard Jake cross the wooden bridges so he knew the light was on.

In the meantime, as I came through that orchard with the dusk settling over the countryside and deepening shadows, my heart pumped as it has never pumped since. I was desperately afraid. I had an old jackknife that my grandfather had willed to me when he died. I opened that knife and carried it in my hand. I came to the woodshed and entered it.

There was a big wood box, half of it in the woodshed and half of it with a lid reaching into the kitchen. I knew I could get into this house in that way. I got into the woodbox, crawled through, raised the lid, and hopped out into the living-bedroom. Jumping out of the woodbox, I stumbled over his boots. I took a step and fell tangled in a pair of his trousers that were lying on the floor. It was almost dark in the room. The ventilated house at the end of a hot July day seems filled with an acrid, stale odor which naturally emphasized the vision of a man hanging there for probably eighteen hours. I light a match; there is his lamp on the table near the window. The sound of the lighted match sounds like a ripping board. I light the wick, replace the lamp and begin carrying it to the kitchen where he had been hanging. What is that sound? Is it the shrinking timbers of the house as the evening coolness? I stop; it continues with a regular distinct thump, a regular creaking in the floor above me. My heart has stopped beating and my muscles are frozen to rigidity. I put my hand on the latch to open the kitchen door, and, as the door was pushed open, the light is blown out.

Anyone who intimates that a nine-year-old boy does not have the full strength of emotions that a grown person has, has never gone through that experience. The doors were locked. I could not see the woodbox any more. I did find my way back to the table by the window, took the hot chimney off and lit the lamp, replaced the chimney, left it sitting on the table near the window, and dashed for the woodbox. How I got in and out of the shed side, I do not remember. Through the orchard, through wire fences, across Nick's thicket filled with blackberry bushes and prickly ash is a blank. I do remember reaching Brecklin's corn field. The half-grown corn reached to above my shoulders, and, as I dashed through it, the leaves were snapping behind me. Every crack of the corn leaves gave added inspiration to my flight, and shortly I was home. I changed my clothes, went to the ice cream sociable at the school house, where after a few minutes, my brothers arrived and hunting me up, filled my pockets with change and said most austerely, "Don't you ever mention what you did to anybody," which admonition I kept until I was at least thirty years of age.

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

SEQUEL

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

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

THE OLD SHOE

"It's just as well nobody knows." These were the last words I heard from him. He died, age 97, about two months ago. He was the last of the four young men who knew about the old shoe. I was only eight years old, but as usual, was hanging around when the older young men were called upon to help in removing the contents of the grave eighty years ago.

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

The Barclay family had lived in the community for many years; everybody liked them. They came from around Oshkosh, but seemed to

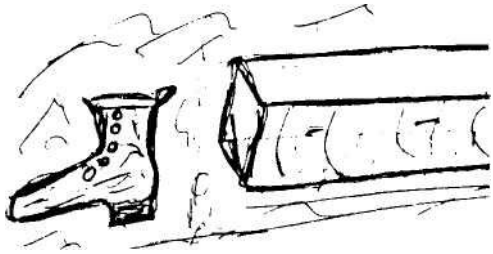
fit into the farming neighborhood. They were good farmers, helpful neighbors and were generally liked by all who knew them. Erna was particularly well-liked by the community, and when the rumor got around that she was planning to marry Jens Oleson, everybody nodded their approval. Jens had lived in the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

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

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

The cemetery was on a hill of solid limestone. When the graves were first made, they had to be cut; they were almost solid rock. This second excavation was relatively easy; a pick loosened up the dirt and stone, and it was easily shoveled out, making a neat rectangle without any danger of getting out of line. When they were down about three feet, someone remarked that the pick point ought to soon touch the top of the rough box. More dirt was thrown out. We went deeper; no change. A pick pulled out an old moldy half-decayed leather shoe. It was a coarse small work shoe of a boy or woman with heavy brass eyelets. After a couple of hours more work, the grave was cleaned out. Not a sign of a box, coffin, or remains were found.

Jens got down on his knees, scratched around in the dust and sort of mumbled, "Rings and the coffin handles shouldn't have decayed." The old shoe with the brass eyelets was the only thing found in that grave. Jens had a new pair of shoes in a pasteboard box in his wagon which he had purchased that morning. He emptied the shoes out of the box, filled it with earth, tied it with a string, and placed it in the big wooden rough box in the back of his wagon. The lid of the big box was screwed shut; the old grave refilled; all signed the papers stating that they had opened the grave, removed contents, and refilled the grave. Jens proceeded to his home to have the box with the remains placed in the new grave. We shouldered our picks and shovels, walked down the hill, and never mentioned the empty grave. "I have often wondered," said the old man the last time I saw him, but it's just as well that nobody knows."



GOLD

There were more than the usual dozen men and boys gathered around the stove in Anderson's Country Store. It was April, 1914. Fred Anderson was in a small cubicle sorting the mail which had just been delivered from the county seat. The usual group of eager boys crowding past the men to get their mail order catalog or prize for wrappers of Arbuckle coffee or Yucatan chewing gum seemed more interested in what the men were talking about. Tom Crow told how when he had lost a cow, he had given Dr. Dodge a dollar, and the Doc went to sleep and while in a trance told him where to find the cow. Skeptical Otto Witt interrupted with the comment, "Shucks, that was nothing. All he had to do was think he was a cow and then act naturally which wasn't hard for old Doc Dodge to do." A nervous chuckle of the group showed appreciation of the joke, but not conviction of a fact.

Others spoke of instances where, for a fee, Doc would go to sleep and in a voice and language which only his wife could interpret, he would answer questions, solve marital problems and give advice quite comparable to "advice to love-lorn" common in mid-twentieth century papers and to programs on radio and television.

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

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

I had been away from the area for several years, coming back occasionally to get away from the stress and pressure of life in Chicago. While all of the people were known to me, I felt it was better to stay in the background and not spoil their attempts to solve the problem or

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

THE BARREL

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

The store crowd filled a need. The discussions dealt with politics, local, state, and national; with different religions, crop rotation, care of

milk, and along with free trade, free coinage of silver, the World's Fair in Chicago and the benefit of contour plowing; this forty years before politicians discovered it and used it as something to talk about which would win nods of approval. If you get the crowd to nod approval, it can be continued into nodding for the political candidate, repeating accepted facts becomes the bulk of what is said.

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

Forty years later, in a city more than a thousand miles from Stiegersitz, I became acquainted with a man who mentioned that he was a boy living in that place at the turn of the century. In talking about our early days in that region, he told me of an incident. One day a big 52-gallon barrel arrived in care of the depot agent, but with no other assignee nor any notation of the shipper. It stood on the platform for several days. The agent finally called headquarters for instructions. He was told to advertise the "barrel" and then, if there was no response after a given time, to sell it at auction. The usual group of boys hanging around the little transfer station were curious. The barrel seemed heavy. It contained some liquid. Bees gathered where there were moist spots of seepage at the joints. Perhaps it was maple syrup. They got a small auger. Through the hole they pushed a rye straw. Whew!! It was whiskey. Every evening they gathered. The contents were gradually lowered. Finally, the day of the sale arrived. A big group came.

The barrel and contents were bid in for $2.50. A hammer knocked at the head. Contents, a partly filled barrel of whiskey. The boys grinned at each other with superior smiles. But there was something else, a cadaver of a man. The boys looked sick. Some "flipped their cookies." The apparent trick on the Agent slightly misfired. Officials decided that the body was one picked up at the morgue.

No solution was ever reached.

After a long snowy winter, it was always a delight to roam over the hills and bring home a big bouquet of wild crocuses when there were still the remains of snowdrifts on the north side of the cliffs in the woods above the house. It was on such a forenoon in April in the year of 1892.

I had gone back to Rudy's Hill about half a mile east of the house and wandered about, collecting flowers and then sitting on a stone above the old lime kiln and looking down across Witt's Hollow. About one hundred feet below me, I saw a white object and went down to pick it up. It was about the size of a golf ball, smooth, and, as I picked it up, a bone about ten inches long, ending in an enlarged round part, came with it. It was an interesting little club, so I carried it home. That was what led to the following story of the Lime kiln.

MYSTERIES

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

THE LIME KILN

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

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

She knew what was the matter. He had been drunk, but now, instead of admitting it like a man, he came up with the same fool story Zentner had told at the barn raising; couldn't he think his own lie?

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

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

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

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

BURCHARD BRAHM

In the spring of 1875, John was in sore need of a hired man. He did not have very much money. A man came through the neighborhood looking for work. When a farmer needing a hired hand asked him where he had last worked, he abruptly walked away. John was told that there was a man looking for work whom he could probably get for the money he was able to pay if he did not ask too many questions. Money was scarce. There were no funds in sight until the wheat was sold and then there would be the ten per cent interest to pay, the taxes, and certain necessities. Buchard (Burks) Brahm offered to work for $15 a month. John was rather surprised. Brahm was a tall, alert, well-built man of about twenty-seven years of age, but no questions were asked.

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

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

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

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

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

In the winter of 1921, I developed a very severe case of pneumonia. I was in the hospital for six weeks. While there, I had received a letter from the President of the University, asking me for some data regarding our national population. He was on a national committee dealing with that problem. When I got out of the hospital and went through my mail, I found the letter and answered it at once, explaining why it had been delayed.

He thanked me and enclosed a check to cover a two-week rest period for me in New Orleans. While there, I got the material for the story of Josie Arlington and the picture of the statue which, as far as I know, is the only one in existence.

JOSIE ARLINGTON

The usual crowd was gathered on the benches and the tie rails in front of the hardware store. Someone told of a light appearing each morning about 3 a.m. for the past several weeks in the cemetery near the Gap. The preacher had finally investigated and found it was the reflection of a bright star on a highly polished tombstone. Someone told how recently a man was buried three years before and had been removed to another cemetery.

When the coffin was taken up, the lid was opened and his full-bearded face was exposed. A gust of wind caused the beard to drop and expose a bare skeleton. One after another tried to out-do the previous raconteurs. A traveling salesman moved into the circle and told the story of Josie Arlington, which he had recently heard on a trip to New Orleans. I thought it was a city slicker yarn and forgot about it for many years until the story was repeated to me in New Orleans, and I took the enclosed pictures.

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

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

There were numerous mild or temporary affairs of interest which soon vanished before they became a fixed part of her life. Finally, one affair left its seal upon the life of Josie. The young man was from a family and from a status of life far above which she could have hoped for, though not beyond what she had dreamed about. He had the opportunities for an education and had financial resources which, to her meager background, seemed unlimited. She believed that he loved her and this was a dream come true. When he married a girl of his own social group, the effect was deeper than he could have realized. She tried to forget it by the reckless acceptance of the attention of men whom she had previously scorned and even now despised. Her life became a mockery of what it had been. Despite the change in Josie's way of life, she still retained beauty.

Not the dew-kissed beauty of a morning rosebud, but rather the full-blown, even though somewhat harsh, beauty of the afternoon rose.

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

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

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

Josie Arlington had a tomb built on her plot in the Metairie cemetery. It was made of brick red granite; instead of vases of flowers and figures, it was bare except for two bronze urns from each of which protruded a carved piece of red granite which gave the appearance of flame, the door of bronze, standing partly ajar, with its heavy greenish-bronze chain unfastened.

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

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

In 1921, Grahm Tayler, who had been a social worker for many years, took me to see this tomb. He said that a red deflector had been placed on the streetlamp by the orders of our "heroine" which reflected its light on the tomb and made it stand out at night in the "City of White." When

the new administration eliminated the old notorious section from the city, the reflector was also removed from the street light and the incident forgotten.

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

From 1897 to 1917, the district was presumably under the control of the city administration, which merely meant that part of the money spent there went into the hands of politicians. In 1917, the Federal Government stepped in and made the area "off limits." Before that time, a "Blue Book" was passed out to anyone coming to the district. The Blue Book explained: "This is the only district of its kind in the states set aside for fast women by law. This book puts the stranger on a proper grade or path as to where to go and be secure from hold-ups, brace games and other illegal practices usually worked on the unwise in Red Light Districts."

"To know a thing or two, and know it direct, go through this little book and read it carefully, and then when you go on a 'lark' you'll know 'who is who' and the best place to spend your time and money. Read all the 'ads,' as all the best houses are advertised and are known as the "cream of society.'"

CHAPTER XII

THE CULTURAL BACKGROUND AND ADJUSTMENT

How the Breakthrough from the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century has Modified the Form of Personal and Social Relations.

THE ECONOMIC SHIFT AND NEW DEVELOPMENTS

In the first half of the nineteenth century, practically everyone was an "existence-level" producer. For the most part, there was little accumulated wealth to pass on to the next generation nor much of a start to hand on to the newly married couple. When too old or too feeble to work, the old people became a part of the next generation's family. But at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, a change became more general. Spurred by the Mexican War, with wheat selling for two dollars a bushel, the opening of new territory, traffic down the Mississippi River of wheat, lumber and meat products, with cotton, tobacco moving up the river, outlet for any surplus began to appear. In addition, there arose opportunity for the surplus young men to earn a living other than raising a little patch of corn and potatoes. A new era was starting.

I shall now concentrate on a situation which was very typical of the entire central part of the United States which will show how this shift took place and expanded until it exploded into an entirely new social order and appeared full blown in the twentieth century.

Europe was overcrowded. The Irish famine, the revolutions in the German States, and lack of living opportunities in the Scandinavian countries resulted in the migration of millions of people from these countries in the middle of the nineteenth century. The unlimited land available in the central part of the country also attracted large numbers from other areas, such as the Mennonites, who brought a new variety of wheat to western prairies and the Swiss, who pushed the manufacture of cheese in Ohio, New York, and particularly in Wisconsin.

From one end of the country to the other, a pattern was found which is aptly illustrated in the family of which I was a part.

Among my very first memories are the early years of the 1890's. There was apparently very definite years of depression. Food was very plentiful, but as we could sell nothing, money was scarce. One thing I remember very well. Our taxes were $48, but we did not have $48 nor knew where we could get it. I should have gone to school that year, but the only shoes I had were moccasins made from the tops of felt boots, with leather sewed on the bottom. I did not go to school. Hence, later so-called depressions never seemed the tragedies they appeared to others who had not made the breakthrough from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. To me, even the depression of 1907, 1921, and the depression of the 1930's were not the tragedies to me that they were to those for whom they were, in each case, the first Depression. The early training I received was to "Find a way, or make it."

Revolutionary changes are not spontaneous, as they appear to later observers. Revolution and changes occur over a considerable period of time. They often begin as just simple incidents, but gradually an attitude is built up which results in a major turnover or event. An interest may result from some accumulation of situations and when the right conditions arise, they provide the ignition resulting in the breakthrough.

My Grandfather was very much interested in developing small cooperative Swiss cheese factories. We had a dairy farm and were active producers of Swiss cheese. From my earliest years, the whole process was actually a part of my life, just as the pack-peddler's son drifts naturally into department store activity. When I went to college, I was soon attracted to the fields of Chemistry and Biology. And when going got tough, Mathematics appealed to me as a "pipe course" where I could make good grades with a minimum of time spent in preparation. I did make good enough grades to be admitted to Phi Beta Kappa and also was chosen for the Honor Scholarship of the college to the University of Illinois.

In the shift from one season to the next, the change proceeds gradually with a shift of forward and backward steps, until the forward movement becomes dominant, and the new season is upon us in an apparent burst or breakthrough. It was in much the same way the shift from the nineteenth to the twentieth century took place. Changes were beginning to take place after the wreckage to the Civil War began to be overgrown by a new approach and development. Some inventions were changing ways of life that had been followed for centuries. The breakthrough was taking place during the first decade of the new century when a world-wide catastrophe occurred, which, like an ice jam in a river floating logs, diverted the natural flood waters and the progress of the moving logs.

World War I broke the procedure of a progressive change and diverted it into a channel devoted to war and destruction of the general movement of cultural change. It resulted in tremendous development of many aspects of industrial and mechanical changes, but a stagnation of social, educational and every-day functioning of the great mass of the population. The jam held back one part of our general civilization, diverted all the forces and energy into a portion of our existence and finally broke the dam, ending in a crash of the late 1920's and 30's, when the real functioning of the new order following the breakthrough from the old century to the new order began to take place. The change affected every minute phase of life to the extent of individuals losing the principle of JUSTIFIABLE INDIVIDUALISM which in turn obliterated the sense of PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY, the loss of which has become the particular outstanding social problem today.

In every generation, some things die and some new forms appear. When the number of changes begin to touch all aspects of life, we call it the end of an era.

Homesteader Needs $400.00

A. Ludlow Loans Money
A Shingle and a Nail for Note

RESTLESSNESS AMONG TEENAGERS

One of the most noticeable things when we compare the last quarter of the nineteenth century with the twentieth century is the restlessness of the teenagers.

That is the natural age of restlessness, but in the former century, it was a restlessness to get into the game, to begin to farm his own land, to run his own blacksmith shop, to get his foot onto a ladder and be enabled to climb to the place where his uncles, his father, or some men in the community he admired had reached.

The twentieth century teenager looked ahead to a "blur" in many cases. I asked a teenager who was eighteen and had just graduated from high school, "What are you going to do next year, go to college?" "Naw." "Any particular work you want to do?" "Yes, if I can get a job. I tried for a job where my father works, but they didn't want me." "What does your father do?" "He works at the X plant and gets $4 an hour." "Yes, but what does he do at the plant?" "I don't know, he works there."

Another case, almost similar: The young man said his father worked for Westinghouse. He did not know in what division, what kind of work, nor the particular job his father did.

Another: "Works at Horne's." He had no idea in what department or area of the store's activity and no idea what he did specifically, except he knew what he was being paid.

These cases are not little children, but high school students or graduates. They do not have the feeling of our patch of corn, our garden, our horse, our cow, our house, our shop, our farm, our store, or even our law or dentist's office. If he is restless, it is to get into the specific activity. The breakthrough blurred the clearness of the future possibilities. High school does not mean a definite step toward a future goal, just to a cloudy blur ahead. We were given a field to clear, plant, and harvest, a definite clear cut objective.

We cannot judge life of a people by its surface or dregs. This is the meat of muckrakers and notice-seeking reports.

The fabric of any period in the life of a people is made up of the customs, habits, beliefs, and disbeliefs, likes and dislikes, approvals and disapprovals, enthusiasms and detestations. Changes that take place are first seen in the outward, surface appearance of life's manifestations, on the surface, and at the bottom, where contact is made with differently constituted phenomena.

It reminds me of an early experience on the farm. The top of the haystack was dried out and had lost its character. The bottom, in contact with the ground, and also the rendezvous of mice, was apt to be mouldy and unfit to feed.

So, in order to get at the real heart of the stack, we would cut a section, beginning at the top, and remove the hay as we cut down to the bottom. In this way, we were able to get the real value of all.

In studying a social situation, if attention is given only to the most observable at the bottom or the top of the society as is usually the case, the resulting generalizations are false and misleading. Only real in-depth considerations have value.

The observable changes are rapid and startling in their appearance, but as a rule, represent no fundamental change. The heart of a society consists of the more subtle and less measurable parts and, as in the haystack, consists of the chlorophyll, the odor, the flavor, in short the very subtle likes, dislikes, and personal reactions. Such basic elements are shown in the story of Andrew, where underneath the display of rough humor, ridicule and scoffing of his way of life, there was a genuine concern and respect for his good qualities, which were the true essence of the culture of the area.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER AND STATUS

"Each step forward is built upon some error of the past. But each step forward carries with it an element, which, if not controlled, will in turn lead to its destruction."

What we have been telling about the early days in the twentieth century and the last decade of the nineteenth contained the mumblings of the great changes ahead. It was first manifested in the local community of the Valley in the organization and activities of the local church and the various gatherings related to that particular phase of community life. Certain material developments also aided the process of change, such as the automobile, big city newspapers, and telephone. The in-depth factor, however, was the craving of individuals for more power and less "grub-work." It was a step forward. The little local churches were discontinued and a bigger church in Monroe developed. There was a bigger Sunday School for a while. Soon the children from the outlying parts stopped coming. The Camp-meetings, which used to pull several congregations together, were combined into a BIG Camp meeting at Lomira, Wisconsin, one hundred miles away, combining all of the "little meetings." A regular staff took care of everything. Each small local group could come there, or send a delegate.

I was a delegate several times. I would go and then give a report to the local group of what had taken place. Instead of everybody doing something, even the ministers of the local churches were excused from any duties. There would be two or three professors from the college or from the publishing house in Cleveland who would do the preaching. Sure, they were better than the efforts of the little local man. But soon the local preachers, like the Sunday School children and the members, changed from PARTICIPATING persons, to Audience. They lost their sense of PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY. The central authority had more power, less "pick and shovel" work. A bigger staff was necessary. "Lo, Master, while I was busy here and there, and they were gone."

Another improvement and change was the roads. In each school district there was a Road Boss. Each spring and fall, all residents were called upon to work on the road or pay a small road tax. The roads were put in shape for the coming winter or summer. After that, minor repairs were taken care of by adjacent farmers.

Stauffacher took care of the road from our home up the Hill, past the cemetery to the Big Hill; Brecklin from our gate, past school and church, to the Big Bridge; we from the Big Bridge one-half mile to Adams Corner. My brother, J. P., who was the Horse and Traffic Boss on our farm, would say, "The rain washed over the road, some chuck holes, and the side ditch is clogged." Father would say, "Ulric, you and Manuel get a load of gravel. Jake and I will take a plow and scraper down." We would fix the "pot holes" the day after they occurred. Then progress was made. A county Road Commissioner looked after all the roads, and the County would "help pal' for local work. We didn't need to pay a local road tax. We didn't need to fill pot holes. The County was better equipped to do the work. Soon a State Road Board was established. They were responsible for certain roads. They were better equipped than the County. The State also helped pay for the local, county roads and took charge of certain state roads. We little farmers no longer had to take care of pot holes. When they got too bad, the County would. Often the bad condition continued from one season through the next, because no one would take the responsibility to correct the danger, until someone got killed. The local community blames the County, the County blames the State, the State says, "We can't do that without Federal aid." The Federal Government says, "We can't do that without action from Congress." Congress can't get anything done, because someone had put a rider on a bill which might pass, in order to get some action which could not pose on its merits. So, the pot hole in the road must wait. Everyone has lost any feeling of personal responsibility. His birthright has been sold to a Big Central Authority for an appealing Mess of Pottage. So all energy is spent trying to find a scapegoat, and, like the cartoon of the 1890's depicting the Tammany Ring, each one points his finger to the one ahead. "Round and round the circle we go, and no one knows whose fault it shows."

A modern example is the dragged out attempts to get someone to pay for a transportation system in Pittsburgh, even after Federal and State pay for eighty per cent.

Another brief example of the change is in the story of the family which met with a disaster, and the young men of the neighborhood went in different directions with wagons and returned with supplies, materials, and money to re-establish the family. This type of situation was improved, modified, and corrected, until today, nobody feels any personal responsibility, and the situation must be met, not by any type of locally controlled situation, but by experts, whose ability to act depends upon first a State and finally some Bureau, which may act independently, and is located in Washington. Personal responsibility has been so corrected and modified that all Power is in the hands of some Untouchable, who in turn has the Power to take whatever it decides is necessary or obtainable, from the earnings of each individual. In fact, the individual is not even able to decide what he wishes to save. The Bureau does that, and also decides how much of what has been paid in may be returned, and that is then called a grant by the Government. In short, the breakthrough started the cyclic return from individualism,

correcting some errors, then keeping up the movement of concentration of POWER, until it is completing the spiral, back to a new form of the OLD FEUDAL SYSTEM with a new and improved and more efficient type of Feudal Lord. Many people like it. They do not like responsibility. They are merely an improvement of the young man who gave up a well-paying job sorting potatoes for a lesser and dirtier job of loading manure. He said that the potato job required too much decision work. Who wants power over his own life, if he can trade it for security. When the situation reaches a point of too much control, a new cycle will begin again. In fact, it is already beginning in the case of educational institutions.

From the time, told in the previous pages, where because mathematics was a form of playing for me, I was ALLOWED to work out every problem in the Advanced Arithmetic, up through square and cube root and partial payments, put the worked problems in a notebook, and not attend the regular class. How when I was a country school teacher, I spent one night each term with every family and helped work out whatever problem they had. Improvement and progress was made, until at the present time, some powerful State Agency takes over every aspect of the child's schooling, even deciding that if the school does not have two thousand five hundred pupils, they must be transported to a distant community and be combined with it. Or, if too many people settle in one community who have similar beliefs and desires, they must be broken up and transported back and forth to avoid any similarity from taking hold. However, there is beginning to be some question about the efficiency of such over-all and forced control. The question begins to appear. "Is fitting everyone in the same mold what is desired?" Was there, perhaps, some advantage in the old-old method where the teacher knew each child, where a twelve-year-old boy might be allowed to do advanced math, and at the same time be working on the level of other twelve-year-olds in grammar. The return to the older form of individualization of instruction, as opposed to mass loading, is beginning to take form. The Power group, however, is using their control of the money they have taken over and threaten to hold back the money they have taken from the Serfs and use it elsewhere within their FEUDAL ESTATE, wherewith to encourage (bribe) other serfs to support them.

