BERT AIKMAN MEMOIR

Volume II

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Bert Aikman, June and July 1975, Waggoner, Illinois.
Horace Waggoner, Interviewer.

Mr. Aiman's father had, about 1880, taken a homestead in northern Montgomery County, Illinois. However, he soon decided to move to Texas and thus Mr. Aikman, at an impressionable preschool age, found himself on a farm in north Texas.

(Note: Mrs. Helen Brown, Mr. Aikman's sister, entered the conversation at times. Her participation is identified by the initials, "H.B.")

Q. Then, you say, you went to Texas from there?

A. Right from there, yes. We went to town and got tickets, when he was able to travel. I think he was a month or so getting out of bed. He had rheumatic fever and in that swampy condition, you know, it was awful hard for the doctor to do it. In fact, all they had to doctor with was quinine.[1] That's about all and they gave him quinine and broke his fever and got him out of the rheumatic condition so he could walk and we went to Texas. The climate down there was very salubrious, you know, was warm, and by the time the summer was on hand, he was able to cultivate cotton, or chop cotton. That was a terrible job those days. They planted cotton very thick, drilled it through rows and then, after it got about that high . . .

Q. About three inches high, huh?

A. Yes. Then they would go through that cotton and chop out all but about that far apart and leave the stalks about that far from—but they had to chop them out with a hoe, and in doing so, they cut out all the weeds, too, you know. That was the awful task about growing cotton those days. They didn't have cultivators to do it. They did it by hand and . . . Well, he chopped—I don't know how many acres he had. He had a couple bales of cotton, I remember that. Five hundred pounds to a bale of cotton.

I was with him to the gin when he had it ginned and they were five hundred pounds. You could sell them readily. There was buyers right there. They had a long hook-knife that they would hook right like that and jerk her out. They could just jerk that middle of that five hundred pound bale [and] pull out some cotton to see that it was cotton all the way through. I remember watching that done and he finished [by] stuffing back the cotton that he'd pulled out, you know, into the bale.

Q. What part of Texas was this?

A. That was near Dennison. Sherman was the town and those bales, if I remember

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[1]See addenda item 40.

right, were bound with hickory--pieces of hickory wood like they used to make barrel hoops out of. Did you ever see a wooden barrel hoop?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, they used to make them all together, you know. When I was young, why, you never seen a steel hoop for a barrel. They were all hickory. Well, they used that hickory to tie those five hundred pound bales with, too, and it took an artist to cut those notches to make them fit so they wouldn't shake apart in handling.

Q. Did you ever see them make the hickory staves?

A. No. I might have seen it, but I was too young to grasp it, but I know that when we moved to the timber--now, I was about eleven years old--why, Dad told us to go through the timber. There was a lot of timber there that we didn't buy or we didn't even know who it belonged to. Lot of timber. He says, "You kids go through the timber now and cut hoop poles." And he told us what size--about that big around--and we cut off hickories that had grown up from seed and we'd trim them very carefully so as to make them as long as we could. We wanted them six feet, if we could get them, and they were pretty valuable. The mills bought them and cotton gins bought them, and we used to gather them. I can remember doing that right in the beginning.

Q. Now, you called these "hoop poles"?

A. Hoop poles, yes, and they split them and then they'd worked down the outside to a certain thickness and then make proper notches so as to draw it together.[2]

Then, these cotton bales were put in a compress that pulled them tight, you know, tighter than they would be and they'd put on the hoops. Then, when they released it, why it filled out full enough that it wouldn't come loose. Then, if you sold them to the buyers right there, they took them over to a compress; from the gin, they took them over to a compress and he took off those wooden staves. He put them under a screw that went down and he would make those bales. When they had been about so thick . . .

Q. About two feet.

A. . . . and as tall as my head, he would have them about that thick through . . .

Q. About one foot.

A. . . . and possibly three feet long, but they still weighed five hundred pounds. Well, he had thin sheet iron things that he made bales with and put around there. That was the way the cotton was fixed up. Then, when it was fixed like that, it could go overseas.

Q. Oh, I see . . . shipping.

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[2]See addenda items 41 and 42.