Religion, roads, schools, government, industry, relief work, recreation, in fact, every aspect of life has been caught in the whirlwind of the shift from the nineteenth century to the twentieth century. Instead of a small ball field and tennis court which a few neighbors maintained, the present trend is to demand a fifty million dollar stadium, where a few gladiators, owned by a Cincinnati millionaire and a Hollywood mogul, may put on a contest, where fifty thousand people may sit and eat popcorn and hot dogs, getting their recreation vicariously and further fill the coffers of the moguls and satisfy their personal misgivings about the way they are providing for the people of the community by saying, "Sure, it costs a lot to build the stadiums, but think of what it is doing for us (and what it did for Rome).

Each step forward is an attempt to improve on some error of the past, but each step forward carries with it an element which, if not controlled, will in turn become a major problem.

HOW THE BREAKTHROUGH FROM THE NINETEENTH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HAS MODIFIED THE FORM OF PERSONAL AND SOCIAL REACTIONS

The other day I was in a barber shop. Another customer was expressing his opinion of the energy shortage. Also, about the Administration's laxity in having taken proper measures earlier, just as they had failed in the matter of pollution. While he was talking, his daughter came in, "Daddy, are you using your car for the next hour or so? I want to run over to Jenny's." "What's the matter of your car?" "I'm having the oil changed." "What about your Mother's car?" "She may want to use it to go out to lunch." "O.K., but have it back in an hour." Then, "The President will just have to do something about the scarcity of gasoline. It's ridiculous that this country should be short of the necessities of life."

In the breakthrough from the nineteenth to the twentieth century, there was a loss of the sense of PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY, and it, along with other matters was transferred to the shoulders of the BIG BROTHER in Washington. Now, in 1975, everyone is shouting about RESPONSIBILITY, INTEGRITY, but do not see its application to their own acts, which they consider to be so small and insignificant as to have no importance. It's "Father, why don't you do something to make me behave?"

Many of the same types of situations arise as in the past, but different means are at hand to take care of them. The weather, disasters, sickness, disagreements between individuals and nations, which are met in ways available to each generation.

In November, 1974, it was announced that early snowstorms in the West would cause a great loss of cattle in Wyoming. The discussion which followed this announcement consisted largely in the possible increase to the cost of beef. I remembered a story which had become a classic in the Elmer family of the winter of the late 1850's. In 1974, airplanes carried feed to the starving cattle and some were saved. In 1858, little boys did what they could with what was available.

PRAYING CATTLE

"John, John," Verena whispered in little John's ear. She placed her arms around his shoulder and raised him from the bed, hugging him to her. The room in which he slept was cold, and the wind was howling fiercely on the outside. "John," she repeated as he began to break out of a sound sleep, "I think I hear the cattle." Getting out of bed with her help getting him into his clothes, the thirteen-year-old boy got ready to go out into the storm to save the freezing cattle.

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

When Verena, his mother, had helped John into his heavy clothing, he started out into the storm. A lull in the storm came, and he seemed to hear the bellowing of cattle, but he could not be sure. He floundered north toward the barn, but was soon up to his shoulders in snow. His mother, holding the door jam, was able to distinguish the black spot in the snow, between snow flurries. Finally, she called to him to stop. She went after him, and together they fought the storm back to the house. When the storm let up the next morning, the boys started out to look for the cattle. Their father had the team, so they waded out on foot. It took them from daylight until noon to get one mile. From a high hill about a mile from home, they saw cattle bunched in the deep snow. It was impossible to get the cattle in, or to carry fodder to them. Verena, their mother, said something must be done. So late that afternoon, they started on a three-mile tramp to their Uncle John Marti. It was nearly midnight when they got there, tired, clothes frozen stiff, and completely exhausted. Beds were prepared for them on the kitchen floor, and at four o'clock the next morning, they were awakened. Oxen were yoked up and a load of oats and rye straw piled on a sled. By picking relatively open spots on the prairie, they had the straw to the starving cattle by noon, and the oxen and sled were able to break a road up to the barns.

The help, however, had come too late. The temperature dropped to eighteen degrees below zero before the next morning. When they came

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIII

A NEW PLATEAU

High School, College, University
Debating, Dramatics, Editorial
Chautauqua, Settlement House, Police Department
Extended Vista from Rudy's Hill

REACHING A NEW PLATEAU
FROM FARM AND RURAL SCHOOL
TO HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

There was a teachers' institute for two weeks in August, 1905. Rural teachers were encouraged to attend. One of the instructors was Asa Royce, an English teacher at the Platteville Normal School. One afternoon, he asked me to take a walk with him. He asked me what I planned to do in life. I told him I supposed I would teach country school for a while and then run a farm. "What would you like to do most of all?" I had attended a program at the Monona Lake Assembly and had been impressed by two lectures, so I said, “I would like to become a lecturer." Mr. Royce said, "Then that's the thing to do. Go to high school, then college, and learn more about one thing than anyone else knows, and a university will call you as a lecturer." He said he would talk to Superintendent Swartz and see what could be done. The result was that I entered high school that fall with the understanding I could go as fast as I was able.

I was nineteen years old and had taught country school two years. One of the classes to which I was assigned was Ancient History. The text was, Meyers Ancient History. The following Monday, I told Mr. Swartz that I felt I knew what the book contained. He gave me an examination. I passed and was given a certificate that I had passed the course. I took first year Algebra, then asked to be given an examination for second year Algebra. I took first year German and passed second and third years. I took first year English, memorized The Merchant of Venice, Julius Caesar, and several shorter selections during the summer. Among them, the first thirty lines of the Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales and was given extra credit. So, in two years, I had finished the four-year course and was admitted to college.

In high school I did not have much time for outside activities. Each Friday, I would go home to help on the farm over the weekend. Friday evening the High School Debating Club would meet from 7 to 8 p.m. I would leave five minutes early, catch the 8:10 train, ride five miles to Stearns Siding, and walk home three miles. Sometimes my father would take me to the Siding on Sunday evening, and I would walk the track to Monroe, five miles. That would give me more time Monday morning than if I took the train at 8 a.m., Monday.

Because I had to be home on Saturdays, I never saw a football game while I attended High School. The only activity was debating. I was on the team for several High School debates with neighboring schools, Evansville and Freeport, and that was how my name got changed from Manuel to "Patrick" by students and remains with me to this day.

It was difficult to fit into the life of the high school students. Once a group of us took a trip to a park near Brodhead for a picnic. I drove about a mile out of the way to show them "something of interest." We reached the spot, stopped, got out of the two-seated surrey. There was a most beautiful tree.

They were polite, but the next week, what I had done was repeated as a huge joke. I was duly embarrassed.

My high school experience in editing the "Cardinal" is mentioned later along with other editorial experiences.

In the year, 1949, I got a letter from Asa Royce. He was the retired President of Platteville College. He said he was past eighty-five; that he and G. W. Swartz had picked me out to try out the idea of Adult Education; that he had watched my career from the time I was a nineteen-year-old country boy with only a few years in a one-room country school; that he had proved his view that country boys with genetic family background and with little formal schooling could compete successfully with other people who had more extensive formal schooling. G. W. Swartz was later Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Gary, Indiana, working in the field of Adult Education. Dr. Asa Royce was for many years President at Platteville.

During the last year in high school, I boarded at my Uncle Adams. He had a tract of land, where for a while he kept a horse. At that time, he had no horse, so each Monday morning, I would drive in and keep the horse there. He had pasture which I was welcome to use, and I would bring grain from the farm.

There were two different horses I brought in. One was Nancy Hanks, V, and the other Cecile Chaminade. Both were beautiful. Nancy was coal black. Chaminade was a perfect chestnut sorrel. Either of them could pull a light buggy at well under a three-minute rate. Each evening after supper, I would often ride Nancy. There was always someone who was glad to ride in the buggy, but there was one little girl who liked to ride with me on Nancy. She was a freshman about fourteen years old, so was not in the group I usually was with, but would ask after school if I was going to ride that evening, which I did about twice a week.

Often a little occurrence leaves a permanent impression. One day, I was walking home from school, and Mrs. Dan Stearns asked me to come up on the porch. She had just baked some doughnuts and had some cold buttermilk. She wanted to talk with me. After some general talk, her message was, "Whenever you meet any person, see something good about them. There is something about anyone, even a pin, their hair, or the pattern of an ill fitting calico dress. Always look for the particular nice thing in every person you meet." That has been one of the very high spots in my life, and it is so much more fun than picking at the dirty spots. Also it is surprising how calling attention to something nice about a person causes them to bring out other good points, formerly subdued. This has been particularly useful to me in nearly forty-five years of university teaching.

NORTH CENTRAL COLLEGE

My high school credits admitted me to the University of Wisconsin, but I went to North Central College, Napierville, Illinois. There I was I told. Four years of Latin and two of Greek were required for admission.

There were five of us. Three quit at once and went to the University, another stayed two years and left. I took "make-up Latin" after four p.m., no credit, for three years and then started Greek. But the Board of Trustees changed the rules at their April meeting, and I never took another class in "make-up Latin or Greek." My major fields were Biology and Chemistry. With my extra load and the fact that I had to earn money to live, I felt my grades might suffer, so I looked around for "snap courses." My decision was that Math was the place, so I completed an additional major in Math (26 hours) and my guess was right. At least, because of the lack of time necessary to do Math, I did make good enough grades to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa and also to receive the Annual University of Illinois Scholarship.

During my freshman year, I had worked at various things. The first job was plucking chickens. I received ten cents an hour. Ten cents was worth more than today, I am told. My room and board was only $4.50 a week, which was cheap. So all I had to do was work forty-five hours a week plucking chickens for my board and room. This ended when the employer's son called me out of a Logic class to "pick two chickens." I hurried, so I could get back before the class was over. He said, "It didn't take you very long. I don't have the change. Oh well, here is ten cents anyhow."

Such philanthropy was more than I could stand, so I got another job sorting potatoes at fifteen cents an hour. This lasted till about Thanksgiving Day. I was broke. With my last five cents, I bought some old cinnamon rolls at Hertel's store, a bag full. I walked toward Aurora looking for work. A farmer said that he had no need for a man but needed a horse. I found a horse and made fifteen dollars on the deal. For the next six years, I made extra money with horses. I bought tired, sore-footed horses, put them in shape with good pasture and barley soaked in whey obtained from cheese factories, and resold them. Saddle sores and collar burns healed with tannic acid, and foot fungus with muriatic acid. My college work in Chemistry and Biology was of use to me. In my junior year, I was Associate Editor of the Chronicle, and in my senior, Editor. The remuneration was tuition and a small monetary bonus. It all helped, and then I was granted a Fellowship in Biology at the University of Illinois.

My experience teaching country school and high school debating was valuable in college. Without much difficulty, I got on the debating teams. We had a marvelous coach. We did not lose a debate for the four years, 1907 to 1911. We won debates with Northwestern University, James Millikin University, Illinois Wesleyan, Knox, Wheaton, Beloit, Ripon, and others.

We had to know the subject from every angle, take either side of the question on alternate weeks, in preparation. For every possible item, we had to work up a carefully written four by six card. No matter what was brought up, we had a carefully prepared and documented rebuttal.

Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, who judged one of our debates, said that he had never witnessed a court case as efficiently and effectively prepared and presented as our case had been. All of Professor Laird's debates were real perfected debates and not the haphazard

"talk and quibble" sessions I have been asked to judge time after time between teams from well-known universities. Much of what has passed as Debating used to be called, in the period before World War I, "Excrementa del Toro" or bull sessions.

Professor Laird encouraged me to write an essay on Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which I did and for which I received seventy-five dollars. He then advised me to go to a Music and Dramatic School and become a Music and Dramatic critic. I took courses in Music School; Harmony, Counterpoint, History of Music.

I wrote home and told my folks what he had advised. My Mother wrote: "Dear Manuel, Pa and I are so glad you are planning to quit college. Pa is getting too old to run the farm with all the horses and forty milk cows, with hired help. It will be good for you to be here to help run the place."

I never mentioned going to a Dramatic School again, but I did work at it. I coached high school plays at three different high schools. This added to my necessary income and was of value afterward when I was in charge of The Mask and Bauble at the University of Illinois and the Chicago Commons, and later in Fargo, North Dakota.

Throughout my fifty-eight years of college and university teaching and lecturing, every experience I have ever had has been a useful factor.

The following summer, after the horses were being pastured, there was a break, so I enrolled at the University of Wisconsin. I knew about the work of a man who had been with the Smithsonian Institution and also Head of the Geological Survey. His name was Lester F. Ward. He had written a booked called Dynamic Sociology and was giving a lecture course at Wisconsin University. I took it, also a course on Moral Education by Professor Henry Newman of New York City College. Newman liked a paper I turned in and told me I should look into a new field, "Community Surveys," which I did.

The course with Lester F. Ward opened a new field for me. At his first lecture, he came in and stood a few moments looking at the group of students. He was a tall slender man with white hair and gray sideburns, sharp blue eyes under heavy coal-black eyebrows. Then in a rather high-pitched voice, he said as he took something out of his coat pocket, "I have two peach stones here. I will throw one out of the window. It may grow into a peach tree. The other one I shall plant and then graft it on the root stock of a sturdy stock, give it every care and direct and aid its growth, and it will grow into a better tree, because of the contributed attention. In short, 'The Artificial is superior to the Natural.' By artificial I mean adding to the natural all the best methods, techniques that experience and research has taught us. If you understand what I mean, you do not need to come to any more of my lectures."

I was intrigued with some of Lester F. Ward's opinions and wrote to Dean Kinley, University of Illinois, for permission to change my Fellowship from Biology to Economics. He was also Head of Economics and, as I later learned, had had a disagreement with the Head of the Biology Department just before my letter came. He granted my request. The next year, I was his graduate research assistant.

He liked my type of reports, which I owed to my training in Biology, Chemistry, and Mathematics. He once said, "The trouble with young social scientists is that they don't know how to limit their findings to the cream and hand out too much skimmed milk."

I missed being a graduate classmate with another student in Biology, June Ashley, by switching to Economics and Sociology. But I met her anyway, and two years later, we were married. We are still pulling an even and balanced team after over seventy years.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

The University of Illinois was great change from my undergraduate college days. Here I was left on my own, and whether I succeeded or failed was only my own concern. Also the change from Chemistry and Biology to Economics and Sociology was a great shift in my working program. However, my earlier work had started the habit of making accurate and detailed reports without undue "explatteration." My method of making reports pleased Dean David Kinley, so he began to have me gather notes for his lectures and finally employed me regularly to summarize articles and books, especially in French and German, and to file the data on three by five cards for his use. For many years, fifteen years after I had left the University of Illinois, and he was President, he would call me on the phone and ask me to find out "whatever I should know about XYZ who had been recommended by a department head for a position at the University."

Dean David Kinley gave me a sound practical foundation in Economics. Edward Cary Hayes and A. J. Todd put me on the road to Sociology. Todd had spent several years in France and Italy, Hayes in England and Germany. Todd eventually from Yale and Hayes from Chicago.

One day near Thanksgiving recess in a small seminar group of six students, Dr. Hayes asked each one what they had selected for a Master's Thesis. The first four answered, "Nothing." When the fifth also answered "Nothing," his patience was about ended. I was at the end of the row, "Well, Elmer?" I thought fast. I had a blank mind, but

like a flash a statement made to me the previous summer by Dr. Henry Newman, came out, "Social Surveys of Urban Communities," I snapped out. Hayes was stopped. For a moment, he said nothing, then, "Wonderful." From that time on, I got very special attention. I made a study of East Urbana. I made special note of shallow wells, unsanitary privies, tested the water, and compiled a record of the past typhoid cases. This was in the line of my earlier work, but a new angle to Professor Hayes whose interest had been in German Social Philosophy. He liked what I did.

My previous work in Biochemistry helped me even more in another way. June Ashley, who was an instructor in Biology, was writing a thesis in the field of Fresh Water Parasites; so 1 had an excuse to read some of the German books and was able to read steadily, in translation, at nearly the pace of regular reading. I would read to her for one hour after dinner, and I married her a year and a half later.

I kept a small box in my dresser. Whenever I overcame a temptation to buy an ice cream soda, go to a movie, go over to "Tight Wads" or the "Greasy Spoon" for a late lunch with the boys, I would put the amount I would have spent in the box. So, I always had money for big affairs. On Sunday, I could hire a rig and take June Ashley for a ride. My friends thought I had lots of money. I did not. it was merely careful budgeting, a practice I have had all of my life.

There were interesting students there, many of whom remained very personal friends all my life. The Beals and Oliver Kamms in Chemistry, Charles L. Stewart, Cushman, Allen Mevins, Ellis B. Stouffer, the James Ackerts, and many others who became famous in their respective fields.

The graduate students had a regular meeting at least once a month where they got to know each other in a social gathering, supper and dance. It was one of the most permanent valuable activities that I have found at any of the half dozen large universities I have been associated with in nearly fifty years.

For two years I was kept busy by Professors Kinley, Thompson, Dodd, Bogart, Fairley, E. C. Hayes, and A. J. Todd. For side activity, I naturally drifted toward Dramatics. I took part in a few short plays like Anatole France, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," Synpt, "Playboy of the Western World," Jerome K. Jerome, "Passing of the Third Floor Back."

I was accepted into Mask and Bauble, and the following year was elected President. For my responsibility, I was paid twenty-five dollars for each product we put on. A total of seven. That, plus tuition and three hundred dollars cash from the Fellowship, took care of my expenses, plus what I had made in the summer with my horses. Also one summer, I went as Master of Ceremony (M.C.) with a group of singers on the Lincoln Chautauqua; barely made expenses, but good experience.

The Mask and Bauble experience was good. We worked up songs and skits which could be sold to the many people in vaudeville always looking for new material. Herman Weiss wrote a little song which he sold for one hundred dollars. The woman who bought it used it for years, then after World War I, it was made into a musical comedy. She sued and collected reportedly, $50,000. The song "Dutch" Weiss sold for one hundred dollars, was the famous "Abie's Irish Rose."

I had one unpleasant experience with a brilliant student and a future great man, Mark VanDorn. He was an able actor, but he would not attend rehearsal. I told him I would have to put in his understudy. His response was that he couldn't waste his time with those stupid rehearsals and, anyway was slightly miffed that a person of my caliber should be head of Mask and Bauble when talented men were available. Of course, I had an inkling why I was given the responsibility. Dean Kinley, "Tommy" Arkle Clarke (Dean of Men) and others knew me and trusted me to do something, which I did.

Each year the Dramatic Activities ran up a big deficit, which the University made up. At the end of the year, I turned in a surplus of over $2,000, which started a fund to start the Little Theatre in Lincoln Hall. It was customary for the money box to be taken home after each performance, and it was impossible to know how much money was taken in. I started to avoid that by using numbered rolls of tickets. That seems a rather axiomatic thing today, but sixty years ago in student activities, it had to be started.

Another experience was done under the direction of Professor C. W. Alford, a Research Professor of History at the University of Illinois. Dr. Solon J. Buck and I were working, assisting in what were later published as "Governor's Letters." He would take nothing without a thorough check and verification. He wanted to use some election data, so I had to spend days checking over election data in the archives of the Capital in Springfield to get the correct data, not the published and reported data. A trunk full of old letters from an attic in Carbondale had to be copied. Most of them were of no importance to the study, but two or three items were found which led to other long periods of research to verify or refute their value. It involved several weeks' work in Chicago. One dealt with petty graft of a territorial Governor and one re the state line.

An interesting experience on that work in Springfield: I was only a graduate student at the University of Illinois. Buck was a recent Ph.D. from Harvard. He would always eat lunch separately. Once, I went to the same restaurant and he left and went to another one. At the

University of Minnesota, I was an Associate Professor. He was a full Professor, He would speak to me, but limited it to that. When I came to Pittsburgh as Head of Sociology and Anth., he actually crossed the street, shook hands and was enthusiastic. Many people are sensitive about class status. When he was a Harvard Ph. D., he could not eat at the same restaurant with an inferior.

MET A MAN FROM HOME TOWN.
HOBO IN URBANA.

While at the University of Illinois in 1912, I was making an industrial study for my Master's Thesis. I was working in East Urbana and used a short cut back of the brick yards. This was the location of what was known as "the jungle," where Knights of the Road, otherwise known as Hoboes camped. They were a friendly bunch and liked to talk. When they really needed money, they would find odd jobs to do. A favorite one was to wash windows. In fact, they had built a ladder, and two of them would go along a street looking for work. They were not pan-handlers, but rather, itinerant workers. They were a co-operative group. They cooked their food over a common fire and shared it.

Sometimes, one would catch a stray chicken, find some potatoes, turnips, or a cabbage, and often a housewife would give them the remains of a ham or a rib roast. These were cooked together in a big community can, and they called it "slumgullion." I never ate any, but it smelled good.

One day as I was sitting on a stump on my way home about five p.m., a man sitting quietly, leaning against a tree stump, looked at me and said, "Hello, Elmer." After a moment, I recognized him.

He was several years older than I was. He had lived in Monroe, Wisconsin. His family had been a well established family there. In fact, they did not belong to the "Farmer Folks" as my family did. I started to leave, and he walked along with me. He said, "Elmer, I want to say something to you. Never take to the road. You get it in your system, and you're stuck. I went to college for two years. It bored me, and I came home. My father died, and we were well off. I just loafed around and had all the money I wanted. Mother died. I played the horses until I was broke. Now, I'm a Hobo. I follow the County fairs and the race tracks; toot winners or losers; get yokels to bet on a horse and give me five if he wins, nothing if he loses; try to get several tied up, one may win." As I was ready to turn off, I took a half dollar out of my pocket and said, "Get yourself a cigar." He answered, "Hell, a cigar; I'll buy a hot dog and java and ride the blind baggage to Peoria." I have not given his name as it would be too well-known, it added to my education.

One summer I spent with a quartette about the small towns of Illinois with the Lincoln Chautauqua. That was a valuable, but financially unprofitable, experience. I was the general organizer, and the four others did the singing. Between songs, I would "stall" with corny jokes or various vaudeville shorts.

A stunt I worked was to get as many men as possible from the community and have them sing a group song. Easy songs were selected, and it always made a big hit and drew crowds. Judge Lindsey was one of the regular lecturers on the circuit. He lectured on the Juvenile Court. I learned about that and also learned much about the technique of giving popular lectures. All of these things helped me through the next fifty years in my lectures to the thousands of students at universities. For example, at the University of Pittsburgh, I would give three lectures a week to three separate groups of two hundred students each.

My average attendance over the years was between two hundred ten and two hundred twenty. Many attended more than one of the required lectures as they found each different on the same subject, and others would drop in. This was not because they were interested in the discussion of Principles of Sociology, but because there was always something going on. The average contents of a lecture can be presented in thirty minutes. Some professors drag on and bore their students to sleep or spend the time in quibbling with students who use this as an excuse from actually studying about the subject. My Chautauqua experience had taught me that a man could speak about the Eclipse of the sun in Tasmania or as Stephanson did about Life among the Esquimaux, Jacob Riis about Crime in New York City, Steiner, the Trail of the Immigrant, Alvord on the Territorial Government in Illinois, or Judge Ben Lindsey on Juvenile Courts and Delinquency. They knew their subject and knew how to present it to different audiences. I learned much from that summer's experience.

There must be a lot of time and effort spent on each lecture. It must be made to fit each specific audience, even if different groups of students in the same university. Each lecture needs to be a distinct presentation. There must be a feeling that this is a one-time presentation, never to be repeated. It was an easy carry-over from my boyhood on Rudy's Hill. "If you dig a post hole, split some posts, plow a field, do it so well you never need to do it again." So when I gave a lecture, I tried to give it so that if the student never heard another one, he had something to take away.

Many years later, when I had retired, I received letters from former students asking about something they had heard in a lecture long ago. I summarized some of these in a small book, "Passing of the Red Tablecloth."

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

When I left Illinois University for Chicago, I got lots of advice. A. J. Todd said, "Live in a Settlement House." I did; shared a three room apartment with Mr. Williams, Secretary to the President of Western Electric; Mr. Harris, a librarian at the Newberry Library; and Sidney Hillman, a young garment cutter and labor leader. They were all pleasant roommates. Each of us had his own idiosyncrasies. Sidney Hillman was the one who was ruthless regarding the things he wanted to do. Perhaps that made him the great labor leader he later became.

The thing that annoyed us was his monopolizing the bathroom. He would come home tired and take a hot bath in the tub, lock the door, and lie in the tub for up to an hour. The rest of us could go down three floors to wash up for dinner. He never was able to see or care about another's rights or needs. Graham Taylor would say, "Yes, he is annoying, but watch him boys, he is going to be a great labor leader." Graham Taylor was correct. Sidney Hillman succeeded.

Professor Hayes insisted that I must go to W. I. Thomas before I made all plans for my graduate work. So, I went to his office first. It was noon. The door was partly open. I stepped in. Thomas was asleep in his desk chair. I waited. After a while he awoke. I told him what I wanted and in what I was interested, and what I had done . Biochemistry, Economics, and some Sociology. He grunted. Then told me, "You are in the wrong place. Go see Professor Laughlin. You are an Economist." I left and went to see Professor Henderson. I was disturbed by Thomas, so laid it on. Henderson said. "Young man, if you want to be a sociologist, you will have to develop an element of human kindness in your blood." So I moved on.

I went to Albion W. Small, Head of Sociology Department and Dean of Graduate School. There I did lay it on. By that time, I was peeved. I told Small how sociologists talk in abstractions, but have no specific way of testing what they are haranguing about. Small said, "I think you are on the wrong track, but keep on it until you prove to yourself and to others that you are right or wrong." I worked for three years on the Cameralists in Germany. It was of no value, but no one ever will need to do that work again. Now you go back to Henderson and talk to him as you talked to me, and I am sure he will understand you." I did. Henderson was of the greatest help to me. I also made excellent and valuable contact and work with W. I. Thomas.

My work in Sociology in Chicago was under Small, Thomas, and Henderson. But I also took Political Science and Law under Merriam, Walter Dodd, whom I had also had in Illinois, and Law with Professor Ernst Freund and Dean Hall of the Law School. Henderson was an unappreciated man at the University of Chicago. Yet more of the graduate students of that period got leads from him which they followed and which brought them recognition. Burgess and I both took work on the Family with Henderson, and his ideas are found in the writing of both of us. Although Burgess never acknowledged that fact. Also Sutherland's Criminology is largely a rewrite of Henderson's courses in that field. Also MacKenzie's Human Ecology. Ideas we all got in Henderson's classes, although others getting those ideas through MacKenzie took most of the credit without much reference to MacKenzie and none to Henderson.

Since reading German and French were as easy for me as reading English, I was assigned to make abstracts of German and French articles for the American Journal of Sociology, 1913-14. It was most valuable experience and made me familiar with European Sociologists. Later, that led to an offer of exchange professorship in Germany which I could not accept because of other commitments.

While in Chicago at the Settlement House, I also was in charge of the Chicago Commons Dramatic Club. There were several boys who had been getting into trouble. One of them became a famous artist at the Minnesota Art Institute later on, and two of them became successful in vaudeville.

The time spent at the University of Chicago was not limited to work in the library. Living at the Chicago Commons under the helpful interest of Graham Taylor, sharing an apartment with Sidney Hillman, and learning more about Italian people, an interest that was first begun by my grandfather's stories in our strolls over Rudy's Hill.

He had told me of his father, his uncles, and his grandfather, and their trips over the Swiss passes into Italy, and of a chest which was brought from there. There were experiences out on Sangamon and Roby Streets, Halsted, and down to Blue Island Avenue, the assignment to work in the First Ward, personal acquaintance with Michael Kenna (Hinky Dink), and meeting with John Colhlin (Bathhouse John), the Silver Dollar and other places, as well as the Everly Club, run by the Everly sisters, which was thought (by gullible suckers) to be run by two refined Virginia ladies, but which we knew was actually run by two prostitutes who had made a fortune and took the name of Everly.

They were Minna and Ada Lester who had run a house of prostitution in Omaha. They established a supper club on Dearborn Street with most expensive furnishings, rugs, gold piano, valuable paintings. They dressed in superb modesty, few, but very expensive Jewels, and played the part of refined, southern ladies. They employed no amateurs. Their girls were most carefully selected and able to play the part of well-educated cultured persons. I knew Jim Colosimo, then a precinct Captain for John Coughlin, but later a tremendous power and usually connected with the Al Capone era, all of which was after my time in Chicago. I was there when all houses of prostitution were closed for a day and hundreds of the "staff marched up Michigan Avenue, looking for places to "live."

In fact, I saw so much of the under side of life that I was never inclined as many young inexperienced sociologists are, to devote their energies to deviant behavior. (They seek strong adventure and the satisfaction of feeling superior.) The study of Social Processes, Social Control, and Social Stratification can be studied in the ninety per cent of people who have not degenerated into the slimy residue. Just as it is possible to recount amusing situations without limiting humor or comedy to the functioning of propagation or the alimentary canal.

I was hoping to get married after finishing my work for the Ph. D. degree which I received in August, 1914, but no job was in sight. Then out of the clear sky, I was offered a job on the Orpheum Circuit, which was combining at that time with the Sullivan and Considine Circuit. I was to put on a dancing act with a good partner, a dance and whirling figure, "The Texas Tommy," while the team of toe dancers and pony chorus were getting ready. Also I was to be the General Manager of the team and see that everything was going right on an eleven-week tour into the back country. My salary, $320 a week." That sounded BIG. I wrote to June Ashley, "We can get married by the middle of August." She wired back,

"Eleven weeks, then what stop Marriage postponed until a permanent Job. Love June." She had been offered a job at the University of Nebraska. I accepted a Bench at Fargo College, Fargo, North Dakota. We were married September 3, 1914, and went to Fargo. I taught Sociology, Economics, and English History. The Faculty Director had not been keeping accounts correctly. It was discovered. He committee suicide. I was appointed Faculty Manager of Athletics in addition to all the rest. Salary, $1,100 a year.

I almost got into another line of work. A Mr. Rueben wanted me to combine with him, rent a vacant livery stable and make it into a motion picture house. My partnership would cost $1,200. I did not think a five and ten cent picture house without live stage acts was worth trying. He got another partner. Twelve years later, Finklestein and Reuben controlled thirty moving picture houses in the middle west. But June Ashley and I were married and poor, but happy, from 1914 to the present time, in Fargo, Kansas, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, with many places and experiences in between. Visiting, living, and working, the distant vistas hinted at and pointed out to me by my grandfather from the top of Rudy's Hill in the early 1890's.

CHAPTER XIV

APPLYING PAST EXPERIENCE TO NEW SITUATIONS

Fargo, North Dakota
Kansas University and Community Surveys
Minnesota University
- And State Problems
- Tuberculosis
- Blindness
- Juvenile Delinquency
- Women in Industry
- Location of Schools and Settlement Houses

University of Pittsburgh
- Starting and Organization of
  - Department of Sociology
  - Department of Anthropology
  - Graduate School Social Work
- John Hay Whitney Foundation
- Oxford, Ohio
- Birmingham, Alabama

FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

After leaving Chicago, the record is available. The first big event was marrying June Ashley on September 3, 1914, and stopping on our way to our first job and showing her Dutch Hollow, and walking back to Rudy's Hill, where all that we have covered had started. Then on to Fargo College and a salary of $90 a month. The War had started in Europe. Prices and some wages had gone up, but not teachers wages. We were young and happy.

Several events stand out about Fargo. With less than $4 left for the month's wages on March 17, 1915, I was sent down town to get some basic groceries. Instead, I got tickets for "Peg of My Heart," and we spent the rest of the month's money to see the show. We lived and still remember it. The other event was a Social Survey of Fargo which pleased Dr. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia University so much that he remained a friend and advisor the rest of his days. I have always felt that he was instrumental in getting me listed in "Who's Who" in the next year's volume. It was then that with the aid of Federal Judge Amidon, we got a law passed in North Dakota which declared that any child born in the state was the legal child of a man and woman. The child was legal whether the parents were married or not, and both parties were responsible for its care and education.

Franklin H. Giddings once told me that he considered the first twelve pages of his book on Applied Sociology the most important thing he had done, even though it was one of the least recognized of what he had written.

In 1915, with a salary of $90 a month, the prospect of taking a trip to Washington to attend Sociological meetings was out of the question. My wife insisted that I should go. My response was, "What would I use for money?" One morning before the meeting, under my plate at the breakfast table was an envelope with $125 in it. June had borrowed it and told me it was to go to the meetings. When I returned, she asked me if I thought it was worth $125. I told her that I had met an old man, C. H. Cooley, from Michigan. (He was about fifty-one.) There had been an evening Smoker. After about an hour, he had touched my shoulder and said, "I see you are not drinking nor smoking. The smoke bothers my asthma. Shall we go outside and talk." After that hour's talk, Cooley remained my friend the rest of his life.

He suggested my name to the University of Kansas, then to the University of Minnesota, and finally, when I came to Pittsburgh, I asked how they had come to offer me the position. The Assistant Chancellor, J. Steel Gow said, "I had taken a course at Harvard. I read Cooley's "Social Organization." Writing to him, we asked for the name of someone who could start a Department at the University of Pittsburgh. He told us, "There is a young man at the University of Minnesota who will do a good job." Naturally I have been very grateful to Dr. Charles Horton Cooley.

One of the first jobs was to secure an athletic coach. I found one, Henry Fenwick Watkins. He had been hired by the Boston Red Socks, but the team refused to accept him, because his father, then dead,

had been a Negro. The University of Utah also considered him, but he was not accepted for the same reason. So, Fargo College, as far as I know, was the first all white college with a Negro coach. He was an exceptionally good man and coach. We had a game with North Dakota State. It was a big game for us, a practice game for them. They were in a bigger league. I received a call from Father John Ryan, College of St. Thomas, that Gil Dobie, the State Coach, had hired two boys from the University of Minnesota's second team to play against us, as he was saving some first string men to play against the University of South Dakota the following week. Father Ryan said he would back me in a protest. I decided to take care of it myself. I went downtown and spoke to a merchant there, Mr. Alex Stem, and asked for a donation. He gave me $1,000. I got $500 from other sources. Then, from Crookston, Morrison, and Moorehead, I got three lumberjacks; also one man who came into Fargo when we were having a football parade downtown. He was riding the "blind baggage" on a passenger train, and as the train stopped, the railroad detective chased him. I was watching the parade. He came to me and stopped. He told me that he lived in New Hampshire, was bumming a ride to get back to college to play football. I hired him on the spot, six hundred a year and tuition. Afterwards he worked in a settlement house in Chicago and became a Park Commissioner.

We simply overpowered the State College team. Those lumberjacks knew no refinements of football, but they tackled the men like they would a rolling log. Two men were carried off the field. State claimed that one of the big mustached men from Morrison, Minnesota, "accidentally" punched the player in the jaw during a scramble. Well, it was a paid team against another paid team and neither of us ever mentioned it or spoke of it. There were few rules and no penalties.

It was in Fargo where I started make Community Surveys. Toward the end of 1914, the Associated Charities of Fargo felt that in order to do more efficient work, an inventory of the community and its activities should be made. This was my first major effort in that field. Emphasis was put on child care, maternity homes, baby boarding homes, infant mortality, and vital statistics. It resulted in the paternity law mentioned elsewhere, and was followed the next year by a more-detailed law in Norway, known as the Castberg Law. Later, through the Commonwealth Fund, an extensive experiment was centered in Fargo on Child Care. It was also the basis for continued help to me and interest in my Social Surveys by Franklin H. Giddings.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

We moved to Lawrence, Kansas, in the fall of 1916. Here I started Community Surveys extensively. It was a development of my Grandfather's discussions from the top of "Rudy's Hill," about the different communities visible, and then comparing them and going into their background, the people, their activities and culture of the countries bordering on Switzerland. The seed sown at that time was now growing.

I directed Social Surveys of Council Grove, of Clay Center, where we were concerned with dysentery, a mule depot in the center of the city; Agenda, where there were three competing churches in a village which then combined into one church; in Beloit, where we got four thousand trees started and which has changed the landscape in the past sixty years; in Armourdale, Kansas City, where we came into conflict with the "Pendergast Machine," in our publication of "A City Within a City." They tried to have me dismissed from the University of Kansas, but the Survey Graphic published an extensive account and helped to reduce their efforts and called much attention to their tactics.

My experience in Chicago with machine politics in the first ward served me here. The Pendergast Machine was well organized, but I had had experience before with a "machine" which was better organized and more vicious. Michael (Hinky Dink) Kenna and John (Bathhouse) Coughlin were experts in the field of political and social control.

After I had been at the University of Kansas two days, Dean Blackmer called me into his office. "What do you know about Kansas," he asked me. "Not much," was my answer. "You can't teach Kansas young people without knowing something about Kansas. He handed me a Kansas City Star. "What did you see on the first page that took your attention except news headlines?" I said, "The name Beloit and Pittsburgh." "Why?" he asked. "Beloit, Wisconsin, was near my home, and Pittsburgh, Pa., has an "h" at the end of its name." "That's good," he said. "I have made arrangements for you to do some traveling around the state; $900 has been set aside. You can't teach students without knowing something about their background. Next weekend you go to Beloit, the following weekend to Pittsburgh, and then come and tell me what you saw. Drift around town, talk to anyone who will talk to you. You need to learn to know Kansas folks."

Two weeks later, I reported. His first remark was, "I have just been looking over your expense sheets. They are wrong." I spoke up quickly and said I thought they were correct. He said, "No. Didn't you get a shoeshine, buy a newspaper, have extra laundry, have a cup of coffee, tip the waiter? Young man, when you are away from the campus, to those whom you meet, you are the University of Kansas in what you look like, how you act, how you dress, and what you say. Look and act like a representative of the University. Do not scrimp on food, dress, or any information you need and can get by buying a few magazines or books." He demanded results and felt that anything which would enhance the purpose of one's trip should be done.

E. W. Burgess, E. Sutherland, Walter Bodenhafer, and many others all cut educational eye teeth under his direction. I learned how to teach from Frank W. Blackmar.

During the next few weeks, I visited Pittsburgh, Beloit, Wichita, Marysville, Clay Center, Kansas City, the areas where they were beginning to look for oil, the coal fields, and the wheat country, the short-grass plain and the corn country.

Those early contacts with the people of Kansas were of great value to me in my contacts with students. I would ask a student where he

lived, and he would be pleased to feel that I knew about Newton, Downs, Good-land, or wherever he came from. I have followed that plan the rest of my teaching career. It was one of the most valuable procedures in making contact with students.

Once at registration, several students at the University of Pittsburgh came to my desk. One was from Ohiopyle. I asked him about a man who lived in that town whose name I remembered. The next student came from Blairsville. I talked to him about that town. A third student came from Windber, so I talked with him about the Mennonites in that area, of which he happened to be one. After some time, word came back to me that those three students had told other students, "You ought to take a course in Sociology from Elmer. He knows about the people of Pennsylvania."

That was a particular phase of my life that I owe to Frank Wilson Blackmar, the man who actually started the first Department of Sociology in the United States in 1891; although the University of Chicago, from which I received my Doctor's degree in 1914, is sometimes given that credit.

It seems that from the time of my trips with Grandfather to Rudy's Hill and visits with the old settlers, the urge to know about people and about their community had become an established factor. Everything was just growth and development of those early interests.

We moved to the University of Kansas at Lawrence in the fall of 1916. The war was on in Europe. Prices were increasingly higher. Our salary was $1,600 a year. After paying rent, water, electricity, gas, telephone, it left us five dollars a month. I taught an extension class in Kansas City for which I got $5 a week and expenses (a twenty-mile ride on the interurban), also a job to speak at a church on Sunday a.m. which added $5 a week. Then we got a cheaper house, $25 a month; we bought three old hens and started to get some eggs. We also had a large garden where we raised all kinds of vegetables, especially tomatoes.

We got into the war in 1917. June went to Boulder, as her brother had been called to the Navy. She drew out $40 from our account, leaving $4.50; but our next check was due the next day.

However, the Chancellor told the faculty that "due to the increase in cost of coal, paper, and other supplies, no salaries would be paid for the last three months until the Legislature met and more funds were available." As June later said, "I was not told about it, so wrote to Pat that he should eat one meal a day at the Faculty Club." He did not. He ate tomatoes cooked, raw, stewed, casseroles with bread, pulp. He had just written his first book and the World Co, after taking out the cost of printing, sent him weekly, ten per cent of the sales. Some weeks he received two, three, or four dollars. One week, five dollars. He got along swell. Then he was called as an instructor to Fort Riley and attached to the 13th Cavalry. Later he was returned to Lawrence and taught in the S.A.T.C. (Student Army Training Corps).

In order to save the tomatoes, I canned them. To be sure they would not spoil, I put from two to three tablespoons of salt per quart. They did not spoil. Neither did we eat them.

Our younger daughter, Patricia, was born in Lawrence, October 1,] 9l8. We lived on a small street across from the golf course. The year before, the University had plowed the golf course and planted beans which the faculty were urged to pick and can in lieu of the salary held up. We did, but the beans all spoiled, canned according to wrong government instructions.

But now, the Government had built about a dozen barracks on the golf course. The nearest one was thirty feet from our house. It was the hospital barrack. There was a terrific flu epidemic raging. The University was closed. The hospital barrack was not completed when they began moving sick men in. They heated water in copper boilers on our stove and carried it over for the first day. Soon another barrack was completed nearer the University buildings, called Sunshine Barrack, for convalescent men. June's mother had come from Colorado to take care of our three-year old daughter Anne-June. Everyone wore masks over their nose and mouth. These were often dropped on the ground, so we could not let the three-year-old girl go out alone. The part-time maid got the flu. No hospital would accept a mother who had a forthcoming birth. After Patricia was born at home, the doctor came only once. He merely stuck his head in the door and said, "Mrs. Elmer, you have good common sense. Mrs. Fulkerson, (a neighbor) is a good nurse. I will not come into the house again unless there is an emergency."

One day a hearse drove up to the hospital barrack. A body was brought out on a stretcher, put in the hearse and away. In a few minutes, another. Then another. After the sixth trip by the hearse, I went out to see if all the men were dying. They had decided to move all the sick men to the sunshine Barracks. They had no other vehicle than the hearse. They had covered the patients carefully with blankets, I suppose to protect them from the weather, but also not to shock them by being placed in a hearse.

Soon I was called to Fort Riley as an instructor with the 13th Cavalry Regiment. It was an interesting assignment. Most of the Cavalry Regiments were sent to France. The 13th was assigned to the Mexican border. I was sent back to Lawrence, teaching courses in the "Student Army Training Corps." This was before the R.O.T.C. was established.

I continued making community surveys and teaching at the University until the fall of 1919, when we began our work at the University of Minnesota.

Then Minnesota. It was here that the first move to write this account was started, as was stated in the foreword. When I left Kansas, I persuaded E. H. Sutherland to take my place. He said he had never taught Criminology. I told him that I had a first draft of a book on that subject, and he could have it. He later went to Illinois, and then when I left Minnesota, I recommended him for the position I was leaving. Sutherland, at a meeting in Detroit some years later, in answer to a question about how he got into the field of Criminology said that it was the manuscript I had given him, that the first edition was based largely on that. Personally, I always felt that the first edition was better than the revised editions. In Minnesota, my field shifted somewhat. Instead of general community surveys, a study of Mound for the Tuberculosis Association;

the study of blindness was made because of the extensive presence of trachoma in the state; a study of women in industry, women in clerical and secretarial work; juvenile delinquency, the location of settlement houses, consolidation of school districts, and "Stillwater, the Queen of the St. Croix," which was quoted quite extensively by Park and Burgess without giving credit to me or correctly listing the study.

At Minnesota, in addition to the studies made to determine the location and establishment of settlement houses, school and health programs, I made a study of the institution for mentally retarded girls, and then served for several years as President of the Tuberculosis Association, during which time, we located a hospital for young people with tuberculosis and an outdoor public school (Trukau) for children needing that service. Also served for two years on a study of Blindness in which we were able to make a state-wide study and program to eliminate trachoma which had gained a foothold in Minnesota.

The seven years at Minnesota were during my most active years from age thirty-three to forty. During the summer, I taught and lectured at other universities, one summer at the University of Southern California, and one summer at Washington, Seattle. All of those experiences made the next thirty years easier when entirely new situations had to be met.

The relief in all of the intense life of the years of professional work from 1914 to 1956 was made easier and delightful by the side interests, not the least was Wisconsin, which is included in the following chapter.

The seven years at the University of Minnesota were good years. I was able to devote more time to research. It was a strong department. Arthur J. Todd was Head of the department, and there was an able faculty. When Todd left to become Labor Manager for the Clothing Trade in Chicago, Frank Bruno was in charge until a permanent head, F. S. Chapin arrived, P. Sorokin was added to the staff, and for one year, I had as a student in research, Professor Kondratiff, of Moscow. When we had Sorokin and Kondratiff and their wives to dinner, they were very concerned that it might be found out that a Bolchivist and a Menchivist had dinner together at our house.

They had known each other in Russia, but now belonged to different parties. Each Wednesday evening, we had a department discussion meeting. Chapin, Bernard, Clarke, Finney, Lundquist, and Sorokin, and I came regularly. The younger men, Phelps, Lundberg, Markey, Melli, Mohler, and others came once in a while or, if especially asked, for a discussion related to their field of study. They were welcome at all times, but did not feel interested in some of the quibbling by the older staff members over departmental procedures.

One evening, Sorokin waxed particularly eloquent about some theory of his. He was very enthusiastic at that time about Pareto. He was vigorously quizzed by the group. He cited at length the statements and names of other Russians who had made extensive studies which were supporting his ideas. Finally Dr. Ross L. Finney said, "I read German and French as easily as I do English. I have written monographs in Latin

and Greek which still pay me royalties and are used in classes. Language is my easiest kind of work. Now, Dr. Sorokin, I do not read Russian, but I shall learn it. Will you give me the name of the publications of the men you have been quoting so vigorously. Sorokin was stopped. Then he said, "I do not think any of the papers I have mentioned have been published. They were written by students in my seminars when I was a Docent at the University of Petrograd." Finney said, "Oh, I see. Those studies which were quoted and which bolster your point of view were written by your students in your seminar." Nothing further was said. We all felt sorry for Sorokin, but glad Finney had said it.

As has been indicated through this account, everything with which a person is associated, good or bad, adds something to the structure of one's life. My early life, buying and selling horses, the lumber camps, hobo camp in Illinois, work and observation in Chicago, survey of the Stock Yard District (Armourdale) Kansas City, the tremendous labor agencies in Fargo where thousands of men were shipped to the harvest fields and then to the lumber camps; all these things built up a mass of material and experiences, a background which cannot be read about. I can only mention items which indicate the general area. It has helped me to see the over-all and has helped me to avoid being swept off my feet by the waves of excited enthusiasm which occurs every time the public attention is called to some specific situation. Each little event is ballooned into a major world catastrophe. An elevated road or a tunnel is needed. So millions are spent. Then, that type of transit is found lacking, so other millions must be spent to correct what was done to meet other needs which were not yet decided on. What was it that Father said when I started for high school? "When everybody is rushing in some direction, stop and think before you decide. When everyone is going in the wrong direction, the man who stands still and thinks may soon be at the head."

I have always been able to stop working on a project, put it out of my mind, and take up something different. In fact, even go to sleep. Once I was giving a series of radio talks. I was to go on at seven p.m. It was an icy day. On my way to the studio, my car skidded, smashed into a gas light pole and was completely wrecked. I walked to the police station, reported the accident, and called a wrecker to remove the remains. Then went to the studio. I was told I would go on in fifteen minutes. I told them to call me in ten minutes, went into the next room, climbed on a table, and slept soundly for ten minutes, when I was awakened. They expressed surprise that I could go to sleep so soon before giving my talk. I told them, "I had to do it to calm my nerves; I had had a complete wreck shortly before."

That ability to throw off pressures has helped me during the past eighty-five years, ever since I was kicked by the young stallion, drove a colt on the race track before I was four, up to various sudden unexpected events throughout my life.

INDEPENDENT WORKERS OF THE WORLD

At the turn of the century and up to about 1910, there were thousands of men who were seasonal workers. They worked the harvest fields in the summer and early fall, then worked in the woods in the winter and spring.

Employment agencies took advantage of them charging $1 and sending fifty men to a job which had asked for twenty, then the extras drifted to some other job. Labor Unions had no place for these itinerant workers. Soon another organization developed, Independent Workers of the World, known as the I.W.W. It is true that such an unorganized organization would have a high proportion of irresponsible persons carrying the red $1-a-year membership card. But without it, a person ran the very likely chance of being beat up. With it, he was allowed to work if there was work. Naturally, the law enforcement agencies were concerned. The regular unions were bitter. I.W.W. carried a bad name and sometimes merited it. I carried a card. By the early 1920's, they were generally outlawed. The government prohibited their right to distribute any more of their printed material. It was ordered to be destroyed.