A. Yes. It would stand all manner of knocking around with those steel hoops.

The compress was so interesting to me because they'd put a bale in there and then they'd pull a lever and it turned on steam and that screw would "wooOooOooOooO" through it and sometimes it would squeeze water out of the cotton. It was just that hard, you know. "WhooO," how quick it would flatten that old bale down to about so size. (laughter) And the man that was running the place would jump on to the bale there with his steel hoops and fasten her up. She was ready to go anywhere.[3]

Q. How did you make the trip to Texas? By train . . .

A. On the train, yes. If I remember right, they just put seats in boxcars. I don't know how it was done. I never figured that out but it was a very uncomfortable trip and the boxcars didn't turn snow. I told you we ran into a "norther," they called them there; a real blizzard. [It] blew snow clear across that car and just--oh, we like to froze to death. There was no heat from an engine then. They had little stoves in the car. They burned coal but, my, they didn't start to heat that car. It was so cold in there.

Then, when we got to Sherman, my uncle met us there and he had a sled and a wagon box on it. He'd put straw in there about so deep, and we tumbled in on that straw and went out to the farm. Time we got to the farm, ten miles, the blizzard was passed and the sun was out as bright as a dollar and the snow went like that and we could play outdoors right off.

Q. You had relatives there, then?

A. Yes, my uncle. My father's real sister, his oldest sister, lived there and my uncle and her had urged Dad to come. Now, if Dad had astayed there, if he hadn't agot so homesick--he always admitted he just got so homesick he couldn't stand it, and he sold out and came back to Illinois just the same way we went out.

And my uncle Scott, he finally went into the wholesale grocery business in Sherman and got to be a wealthy man. He just made all kinds of money and, right in the prime of his life, he went ahunting with some fellows for prairie chicken one day. They came along in a buggy, with a team, and they went out in the raw prairie to hunt prairie chickens. Land that wasn't farmed, you know--wasn't even fenced--and they laid the guns down in front of them, across in front of the buggy, and they hit a rough place and my uncle's gun started to jump out of the buggy. In fact, did. Jumped clear out of the buggy and he grabbed the end of it, as it went over the side, and the hammers hit on the step of the buggy and blew his arm and hand off, just riddled it, and he died of lead poisoning in a few days. So, his widow, then, and the boys, went ahead running the store and so . . .

Q. Could you describe any more of what it was like to ride in one of those boxcars? Was the . . .

A. Just very disagreeable. I told you about the rubber springs they had on cars.

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[3]See addenda item 43.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. They didn't have any steel springs, those days. None. Just a wad of rubber about that big and the body of the car sat right on it, with a bolt that it could jump up and down on, and . . . Oh, they were very uncomfortable.

Q. How did you sleep on the train?

A. Just on the seat. They didn't have any beds or anything laid down. My second brother was a six-weeks-old baby when we left. So, they, of course, had to fix some way to put him down on the floor. Then, I guess they did my brother and me. I don't remember that.

Q. Were they wooden seats or were they upholstered?

A. Well, I think they were upholstered.[4] Much like a buggy seat, you know, the back across here and a cushion under you. That's the way I remember it.

Q. Were there windows in the boxcar?

A. They had two or three along the side, about so big, so you could see out as you went along. You were pulled by freight engines, you know. They had a whole string of cars because people were homesteading all down through that country, at that time, too.

Texas was a big state, you know. You've been all over it, I know you know that. I've been both directions over it in a car and I know it's an awful big state, and the climate varies tremendous.

Q. And you say you came back in the same type of boxcar, then, huh?

A. Yes, far as I can remember. Then, when we got back, then he . . . I think I skipped. He didn't go from the farm directly. We went into that restaurant business, or he did, with his brother. He had a brother who was a schoolteacher and he wanted to start a restaurant in Raymond and he wanted Dad to throw in with him. He [Dad] sold-out at the farm and I'm pretty sure that they started that business ahead of going to Texas.

Well, they broke up at it. They were both inexperienced. It was short orders mostly, any how, you know, and they just couldn't make ends meet, so he sold-out to his brother or sold-out to somebody and went to Texas.