I was teaching Sociology at the University of Minnesota. I had a big class studying Social Reform Movements. I went downtown to the I.W.W. headquarters and asked for material. "We have none," they said. "It has all been destroyed." I reached for my wallet, pulled out my card. He grinned. "We have none, but there are some barrels there ready to be destroyed. A fellow might steal some and how would we know?" I took samples of all and put them on a table in my large office where I had material for students in the "Reform Movements" class. The following Saturday, one of my colleagues called my home and told me to come to the University at once. He had been in my office and had seen the condemned materials "which someone has put on your table to get you into trouble with the authorities." The term was soon over, when the material was stored as historical data. I also destroyed my old card. The I.W.W. with all its bad points did get a ten-hour-day, instead of daylight to dark; also hot coffee and hot soup at noon instead of frozen food and ten below zero winter weather.

In 1926, we moved to Pittsburgh. When I left Minnesota, Chapin, head of the department at Minnesota said, "Why would you want to go 1 Pittsburgh and try to start a department. Don't you know that two good men tried to start a department there and failed?" It was a typical Chapin send off. So I went and started the Department of Sociology, Anthropology, and School of Social Work.

While there had been attempts to start a Department of Sociology at the University, none had succeeded. There were some scattered courses given in the departments of Economics, History, Philosophy, and Psychology. I was assigned to start departments of Sociology and Anthropology. By 1930, also to start building a Graduate School of Social Work. My experience as an assistant to David Kinley at the University of Illinois and my work at Kansas, Minnesota, and the summers at Washington University and the University of Southern California all helped me. Even more was the fact of having been raised

from childhood in a large family where the work of a dairy and cattle farm had been very well organized, with definite aspects assigned under a free over control, made the problem easy. Within the past month, a man who is a major Professor in a large university said to me, "I am still astounded how you ran your department. With a teaching and research staff of thirty, you somehow found time to speak each day to everyone. I was at the bottom of the ladder, but every day you saw me and spent a minute or more actually talking with me, not merely saying, "hello."

I knew each day what everyone was working on. Each month, every person wrote on a five by eight card what had been done that month. The order was, "Write it on a five by eight card. If too much, tear it up and rewrite it on a five by eight card. I will come to you for further details when needed."

My father never interfered with how J. P. took care of the horses or how I took care of the ducks when I was eight years old. But he knew what was going on and what I was doing. When I had trouble driving the ducks into their pen, "I was wondering whether it would be a good plan to put up some chicken wire wings and make a sort of funnel. You might think about that," I was told. So, when I saw something going amiss, I followed the same line, and the Professor actually felt he had thought it out when it improved things. Since I talked with a Professor every day, it was easy to say, "The other day when I was talking to you, something you said gave rise to an idea which your comments indicated." Then tell him what it "seemed" he had in mind, telling him that I wished he would think it over and give me a clearer idea of what I had carried away from our previous talk. It was an effective way of getting him to actually do it and feel that it was his contribution and not an order from above. That made the thirty years at the University a very enjoyable and successful period.

When a young lawyer makes a reputation as a trial lawyer, we usually say it is because he does his homework. He is prepared. The years spent in early life is really the homework for future activity. In everything I have done in the years from thirty to eighty-eight, I have drawn upon what I had learned before I was thirty. As stated before, my customs, habits, beliefs and disbeliefs, likes and dislikes, approvals and disapprovals, enthusiasms and detestations, my work habits, interests in all types of things and people, willingness to change area of activity, but always finishing the job I was working on before changing to another. These were the multitude of little things which make up one's Philosophy of Life. Specific techniques and sharpening of the tools are part of the day's work which are taken care of as needed.

The applied activities over the years may be the things which are generally of widest interest and are the things mentioned when a list of a man's accomplishments are mentioned. So I will, more or less as footnotes, refer to some of the things which were actually the resultant phenomena of the mass of little things that have gone before. Every big social situation was merely a reflection of a smaller experience. Every problem or exploration was met by referring back to some early minor experience in Dutch Hollow.

The stories told around the stove in Schultz's store, the yarns by members of a threshing crew, or a sawmill group, the incidents told among the family usually gave the key to the unraveling of most problems. As stated before, "By what men have done, we learn what man may do."

President Bowman called me into his office one afternoon. He said, "I have a question I want to ask you. When we started the Sociology Department ten years ago, I was advised that Sociology was the spot of thin ice which was apt to cause trouble in a university. In the past ten years, I have had less complaint about the Sociology Department than any other department in the University. How do you pick your men?"

My answer was, "First, I want a man who knows the subject and the area he is to work in. Then what is his attitude toward others who differ from him? When I find such a man, I give him absolute authority to go ahead in his own way to do the work he has been selected to do."

Then Dr. Bowman continued, "Why is it that Professor X is so disliked on the campus? He is without doubt one of the best-qualified men in the United States in his field."

I answered, "Because he irritates everyone he talks to. This noon I was speaking about a recent visit I had made to a Swiss city. He interrupted and corrected my pronunciation of the city's name. I told him he was wrong, that he was giving it the German name. The Swiss call it as I did. The other day, someone spoke of the Light Opera, Puccini Girl from the Golden West, pronouncing the name in the correct Italian way. This professor spoke up and corrected his pronunciation. People avoid his table because he is rude to anyone who says or does anything different than he does. With all of his academic and scientific ability, I would not recommend him for a department for which I was responsible. One wants men in one's department with whom it is not unpleasant to live."

Bowman said, "I think that is about as good a measure of selecting faculty as any."

I then told him how on the farm we kept a record of the characteristics of a growing colt, so that we would know where to put him and how to train him. "How do you do that with people?" he asked. So I gave him a couple of examples.

Several years ago, when in Minnesota, I went fishing with a student, George Lundberg. We camped on the bank of the Chippewa River. I was packing camp in the morning, heard a call, "Help." The car was slipping down the bank. I jumped in, got it going upon solid ground. Then George called, "Now help me." As he jumped to brace the car with his shoulder, a long thorn had caught him in the back of his neck, but he felt it was his job to stop the car. He did.

Another time, we were coming home from a trip about nine p.m.. The car stopped. I decided to roll up in blankets and wait till morning. About 4 a.m. Lundberg shook me and said. "We can start now. We have one hundred miles to go, and you have an eight a.m. class." After I had gone to sleep, Lundberg started for New Richmond, six miles west, got a ride part way, found a supply dealer, got him out of bed, bought a carburetor, hitch-hiked back six miles, put it into the Ford car, and was ready to go.

"That is what I mean by checking personal characteristics over and beyond a man's particular skill."

Bowman said, "I see your point, and it answers my question."

During the years I was President of the Eastern, The Ohio Valley and the Middle States Sociological Societies, I kept a little book in which 1 kept names and personal items about young people I met. I always had at least two men who were equipped to take the place of any member of my staff if he died or left suddenly. Sometimes they were very young men whom I wished to watch. Example: F. F. Stephan, a sophomore, University of Illinois.

Five years later, I had a chance to add a new member. I traced him down. He had graduated at Illinois, then gone to Chicago to study Anthropology and Statistics. He was now working at Western Electric, was married, and had to quit school. I offered him more than he was earning at Western Electric. He came. I had him teach an introductory course and listed one in Statistics and one in Anthropology. In addition to the introductory course, only five other students enrolled, three in Statistics, and two in Anthropology. The Assistant Chancellor called me in. The enrollment was too low to warrant an additional man. I was stumped for twenty seconds, then, "Mr. Gow, I have a most pressing appointment downtown; may I come in tomorrow morning?" It was three p.m. I rushed down to the Chamber of Commerce, saw Frank Harper, and during the next two hours sold him the idea of dividing the City of Pittsburgh into Census tracts to get ready for the 1930 Census. I came away with a check for $5,000 to help pay the cost. The next morning I went to see my boss. I presented the check and added that the real work of Stephan was to help in the Census Tract Project. Stephan made good. After leaving us, did work for the Census Department, taught at Cornell University, and about two years ago retired from Princeton University. I had spotted him when I met him at a meeting. He was only a sophomore, but just as we used to spot good colts when yearlings (so I marked him and Lundberg) as having qualities needed, irrespective whether they were trotters, pacers, quarter horses or draft. I picked men for their personal qualities, then fitted them into the field where they functioned best.

The departments of Sociology, Anthropology and the School of Social Work were all started from "scratch" during my first four years at the University of Pittsburgh. When the School of Social Work was classified with five other schools in the United States as Class A, I resigned from the Graduate School of Social Work, and devoted all my time to the Department of Sociology and Anthropology; also began to do more extensive writing, spending some time in Venezuela and as much time as possible in our woodlands in west central Wisconsin and the ranch in Colorado. In the meantime, I have written Sociology of the Family; First Steps in Social Research, in English and Spanish; Contemporary Social Thought; Passing of the Red Tablecloth; Just Folks; Yarns and Legends; and contributed to books on Sociology, Human Ecology, and had a generally very happy life "Just pottering aroun' as I darn please, when the leaves, you know, gets back in the trees."

Through the years one learns to be undisturbed by sudden upheavals, by student riots, by the torrents of enthusiasm over what is only a little dusty whirlwind and mistaken for a tornado. Each generation brings with it changes which gives it a distinctive mark in history, but as one looks back over what has happened, it is difficult to distinguish one generation from the next or the next. Many characteristics are repeated again and again.

(DOMESTICATION) "SCHOOLING" DOES NOT ELIMINATE SAVAGERY

When I was about eleven years old, my brothers used to raise turkeys for spending money. Turkeys are still savages, even though they are domesticated. If one turkey is injured, the others will pick on it and often kill it. When they are kept in a pen, the keeper must watch, and if mud accumulates on its feet and dries, he catches the turkey and removes the dried mud to keep the turkey from picking and causing blood to flow and then the other turkeys will join in its destruction.

The Mob, though schooled, still follows a savage impulse. A little boy in Wilkinsburg rushed out in the street, pointed to the sky and yelled, "Look, Look, Look.. People rushed to look. Others crowded out into the street. Traffic was tied up. It took a long time to get things right. The following week, letters were sent to the local paper. The Mayor was accused of being inadequate because of inefficiency in the control of traffic. Soon others began blaming the Mayor for other things. Numerous persons seemed to be on a hunt to find something to accuse him about. Like turkeys seeing a little blood, some want to get into the game and find more. This is found not only in local matters, but State, and if international, it attracts even larger and larger numbers of accusers who want to get into the bloody massacre.

Education involves a degree of understanding far apart from schooling. The turkeys were domesticated. Sometimes even Congressmen are so eager to get into a fight that they will stop doing what they were elected to do in order to get the publicity of being on a committee which is looking for a scalp. Bert Cristy, the old woodsman philosopher, seemed to understand some things overlooked by University professors.

PROFESSOR RALPH TURNER

In every group, there is always one person who is a self-seeking humorist or who tries to belittle the speaker. There was such a man at the University. He was quite a popular lecturer of Western Civilization and was sometimes rude. As once when he was speaking of foolish superstitions and ridiculed baptism. A girl said, "I cannot agree with you. My father is a Baptist minister." He answered, "Well, if your father wants to dunk you in a hog wallow in the name of religion, that's your choice."

I gave a lecture to the faculty. I happened to use the word, Foo-Fa-Raw or Fuferaw.

He broke in, "Elmer, is that some Swiss slang?" I said, "No, and any normal student of Western Civilization and the American West or who has bothered to read any History of Western United States would know that Foofaraw was a term applied to extravagant display. You might be interested in looking up the word in a good Rand McNally or other good dictionary." But you must recognize that he was the Professor who, when a middle-aged school teacher asked him about a good current book on Western Civilization, he mentioned his own book. She thanked him, and as she moved away, he turned to others who were present at the registration and said, "There goes another Old Maid in search of an Education." He was a rude person, and as my lecture was going fairly well, he had to interrupt and say something he thought would embarrass me, except it did not do so. He was finally dismissed from the University. He and a group of dissidents projected a three-week trial, but lost.

Professors were subpoenaed to testify. I was asked if I knew Albertson, a student who had been dismissed. I testified that I had spoken with him often and at length, that he said he had been assigned to organize a "Young Communist Group at Schenley High" and that if he could do anything to get the administration of the University of Pittsburgh to "step into a mudhole," he would be a national person overnight. After the trial, Professor Gabbert of Philosophy and Professor George Jones came to me and said they were sorry I had testified as I did. I told them I was under oath and so told the truth. Their answer was, "But, Pat, you will still have to live with us.

I never felt very close to either of them after that.

THE BUSIEST MONTH OF MY LIFE, MAY 1956.

In order to actually enjoy life and not be overcome by the worry of minor incidents, it was necessary to learn how to adjust one's time. When working, playing, or planning a project, all other items must be put into the background. When a conference, a problem, an administrative adjustment has been attended to, even if not completed, that item must be dropped, full attention given to the next interview, conference, or project. I think I had learned to do that fairly well. Even today, I can lie down at any time and decide to go to sleep, and within five minutes, I am asleep. The last month of my work at the University of Pittsburgh was a time when being able to do a dozen things without flipping came in handily.

Dr. Litchfield was the new president. Each afternoon, he would call a few of the older faculty for discussions. That year I was also the President of the Ohio Valley Sociological Society. I had to give a Presidential address and two other talks. Miss Hathway had caused a lot of extra work. She was shifted (through heavy effort) to another job with the National Association of Schools of Social Work. A relief, but took too much time and effort.

One of my staff had a fight with his wife and was gone eight days. I took some of his classes. Another staff member had an emotional break and so I took some of his classes. Some of the other members could have done so, but belonged to the new group of "thinkers," "I will do exactly what I am paid for, and to Hell with the rest." So, I did it. Then to top it off, another staff member used research funds to purchase an automobile and also appropriated a valuable Leica camera, a recording machine, and other items. In the meantime, I had to write a report of the departments of which I was in charge for the preceding thirty years, as well as prepare the budget and submit plans for the Department of Sociology and Anthropology. In fact, there was so much to do that I never had time to worry or to fret. It was the busiest month of my life. I told the University Library Head that I had copies of all Social magazines, from first copies, also many cases of selected books. I had already purchased nearly $4,000 worth of books and donated them to the University of Pittsburgh Library. I was told, "If you will check to see what books and magazines we do not have, we will be glad to get the missing copies." Instead, I called Duquesne University, then took two station-wagon loads. There were still scattered books and odd copies of magazines. I gave them to a second hand dealer, and he sent me a check for over $525.

The next year I was granted a John Hays Whitney Fellowship, and spent the time at Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio, then at Stamford University, Birmingham, Alabama. The ranch in Colorado, and the timber lands in Wisconsin have been a good outlet.

I actually enjoyed the hard work, and each evening before going to bed, I would go over the next day's routine. I have kept up that practice ever since, and for a few minutes before I go to sleep, I run over in my mind what the schedule is next day, and, then, five minutes later am asleep.

The month I spoke of was merely a repeat on a different scale of the education training I went through the year I was thirteen to fourteen. My father hurt and unable to help, both of my brothers away, over one hundred head of cattle, seventy-eight of them cows expecting to calve in a couple of weeks, sixteen horses, two loads of manure, to clean stables by hand and haul the manure to the load and spread by hand, cutting hay from hay mow, hauling in feed for cattle, feeding the horses, and also seventy-five brood sows and other feeder hogs. There was no time to stop and be sorry for oneself. That was the time I grew from a young boy to a more mature young man who from then on never felt like what is now called a "teen-ager."

It is very fitting to end the many years of work in universities to include here a reaction of someone who has never attended any university, but has a philosophy of life which is definitely worth considering. There has been a tendency during the recent past to assume that all of the things worth knowing can only be learned in a college or university. So, I have included here a note on an old woodsman philosopher, Bert Cristy.

WOODSMAN PHILOSOPHER

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

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

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

Even the broom hanging on a nail gave one the feeling that it had done its work well and was now resting.

Bert lived alone. He depended on the woods for most of his livelihood. As we walked through the woods, he called my attention to plants which could be used for greens, raw or cooked, such as cowslips, dandelions, nettle, and pokeweed. He told me of different times of the year when one should collect blossoms, herbs and roots, and leaves for tea. He collected mint, wintergreen, yellow birch bark, sassafras, elderberry blossoms, and catnip for tea. Each had a special value. For example, he collected and dried wild black cherries to make a hot tea for colds; for a bilious feeling, the leaves of black spruce pepped him up. He made maple syrup and sugar, sometimes even making a substitute from hickory trees. He collected "flag" roots to bake for food as well as certain varieties of sweet acorns and, of course, walnuts, hickory nuts, and hazelnuts. Even the small nuts of the basswood were collected, ground in a coffee mill, and used to make a delicious nut bread in which he mixed dried cranberries. He salted and smoked surplus fish when he caught more than he required at a time. He did the same with other meat, rabbits, squirrel, ruffed grouse, and deer. These were supplanted by a few slabs of bacon which he earned by helping neighbors do some butchering. Have you ever eaten smoked duck or goose breast? If you have done so, you have had a taste of Bert's type of diet. He was in demand by the wives of farmers to help prepare their winter meat. As one woman stated, "Old Bert is always so clean and neat that I feel everything has been done right when he helps do the butchering."

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

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

His practical philosophy of life was his chief attraction. One year I missed seeing him. When he learned I had gone, he took a bus to town thirty-five miles away in order to catch me before I Left on the train. We met an hour before train time. "I've got a plan for you and me.

Why don't you give up that fool job in Pittsburgh and come and live with me in the woods? Most of what you do is a waste of time anyhow." He stopped for a minute with a look on his face which told me he was trying to formulate an idea. Then he said, "Every summer I work with a surveying crew, helping them get located. It saves them hours of hard work to get the general area located and know where the benchmarks of the original survey are to be found. Each summer we get a few bright boys from the university who want practical field experience. They are as smart as razors with figures, but actually, they don't know anything. Last year, one of the boys lost his compass; it started to rain, got dark, so he got fuzzy. He didn't know what to do. We found him the next morning by a tree almost bushed from thirst. He had a knife in his pocket; the tree had a big grape vine, but he didn't know enough to cut the vine and get water."

"I have a small two-pound ax. It's a good ax. I have sharpened it and honed it till I can shave with it, but it's a poor shaving tool. Now it's so sharp that it's no longer a good ax; it doesn't cut straight and it's too keen. It doesn't do the work it was made to do. Now I suppose I could sharpen all my axes so I could shave with them, but it wouldn't be worth the work. You professors at Pittsburgh may be able to sharpen up all the boys and girls so they're keen as a razor's edge, but most of them would still be axes not as good for cutting as before they had the extra honing and even after honing not very good razors."

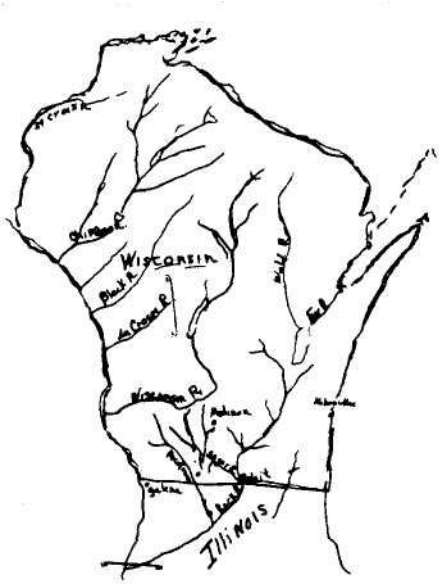
That was Bert Cristy.

CHAPTER XV

WISCONSIN

AN AREA OF RELAXATION, RECREATION, AND FINALLY ANOTHER AVOCATION.

Timber Shadows
The Michaels
Muskeag
A Day to Remember



WISCONSIN. ANOTHER ROOM IN MY HOUSE.

When I was eighty, my brother, J. P., ninety-one, was with me up on our land. We were planting butternuts. Two men in an Illinois car stopped and asked, "Do you belong to that Pennsylvania car?" I said, "Yes." "What in hell are you old men doing?" "Planting butternuts." "What for," he asked. I leaned on my spade, and said, "Well, in about thirty years they will be big enough to bear nuts." He turned to his partner and said, "I'll be damned; what do you think of that?" They both laughed and as they started their car, one said, "I suppose it takes all kinds to make the world." They drove off to try to do some fishing. If they had not been in such a hurry, I could have directed them to an excellent trout stream on my land to which they had to cross only a small bridge not fifteen rods from where they stopped. They were so dumbfounded to see two old men planting something from which no returns could be expected for thirty years.

They had not learned that we plant trees for future generations.

From what I have said up to this point, it might appear that all of my life from the time I was twenty was spent in schools, colleges, and academic life generally. I have always had a second and interesting avocation. From the time I was four years old, I have never gotten out of the woods. For over sixty-five years, I have spent part of every year in central and northwest Wisconsin. After I retired from the University of Pittsburgh in 1956, when I was sixty-nine years old, I have spent part of each spring and fall there looking over the timber land we own.

When I was eighty-four, I was selected as the outstanding timber farmer in the nine-county area known as the Indian Head country. My early walks through our woods in Dutch Hollow and the almost daily

walks through it up to Rudy's Hill, learning about the different kinds of trees, working in the woods as a boy, helping my father build a fence to keep cattle out of a patch where we had done selective cutting, so that young trees might get a start all those things became a part of my way of life. Eventually writing a book on Timber was simply recording some of the things that had been a part of my life without any conscious point where or when it was learned. I just grew up with and among the trees.

WISCONSIN, 1908

During my first year in college, I learned that plucking chickens for ten cents an hour and even sorting potatoes for fifteen cents took too many hours to pay the $4.50 a week for my board and room. So I drifted into picking up horses with sore feet, collar boils, overworked and underfed, feeding them barley and whey, with good pasture, then reselling them later.

My father gave each of us six children $1,000 when we were twenty-one years old. Instead of using mine to go to college, I decided to invest it in land. So in the summer of 1908, with several horses pastured and on the upgrade, I started to look around. I would pick out a city, go to it, rent a horse and ride about for a day or two, checking, talking, sizing things up. I went to Wausau, Marshfield, Altona, Bloomer, Chetek, Hayward, Ashland, and that area, then to Hurley, Peshtigo, Shawano, back to Chippewa Falls, and finally to Jim Falls, where I bought my first land.

Outside of train fare and horse rental, which was usually one dollar a day, there were few expenses. Fanners were friendly, and I always helped work at whatever they were doing. I helped the Klenks for two days pile up stumps and brush for clearing land. They gave me much advice and were glad to feed and give me a room and board in lieu of pay. Up in the Ashland area, actually, at Uno and Ino, I helped pick cranberries for two days. North of Bloomer was a farmer who had several small shoats and a big three-year-old stock hog needing to be neutered. They were afraid of the big tusks of the old hog and were going to have a Veterinary come out from Bloomer. I first took care of the shoats, then the old boar. The farmer got me a thin one-fourth inch rope. I grabbed the hog by his front leg; he jumped and was thrown on his back. It took about ten minutes to "hog-tie" him and to perform the operation. They were very thankful, and I stayed with them a couple of days. I was even given a horse to ride about the country.

One day I helped a farmer round up cattle from the brush. In this way I learned more about different parts of Wisconsin in one month than I could have in any other way. It was interesting and has been a basis for continual increasing information for over sixty years.

In these contacts, I also heard many stories which the local people were willing to repeat to a non-local person whom they trusted.

Toward the end of my meandering through upper Wisconsin, I returned to Eau Claire. A new railroad line had been extended from there

Hannibal. I rode as far as Jim Falls, as I had been told that a big lumberman had a lot of horses to sell. I found Duncan McKay on his big Clover Belt farm, but he had only driving horses to sell. However, he offered to show me the country, and as he was driving back to Chippewa Falls> he would take me back there. Which he did. He also sold me a tract of land for which I paid $22 an acre, and that took my $1,000 and some more of my savings. The next day, Julius Gerber said, "McKay surely took you for a ride. When do you think you can sell that land for $22 an acre?" I said, "I do not plan to sell it. I will keep it till I die." I do still have, it nearly seventy years later, a nice farm and some very good timber. A short time ago in a twenty-acre patch, I had the old crowded trees cut out ($8,000 worth), but left good trees, some twenty-four inches in diameter and forty feet to the first limbs (oak and hard maple). It would have seemed logical to use the 11,000 to pay for my education, especially as it took me over a year to get a clear title, as told in a later story, Timber Shadows, but I made it through college anyway and would have missed a lifetime of interesting experiences.

In the summer of 1913, Frank Stroheker (later a prominent attorney in Kansas City) went with me to raise potatoes in Wisconsin. I bought a beautiful team of horses, an old wagon, and some second hand tools. We planted twenty-one acres of potatoes among the stumps. After they were planted, we blasted stumps. I would blast a day, then go to bed a day with a severe headache. Frank would remove the blasted stumps. It was hard on the potatoes we had planted, but we raised 2,600 bushels and sold them for seventy-five cents a bushel. We were working on a fifty-fifty share, so Frank was able to return to law school and I to college.

The land I bought from Duncan McKay had lots of building on it which I believed could be taken down and the lumber used to construct better and usable buildings. There was one good log barn and a three-room shack that were usable, but the rest were of dried out weathered poor lumber. We met the situation by hauling straw from an old stack, piling it against the buildings and having a grand clean-up fire. The next year, the same was done to the log barn and the shack which had served its purpose.

One Sunday, Frank and I were invited over to the Gilman home for dinner. They had three daughters, two of them working in Minneapolis and whom we had met at a neighborhood dance. Frank and I were both wearing mustaches. Another man was there who also had a mustache and a bad summer cold. All through the meal, he would sniff but not use a handkerchief. We went home, said little to each other. Frank went into the house. I went to the outside wash house where my razor was kept. A few minutes later, he came out, clean shaven. So was I. We looked at each other, then burst out laughing. The same idea had hit us. Ever since, a long droopy mustache annoys me.

I paid all expenses, including room and board, but divided the crop. Because it was late in the season and potato cellars still full, we got potatoes for fifteen cents a bushel, rented a cutter, cut them into quarters, then plowed through the stumps and berry bushes. We plowed a furrow, dropped the potatoes, then plowed two furrows, dropped, and so on

for over twenty acres. Weeds were absent, the ground absolutely virgin, no bugs nor infected soil. In the fall, we had a good crop. With a corn plow, we plowed, then twice, then shifting the shovels, heaped them on the third plowing. We allowed a neighbor who had a four-horse digger, to use our team for his own and some custom digging, and he then dug ours. We sold 2,600 bushels at Cobban for seventy-five cents a bushel, a good summer's profit in 1913. We were short of money during the summer, so got, a job for which a farmer could not get anyone. He had a big dairy farm, and during the winter dumped the stable manure into a pit. He needed men to work in the pit, loading wagons with the cow manure. Since I needed money and had a degree in Biochemistry and a Master's degree in Economics, I knew the need for manure on the soil and the value of money. Taking off shoes, rolling pants above knees, fifty cents an hour working in a manure pit did me no harm and made my writing of my thesis and finishing work for my Ph. D. easier.

That summer, before digging time, I decided to take a trip to Denver to meet June Ashley's family. I stopped at home. My mother asked if I had given June Ashley a ring. "No, I haven't had the money." About an hour later, she handed me $100, saying, "When we got married, Pa bought me a ring with a nice red stone. He had just lost his arm and had to give up being a machinist and go to farming. I told him that ring would pay for a cow. So he took it back. I have never had a nice ring, so I told Pa that you had been a good boy, never cost us anything for your schooling, so we are giving this to you so you can buy June Ashley a ring.

When I got to Denver, I was treated very graciously by her parents. Her father, Edwin Ashley was a blunt Englishman and a lawyer, had checked on me. When June had written home from the University of Illinois that she was planning to marry Manuel Elmer from Monroe, Wisconsin, her father wrote to John Dunwiddie, a prominent lawyer, stating his concern about his daughter's marrying Manuel Elmer. He wanted to know about the status, character, and integrity of the John Elmer family. Mr. Dunwiddie wrote back, "Dear Mr. Ashley. If the Ashleys have the status, character, and ; integrity that the Elmers have, then the Elmers do not need to worry if their son marries an Ashley girl."

Mr. Ashley got a "kick" out of that reply. It was the kind of answer he would have written. He chuckled as he told me about it. Orah, however, who had graduated from the Detroit School of Music and had attended the University of Michigan for two years and was married to an instructor in Engineering and who was to become the University Registrar, was perhaps annoyed that her sister was marrying a "farmer boy." Her father-in-law was in charge of the Rug Department of a big Detroit store. Mrs. Ashley had put a lunch on the table for me, as I had got in after nine p.m. We were talking in general. Orah suddenly spoke up, "Aren't you a college graduate?" I said, "Yes." Then, "It's surprising that you still split infinitives." There was nothing to say, so all I did was blush.

After a few days, I returned to Wisconsin to dig and sell potatoes, sell tools, wagon, cornplow, horses, all at a very good profit, then back to the University of Chicago.

I had two beautiful horses which cost me S350. I sold one for $160 and went to a dealer in Chippewa Falls with the other one. He was interested, said he would buy it for $160. I said, "$200." He laughed. "I can get $200 for it in Madison." He agreed, but said it would cost $40 to ship it there. The freight agent said, "Sure, I could ship it as WAY freight for $9," but he never heard of a horse being shipped that way, and it would be put in a car with all kinds of "way freight." Sometimes a crated calf was shipped that way.

Also, I would have to load it myself. I did. The horse fought and reared. Finally, I tied my coat over his head and led him into the car. When they tried to put farm machinery and boxes in, he squealed, kicked, and fought. They had enough room, so he had a private car. I got a pass to travel with livestock. We got to Madison about 6 a.m. I asked to have the car spotted. "Take your turn." My contract said livestock must be watered after twelve hours. The car was spotted. I got on his bare back. He had never been ridden. He was unhappy. I was scared. Finally, he reared too much and fell. A woman sweeping her porch, yelled, "A man has been killed," and ran into the house to call the police. Before they got there, the horse got up; I jumped on him, and we continued. By the time we got to Dutch Hollow, forty miles south, he was subdued, and I slept for fifteen hours. I sold the horse for $260, also added to my education.

These experiences were part of my early grass roots education, quite different than the accepted forms of education usually thought of, but actually more basic to the actual art of living. There are many persons who have reached their full growth, and who have had a good formal education but have not learned the art of living. Over the years, many pieces of information came to light which are blended into the following stories. We would go down to the Cobban store where there was always a group of men with interesting yarns. Most were of a repetitious nature, but some were remembered because they carried an unusual story and added to a sociological understanding of society.

FARMERS, LUMBERMEN AND GRASSROOTS EXPERTS

One thing was evident to me over the years. The great majority of people, irrespective of where they live, or what their occupations, have great similarity in their ideas and their method of reasoning or reactions. They all spend countless hours discussing things that affect their lives and the functioning of our social and political and economic institutions. After a month up in the timber country, I would come back to the University and hear the same things discussed, even if the manner of speaking and vocabulary were different.

Mr. Paine, at Cobban, followed the same line of discussion and argument as Professor Gabbert, Head of the Philosophy Department. Will Prentice of Cornell Hardware and Francis Tyson, Economics Professor, talked identically. Willard Lord and Dr. Coul were duplicates. Ernest Rosenthal, farmland mill worker calmly evaluated

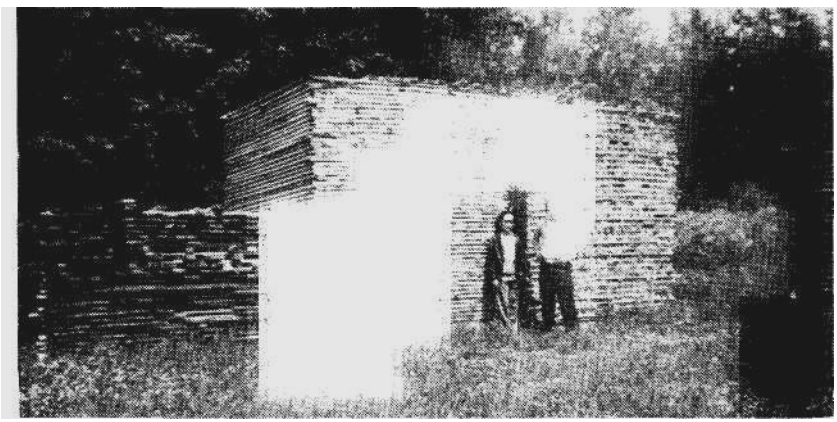
events and trends comparable to J. P. Watson, Economics Research Authority. In fact, after a few weeks in the wooded country, I came back to the University, and frankly, when it came to politics and government, the analyses among the farmers and woodsmen were presented with more sides of the situation. At the University, the professors seemed to be more concentrated on one side of a problem, more in line with what they read in a New York syndicated paper, or a statement of a television commentator. The other group spoke of their own practical experience.

At the Cobban store, when each had his say and quieted down, Old Man Blanchard, who had been quiet would say, "Now it seems to me that you all have a certain good point. Sometimes each of you is speaking out a different side of the box. Most of you seem to agree on this and that. Now, Paine made a good point, Gingras was right there, Prentice was clear in what he said about Senator X; but it seems that none of us has quite enough 'know-how' about the next step." Then they would all drift home.

Back at the University Club, a dozen men, almost duplicating the store crowd would argue for an hour, then Dean Crawford would practically repeat Blanchard's remarks, although perhaps suggest a committee to get more facts about the unclear aspect of the discussion.

When I hear an "expert" pontificate and assume that the great mass of people know little or nothing about which he assumes he knows all, I wish he could spend a few days in a cross-road country store and learn something more from the grass root experts.

As the years passed, I learned to appreciate the wisdom in the yarns of the old men I visited with my grandfather, and now was also able to observe wisdom everywhere.



During those years, I tramped over most of Chippewa County and portions of surrounding counties. Whenever a piece of land seemed available and within the reach of my limited financial scope, I bought it. I had two unfortunate experiences with bad titles, so began to do the work of searching titles myself.

Even the official maps and descriptions were often incorrect. I learned much about all of the area from the earliest time when it was homesteaded or taken over by the early lumber cutters. Most of the land had been granted to early Civil War Veterans, then passed on to lumbermen, like Ezra Cornell, who cut off the big white pine, and when accused by William Sewell, made a deal with the New York Legislature, sold them the cut-over land for $1 an acre as an asset for the State University, which was then named Cornell University.

Sometimes the cutters went in the wrong direction and cut on land other than what they owned. It was called, "Cutting a round forty." So some of the cut-overland Cornell University bought still had good timber on it. Two young men came from around Rock Island and started a Sorting Pond above Chippewa Falls. There they sorted the branded logs for the lumber companies and were given the unmarked logs, mavericks, for their pay. They prospered. Their name was Weyerhauser.

Much of the technical material I learned formed the basis for my book "Timber" written in 1965. The human interest experiences may appear in a later volume. Just a few of the typical situations are included here. The whole area has gone through a series of transition. From the earliest French explorers, the timber cruisers, the big loggers, the period of fires and burned-out early settlers, on to the development of mills, and now into one of the outstanding dairy farming counties of Wisconsin and of the United States. Families who came from Germany, Russia, Bohemia, whom I knew when they first came, and whose great grandchildren are now leading fanners, lawyers, doctors, and government officials. They are surprised when I tell them of the experiences of their own families which they have never heard about. All this has been of great value to me in helping me understand the various aspects of the Social Process.

TIMBER SHADOWS

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

"First couple lead to the center of the hall. We're all ready now for the big winter 'Bawl.' Ladies bow; the gents know how. The red-whiskered gent who weighs a ton, dance with the lady with the green dress on." Alex Maxwell stomped back and forth across the front of the hall above McSwigan's saloon and general store, trying to get the dance started. Like the rest of the men, he wore a bright shirt, dark trousers, with legs cut off at the tops of his new high-laced boots.

Old man Russell hopefully sawed his fiddle trying to break the ice and start the dance Mrs. Moxan in her new green dress walked across the hall, gave her fat husband a slap on his back and jerked him onto the floor. In a gruff embarrassed manner, Jim Pascall moved over to where the girls stood, took Jenny Marsh's hand, and drifted toward the center. The girls were clothed in their best dresses and high nine-button shoes of 1893. Their hair rose in great padded folds over their flushed faces. The bright dresses were matched by the clothes of the men across the hall whose red, green, black and white-checked shirts were here and there a bright red, green, or yellow neckerchief added to the colorful array. The crowd broke and the dance was on.

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

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

A flash of sunlight shimmered across the ice of the Flambeau as Joe Stark swung his heavy shod four-horse team in a gallop around the curve of the logging road. He was feeling good. It had been a tough job. The stands of white pine had been scattered over a choppy terrain, interspread with small lakes and bog lands. The logging crew was tops with a minimum of personal feuds. Old Tom Dunbarton was a good logger. His cook shack was always supplied with good food and the presence of his wife added an occasional batch of dried apple pie and other delicacies which some of the camps did not provide. The men were well fed, vigorous, and boisterously happy. Beneath their rugged appearance, however, there were buried many disappointed dreams or ambitious hopes for the future. Success could be broken by a log jam, by bad weather, or a mosquito and leech infected muskeag swamp; their hopes smothered by ruthless men or the cold treachery of women, which like the timber shadows, quietly settled around them.

When Joe got back to camp he did not waste much time in feeding his team and discussing the next layout. He rushed to the bunk house, put his town suit, new shirt and shoes into a grain sack, gulped two cups of coffee and a plate of beans, and started for the dance. After four hours of steady walking, he had covered twelve miles of chucky road, and another half hour found him shaved, cleaned up, and standing in the self-conscious line of men and boys at the dance hall above McSwigan's saloon and general store. Across the floor was a group of flushed, giggling women and girls, each hoping that one of the boys would build up enough nerve to ask her to dance. Joe went straight to the girl who was anxiously waiting for him.

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

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

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

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

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

A steady rain began falling about eight o'clock, and by midnight the great booms of the cracking ice began to be heard. As the river rose under the two-foot roof of solid ice, the pressure increased until the force ripped the great sheets with the roar of a cannon into great floes.

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

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

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

Working his way over the pile, he had almost reached the key log, when a small ten-inch log came hurtling through the air from above. He saw it coming and ducked.

It was the icy water slapping against his body that made him alert to the fact that he was lying on his back amid the ice and logs. He tried to arise, but found that the log had hit him and was on top of his leg. The throbbing pain surged through his entire body. Relaxing for a moment, he saw and was able to reach his cant-hook, and by using it as a lever, moved the log off his legs. Dragging himself over to the key log, he grabbed it with his cant-hook. The pain in his leg became almost unbearable, and he began to collapse; but his grip on the handle held, and his falling weight moved the log a few inches. Again he lost consciousness. This was perhaps what saved his life, for instead of struggling against the deluge that followed when the key log was loosened, he was swept with the logs, ice, and water toward the river bank, where he was found a few hours later by two Indians who had heard the noise and came down to watch the breaking up of the jam. They made a simple but efficient stretcher of two pieces of light wood crossed with strips of bark and took him back to camp. In a few days, he recovered from the rugged pounding he had received.

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

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

She would need to get rid of both Joe's and Amelia's interests and plans and do so in a way that their friends would not become antagonized.

Dunbarton had a great meadow on which he cut several thousands of tons of hay each year. He needed hay for his extensive lumbering outfits and he could always sell any surplus. He was also able to make use of his horses and give work to the best of his crew through the slack summer season. A haying crew moved into the meadow and set up camp. Horses, men, and machines made an imposing array.

Since the work lasted several weeks, he set up a big, fairly comfortable headquarters tent for his many business affairs. His wife looked after the clerical details, passed instructions out to his various foremen, told them where to work and where to stack the hay. She also made arrangements for his purchases and sales. There were many persons who felt that the subtle schemes and border-line transactions were devised by the "weaker" member of the team. There was a rumor told with a chuckle about a Bohemian who went to get his pay and partook freely of the whiskey that Mrs. Dunbarton "kindly" offered him. When he awoke the next morning, he was on the floor of the adjoining cook tent. The money she had paid him the night before was not in his pocket. He mentioned the matter of his lost money to Mrs. Dunbarton, but he was so violently reproached by the fair lady that he slunk off without another word.

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

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

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

In a few minutes, he had gone. The sun was just slipping below the horizon. After smoking for a few minutes, the men began drifting toward their various evening leisure activities. A horseshoe game was soon under way. Charlie Stewart and Frank Gilmore took up their

long drawn sparring match which both hoped would end in a horse trade. A few simply sat in a semi-circle around a hay rack, spinning yarns many times repeated and varied to suit the occasion. Joe drifted over to the big tent to talk with Mrs. Dunbarton. She lighted the lantern and spread out on the table some embroidered towels, pillowslips, and doilies. Joe pulled a chair up to the table and sat looking at the display in front of him. Mrs. Dunbarton seemed nervous. She chattered away for a while without making clear what she was trying to tell. Facing the door opening of the tent, she kept glancing in that direction. Suddenly, she looked toward the door and said, "Oh, I want to show you something."

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

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

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

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

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

The plodding horses' hoofs beat a monotonous accompaniment to the dirge-like echoes of the evening's events throbbing through Joe Stark's semi-conscious mind. He followed the river road toward the southwest. He was licked and he knew it. The sound of the Chippewa River pounding over the falls suggested the rugged life of a logger at which he was a master, but behind him were forces which could not be overcome. Bumping along the rough road, his thoughts went back over the last six months, fighting log jams, planning his future home with Amelia's love and cooperation, achievement almost in sight, and now blotted out by a net of shadowy circumstances which had drifted around him and which he did not have the knowledge nor means to fight.

Doyle ended his yarn abruptly, got up, and walked away. After a few minutes of silence, comments from the men who had heard the

yarn began as to what they would have done. With all the suggested solutions the actual ending remained a mystery.

THE MICHAELS

Albert Pineau was a quiet man who had more mechanical skill than most men. He was not interested in accumulating great wealth nor did he have any positive attitude about people around him. He very seldom told a story, but after three or four days of drizzling weather, everyone had about talked himself out. So, laying down a willow flute he was carving, he closed the blade of his knife, tossed the closed knife in the air, caught it, and stretched out a leg. The group of men sat hushed and turned their eyes toward him. After a minute of silence, he began, "I used to know an interesting family," he said. "They were well adjusted and fitted into the life they wanted. Some folks didn't agree with their type of life, but who is to say. From that start, he went on, "Before I came to Pecatonica Valley, I lived up in the country north of the Wisconsin River. I bought a piece of land and wanted some help in clearing a field for rye and do some fencing. Someone suggested the Michael family. I went to about where they live, stopped at a house and asked directions. I was told to follow the road up the next big hill and near the top was a road to the right about a mile where I would find them. Yes, they had some boys who were good workers and might help me. A tall wiry woman came out of the cabin and said, "How do you do, are you Mr. Pinean?" I was unknown in that area, but the grapevine telegraph which simply means shortcuts to local people, had worked fast. One of the Michael boys had been at a neighbor's when he mentioned this family to me. By cutting across the back lot, he had about a mile to go and I had three miles. I stated my errand, and she called, "Hey, come here." A tall gray-haired stubbly-whiskered man came out of the house. He wore ragged overalls and shirt. A rope around his waist held his trousers in position. On his feet he had a pair of heavy rubber, four-buckle shoes, the kind woodmen wear in the winter time. "How do you do, Mr. Michael." His eyes twinkled, and a sort of grin appeared on his face. "You don't have to call me Mr. Michael, just call me Jay," he said.

I said, "Jay." "Yes, just Jay," he answered. "There was a passel of us kids, and my mother was a Menomonee Indian who'd went to school. Had a sister B and one D, a brother G. I was J and my youngest brother was K. Never knew what my father's real name was, but everybody called him Mike, so the teachers called us Michael. She called me J. Michael."

At this the woman spoke up. "Yes," she said, "his father was just a bum, and the old man's no better. My father was a German by the name of Sale, and he took up with a squaw who was my mother." While we were talking, two little children stepped out of the cabin. They were bright-faced little girls, and I commented on them. The woman said, "Oh, those are not my kids those are Josephine's young'uns. Josie, come here."

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

I said, "Oh, you have another child."

She grinned and said, "Yes."

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

J suggested we go and talk with the boys about work on the clearing, and we walked over the hill to where there was a small lake. One of them was fishing, the other three were sitting nearby. I was told that the one who was fishing was married and had two children, but that his wife was staying with her folks. The other three were just living at home. With them was also a girl of about twelve or thirteen whom the old man referred to as his youngest baby. I kept wondering where all slept in that one-room cabin, but learned in the course of the next hour or two that sleeping location was only of secondary importance in the summer time; and in the winter time, crowded conditions increased the warmth of the place and reduced the amount of fuel necessary.

I didn't see them again for several days. I was in a woodlot about a mile from their place when J strolled up to where I was standing. He said, "I noticed your tracks going up the mud road, so I came to look for you. I know where you can buy an old logging camp shack for about $10, and if you will buy it and have it toted over here, I will live on your land and look after things for you. I have got to get out of my house. Everybody is so lazy around my place. Last night I came home and wanted a drink of water. There wasn't a drop in the house. I suffered all night long. This morning there wasn't any water in the house to boil for coffee, and I didn't have anything to drink but milk till I came over here and stopped at the spring."

The spring from which the family used water was about one hundred yards from the house, and, of course, too much of a task for anyone to carry water. "Then," he continued, "I can't live in the house with that mean old bag." I wasn't sure who he meant, but he went on, "You know, Sale, her brother gave her a radio and she keeps that damned thing going until ten o'clock at night, and I can't sleep, and the next morning at five o'clock, the old rip gets up and rattles the stove lids around, starts the fire, and then when she has the cows milked, she grinds that damned milk separator half the morning. If I had a place to sleep for a year, I would be all right. Next year I will be sixty-five, then I will get old. age pension and I will be sitting pretty."

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

Phil was a good boy, but a little slow-witted. Never got into trouble except once when he cashed Jim's relief check. Jim was the most pronounced individualist of the family. He was handsome. His tall, lithe figure, in a black and red checked shirt and high boots, set off his striking dark face, black hair and well-placed eyes. He never had any trouble to get a job for a day or two if he needed boots or other clothing. He was a good guide, but did not seek business. Jim, the individualist had finally took a job with a road crew but quit after a week because he said, "I have not yet got so low that any man can tell me when to start or to quit work." He told me he had found a woman with three children who would marry him, and then he would get $28 a week relief.

Phil, who was sixteen was persuaded to start raising chickens. He had accumulated $20. He was told to go to the county fair, spend five dollars but keep the other fifteen dollars pinned in his shirt pocket to buy chickens. He was a good boy and followed instructions. After he had spent most of his five dollars, he drifted to the chicken pens. He told an attendant of his interest in chickens and ended up by buying a Black Langshang rooster for $15. It had been a prize winner, a beautiful black bird. Phil was very proud of his rooster and entered into vigorous discussions at the store on the relative merits of Langshangs over Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, and other varieties. About two years later, I asked him about his chickens. He whistled and out of the barn stalked the great black monarch. It "kid~er-a~kawed" and walked up to him.

"Where are the rest of your chickens?"

"The rest?" He looked blank.

"Haven't you any others?"

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

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

Who can say which of us is wrong. I guess they are as happy as I am and more satisfied. Pineau then opened his knife, picked up his willow flute and went back to whittling. The general horse play began again.

As I was recalling some of these yarns, one came to mind about old Dr. Morrison, which is included under Early Doctors.

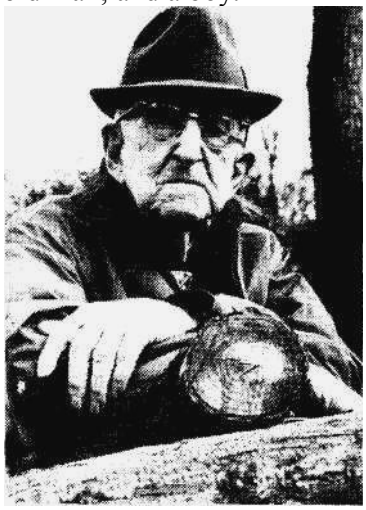
MUSKEAG

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

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

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

Oak trees, eight to ten inches in diameter were felled and cut in ten-foot lengths. These were dug under the hind wheels and the tractor put into reverse. The lugs on the wheels pushed the logs through the mud under the tractor and down to the mud. This was repeated until logs to a depth of four feet were jammed under the tractor. Then the tractor was urged forward onto these logs. Then the mud had to be dug away from the front wheels and from the radiator. Every five shovelfuls thrown out were replaced by four of ooze which flowed in, but a little headway was gained. When the pressure was relieved, the tractor was pulled upon its bed of logs, more logs placed behind the wheels and rammed down by backing on them. This lifted the front enough so that logs could be placed in front. It was a long muddy day, but by 9 p.m., after twelve hours of steady work, the shadows of night began to enclose us, we got the tractor out of its bed of muskeag. We realized that we had eaten nothing since morning but the victory was worth it. The thrill was particularly great because a farmer had lost a new tractor in the same way the preceding year, and a road and a lumber crew both had to leave a big tractor in the Muskeag a few miles north of us on the Jump River. We drank some milk, washed off most of the caked clay and muck and lay on cots, too exhausted to eat or sleep for several hours. We had cut logs and built a base four to six feet deep and thirty feet long, backing and going forward a foot or two at a time. This gradually made a solid log platform. Equipment: two shovels, one axe, an old man, and a boy.



A DAY TO REMEMBER

My grandfather was lame, and perhaps he was more considerate of little boys short legs than I was, at least I know he would never have taken me through what my ten-year-old son had to go through on a whim of mine. It is true that he was lame since he was a young man for doing something foolish. He decided to hunt Chamois in Switzerland.

He carried a roll of canvas and an ax to collect and carry home wood. His rifle was concealed in the canvas, and the Chamois was in the big bundle of wood he carried home. The ax slipped out and cut the tendon of Achilles. He was lame after that. So perhaps in 1837 my grandfather also did something foolish.