Q. Then you came back to Raymond from Texas?

A. We came back to Raymond and he went to work--we settled in Raymond in a little house--and he went to work on the section, railroad, and he worked there until he could pick up a few horses, and tools, and went out to this Trout farm, out by the Lily school. Then we moved out there and, as I remember it, we were there three years and then came to the Gerlach place and . . . He had got a start of machinery and horses on the Trout place, so he wasn't entirely dependent on neighbors for tools.

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[4] See addenda item 44.

My father was an awful hardworking man. He didn't know what it was to knock off from any kind of hard work. He worked--had a bad heart, too, but he never shielded it. I've had to make him sit down lots of times when he was working in the timber. He'd have a heart attack. He'd drop his hands like that and his face would go ashen. I'd say, "Sit down, Dad, sit down!" He didn't have presence of mind enough left to sit down but he would when I told him, and he'd sit down and in a minute or two, why, his heart would pick up again and he'd get right up and pick up [an] old maul and go to splitting rails or posts. Hardest kind of work!

Q. I believe it was on the Gerlach place that you had an orchard.

A. Yes.

Q. Could you describe that a little bit? What kind of trees did you have and that sort of thing?

A. Well, it was an orchard ten years old, at least, because the trees were so big and they bore good size fruit and, as I remember it, we had a Red June tree. Now, you've heard of Red Junes, I guess.

Q. No, sir.

A. Well, they are the earliest, one of the earliest apples, and they are red and a very good apple to eat out of hand. We had a Red June tree and then we had a . . . What did we have follow that? I guess a Rambo was about next, although a Rambo is really a fall apple. I guess it was Maiden's Blush that followed the Red June, and we had a tree or two of those. Made us plenty of apples to use and, then, in the back of the orchard, we had some Northern Spy trees and some Genetin. Now, a Genetin is a small green apple, they don't get bigger than that, usually.

Q. Quite small.

A. They stay green always, but they--that is, look green--but they're a wonderful keeper. They would keep until way up in the spring, buried like I told you we buried them.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. And then we had two or three trees of Ben Davis. That was the stand-by, the old Ben Davis. I don't suppose you ever saw them, either.

Q. I don't think so.

A. Well, they were the forerunner of the Stark's Red Delicious. I think, in reality, that Stark's Red Delicious is a spore off of one of those trees, because . . .

END OF SIDE ONE

A. . . . the apples are so much the same shape and much the same flavor and so on, but . . . We had about three trees of those, that's what we put up mostly for winter, was the old Ben Davis. They would make splendid applesauce,

splendid pies. They were not an extra good eating apple. Though growing kids could eat any kind of an apple, you know.

Q. Yes, sir. (laughter)

A. We liked them and we put up a lot of them and had them all through the winter.

Q. Did you have any other kind of fruit trees, like peaches or . . .

A. Yes, we had several peach trees that bore in the fall. They didn't have cans, those days; that was prior to cans, and Mother dried them. We'd gather the peaches when they were ripe and split them and take out the pits. She'd first wash them thoroughly and then we'd take out the pits and lay them with the flesh side up on the lath and put them out in the sun and cover them with mosquito bar to keep the flies off and those would dry. In, oh, ten days, they'd be dry as a bone and you could put them in a sack and throw them around anywhere you wanted to, any place. Take a handful of them and throw them on the stove, with water, and you had real good peachsauce.

Then, before we left that place, they began making tin fruit jars. They had a tin lid that just set on the top of them and you had to put sealing wax, they had a groove, and you put sealing wax clear around that. They bought that sealing wax--I don't have any idea what it was composed of. It melted easily and would set quick when you poured it around the can. It made it airtight and they began canning stuff in those things. By the time we moved to the timber, they were able to get those cans. Not too many of them. You couldn't, they didn't have too many, the factories didn't manufacture them fast enough.

Q. Could the cans be reused? Did they rust or . . .

A. No, they were pretty good. You could use them over one time. They were tin on both sides. If you put pickles of any kind, of course, that ruined the inside. They put pickles in a barrel or a keg, you know, and made pickles that way. Made kraut the same way.

Q. What about various types of berries? Raspberries or blackberries or . . .

A. No, we didn't have any berries of any kind on either one of those places. No berries at all--but in the timber there was wild blackberries, and we'd go down in the season and pick blackberries. Just drive down to the woods. There wasn't any shutout places. You could go where you pleased--as long as you didn't get in a man's yard, you know. You didn't pick right up to his house. My, there was tons of berries that fell off and went to waste and they were so good. Raspberries and blackberries both grew wild. Strawberries grew wild but they were--I don't ever remember picking enough even to make a pie. They were too little.

Q. What about mail delivery at the Trout place or the Gerlach place?

A. Nooooo, that was long before mail delivery was thought of. The post office at Raymond handled all our mail and we had to go to the office to get it. Once a week we'd go in there and get the mail and bring it out. No, mail delivery . . .

I can't tell you the year that it became popular here but I was living here when it was introduced in this section of the state. That was after 1910.

The mail carriers used horses and buggies to bring it in. They didn't have cars, of course, you know. They had a route that they could cover in a day's time with a team and they went around, delivered every weekday; they even went on Saturday and brought your mail. I can remember the old fellow, Sadie Nimmo's uncle, George, was the carrier on this route when they opened it up out here. The snow never got too deep but what he'd drive to the end of the lane, take his sack with the mail for this road and walk clear down this road, distribute it, and then go back and get his team, going north.

Q. He actually walked the route when he couldn't get in.

A. He walked and delivered; he delivered it every day. He didn't miss. Great old fellow.[5] Mail delivery was a long ways ahead of boyhood.

Q. Could you describe what it was like on these weekly visits to Raymond when you went in? How did you go and what did you do when you . . .

A. By wagon.

Q. By wagon?

A. By wagon, yes. Every farmer had to have a wagon, you know. They had sales those days, same as they do today, and Pa picked up a second-hand wagon that way, I'm sure; I don't remember it, but I know that he didn't have the money to buy a new one at that time. Later on he was able to get a new one. There was a spring seat [that] went with one of those wagons that was very good. Two people could ride on it. Well, the rest, we put seat boards across the top of the bed and sat in behind. Usually, the wagon load of us, kids and all.

Q. Then, when you got to town what did you normally do?

A. Well, we'd go to the post office and the grocery store. They'd get a week's supply of groceries so we wouldn't have to go back until the next Saturday. The grocers carried--I expect they carried half of the farmers on their books. Through the spring of the year, at least, up until wheat harvest. Then, the farmers would thresh and go in and pay up and he'd probably have to start carrying them again after that, until the corn was shucked. Then they'd pay up again. I never knew my dad having any trouble that way. The merchants would all take him but there was some people they wouldn't take, you know. Made it pretty hard for some of them. Doctors the same way. Doctor never got paid when you went in there; he put it on the book, and when you had some money, you went in and paid him.

Q. What kind of businesses did they have, other than grocery stores, for example?

A. Feed stores and lumberyards, coal bin, and the elevators came in pretty

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[5]See addenda item 45.

quick. As soon as the railroads were built, why, the elevators came in, and they were the life of the town, the elevators, because they brought in the wealth of the country, you know, and paid for it.[6]

Then, Raymond usually had three doctors and a dentist and today they can't even support a doctor, and no dentist at all. There used to be a dentist there--why he grew up there and lived his whole life there, made his living through his whole life--Dr. Scherer, and he was a good dentist. A very reasonable fellow.

Q. Did you ever see any shows, any medicine shows, or anything, that came to Raymond?

A. Yes, they came to the hall; there was a hall over one of the clothing stores that rented to such as that. Medicine shows came in and we were tickled to death to go and hear them. You know, they only charged twenty cents admittance and Pa had enough to get us kids in every time. We'd get a great laugh out of them fellows. Some of them were splendid ventriloquist, you know, even in that age, and they'd have their dummies out there and perform.

I'll never forget. There was one fellow got throwed out of the show or something, a ventriloquist, and he come to my dad and wanted to work for him, on the farm, and Dad says, "Well, I can't afford to hire you. I just can't afford to do it." He says, "If you want to work for your board, you can." Well, he started in working for his board. He never failed to go to town. From the Trout place it was only two miles and a half to walk in, you know. He went to town, I guess, every night. I don't know whether he boozed or not, but he was playing tricks on everybody.