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

We drove south and east. At four p.m. we came to a crossroad. We were tired, hungry, and hot. There was a small store there run by a Frenchman. When I got inside, I saw he also served food. A kettle was on the stove. I asked if we could have two sandwiches. "Vats det?" Two slices of bread and some meat in between. He cut four enormous slices of bread, then went to the kettle and with a fork pulled out a great blob of softly boiled meat and plopped a great chunk on two slices, covered with the other slices and said, "How det?" I said, "Wonderful." He also had pop for sale. My ten-year-old son asked,

"What kind of meat is that?" "Muskrat, said the old man. We ate it. It was good as we consumed these enormous slabs of bread and muskrat meat.

We saw a dirty yellow cloud in the northwest about ten miles away From it there extended toward the earth a wide black cloud which became more narrow toward the earth, and at the bottom was a sort of waving end, almost like a feather plume. "A tornado," I said, and we rushed for our car. I struck south on a country truck line. Cadott was about twenty four miles south, where there was a twenty-rod bend, and a road going south. The tornado was coming from the northwest. A tornado only travels about fifty miles on a straight line as it sucks and whirls along. We could go seventy, beat it to Cadott and keep on south out of its way. We hit route 29, turned east, but were going so fast we could not make the turn to the south road, so had to keep on east. The old fool tornado cut across country. It gained on us. By the time we reached Stanley, twenty miles further, boards and mud were hitting the car. We got to the town, went up on the hotel lawn, parked against the south side of the building, opened the windows, put on the brakes, and left the car in gear. The tornado hit. The tin roof and top of the hotel were torn off. It sounded like a day of doom. Down the road, telephone poles clipped over like matches. A big barn a mile beyond was empty and collapsed into a pit of flying rubbish. Another barn across the road, filled with hay was picked straight up, hesitated for a moment, then twisted and flew in all directions. Then it was all over. The little boy said, "Gee, Daddy, that sure ended with a whish and a whoop."

CHAPTER XVI

Yarns about:

Civil War
Spanish American War
World War I
World War II
Korea and Vietnam

"If you start a fight, I will punish you. If you are forced into it, know how to end it fast. One, two, three, four: a wet knock, a dry knock, a stunner, and a rib tickler." Father's advice on entering school, age 9, 1895.

WAR

I hate war. We all hate war, but we have always been concerned participants. That is why we hate it. My grandfather used to say that one of the reasons he was glad to come to America in the late 1840's was because it seemed war was a future prospect. My father was in the Civil War; the Spanish American war ended just before my two brothers were to go. Many of our relatives were in World War I. I was only a short time associated with the 13th Cavalry at Ft. Riley, then taught in the Student Army Training Corps. A member of my immediate family lost his life in World War II, and my son was involved in both World War II, and Korea. My immediate family also was in Vietnam War.

So, our entire family has always hated war and feel that there must be a better way. We, being of Swiss background, feel that the only war which we approve is a defensive war against an outside aggressor. A rule in our family has always been, "Don't start a fight. If you do, you will be punished. If a bigger boy starts a fight, stop it as quick as you can. it takes four hard punches: A dry knock (side of the head), a wet knock (a punch in the nose), a stunner (a hit with the other hand to the head), and a final rib tickler (into the stomach); one, two, three, four; fast, hard, no let up." That usually finished even a much bigger assailant. So the Elmer boys did not have many fights.

But we did participate if called upon by our country. When my father, with only one arm, was granted a ten dollar a month pension, my grandfather walked twelve miles, after supper, to protest his son's acceptance of receiving a pension from the government. It was probably a carry over from the days in Switzerland when religious orders were giving special grants and privileges to individuals and to which the Zwingli reformers were so bitterly opposed. My grandmother wept when my father went to the Civil War at the age of seventeen, not only because he was joining the army, but even more because he was receiving a bonus for "substituting" for a drafted man who paid the bonus. She objected to his taking what she called, “blood money" even more than going to the war.

THE MOUNTED SERVICE SCHOOL, FORT RILEY, KAS.

BOER WAR

There are particular events which at this distance seem to have had a particular influence on my life. I was about eleven years old when the Boer War occurred. There was rather intense feeling in our part of Wisconsin. The newspapers, and in fact all of the people, were definitely anti-English. They were so bitter that many thought we should interfere and help the Boers defeat the British. One day, we had a group of men at our home sawing wood. They were all loud in their protests against the British. It happened that Dr. Dwight Flowers, a physician, had a call in the neighborhood. Since it was noon time, he stopped at our house for dinner. When on his long hard trips, he would stop at homes where he knew the people.

Dr. Flowers stammered, and so never entered in much conversation. The men all had their say. I was not eating with them but sitting in a rocking chair at the end of the room. When the discussion quieted, I got out of the chair, stood up, and said, "Some of what you men said is all right, but there are two sides. The British came into that farming country where the Boers have lived in the same way for two hundred years. They developed industry, built modern railroads, and made the country prosperous. Now the Boers want to take it all away from them. This valley was also settled by people from New England. They didn't do much, so the Swiss and the Germans came in and made it what it is. Would you favor the old Yankee families to drive you out and take what you did?"

I sat down. Old Dr. Flowers clapped his hands and afterwards, said that I was the smartest boy in Green County. From then on, Dr. Flowers would bring me magazines. He would say, "I am too busy to read them, so you will have to read them, and when I come with some more, you can tell me what was in them." He did this for several years until he died. It was a high spot in my education.

WAR TOUCHES THE VALLEY

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

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

Persons without active army experience may like to hear about terrific battles, bitter hand-to-hand fighting, wounded men and general suffering for the vicarious thrill.

The experienced army man prefers to remember the little occurrences, incidents and humorous situations which make up the whole picture and which helped tie up their army life with the civilian life from which they were separated and to which they expected to return. The Black Hawk war was over when the Swiss came. Sometimes one or two Indians would come by, often a woman and a couple of children. Grandmother would give them a loaf of bread which they ate at once, smiled and went on.

THE CIVIL WAR TOUCHED THE VALLEY

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

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

Sheldon Rust, a Justice of the Peace, was respected as a neighbor and as an official, but he refused to take a special oath of allegiance. "I took a satisfactory oath when I was inducted at the beginning of my term." he said. Feelings ran high. Some people defended and others accused him. A mob of approximately two hundred to three hundred men and boys gathered and took Rust from his home to hang him. Another group of about two hundred men assembled. These were older men including many local officials, farmers, two ministers, and business men from Monroe. While the leaders argued and talked, the hanging was temporarily delayed. In the meantime, a messenger had dashed off to Madison, forty miles away, and deputies arrived from Governor Harvey in time to stop the hanging and release Mr. Rust. The two groups of civilians were dispersed. Neighbors and relatives had been ready to kill each other because of a difference of opinion as to what constituted an adequate oath of allegiance. The battle lines were not drawn on the question of disloyalty. Civilians hate; soldiers take orders. This event gives one facet of the many-sided setting in the lower Sugar River Valley in 1861. It is found in life again and again.

It was found a hundred years before, one hundred years after, and at periods in between. It may be expressed in refined or rough sentiment, it was expressed as, "I am stifling, stifle them. When a nation's life is in danger, we've no time to think of man." Or simply, "Shoot the bastard; we don't need him." Hate is not based on reason.

TO CAMP RANDALL

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

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

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

Various impractical suggestions were made and argued about all afternoon. As dusk began to cast shadows upon the camp, John stood up.

"If one of you fellows will answer for my name at roll call tomorrow I'll take the money home."

No one had a better suggestion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The days dragged slowly at Camp Randall. John carved some wooden blocks to stamp his name on his blankets. Others asked him to do it for them.

He carved out the whole alphabet and at the rate of twenty-five cents per blanket, he made sixteen dollars marking blankets for the boys of Co. H, 48 Wisconsin Volunteers. After a few days, the companies were organized and basic drill began. John was called to headquarters and informed that he had been assigned to "help the cook." He was frankly pleased as he preferred kitchen work to marching around in the slush of a February thaw. One evening a wagon came to the cook's quarters, it was loaded with horse meat. This was unloaded and the wagon was filled with quarters of beef. The next day the soldiers had boiled horse meat instead of beef. This rankled the young Swiss farm boy and the following morning he told Henry Stauffacher that he would not work for that cook, any more.

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

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

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

His official duties were chiefly to locate provisions and mules and to report back to the proper persons. He refused a promotion in rank, because he felt he was in less danger if captured as a "stupid private" who had "deserted," than if he had any rank. What actually took place, no one ever knew except for his great fund of folk songs. Some of them seemed to have an unlimited number of verses. Each verse having a couplet, gradually telling the story with a repeated chorus such as "Fair Ellen," "Over the Mountain," as well as an unlimited number of plantation and fieldhand jig tunes, "lined" songs, where a line was sung by a leader and repeated by the group. He used to sing these with his children when they were working together.

Ike and Conrad had been together for over two years. Tennessee, Alabama, Atlanta, Georgia. They were tired, bored, sick of everything

connected with the war. There were, however, little incidents which kept them going and which were told repeatedly for days.

There was the incident of Hank. He was a quiet, serious boy who never took part in rough horseplay. Instead of going on a drunk or even taking part in general scuffling wresting affair, he would sit on his bunk and read his Bible. The boys would drop a handful of sand down his neck. He would lift the collar of his shirt without lifting his eyes from the page and keep on reading. They would drag him off the bunk by his feet. He would sit on the floor and keep on reading. If it became too noisy, he would walk out and find a quiet corner. When someone poured some water on his plate of beans, he quietly poured off the water and kept on eating. He never reacted to any insult or pushing around.

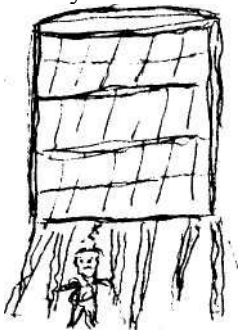
One day he was sitting as usual on his bunk reading his Bible. Dick was lying on the bunk above him. Dick decided to break the monotony by talking to him and making remarks which kept the place in an uproar. Then he began to drop pieces of bark, dry beans, even pinches of dry tobacco on the open book below him. No response, just a quiet movement of the hand to brush the page clean. Then Dick let fly a stream of tobacco juice on the open book. Hank, with no change of expression, laid the open book on his bunk and walked out. The boys roared, almost in hysterics. When they had quieted down, Hank was back. He quietly walked to his bunk and, most unexpectedly, took hold of Dick's leg, jerked him off the top bunk to the floor. In his left hand, he had a short oak stick. Before anybody noticed what was happening and before Dick caught his breath, Hank was pounding the daylights out of Dick. Then he quietly laid his club on the floor, picked up his Bible, wiped the page with his sleeve, and went on reading, never changing his expression. Dick, the camp bully, lost prestige. Hank became the topic for breaking the monotony, the leaf that quivered on the general scene.

THE WATER TANK

The breaking of routine took various forms. It was autumn in 1864. Company B, of the 31st Wisconsin Volunteers, was assigned to an area which had been devastated. After a battle, when the enemy had been defeated, picket duty was monotonous. Picket guards were placed for a mile or more out from the camp. All the boys dreaded the lonely assignment. The nights were getting chilly, rations were low, and their clothes were makeshift.

Ike was selected for the out-picket duty. He shrugged, grinned at Conrad, and left. He was able to take it better than most of the boys. There was always a reserve which helped him meet situations. As when he was invited to dinner at the home of a girl whose father, a strict New England Puritan, asked Ike to say grace before the meal. Surprised, he quickly responded in sonorous tones in German. "Alle Katzen Augen Warten Auf Den Mausen Seele, Amen." (The eyes of all cats await the souls of mice.) The tone seemed satisfactory.

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



Soldier - water tank 1864

It took about an hour to allay the disturbance and to locate the culprit. The company officer was angry and humiliated. A court martial was in prospect. A Sergeant was ordered to take care of this impossible private of Company B, 31st Wisconsin Volunteers. There was no stockade in this temporary, after-battle stopping place. The Sergeant noted a water tank on posts. He took Ike and tied him securely arms, legs, and neck to a post. "That will keep you for a while," said the sergeant as he left for a little shuteye. Ike couldn't move. The tank had a small leak. The drops hit Ike on the back of his head and cold water slithered down his back. Soon he began to shiver from the cold. Then the drops began to make louder and louder sounds as they hit the back of his head. Soon he heard the sound of bombs, nearer, nearer, louder and louder. The sound was unbearable. He screamed. He thought Conrad was hitting him with a sledgehammer. Suddenly he awoke. He was on a cot in a tent. All was quiet. Finally, he learned that the Army had been gone for three weeks. Men too sick to move had been left with a staff of attendants to take care of them. Ike slowly recovered and was able to join his regiment when they were discharged in August, 1865.

THE TRENCHES

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

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

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

At the second call, "Hi, Yank," Conrad responded. He stuck his cap on his ramrod and across from him a hat was similarly placed. The voice called, "Yank, let's bail out." It was safe since the Corporal of the Guard has passed about five minutes ago. They hurriedly began slushing out the water-filled trenches with their hands and as much of the soupy mud as they could, then pulled what dry grass and dead weeds they could reach, which they put in the bottom of the fox hole. A low whistle moved along the line. They jumped back into the trench, took down their ramrods, and were ready to do what was expected of them. The Corporal of the Guard came and went into the foggy darkness again. Silence. Then a low whistle along the opposite trenches. Again the half-whispered call. "Hello Yank." "Hello Johnnie." "Got anything to trade?" "Coffee and bacon." "What you got?" "Tobacco and cornmeal."

The trade was finished with no haggling. They dropped back into their foxholes ready for the deadly business of killing. They never got to know their opposite because they were continually being shifted to out-flank the enemy. There were bursts of fierce fighting, and Conrad mentioned how shortly after being shifted and replaced a terrific explosion had ruined the attempt to undermine the Confederates. There was a great loss of lives.

Conrad had spent over three years in the war. Vicksburg, Atlanta, and the Petersburg campaign; but whenever anyone began talking about the war, he would change the subject or tell some story similar to the one above or tell some yarn with an unexpected humorous ending.

Life is endurable because of what we remember. What we remember depends on our temperament and disposition.

A SOLDIER ON WINGS
1862-1864

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

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

In the spring of 1861, Chief Sky, a young man called A-ge-mah-me-ge-zlug, a Chippewa Indian, captured a young eagle in the Flambeau country (1) and sold it to Daniel McCann of Eagle Point, just north of Jim Falls, Wisconsin, for a bushel of corn. McCann took it to Chippewa Falls hoping to sell it to the First Wisconsin Battery which was being organized there. They were not interested, so he went on twelve miles down the river to Eau Claire. Captain J. E. Perkins, of Company C, 8th Wisconsin Volunteers, raised five dollars by giving $2.50 and collecting the rest. James McGinnis was appointed the Bearer. The Bearer, his perch, and gradually most of the men of the company became his fiercely to protect, as only an eagle will claim, fight and watch over his own. It was said of him, "He was spiteful as a scorpion, dangerous to his enemies, a Nemesis to small birds and small game, but gentle and receptive to those people he looked upon as friends."

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

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

For a few weeks he had to be tied to his perch, but by September, he had accepted it as his own. When they came to the river town of La Crosse, the crowd angered him and he grabbed the ribbons on his perch and screamed. From there to Camp Randall west of Madison. Again the big crowd stirred him. As they entered the gates to the entrance of the encampment, the young eagle, now formally named Old Abe, screamed at the crowd and showed his defiance by grabbing a corner of the United States flag carried beside him.

(1) Green County History, 1884

Old Abe half lifted his wings, kept his beak grip on the corner of the flag and held that fighting position until they had reached the Colonel's Quarters. The crowd went hysterical. The Eagle Regiment was established.

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

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

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

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

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

Having carried Old Abe so far, members of the Eighth took no chances at losing him, even holding up an entire line of march on one

occasion until he could be found. Captain A. G. Weissert of the regiment told that story after the war.

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

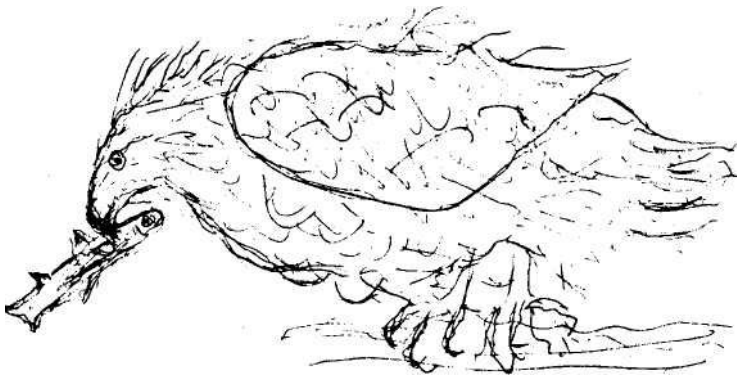
"Gradually the eagle circled his way toward his keeper, who stood below with shield extended as a signal for him to return. This he did, and when the bearer with the eagle took his place near the colors, the regiment moved off with light hearts and soon reported to the brigade commander, but not until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

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

'Yes sir,' replied the colonel.

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

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



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

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

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

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

He became the great attraction at meetings throughout the country. Barnum offered $20,000 for him. In March of 1881, a fire in the Capitol caused his death.

He was skillfully preserved in the museum where I saw him in 1900. In 1904, a fire destroyed much of the museum, including Old Abe. A marker commemorating this famous Civil War Aviator has been placed on State Highway 178 above Chippewa Falls.

DISCHARGED

The soldiers of the Civil War did not have the luxury of K Rations. Once a week, great barrels of salt pork were rolled in; a man without a shirt on reached into the salt brine and grease and handed out great chunks of "sow belly," a week ration of meat. The soldier could fill his "knapsack" with "hard tack," cook his pork in a little pan over a fire. Sometimes they also had cornmeal. When rations were short, they did the best they could, even sneaking corn from the Captain's horse.

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

WHAT WE REMEMBER

For thirty years after the Civil War, there was seldom a group of men together who did not drift to telling some yarn about that conflict. These were interspersed within the general fabric of how the people lived, talked, sang or danced in the South.

They retold yarns about the South like the older group had talked about Switzerland. Each generation seems to get a few yarns which it likes to repeat, usually a small incident which sort of stood out from the general mass which time had blended so that it is difficult to separate items. For example, this morning I was looking out of a window at the trees on the hillside when a sort of flickering caught my eye. It was a leaf on a plant in the house, vibrating, when all the other leaves were still. The plant was a mass of green, the leaf was remembered.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

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

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

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

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

The third event was when the two young men came home unharmed and surprisedly in good health. The following Sunday, a big crowd of men and boys collected after church services to hear about the war first hand. One of them, who was a particular adept story teller held forth. His account, as I remember it, was, "It had rained steadily for ten days. It was terrific. Everything was soaked, steaming hot and mouldy. The rain stopped. The sun came out like a hot blast of a furnace. We worked like dogs cleaning up the mess, drying out the camp, piling food and boxes of canned meat, port and beans and other stuff out in the sun to dry. When night came, we were glad to get away from the mud, mosquitoes, and the heat. We crawled into the tents, closed them tight, threw ourselves on our bunk, where in spite of the muggy heat, which was worse than the sun's heat during the day, and went into an exhausted sleep.

Suddenly we were awakened by scattered shots. We jumped out and pulled on our boots. The shots continued. Suddenly a terrific blast, then the rapid sputtering of Gatling Gun Fire. By the time we were out it was over. We were not in Cuba. We were in camp in Florida. The shots and blasts were the cans of spoiled meat blowing up. The rotten food killed more of us than the Spaniards did." Later his story was verified and Dr. Wiley fought for a pure Food Law which was adopted about seven years later during the time Theodore Roosevelt was president. The story of that soldier became a legend in the Valley. This was retold in many and varied accounts and stories. The legend contains the truth; the accounts vary with the details to suit the occasion; history tries to give the explanation and the recorded facts.

FORT RILEY 1917

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

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

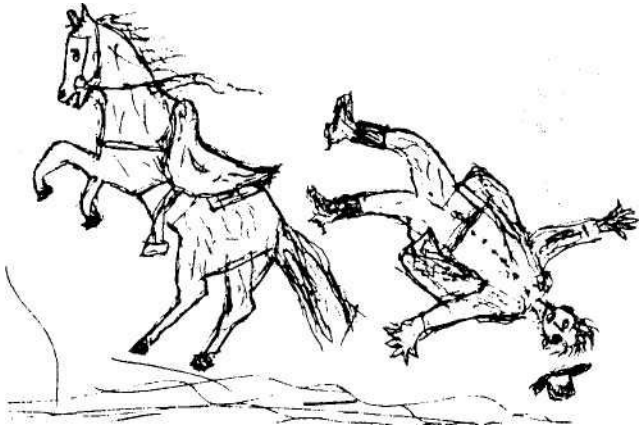
He rather suspected a certain trooper, and the next day, walking along the line of men standing for inspection, he hit the suspected man across the stomach with the flat of his sword, and said, "Pull in your belly." The Old Colonel saw what had happened. He walked over to the young Lieutenant and spoke to him quietly for a moment. The troop was dismissed. We never saw that young Lieutenant again. No one knew what had happened. The old baker, after thirty years, gave me the most plausible solution. "The Old Colonel chewed him up, spit him out, and flushed the toilet." The famous cavalry saddle was attributed to having been developed by the terrific Cavalry General Philip Henry Sheridan. It was a marvel of efficiency for fast moving, hard riding fighting men: light, strong, simple with minimum comfort. It had brass rings attached for every type equipment needed for fighting. Nothing surplus. Strong as steel and built for the comfort of the horse more than the trooper. A special feature, however, was an oblong opening in the center of the seat. It was about three inches wide and fifteen inches long. This reduced the weight of the saddle and was some comfort to the riders on long hot sultry days. It was advisable to sit in a relaxed position, well-centered in the saddle, and with relatively long stirrups. Awkward sitting or off center wore raw spots on the rider's thighs. After sixty years, my saddle is still well oiled and in good condition.

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

After they were checked in, their training began. Their experience had been limited to a little riding around a park in New York City. The remounts experience with men had been a series of roping, fighting, saddling, a hard time with a skilled horsemen, certification as a saddle broke remount, and now the introduction to the recruit. After the normal amount of confusion, the eight horses formed a circle. Each horse had a lead rope about fifteen feet long attached to his hackamore and held by the man ahead. The rider sat at a slight angle, instead of well centered, in order to maintain some sort of correlation between the green rider and the restless horse behind. The first morning, they simply walked their horses in a circle for about an hour. Of course, the restless horses did the normal amount of fidgeting, hopping, twisting to be expected, which was enough to make the boys think a rugged experience was had. in the afternoon, for an hour they bumped along at a slow trot. On the second day, a few rails were laid across the track of the circle. At each one, 1 the horse gave a little extra "up and down." During the following exercise periods, the rails were gradually lifted until the horse learned to jump over the obstruction. On the fourth day, all eight reported to "sickbay." The reaction of the commanding officer was, "They're in the Cavalry now.

When the blood soaks through their britches, give 'em sick leave."

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



While these Swiss Americans were opposed to war, they always responded to what was expected of them. Their background and culture included the idea that while opposed to foreign wars, each young man nineteen years of age must give a year to government service of a nature best suited to his ability, and he was subject to call until he was forty. After that, until sixty he might be assigned special assignment if needed. They were instilled with the concept of following the established law. If you don't like it, then, since this is a democracy, change the law.

SERGEANT BRUECHMEIR KOMM HERVOR

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

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

Gus Norder told of a wild escapade with the Sioux Indians at a time when he was in the Dakota Territory. Old man Bruechmeir began to show impatience. Bruechmeir was usually a very quiet man. One was not sure whether he listened or if he understood what they were talking about when they yarned on and on about a cow stepping into a pail of milk, a porcupine chewing a shovel handle in two for the salt left on it by the perspiration of the user, or a yarn outdoing the most absurd Paul Bunyan story. However, the Indian massacre or the bucket of wine made him break his silence.

He began, "When Yeneral Von Moltke vent into Belyem in Acthzehn hundred seventy, I was a Saryent in de Prussian Armee. Supplies, everything we needed was short. Medicine Corps vagons for all de vounded men were not enough. De soldiers vere so tired, dey could hardly move. Nobody do any talking. Everyting still, only de cry for help or water of the wounded and dying men scattered out on de feld. De battle of Sedan de day before vas bad--schrecklich. De number of vunded men all over was, veil no body or no one to take care of dem. Which of de vounded men to be carried back must be made by somebody. The Medicine officer come. He say, "Who vill come help me?" I am de Saryent and step forwarts. I name eight men who can valk to come along. Where must ve begin? De Officer bend and look at a wounded man. He stand up und say, "Saryent Bruechmeir, komm Hervor."