He came in one night just a laughing fit to die. He'd come home through the rain, and he said there was an old fellow that he knew [who] started out of town just about the time he did that was driving a team of horses to a wagon and the rain was pouring down as hard as (laughs) . . . And he says, "I got behind this wagon and I says, 'Whoa! Don't run over a fellow, would you?'" (laughter) He says, "That old man says, 'Well, I didn't see ya.'" (laughter) And he says, "Well, I'm right here. You could have seen me." And he said the old man got down and raced clear around that team--it's awful. (laughter) By golly, he made me want to be a ventriloquist the worst ever, because he could pull more stunts, that way.

He would chase bumblebees around the room for us kids, just to please us, you know. He'd start a bumblebee in that corner, he'd take a cloth of some kind, he'd be flying along the ceiling, real clear. He'd never get within six feet of you. (laughter) He finally got another show to go with; disappeared, we never heard of him afterwards.

Q. What other type of entertainment did they have besides these ventriloquists in these shows?[7]

A. Well, we had lots of parties. The young people had parties. They played

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[6]See addenda item 46.

[7]See addenda item 47.

games and they played dancing games--skip-to-my-Lou and so on was about the same as a dancing game. Didn't have to have music for it, you know. We sang. "Skip to My Lou, My Darling." You've heard that.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, they played those kinds of games and then they played charades. They also had drawing contests and spelling contest. We had plenty of entertainment. We enjoyed ourselves, usually.

Q. Where did you usually do these?

A. Well, lots of times they would be at the schoolhouse but more times they would be in a private home.[8] My folks would have a party, and your folks would have the next part, probably. So, we had parties right along. Everybody went. It wasn't just kids. Grown folks and all went, and they had entertainment for them as well as for the kids.

Then, we finally got to having country-dances, had some fiddlers in the country and had country-dances. They were all swinging dances, there wasn't waltzing, or schottische, or goose-step, or anything of that type them days. Hold-Their-Hands-Round, and so on--Do-Si-Do.

H.B. Bert, tell him about Dow Strider bringing up the cakewalk couples from St. Louis, the Negroes.

A. Oh, yes. Dow, one of the merchants in Raymond, he was really the leading merchant of the town, and after I moved up here, he began bringing cakewalkers, Negroes from St. Louis, every Saturday night and put on a cakewalk. He paid them himself and did it to advertize his store, draw a crowd, you know, and,[9] we saw cakewalks and all kind of antics performed, just that way.

Q. How often did any of the family get to Hillsboro, in those days?

A. Well, we only went when it was necessary. I think that they went down there and paid their taxes. I think they had to go once a year and pay their taxes and that's all I recall that they made the trip to Hillsboro.[10] Hillsboro wasn't visited; oh, it wasn't--we never went to it one time in ten times to Litchfield, or Raymond, and . . .

Q. How about Farmersville or Harvel?

A. Well, Farmersville wasn't in existence yet.[11] Harvel was just a depot and

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[8]See addenda item 48.

[9]See addenda item 49.

[10]Mr. Aikman later corrected this to say the purpose of visiting was not to pay taxes. See addenda item 50 for the verbatim text of the correction and for a discussion of tax collection methods.

[11]See addenda item 51.

a section house and so on, at that time. Raymond was really the biggest trading point for--well, Morrisonville develped a pretty good town,[12] and they had everything that Raymond had--lumberyard, blacksmith, and such. Raymond had, at one time, two blacksmith shops because all ironwork had to be done by blacksmiths. Everything, your plows had to be sharpened every so often and the cultivator shovels and all of those. Those smiths would heat that steel and pound it out so it was sharp, without any grinding, at all.[13] There wasn't any grinding. They just pounded it out until it was sharp.

We usually had to take the plow share in twice a month because it would wear, the thin edge would wear off of it a half inch or so. Then you couldn't get your plow in the ground worth a dime when you wanted to start at the end and so on. Practically all of them were walking plows up till we moved up to the Gerlach place, then they began to bring out the old Case share that never needed sharpening. It was thick as your finger, but it was so adjusted in between the wheels that you could get it in the ground, with a lever. You'd push a lever over and it would lean far enough forward to get it in the ground. It had a moldboard made of the same kind of steel as the share and those things lasted indefinitely. My, they did last.

Q. How many bottoms did you have on a plow in those days?

A. One.

Q. Just one.

A. Just one. My, yes. When they got the two-bottom plow, that was an innovation. I was a grown man before I ever saw a gang plow.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes. Twenty years old.

Q. Were these walking plows? They did have wheels, didn't they?

A. Well, no, the walking plow didn't have any wheels. It was just a beam with a moldboard on it and a share and two handles out here. You set the depth of it in the ground by the clevis on the end of the beam. A clevis was put on the end of the beam and it had holes, like that, up through it, and if you wanted the plow to go in the ground so deep, you set you doubletree way up here, that you hitched onto. If you didn't want so much, you put it in the bottom. Then, you shoved it in the ground by tipping that beam at the end of the field. You tipped the beam down, she would take hold, then you levelled up and went ahead.

Q. Then that was the kind you were using on the Gerlach place?

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[12]See addenda item 52.

[13]See addenda item 53.

A. Yes. Yes, but they had got some wheels on a few of them by that time. Those Case plows, as I tell you, began coming into the country and . . . but Dad didn't own one of them. He never did. He always borrowed a Case and it would usually be to plow wheat-ground with because wheat-ground was hard and that old hard share--didn't bother it at all. It was just made for that kind of work.

Q. Was there any other type of work that you needed from the blacksmith shop?

A. Oh, yes. We had to have singletrees and doubletrees made and hooks put on them and holes bored in them. Then, they began developing rollers. They would have a tree cut in the timber that was, oh, something like that through.

Q. About a foot and a half thick.[14]

A. And they would saw that into the length of rollers and they would true that all up. They'd put it on the table and take a hand ax. They'd make that a plumb round log, same size on both ends and all, you know, and then they would put pins in there and fasten them and they'd put it in a frame out here that would let the log turn and they put a seat on there and you could ride that thing, for weight, and mash clods, you know. Two horses could pull it.

Q. Did this replace the drag in any way?

A. Well, not necessarily. That drag was something they stuck to all the time until I was . . . Oh, well, I used it after I came up here in 1910, used a drag. The drag was a leveler, you know. It filled the holes that the plow would miss, or skip. Got your ground in shape so that you could plant your seed the same depth. That was the idea of all of that. Get it so you could plant the same depth.

Q. What was the purpose of the roller, then?

A. The purpose of the roller was to compact that plowed ground.[15] You know, you plowed the ground in the spring and worked it down. Then, they wanted to compact it so it would hold moisture. If you left it loose, as it was from the plow and the drag, it would dry out down to the plow-pan. So, you wanted to pack it to hold that. Soon as corn would get about that high, why they rolled it. They'd straddle a row and roll through and then they'd turn around. Well, this row was at the end of the roller. When you turned around, why you rolled this one on the other side and took a new one in the middle and started another one over there.

When we worked in the timber, that was one thing that those woodworkmen were very particular about. They wanted Dad to cut all of their rolling timber because he was careful about it. Felled it so it didn't crack and splinter. They would go in the timber and pick the trees they wanted and buy them from the man who owned the timber and put their mark on them, they'd shave off a

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[14] See addenda item 54.

[15] See addenda item 55.

place and put their name on that tree, and then send us to cut them, cut them up.

Q. Was there any particular type of wood that they . . .

A. Yes. They liked to use burr oak or white oak. Burr oak, largely. Do you know a burr oak from a white oak?

Q. No, sir.

A. It has overcup acorns. You've seen them, the big acorn that fits down in a cup like this?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, that's a burr oak and then the white oak has a little straight acorn like that. Both of them are very lasty wood. They made posts of white oak more than anything else, but the burr oak was what they wanted for rollers.