I komm, and say, "No kin help." Wen he say no, I pull my pistol and BUMM. Wen he say, "Yes," he iss carried back by de solyers. He suddenly stopped and sunk back into his customary silence. One or two asked him questions, but he pretended not to hear them nor to understand them. He went back to his moody silence.

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

World War II, Korea, Vietnam are still too recent to give us the personal reactions and yarns which can be repeated without being too colored by personal emotions. It takes time for personal feeling to evaporate so that a yarn may be told for its humor or to illustrate a sociological principle.

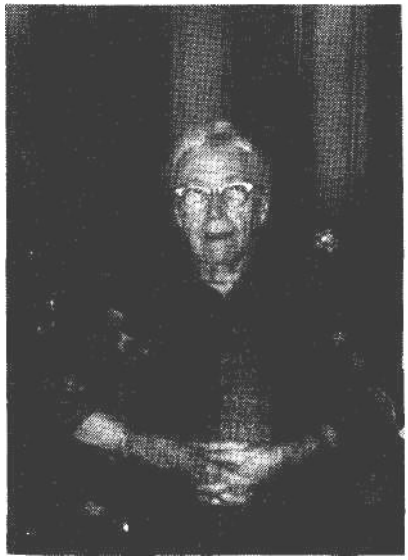
CHAPTER XVII

By what men have done, we learn what man may do.
Social changes and individual adjustment.
Some early editorial experiences.
Individuals who helped.
Slaps that spurred me on.

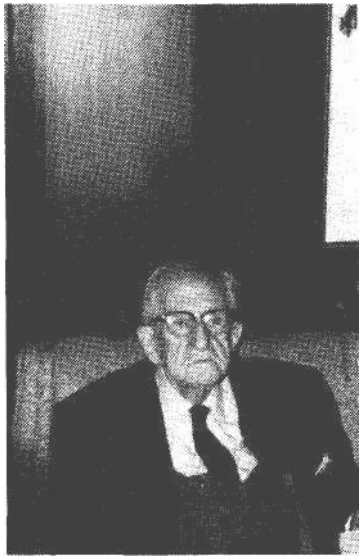
BY WHAT MEN HAVE DONE, WE LEARN WHAT MAN MAY DO.

Life consists of a series of experiences. Each new situation is like opening the door to a room never seen before. But each new experience is clarified by past knowledge and experiences. Then additional items are there which in turn lead to finding and developing new fields of interest yet, the whole series is tied together. Each step forward is built upon something of the past, whether avoiding past mistakes or adding to real values. It seems that every new field I have contacted in the past eighty years had its first inkling to early experiences at home, in the community and in the numerous trips up to Rudy's Hill with my grandfather, my father, and other members of the family.

Geology, botany, chemistry, mathematics, animal and bird life, trees, and timber. Then geographical areas, world geography, population variants, cultural anthropology, history and literature. It has been a slow gradual accumulation. Almost an unconscious addition, bit by bit. No great sudden crash of new knowledge or understanding, more like the slow accumulation of minerals to a stalagmite in a cave, taking form by the addition of minute particles, but following the pattern set at its beginning. The different experiences may have been in the form of my first experience driving an automobile, sometimes the caution of helpful friends, sometimes being alerted by some experience like my editorial experiences or a shock of disappointment which may crush or spur to renewed effort as are mentioned later in this chapter.



June now 101



Manuel Now 100

SOCIAL CHANGES AND INDIVIDUAL ADJUSTMENT

Whenever any social change occurs, it disrupts the life of many persons. Some are unable to meet the new situation. They may be too old to make the adjustment, but more probably, mentally and emotionally not able to shift from one type of life activity to another. To them the future seems hopeless. Those who are able to make the new adjustment easily may have been moving in that direction so that the change was not a CRASH.

The old Swiss farmers where I visited with my grandfather in 1891 were practicing contour plowing. So, when I was thirteen and assigned to plow and plant a twelve-acre hill, I followed the idea of old Jose Voegeli, even though the neighbors laughed about it. I raised a bumper crop of corn. When, in the middle 1930's, the government and the university experts recommended "Contour Plowing," it was no new idea to those who had been practicing it for many years. Our early methods were improved.

When I was eighty-four and given an award from the State of Wisconsin for Selective Forestry, I was merely following what my father had done eighty years earlier, and he was following methods done in Switzerland by his forefathers on "Brumbach," Canton Glarus, Switzerland.

By what men have done, we learn what man may do. Richard Locke, in a recent book review, said, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." We learn from failures what not to do and from successes what is desirable. Knowing the past and being alert to what is taking place, the individual is not shocked by any apparent sudden change.

While learning many of the technical things necessary to living by working with my father, I learned many other things which years later I read about in the ideas of the great writers on Philosophy and History.

For example, below Rudy's Hill we had a field of about twenty acres which was very flat and the water would set and it became a sort of swampy field. We plowed two or three small ditches to lead off the water. Soon these ditches became deep and wide arroyos. Then my father decided that he and I, who was about ten years old, would make that our special project. As he had only one arm, he left the major field work to the older boys and did the "tinkering" jobs. First, we cut down some long willow trees, and with a team, pulled them back to the ditches and strung them along its course. When this was done, we began plowing down the sides of the ditches partly covering trees with dirt. Then we sowed rye and grass seed on the banks. In a couple of years, the ditches became tree-filled ravines which drained the surplus water, prevented erosion, and supplied lots of surplus wood. Conservation and ecology.

In the weeks we worked on that project, I learned much about driving a team of horses, cutting trees, skidding them, and all sorts of practical matters relating to what we were doing. There were other things, however, which I learned, and when doing graduate work and even when attending courses in the Law School at the University of Chicago seemed "old stuff to me. Many years later, when I was

seventy years old, a very prominent attorney wondered how I, a sociologist, knew so much about laws of equity, contracts, and constitutional law. I told him I had worked for several years with the ablest authority who had ever lived.

That "authority" had the accumulation of the life and the experience of hundreds of people who had lived in the same area for six hundred years and, no matter what topic came up, he could give an example of the favorable act or the error committed by some Elmer, Stauffacher, Baebler, Hefty, Legler, Marti, and so on, at various times over the centuries before.

EDITORIAL AND OTHER EXPERIENCES

In the fall of 1906, it was decided to put out a high school paper at the Monroe High School, The Cardinal; Editor, M.C. Elmer, Associate Editor, Fred Heer. A charge of fifty cents was made on all students who were to receive it. A considerable number of ads were sold to business men. There were to be six issued, two before Christmas and four afterwards.

The first two issues came out Thanksgiving and Christmas. A winter issue was prepared when the treasurer told me we would have to discontinue; there was no money left. I asked to see the records. He said they were up at his house. After supper, Fred Heer and I went up there. His father met us at the door. I asked for his son. "He is not here, but he said if you came to tell you that he had lost the records. He said you would understand what he meant."

I was young. I blew my top. The father, a fat man with a half-buttoned vest and a heavy gold chain stretched across his protruding stomach, grinned as I exploded and then said, "What do you think of that, the little son-of-a-gun." Fred Heer and I went to the Principal who said he would take care of it. All I know is that the treasurer did not graduate from high school. He dropped out of my contacts, although several years later, I heard he had been convicted for selling grave stones, taking a down payment, the rest to be paid when the stone was set to their satisfaction. The stone was never set. So finally the scheme evaporated.

COLLEGE, 1910

Editor of the College Chronicle, a bi-monthly magazine of forty-eight pages. This was set up at the local newspaper office. The printer working there, named Mike Henry, would set some of the material by hand as it was brought in during the two-week period. It was set in a spare set of type, about point 9, which he called "Bastard Type."

One day, wanting to be helpful, I carried a galley of type to the press. It tipped in my hand, and the type was scattered on the floor. I had worked in lumber camps and heard teamsters "explatterate" vigorously at stubborn horses, but that printer disclosed a vocabulary as far beyond the best a teamster could deliver.

The publisher of the Chronicle was Benjamin Piper. He was one of the most capable and helpful men I have ever known. He later became a very prominent attorney and was for many years the Mayor of Napierville, Illinois. It was a very successful publication, particularly from the publishing and financial point of evaluation. I did my best as an editor. There were several departmental editors. Some were slow in getting their material in. So I had a cartoonist by the name of Walter Stephan, who afterwards became a prominent physician, make a lot of seasonal cartoons. I would run those in as fillers when the department columns were short. Also, 1 developed the habit of picking up "items" that would fit into the special departments and fill in with them when needed. I had one column called "Pumpkin Seeds" where all kinds of unusual items could fill in.

The experience was that of a typical college publication. Once there was a real college crisis. The Board met. Our paper was to come out the following day. The Board Secretary said they were having the final meeting that evening, and he would have the report in my hands at eleven a.m. the next day. That was about five hours later than the time the paper was to be in the mail and distributed. Nothing could be changed.

The Board room was on the second floor of Main Hall in the northeast corner away from the front campus. About nine p.m. when they had been in session an hour, I carefully climbed up, with the aid of ivy vines, and sat through their session on a corner of the window ledge, the most uncomfortable one and one-half hours I ever experienced. At ten thirty, the Secretary read to them the final report to be given out and to me the following day. I took it down as carefully as possible, slid to the ground and rushed downtown where Mike Henry was expecting me. He set it up, put the sheets on the press. The forty-eight pages had to be folded and stapled by hand. Ben Piper and a crew of volunteers were there. We had the Chronicle off by seven a.m. The Secretary, true to his word, brought me the copy at eleven a.m. Ben said to me, "My brother always said that there are several ways to kill a cat than by smothering it in butter." I doubt if any of the College Board realized the report was published hours before they gave it to me.

A FIRST PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE

My graduate thesis had been on Community Social Surveys. About a year after it had been accepted and placed in the library, a twenty-page pamphlet was published which consisted of "word for word" from my thesis. It was published under name of a woman librarian of a very outstanding University. I wrote to the authorities, but was informed that since it had not been copyrighted, it was public information which could be used by anyone. Since then, in the intervening sixty years, rules have been changed. During the next several years I conducted many surveys which were published. Then I decided to write a book dealing with the subject of Social Surveys of Urban Communities. The work was proceeding nicely. I had completed about four hundred fifty pages that seemed good to me. Then a blow fell.

I received a notice from the University of Chicago that E.W. Burgess was preparing a book on that subject and that it would be out in early summer of 1917.

I went home and lay on a couch in despair. June asked if I was sick. I shook my head. "What is the matter?," she asked. I told her. For years I had been working in that field. I felt I knew more about it than anyone. My experience with the librarian and also with a classmate who had borrowed my Mms when about completed. He wanted to read it over the week-end. He brought it back a week later and told me that he had seen a notice for a Civil Service Exam needing a man to make surveys in Chicago. "I knew nothing about the field but knew you were working on it. So I borrowed your Mms, took the exam and have the job." I was still looking for any kind of work. Now this notice from the University of Chicago Press.

I told June that I felt licked. She is of a different temperament than I am. "How long will it take you to finish it?" "About a year." "If you help with the housework and the baby, we'll go at it." She read the title. "What do you mean?. I explained and finally summarized, "The Technique of Social Surveys." "That's it." She crossed off the old title. Then she read the first page. "What do you mean?" I told her in one sentence. "That's it," she said and crossed out the whole page. In two weeks time, the four hundred fifty pages were reduced to ninety. Within two months, it was published. It eventually went through three editions, and I received over $12,000 in royalties, which at that time was a nice supplement to my rather meager salary. Burgess never published his book nor did he ever use my name in any reference even though he quoted some of my material without my name.

June never let me fail
June always found a way to win.

INDIVIDUALS WHO HELPED

There is a tendency at the present time to think in big terms. We are encouraged to attribute all well being to the State, the Nation, or to overall social organizations. The individual and the influence of other individuals on personal life is buried under the over-emphasis of the SOCIAL INFLUENCE.

Because of that, I am going to list a few of the positive aids I have received from individuals. Outside of my personal family, I have mentioned Dr. Dwight Flowers, and in elementary school, there was Emma Klassy (Jenny), who let me work as fast as I could after she caught me reading the dictionary, word for word. The next person was Asa Royce, later President of Mineral Point College, Wisconsin, who when I was 19 years old, encouraged me to go to high school the following year.

My college experience has been covered. Then in 1914, I went to Fargo College, Fargo, North Dakota. War had started in Europe, prices boomed, and we were getting eleven hundred dollars a year, teaching eighteen hours a week including a course in English history about which I knew nothing. Fortunately, June had had good work in Michigan University under Arthur Cross, one of the best authorities in the United States.

As a new Sociology Professor, I was asked to give a talk at the Congregational Church. It was full. I was scared so that actually my knees shook as I stood up. After I had talked about fifteen minutes, a tall dignified man stood up, held up his hand, and said, "Young man, will you repeat what you have just said." My debating experience and dramatic training came to my aid. I repeated it, perhaps better than before. He still stood there. I expected a controversy. Instead, he said, "That is one of the best statements I have ever heard." Later I found out the man was Judge Charles Amidon, Federal Judge for that area. He was highly thought of and with his backing, I was accepted. Also with his aid, I got a law passed in North Dakota regarding children of illegal parents, placing responsibility on the biological father and mother.

Another man who helped me particularly was Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia University. I did not meet him for several years, but every time I made a Social Survey or wrote an article, he would write to me and tell me how I could improve the next one. I have no way of knowing, but I have always felt that he was an important factor in getting me included in WHO'S WHO in America after I had made the Fargo Survey, which he greatly approved.

A third individual influence was Charles Horton Cooley, whom I mentioned earlier as well as E.C. Hayes, A.J. Todd, David Kinley, C.R. Henderson, A.W. Small, Ernst Freund, and Charles Merriam.

Such were some of the constructive individuals who gave me the boost and enabled me to meet some of the slaps which made me work harder.

THREE SLAPS THAT SPURRED ME ON, TEMPORARILY CRUSHED.

It is always a question whether praise or blame are of the most value in encouraging better work. There were three occurrences in my life that had a very harsh impact on me and which remain as painful memories.

The first occurred when I was twenty years old. I was in my first year in high school. We were in a first year German class. I had always attended a German Evangelical Church, had been in charge of the Young People's Society, read German fluently, even conducted religious services in German. But German grammar and rules of syntax were unknown to me. One day as I floundered along, Ingeborg Marie Hektoon, the teacher said, "Manuel, you are simply scatter-brained. You will never amount to anything." I was crushed.

But the following summer, I got the books I knew we would be using the next year, Immensee, Minna Von Barnholm, Yungvrow von Orleans, and William Tell. I studied them. In the fall I went to Miss Hektoon and said, "I should like to take an examination on those books." She gave me one. I had three two-hour exams after school. A day or two later, she came to my desk and laid three typed sheets down. She said in German, "Translate these, using the same 'feet and meter'." They were Die Lorelei, Roseline auf der Heide, and a short poem by Hebel. The first two were as familiar to me as the Lord's Prayer, and the last was in the Bavarian dialect, which was similar to my everyday language, Swiss. So it was a simple task. I was given a certificate for second and third year German. Miss Hektoon remained a very good friend of mine until she died fifty years later.

The second occurrence took place when I was forty years old at the University of Minnesota. I was an Associate Professor at a salary of three thousand three hundred dollars a year. The Chairman of the Department told me he was going to recommend me for four thousand dollars and a full professorship. I received notice of the same old rank and salary. I went to the Dean's office. No change had been recommended. Then the Chairman told me, "Elmer, you are a very good man. I do not know how I could have got through my first two years here without you. You have a life position here. You are a very effective teacher, but frankly you do not have the type of mind which can reach the peak required of a full professor. Each summer we spend at Lake Winnebegoshee. There is an island in the middle of the lake. Many people try to swim across the lake, but most of them must stop at the island. Only the exceptional swimmer can go across. You have reached your plateau. You are a most valuable man in the department." A few weeks later, I received an appointment to the University of Pittsburgh as Head of the Departments of Sociology and Anthropology. I did not tell him until I had the appointment. I had not used him as a reference. When I told him I was leaving,-- "I am awfully sorry. I don't know where we can find a man to take your place. I am sure we could have made some adjustment if we had thought you would leave."

The Dean asked me to recommend someone. I named E. H. Sutherland, who had given me credit for turning over to him my first draft of Criminology, when I had recommended him to take my place at the University of Kansas, and which he later developed while in Illinois. It was a good move for me to go to Pittsburgh, but it left a "hurt" which remained.

The third time a blow came was in the summer of 1942. Each week a professor was asked to give a public lecture of the events of the week which he considered of major importance for the future of the world. The week my lecture was due, I said there were three things that took place the past week which were of world significance.

First was the Potlatch, occurring in the Puget Sound area among certain of the Indians there. They had had a profitable year. They came together to celebrate and display and boast of their achievements. They had an over-supply of everything. Everyone gave others gifts, and as the excitement increased, they showed their disdain for worldly goods by destroying surplus and even throwing some into the ocean. This, I said was an attitude carried on into so-called civilization. When a nation began to reach a certain state, it decided the need for "Lebens raum" and proceeded to destroy not only neighbors' goods, but its own until a poverty level was reached and they could all start over again.

Second. "This week the Dupont Company has announced the development of two new fabrics, orlon and dacron. The 1940's will go down in history as the decade when man-made fabrics and plastics became an important phase of our industrial life."

Third. "This morning, it was announced that Japan had invaded Indochina. This indicates that ten years from now, 1952, we will become more concerned with Southeast Asia than is conceived of now, and Italy and Germany will be relegated into the past."

The next day I was called into the Dean's office. He said he was going to say something he had never done before, bring criticism to a Head of a Department for a public lecture given, but, he said, "A colleague of yours from your own department went within an hour after your lecture to the President and complained about the lecture, saying he doubted whether you even read a newspaper and that he was very embarrassed by the inadequacy of the lecture." The President had asked the Dean to take it up with me.

I did not say one word. I simply left, made three copies of my talk, put them in sealed envelopes and addressed them to Dean Crawford, President Fitzgerald, and the Associate Professor who had felt humiliated, to be delivered to them on July 28,1952.

This was done ten years later. The next day I was called to the Office of the Dean and to the President's office where both congratulated me on the speech I had given ten years earlier. The Associate Professor made no comment.

I was more severely hurt than I can tell you, but from then on, I concentrated on things where no one could criticize me, always careful that I knew I had complete knowledge of the field I covered. I wrote five books later, and so the third slap, instead of crushing me, proved an incentive.

When people live in close communion with each other, there are always situations arising which provide the basis for comedy and a break from the monotony of work. In a modern community, this is provided by commercial agencies, movie programs and television. In the days of seventy years ago, when people lived closer together and knew

each other's personal lives better, it was a natural outlet provided by themselves. Sometimes it was a general community participation, as with the mule named Peet, sometimes a group within the community, as the case with Sergeant Brueckmeier, and sometimes a semi-private matter as the experience of Albert and me with out Dutch Hollow Frog Company. Even such experiences represent definite sociological manifestations which are a definite part in the educational development of the participants. They very definitely help us to learn to see two sides of a question. Some young people today never learn to do that. Every situation is considered with the seriousness of a public hanging. It is all right or all wrong, with very little comic relief.

When I began making social surveys in Fargo, North Dakota, throughout Kansas, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, it was merely an extension of what I was told as a small child from the top of Rudy's Hill about communities in Switzerland, France, and South Germany, about general discussions in the family, about different communities and villages in Southern Wisconsin. The social problems of individual families were merely enlarged in bigger communities. My experience in the first ward of the city of Chicago, with its vice, political racketeers, the baby rackets which we uncovered in Fargo, the unsanitary housing in Kansas City, Minneapolis, and Pittsburgh were aggravated situations which were found in more isolated instances in my earlier training. My later work in research and statistics could be traced back to my early preschool counting, classificating cattle and horses, to my work as the record keeping of a co-operative cheese factory and to family organization and assignment of duties. My later work as a timber farmer started when I was four years old and learned about the trees in the woods above our house. In fact, everything that I have ever done is tied up with what has gone before. There is not anything, no book I have read, no experience I have had, which does not bear the imprint of some earlier experience and which in turn adds to the understanding of the next situation.

A most immature remark is often made by young students and also frequently by their parents: "What value is it to be taking a course. It has nothing to do with what I plan to work at later on."

In my eighty-five years of conscious life, I do not remember a thing that I have done that has not had a bearing on something that occurred later, from my earliest experience of hitting a young stallion with a toy whip to my later experience of organizing departments of Sociology, Anthropology, and a School of Social Work, with all the national as well as local problems involved. Each item is part of the details which build up a rounded out balanced structure or a temporary inadequate failure.

Life consists in a series of plateaus. Each new level reached opens up a vista and shows further areas to be reached. But each new area depends, in its contribution, upon what has gone before. Each new experience has expanded the thrill I got as a child as I climbed Rudy's Hill and discovered fossils, flowers, birds, and saw the world beyond.

From each new plateau the decision must be made whether the effort to reach the next plateau is worth the cost.

Seventy years ago such a decision had to be made. I had reached a comfortable level. Up to that point there had been excitement, work, and effort. Now at eighteen, I had a pleasant job teaching country school and working on the farm. I had lots of time for leisure reading, a perfect riding horse, a pleasant home, comfort, nothing to worry about. Then I met Dr. Asa Royce, spoken of earlier, and started to climb to the next plateau.

Some time ago, when I was approaching eighty-eight, I realized that I was in the same relaxed, comfortable, lazy mood I had been at eighteen. I had developed the habit of carrying a cane, leaning on it, and dreaming. It came to me that it was a repetition of leaning on a post and thinking about nothing.

So I threw away the cane, went out, and cut hedge, then came in and began to accumulate the material I had dabbled at for many years. I am getting tired of being accepted as a finished OLD MAN just because I have reached another plateau.

REACHING THE NEXT PLATEAU

Life seems to consist of a series of depressions, abrupt ascents, ups and downs, struggles to what seem unreachable heights and plateaus.

On reaching a plateau, life smoothes out. Many persons reaching a plateau feel life is done. Some set an age limit and when that age is reached, they stop. If their goal is the accumulation of enough money so they do not need to have more to survive, they stop. If it is tenure, they stop.

I knew a professor at the University of Pittsburgh who said one day at lunch, "Today, I am fifty years old. I am a full professor with tenure. I have worked hard all my life. From now on, I am just going to meet my classes and hold down my job till I retire." He was also one of the men who had gone to the President and complained when I got one thousand dollars extra for being the Director of the Graduate School of Social Work in addition to being Head of the Sociology and the Anthropology departments. He lived up to his plan except for the long talks he would make at faculty meetings about every item brought up. Finally a rule was passed limiting the length of such comments. He called his discussions: Philosophical Aspects. Others called it: Excrementa del Toro.

Many people, when they reach a plateau where they are safe, become lazy deadwood, some teachers, college professors, civil service people, and others.

My wife, June Ashley Elmer was eighty-nine years old last Sunday. She had just completed a book, "A Scout of the Santa Fe" a week ago. This morning, she asked me to bring two boxes from storage. An hour later, I found her with contents spread out. She was wondering whether she should continue some unfinished work on fresh water sponges, had some undeveloped data collected at an altitude of nine thousand feet in the Rockies at a mountain lake, or whether she should go at some work on the experience of a certain man who came from England to build the Quebec Bridge, about 1855,

then was in charge of the stone work of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, a church in Philadelphia, the Trinity Cathedral in Pittsburgh, Town Hall in Detroit, State Capitol in Lansing. "I have the original data for this last project and a good start on the other. I need to get started on something." She has two new roads ahead to the next plateau.

Unhappiness results when the end of life is the only objective. It appears that about every fifteen or twenty years, I hit a level where it was comfortable, where the future was settled, and no special pressure to change my life. Then, ahead there would be another "unknown," and soon like the bear who went over the mountain to see what he could see, a new climb was ahead.

So, yesterday when I was asked if I could still drive a car after I had given a lecture, was I able to answer questions for half an hour, I received a shock and decided to bestir myself, get off my back and walk.

The years I have covered have been very happy. I never worried too much about anything. Each day there was something that needed to be done. I did the best I was able to do with the knowledge and often misinformation at hand. So I do not regret anything of the past nor do I ever wish I could live those days over again. I have enjoyed every day. Even this morning while cutting out some blackberry bushes intermingled with the hedge and forsythia, getting my hands scratched and my trousers torn, I was happy when the job was done. So, I do not regret any days of the past, nor do I feel any concern about the future. When I was fourteen, I memorized a poem of Bryant's in which the last part begins, "So live that when thy summons come—" and so on. Each day has been a satisfactory day, and tomorrow will be a new day with new things to do. Let's start climbing for the next plateau.

CHAPTER XVIII

Maturity - Many people grow old but do not mature.
Many social changes merely a refinement of techniques.
Much to learn - then to use judgment.
Sense of personal responsibility. Experts.

Like the old locust tree, learn to survive against opposition, do your best to add something, and plant new trees for future generations.