I remember one tree that we cut that we had a jubberish time adoing it.[16] One of the woodworkers came out of Raymond and bought the tree. It stood right on the bank of the creek, just right on it, and the creek was ten feet down there, to the water, and that was a jubberish tackling to keep that tree from going across that creek, you know. Well, we worked and wedged and worked. Used a cross-cut saw to saw it down and we managed to throw it exactly where we wanted it and they got four rollers out of that one tree! They gave ten dollars for the tree and got four rollers that would sell for twenty-five dollars apiece when they were finished, you know.

Q. In those years when you were here at the Trout place and the Gerlach place, did you ever go to the state fair or go to Springfield?

A. I never went to the state fair until I worked for Tom Richardson in 1898. That was the first time I'd ever been to the state fair. His girls were going and he wanted somebody to go with them and I was the hired man so we all went together. We stopped and picked up the Burnets here and all went together, a bunch of young people, you know,[17] and we spent the day until—they ran an excursion train to do it and that train waited until eleven o'clock for us to get on. They had fireworks and a balloon ascension and all of those things that were really sight-seeing to us. Then they had entertainment on a stage similar to a theater. That was my first trip to the state fair. I never forgot it. And the next year, of course, we went again.

I went to the state fair until you couldn't get to see the racing. I got disgusted with them. They got so they would sell all their racing tickets to Springfield ahead of time and you couldn't get a seat to save your life and go out there. When they did that to me the second time I said, "Well, no more state fair. I'll stay home." Because I went for the races, after that time. I'd seen all these exhibits and so on.

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[16] See also addenda item 54.

[17] See addenda item 56.

I went to see the first airplane there. They brought in an airplane. I presume that was in . . . Oh, let's see, I expect that was about . . . about 1900, I imagine. Did they have them then?

Q. No, sir. I think the first one in Springfield landed there in 1911, if I remember correctly.

A. Well, anyhow I was at the fair, that year, and I wanted to see that thing on the ground. They flew it, you know. They had a daredevil in there. Why, he done stunts that scared the life out of me.[18]

END OF TAPE[19]

A. He'd fly out and flop over and come back over us with his head ahanging down and he was going like a cannonball, you know, and I ran inside of a building every time. So, he had that in a tent and I paid thirty cents to go in and see that thing on the ground. I wanted to see it. They wouldn't let you touch it because the wings were just canvas covered, at that time. They wouldn't let you touch it.[20]

Q. How did you celebrate the Fourth of July in those days?

A. Well, they usually had a celebration at Raymond.[21] Had a parade. They had a band at Raymond all the time I was growing up. I guess it came out of the school, I don't know. I never went to school there but I think that was the starting of it. Then they got outside help from fellows that were interested in music, you know. They had a real good band. They had a park, at that time, where the grade school now stands. That was the Raymond park. It was quite a good sized one and very pretty. It was all maple trees but it was a very pretty park. They would start there with the band and march in to town and then clear through town to the south end and then turn around and come back, up the street. I always marched right beside them all the time (laughter) while I was a kid.

Q. Did they have speeches on those days? Do you remember any?

A. Yes, they usually had some fellow. Politician of some sort. I wasn't interested in politics them days. I didn't pay any attention to him. If he had some good jokes, he got them off at the start-off, usually. I'd listen to the jokes. Then they had performers, too. They'd get much like the carnival today, you know. They'd get some of that in later on. I don't think I ever saw any of that while I was a kid, but later on they got them in.

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[18]See addenda item 57.

[19]Before completing the review of interview session No. 3, Mr. Aikman volunteered additional narration. See addenda item 58.

[20]Mr. Aikman later confirmed that this was after 1910. For verbatim comment, see addenda item 60.

[21]See addenda item 59.