ONE MAY GROW OLD BUT NOT MATURE

College professors are no different than a group of men and women of comparable age and members in any other category. One day at lunch, someone said, "I cannot understand Professor X. He is nearly fifty years not to be swayed by the immature and emotional acts of young students. How do you explain it, Elmer?" As usual, I responded by first telling a yarn.

My father and I were gathering walnuts. There was a big crop of nice big nuts which we gathered in grain sacks to take home to shell and dry. Among them there were some that were dried and shriveled, and if they were cracked open, had no kernels, just a dried film. I mentioned them. My father sat down on a bag of nuts, took one in his hand and said, "These nuts grew old but they did not mature. There are some people like that. They stop growing when they reach a certain point in their development and never mature. Sometimes we see men who have grown old, like "Shang" over by the Sugar River. He grew old but not mature. He is all right in some things. He can do a good job in what he has been trained but he has no judgment beyond the narrow ditch where he is somewhat of an expert."

"When he runs into something that is not exactly his line, he is still a green boy. He has no general 'horse sense. He grew old but did not mature, like these small walnuts." Now, "What was the question you asked me, Professor Gabbert?" He laughed and said, "I guess you answered it, Pat."

SURVIVORS HAVE LIVED WITH THE CHANGE NON-SURVIVORS STOPPED LIVING AND WERE OVERCOME.

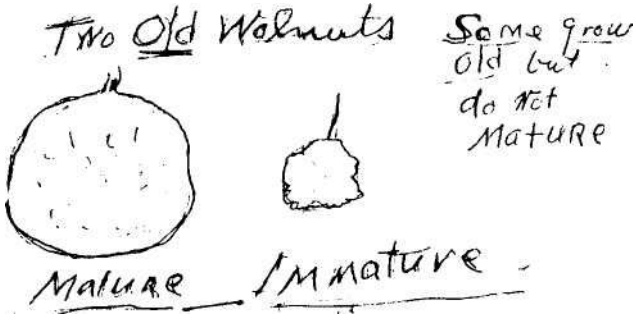
Every succeeding generation brings with it changes which gives it a distinctive mark in history. To those who make a sudden leap from one generation to the next, who remain fixed in the culture of a generation, then find themselves suddenly in a new era, the shock in the change is often devastating. To those who live each day and participate in the minor adjustments which occur in minute, almost imperceptible changes, it is almost impossible to distinguish one generation from the next or the next. If one were to hop from mid-August into mid-January, the change would be shocking. By living from day to day, the change takes place so naturally that the survivor while recognizing the change that has occurred has been so much a part of it, that there has been no seasonal gap, or as is said in social relations, generation gap.

In my "learning" through my first ninety years, during any interval, any change was merely a refining of an idea, a machine, a suggestion which had proceeded. The telephone was merely an extension and perfection of the tin can held by me in the upper part of the granary with a string attached to it and to a tin can held by Albert,

my friend, in the downstairs of the Granary in 1895. The automobile was a natural follow-up of the little toy my father made for me from the works of an old clock in 1889. Geometry in high school was just a continuation of what I had lived with on the farm, and taking a major in Mathematics in college was a "snap" course, because there was merely one little step taken each day, and never any great leap to be taken.

My ninety years of learning has been so smooth and gradual that there has been no abrupt or shocking event or situation. It is only when I begin to set down particular events, experiences, and stories that the change from 1885 and 1975 becomes evident.

Comparing 1895 with 1975 shows great changes. To look at the maple tree outside of my window each day from March to October, change is seen and understood, but not startling as it would seem to compare a picture of it at the two periods.



AGING

The modifying that takes place with aging is so gradual that one is not aware of it until after a period one looks back and makes comparisons.

All my mature life, instead of sitting and thinking, I have sat at a typewriter and written down my thoughts. When I was teaching, I would write probably three typewritten pages which became the basis for my class work the next day. Some of these were filed and later became suggestions for writing something of a more permanent nature.

This procedure was followed when I retired, and to this day, I write perhaps two to four hundred words a day. Some I save, most of them are tossed away. It is just my way of thinking about a subject that has come to my attention, my method of doing what the old farmers did on the bench in front of Geigel's Hardware Store, talking or commenting about what was going on.

I have always enjoyed cutting trees for wood or lumber for posts. When I was forty to sixty, I would do it only on occasions. I have a plot of land which forty years ago had one hundred sixty good-sized trees one to two feet in diameter on it. I would cut one tree with an ax and bow saw into fireplace wood in a day. Then I planted other trees. The old ones were largely black locust.

I still do the cutting, but not the amount in a day. For example, this week (1974, age eighty-eight), I cut three large limbs off a maple tree fifteen feet off the ground. With a ladder, I was able to reach the limb. That took me one and one-half hours. The next day, I trimmed the limb and disposed of the small branches. The third day, I cut the eight-inch logs into fireplace wood. Altogether I took about four hours of work spread over three days, because I stopped working before I got tired or bored.

This pottering has changed the character of the plot. Instead of one hundred sixty big locust trees, I now have four. But I have half a dozen black walnut trees, twelve hard maple trees, fifteen oak trees, five elm trees, three large cherry-birch, two horse chestnut, one sycamore, one cucumber tree, three dogwood, and about forty small red pine and Colorado blue spruce, three cedar trees.

These all need trimming and some, now thirty years old need to be removed in order to keep the best number on the plot. So each morning after breakfast, I am able to go out and work for fifteen minutes to an hour.

I always have a three-year supply of wood drying out, have about one hundred large locust posts stacked in the back end of the plot, and have some real recreation adjusted to my age, but not so different as fifty years ago. For fifty years, I have had some timber land in Wisconsin where I would spend part of my vacation each year. After retiring from teaching, I would go there twice a year to do what I did before in one trip. I used to cover four times as much territory as I do now. Thirty years ago I would cover eight miles of "cruising" a day. The past few years, I cover about three. Now, instead of covering one hundred sixty acres in a day, I do well to do forty. I drift along, stand and look at a tree, not merely to decide if it should be cut and the amount of lumber in it, but to look at its outline, to observe how it fits into the scenery. I estimate how its removal may aid the neighboring trees, in short, I just daydream about the tree, its past and its future.

A convenient stump may tempt me to sit quietly until a curious red squirrel comes to investigate, to listen for the B-rrr of a ruffed grouse dusting itself, or often, a doe and fawn stepping lightly into sight; then as I shift my position, everything has vanished like a dream and there is no squirrel, grouse, nor deer. These interesting friends were there fifty years ago, but now I have more time to wait for them.

"Don't you wish you were sixty years younger?" a very immature man of thirty-five asked me one day. "No indeed not." A day at a time, I have had such a wonderful time learning the things I now know that the present, with the accumulation of the past education in life, is so wonderful that I do not want to miss a day of it. Each day adds something to what went before and becomes richer and richer. I must stop now. It is soon time for the hawks to gather for their flight to the south, and, as I now know their flight path, I need to be alert as the time of their flight time approaches. And then, I have written about all I care to for today.

IMMATURE PEOPLE (REGARDLESS OF AGE) MAKE MISTAKES OF JUDGMENT.

One day Dean Crawford called me to his office to discuss a rather stupid matter which one of my men had committed. He had incurred the disapproval of the officials of the Pittsburgh Public School system. I had spent two whole days getting the matter straightened out. Dean Crawford felt that the Assistant Professor should not be rehired the next year because of his stupidity in doing something re the public schools without the permission and approval of the officials. I felt that he had learned his lesson and as usual told a story.

I was fifteen years old. My father and mother had gone for a trip to Minnesota. The crops were in and there was not much work to be done till haying began except milking and general chores. One day, I noticed that timothy in a small patch south of the timber was in blossom and best for cutting. That afternoon I cut it and decided that I would rake and bunch it the next day. Then the hired man and I could haul it into the barn.

We had a two-year-old French Coach Stallion whom I had wished to break but was not encouraged to do so by my father. Now was the chance.

I put a harness on him, and for an hour drove him on the lines about the barnyard. Then I drove him about one-half mile up through the woods where I had taken the one-horse hayrake the day before. I "knew" that if I could hitch him to the rake, I could handle him by pressing the rake into the ground and slowing him up. I got him hitched, got quietly on the seat of the machine. He stood still. I slapped him with the lines. That is all I remember. The rest occurred too fast. He crashed through the gate into the woods, cut across from the road for home. The machine and I were crumpled together between some trees. I was not hurt except bumps and small cuts. Limping home, I found him quietly licking salt near the barn. I got him into his box. stall, collected remains of the harness, and began to worry about how I would tell my father, who was coming home the next day.

I told him frankly. He said nothing for one of the longest minutes of my life. Then: "You still have lots to learn about horses." He never mentioned it again.

Another time I was called to the office on the complaint of two girls who had received "F" in a course they took with me. "Yes, we enjoyed the course," they said. "Doctor Elmer always explains a statement he makes by telling a story. The stories are so interesting that we forget to make a note of the principle he gave us. Then he asks for the principle in the examination." I answered the Dean by saying, "It is said that the Greatest Teacher taught by parables. Those two girls have still a lot to learn."

The attitudes which one learns in early life may be carried over to one's reaction to situations quite different in later life.

MATURITY. SENSE OF PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Every succeeding generation brings with it changes which give it a distinctive mark in history. When the changes occur, each variation seems of tremendous importance. As we recede from them, it is difficult to distinguish one generation from the next or the next. Most of the changes are only minor variations and rough spots in the social structure which can be adjusted and overcome without a major overturn of social institutions.

However, after long periods of adjusting and re-adjusting, as well as comparable modifications in other aspects of social life, major changes occur. It is like a time when a complete malfunction of the engine of my car had to be replaced. A Thunderbird engine was put into my Ford car, and, as a result, modifications had to be made in the entire structure of the machine. Such a major reconstruction occurred in society in the shift from the nineteenth to the twentieth century.

The great shift as a whole may be observed, but the effect upon the individual appears so minute against the whole that it is overlooked; but the breakthrough from the one era to the next brings with it the loss of many individuals who cannot meet the stress of the change.

The survivors are the ones who have the maturity, the "know-how" to adjust to the new social order, those who are able to re-apply their past experiences and knowledge to meet new and unexpected situations. I had seen my father, a sixty-five year old man with only one arm cut down a white-oak tree more easily, and faster, than a strong young man of twenty-eight who had no physical handicap. Each cut by my father was the result of long experience and knowledge, with no waste of effort in application to the task. It represented a form of maturity which is confused into calling it a "generation gap," instead frankly, immaturity. The measure of maturity is actually the capacity of the individual to take personal responsibility and apply judgment and learned skill to any new or unexpected situation. IT IS NOT A MATTER OF AGE. A GROWN MAN MAY BE IMMATURE. A YOUNG PERSON MAY SHOW MATURITY.

THE GENERATION GAP

Education is more than a speed-up in acquiring a skill. It is a continuing process, not a "fast shot in the arm." Education is a continuing series of adjustment and re-adjustment to meet changing situations. Education does not stop at a specific age period. The age gap is pure fiction. The young man has immediate current knowledge. The educated old man has the immediate current knowledge in a background of knowledge and experience. For example, the young veterinarian knows what medication to give to a bloated steer. The old cattleman knows the same treatment but in addition knows what to do with a sharp knife to puncture the stomach when medicine is not available. (Story of driving cattle.)

The young man can make a quick calculation using a slide rule. The old man can do the same, but in the absence of a slide rule, with a stick and a smooth piece of ground, or a nail and a board, can work out the root of the number by the old slow method. The background of experience and knowledge helps understand the Why, not only the What of a situation. Much of the so-called generation gap is the impatience of the various Why's before going on to the immediate What. By what men have done, we learn what man may do. (Social Change. Passing of the R. T. C. Elmer 1960)

The generation gap, sometimes spoken of seriously, is simply the confusion regarding specific information. For example, the old man knows how to fell a tree. The tool is incidental, whether an ax, a saw.

The young man has learned about the chain saw, but does not have the "know-how" about how to throw the tree where wanted.

The young person gets some new information which his parents do not have. He as well as his parents often confuse that additional information with superior capacity. Too often, additional information and data is confused with superior intelligence. Someone has said, "After a young man has received his education, he is in a position to begin the learning process."

The young sapling seems to be putting out tremendous growth when compared with the old tree. Its leaves are bigger and it appears to be a different type of tree. In a remarkably short time, it stretches up approaching the height of the older tree. But the generation gap is merely that the older tree has accumulated strength and maturity.

The individual moving from the nineteenth to the twentieth century did not have the education, but he had the learning. He did not know the factors involved in welding metals, but he knew how to weld a new calk onto a horseshoe.

EXPERTS AND COMMON SENSE

An expert is a person who is highly trained or skilled in a special field. Common sense originally meant the ability to apply the five senses to a situation, and hence practical judgment and balanced intelligence in dealing with the ordinary things of life. But even common sense is based on some previously acquired information.

Perhaps the most brilliant man who ever attended the college I attended was the son of a prominent clergyman. He afterwards became the head of the Department of Economics of one of our greatest universities, where he is still rated as one of their past great educators. He was an expert. When he was in college, he hired the horse and buggy of an older man in the community to take a girl for an evening's ride. The old man told him that when he returned, he should take the harness off the horse, rub the horse, and turn him out into the pasture. He was able to unhitch the horse and unbuckle enough straps to get the harness off, but the collar was a problem.

It was a light harness collar without buckles and was put on and off the neck of the horse by turning it upside down and slipping the wide end over the horse's head, then turning it in place.

There was a common sense problem. It would not go over the head of the horse; there was no buckle. He was told to take it off; so he took his pen-knife and succeeded in cutting the end of the collar so he could slip it over the horse's head. He was an expert in his own line, but did not have "common (horse)" sense judgment.

Did you ever hear corn grow? After a warm day in the cooler air of the evening, one can hear a pop-pop-pop all over a big field of corn. The leaves growing, stick to the stalk and as they break loose, in a quiet evening, there is a pop sound. A young man was visiting friends in the neighborhood. He was what we country boys called a "sissy." He wore light kid gloves at all times. His mother knew he was a musical genius. At first we thought he was putting on an act of complete ignorance of the things every country boy twelve years old knew. For example, "If that creature, the bull, don't give milk, why do you bother to have him around?" But soon we found he was as stupid as he appeared. We told him that we had to talk to corn to make it grow. So on a quiet evening, we sat on our porch calling, "Corn grow, grow, grow." Then all would be very quiet, and soon the Pop, Pop, Pop could be heard.

Another brilliant young man was taken out in the hills on a snipe hunt, getting him to hold a bag and a lantern while we went to chase up the snipes. We went home and left him waiting for the snipes to come to him. He afterwards became a well-known psychologist, Henry Link.

However, most of us had learned what we knew the hard way also. Take little Frank. His father bought and shipped cattle to Chicago, about one hundred fifty miles away. Each Monday he shipped a carload or two from his siding. Frank was ten or eleven and used to beg to go along to Chicago. "Wait till you are a little older" didn't satisfy him. So when the car doors were opened and the shoots adjusted to load a car with hogs, Frank slipped in. The doors were locked, and half an hour later, when the four-thirty freight came along, the carload of hogs was attached and started for Chicago. Frank's father was riding in the caboose. Picking up cars on the way to Chicago, the train arrived there about four a.m., Tuesday. The car was switched to the pens, and as Frank's father watched the hogs come into the pen, there appeared a dirty, tear-stained little boy. A telegram was sent to his mother who was frantic about the disappearance of the little boy. Frank saw the stockyards, and at least that part of Chicago, but never talked much about his night's experience of the ride to Chicago and seemed to have lost his interest in becoming a stock shipper and buyer.

EXPERTS

"An expert," said the old Professor, "is a person who does something others would like to do but are unable." He turned his back to the class, picked up a piece of chalk, and with a snap of his thumb, sent it back across the room into a student's lap.

Without turning, he said, "Did I do it, Mr. Wilk?" Then, turning he explained that this special skill was developed when he was a small boy in a country school. The new teacher had called the class to order. The chairman of the School Board was there to make a few remarks and to introduce the new teacher. "Now boys and girls," he said, "we are very proud to have Miss Bullfinch as our new teacher. She is a graduate from the State University. I know you will all get along and learn a lot. Of course, Manuel there," he pointed to a thin-faced little boy, "is always in trouble with the teacher, so we can expect that." There was an appreciative laugh.

The new teacher explained that we would have ten minutes of stories or singing each morning and after lunch. She said, "During those exercises, Manuel, you sit on the front seat. You may keep your books on my desk and then stand with your back to the room except when in class."

The little boy stood for the entire term, on his feet and his past reputation. It was monotonous so he became an expert. He would fill his pocket with cherry stones, spot students behind him, and whenever the teacher was busy, snap a seed over his shoulder. By practice, in and out of school, he became an expert.

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

But there are other kinds of experts. One day a professor from a very prominent eastern University was visiting me. At noon, we walked down the hill to go to lunch. In the washroom of the Alumni Hall, I noticed a man using a disinfectant which had a different odor than the usual variety. I spoke to him about it. He said it was his own mixture which he hoped would prove good. (Later this student became head of the department of Chemistry of a large Midwestern university.) As we stepped out into the hall, there was a man on his knees working on a door lock. We stopped. The man said he did not want to interrupt the class using the room, so he took a key-blank, held it over a burning match, tried it in the key hole, then filed where it was necessary to

make it fit. Outside the building, a gardener was trimming some hydrangea bushes. He would cut the branches about an inch from the main stem. He said that new flowers grew only on old stock. A little further, a man was fixing a crack in the cement sidewalk, and explained the extra precautions he was taking in his repair work by chipping and creasing beyond the crack to hold the new cement. Finally, in the corridor of State Hall, an old janitor was using a sweeping compound of a bright orange color. He told us that he could not see as well as formerly, so he had asked a chemist at Mellon Institute to prepare a color he could add which would make it easier to see the sweeping compound under chairs and in dark corners.

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

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

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

MY FIRST AUTOMOBILE

There is always a first; we had saved four hundred dollars. After several evenings and a Saturday afternoon of shopping, I found a car made by a well-known Detroit manufacturer which I could buy for that amount of money. True, it had been used for some time, but I could hardly believe my good fortune, and until I had the bill of sale safely in my pocket, I feared it had been stolen. Since then, I have learned that four hundred dollars will buy several used cars. The man who sold the car drove it home for us. When within two blocks from my house, he allowed me to drive to the back yard. Then for ten minutes he gave me verbal instructions about driving, when to feed gas, how to crank the critter, use the choke, shift gears by use of the left foot on the clutch. His final instructions were, "Now go in the house, lie down, shut your

eyes, and go through everything I told you. Imagine you are going for a ride. Think through every step. Walk to the car. Open the door. Turn on the ignition; push in low. Give the crank a quick jerk; pull out choke. Give her gas. Imagine a car is coming towards you; turn your car to avoid hitting it."

I lay on the couch and shut my eyes. Every type of situation I could think of passed through my mind. Over and over again I thought through all the processes. About four p.m. I felt I knew how to drive. I called to my family to come for an auto ride. No one responded. I persuaded my mother-in-law to come. It was a beautiful early autumn day. Everyone was out in the country, nearly everyone. I found the rest later. There was no traffic along East River Boulevard from Minneapolis to St. Paul; with the exception of some narrow escapes from a tumble into the river on my right, to missing a telephone post on my left, I arrived to a cross street by which I could reach University Avenue and return home. Just before I reached University Avenue, I found all the people who had not gone to the country. They had gone to a football game. The game was over; thousands of people, it seemed to me millions, were filling the streets. Then my car stopped. Everyone noticed it. Everyone yelled, "Move on!" Every car blatantly expressed its disapproval. "My," I said to my mother-in-law, "What shall I do?" She answered, "Shut your eyes and think what you should do." I tried. Someone yelled, "What in something or other ails you?" I opened my eyes and retorted, "Shut up, how can I think when you yell so?" The auto horns roared! I saw several policemen coming. Again I shut my eyes; what should be done dawned upon me. I pushed in the clutch, got out and cranked, and my chariot started just as the policemen arrived. The car sped away. In due time, I arrived at Prospect Park, succeeded in turning into my street and alley. The garage door was open. I drove in. The car kept going. I said, "Stop!" I yelled, "Whoa!" The car kept going. It went through the back wall of the garage. I turned to my mother-in-law and again she calmly said, "Shut your eyes, Pat, and think." Before I could retort or comply, the car, now under the wreckage of the back wall, heaved a sigh and stopped. A friendly but excited neighbor shouted, "You damn idiot! You are not driving a horse."

And so, without even a driver's permit, I learned to drive my first second-hand car in 1920.

THE OLD TREE

The old locust tree had been the center of the wooded slope as long as could be remembered. The hill above with its dark shaded growth reached to where the tree tops and the sky met, with the smaller trees, shrubs, and patches of grass emphasizing the dominance of the old tree. Today, however, the tree suddenly seemed out of place. The sturdy young maple down the slope with its full canopy of bright leaves assumed an independent place in the picture. A few yards to the right and above the old tree, a young red oak was developing a sturdy trunk

whose center shoot was as tall as the old black locust tree's gnarled and twisted top. Farther down the hill, a vigorous young black walnut tree had sent its top twenty-five feet into the air. It was developing a perfectly straight body which gave promise of furnishing beautiful lumber and successive crops of nuts.

The old tree had done well. It had played a good part in the life cycle of the hillside. When the soil had been torn and covered with the debris of the coal mines, the roots of the young locust held the soil together. Its foliage helped build humus and gave aid in the formation of a better seed bed needed for grass, shrubs, and finally for the seedling maple, oak, and walnut trees. Its lacy, shimmering leaves, while protecting the plants from the harsh direct sunbeams, allowed enough sunlight to penetrate for the young plants to prosper. When sudden storms came, which threatened the life of the young trees, the old tree helped to shelter them. Now they no longer needed such shelter. The old tree would be more of a hindrance than an aid. There was only one solution. The old tree must go.

Looking at its general contour, its branches and even its main body, the flaws became more and more evident. Breast high, there was a bulge where once a fastener had held a swinging hammock. Higher up was a scar made by a hook holding a clothes line. The trunk was of no use for lumber because of a bend due to an overhanging tree forty years ago. Its top was twisted where it had been wrenched by many storms in the past. A long scar down its side marked the path taken by a bolt of lightning a few years ago. It was this final rugged treatment that marked the end of its progressive growth and gave the surrounding trees a chance to move into a competitive position. After seventy years, the old locust tree was nearing the end of its useful life.

As the old man started to go after his ax and saw to remove the tree, the last phrase stuck in his mind. Seventy years. He had approached the retiring age a year ago, and now at seventy, he had been on the retired list for a year. Young men, like the young trees, had grown up around him and gave promise of great things ahead. They must be allowed to grow and develop into the areas which the changing world would demand. Like the young maple, red oak, and black walnut trees, they had potentials which the old man never had. Like the old locust tree, he had a toughness which enabled him to survive opposition and hardships. He had been able to meet situations which the new order would never face. The old locust tree had furnished the necessary covering needed, but now the young trees had a function to perform which could be carried on without the preparation of soil and hillside which the old locust tree had done.

As the ax bit into the trunk, the old man looked at the tree and said, "Our job was to help prepare the way for the accomplishment of greater things than we could do."

ENDING

Life has been a grand and satisfactory period. Small irritants, periods of scarcity, frustrations when plans have failed, are lost in the backward look over the trail. The situations which have temporarily stopped the even pace, in retrospect, were like the brambles, the small swamp holes, the mosquitoes, or deer flies encountered on a trip through the woods. Current problems are only remembered by those who were not looking beyond the horizon from the top of Rudy's Hill.

About the Author

Manuel Conrad Elmer was born on a farm near Monroe, Wisconsin December 5, 1886 of Swiss parents and in the Swiss community which was begun in the late 1840's. He received degrees in Bio-Chemistry, Economics, and Sociology from North Central College, University of Illinois, and the University of Chicago. He was professor of Sociology at Fargo, University of Kansas, University of Minnesota, and University of Pittsburgh. At Pittsburgh, he started the Departments of Sociology, Anthropology, and the School of Social Work. After retiring from Pittsburgh, he was granted a John Hays Whitney Fellowship. He was visiting Professor at Oxford, O., Stamford University, Washington University, and University of Southern California. In 1917 he was Civilian Instructor with the 13th Calvary, at Fort Riley. At age 84 - having been interested in forestry all his life - he was selected as "Outstanding Timber Farmer" in the Indian Head Country of Wisconsin

Partial Published Record:

(a) Technique of Social Survey; Social Statistics; Social Research and many Research Monographs, (b) Family Problems - Series of KDKA reports - Family Adjustment and Social Change: Sociology and the Family: Contemporary Thought, (c) Passing of the Red Tablecloth: Just Folks, Timber, and other Popular articles.

This book reflects some of the unpublished Footnotes, Background and Benchmarks of the author's 100 years and life in a family and community in the period of change from the 19th to the 20th century.