Q. Did they have fireworks in the evening?

A. Yes. Fireworks at night. That was beautiful.

Q. How did you work that? When you had the milking to do at home, how did you manage to stay in the evening?

A. Well, we just let the cows hold it until we got home.[22] (laughter)

Q. I see. Can you remember what a display of fireworks was like, what kinds they had?

A. Well, they had Roman candles, skyrockets, and they had a few real Chinese creations, the American flag, you know, and, oh, the picture of the President and such as that. They had a few of those exclusive things but those things cost and they didn't have money. The merchants pretty near put on the celebration. They just chipped in out of their pockets to put on the celebration. The best fireworks I ever saw was at Pueblo, Colorado.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes, that was the Army put them on. They really had fireworks and they had some of those two-inch cannon and I got a front seat and wished I hadn't. (laughter)

Q. They really banged away, huh?

A. Oh, they knocked your eardrums out, you know, when they'd shoot them within four feet of you.

Q. What year was that? Do you remember? Was that later?

A. Pardon?

Q. What year was that?

A. That was 1926. We made a trip out there and we went to the Fourth of July. I remember that distinctly.

Q. I wonder, Waggoner was . . .

A. Waggoner began--as soon as the railroad got through, why they built--didn't have a depot, you know, at first, but they started in to build one. Then George Fooks jumped right in. He saw a good business in coal because we were driving to Nilwood to a mine for coal, through this section. George saw a good chance for a coal business and he built a coal bin, right off, soon as the railroad was able to bring cars to it. In addition to that, he put in a lumberyard and began handling the lumber that the farmers needed. Then the town begin to develop, over on the other side, you know, of the railroad. They had one or two restaurants, short orders, that sprung up there; two grocery stores and a hardware store that built right along. They were not long in

[22] See addenda item 61.

building up until it was a fairly decent little town, and then along about 19 . . . I guess about 1914, that burned.

The whole north side burned except the bank. They had put in the bank by that time and built it of brick and it didn't burn. It was the only building that was left on that side. Just cleaned the hardware store and the town hall and one grocery store and, let me see, one fellow had a kind of a little clothing store there and it got it. It was next to the bank. That was a terrible loss, got all of the records--the church records and everything else were in that town hall, you know. They were not in a safe. They just had a desk that was all wood, of course, and they locked all the books and things in that. Nobody bothered them. Nobody would think of going in there and tearing them up, like now. Nowadays, they'd ruin them, but all of that burned and so we lost--we don't have any record when our church was built.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. That burned up. They've depended on me to try to remember. Well, I'm not sure. I think it was built in 1884.

Q. Which church was that?

A. What?

Q. Which church?

A. The Baptist.

Q. The Baptist church.[23]

A. Yes. And I'm not even sure of that but it just seems to me like that was the year it was built because I know the folks went to it when I was--as I told you, they had to take me out for the baptizing. I thought they was drowning them.

Q. When Waggoner began to develop that way, you had been going to Raymond. Did you change to Waggoner for Saturday nights or Saturday afternoons?

A. Well, no, but we'd go in any time in the week to Waggoner; was close, you know; run in there and buy groceries. Probably we wouldn't go to Raymond but once a week. No, those grocerymen who had carried us all the time, well, we still patronized them as much as possible because they had been so good to us. Then, this Dow Strider was a cut-rate man. He sold sugar, ten pounds for a dollar, when sugar was a good deal higher than that but he sold it and he'd sell out a barrel of it on Saturday night. He also made a rate on flour and he sold lots of flour. So, we couldn't just turn away from them kind of things, you know.

Q. Could you kind of give a description of what his grocery store looked like?

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[23]Mr. Aikman later commented that the other two churches now in Waggoner were constructed about the same time. See addenda item 62 for verbatim text.

How he stored things?

A. It just looked like a good grocery now. He had shelves. Not many canned goods, of course. They didn't have them but he had the cracker-barrels and the cracker-boxes and he had cured meats. They didn't have butchers in there at that time. They had cured meats, you know; ham, bacon, and and so on. Didn't have iceboxes, either, until they got to building ice-houses and putting in the ice, you know. There wasn't any refrigeration.

Strider was a very progressive merchant and he raised two boys. One of them is at the head of the electrical work over here at Virden now, I think, and the other one was a--he took a job with a St. Louis wholesale house and sole groceries all up and down the Wabash railroad and, I expect, up and down this I.C. [Illinois Central Railroad]. He married a Raymond girl and I think they're both dead. I haven't heard of Frank Strider in I don't know how long.

I liked both of the boys, especially the one that studied electricity. He put in the first lights for Raymond. He put in a Delco plant down along the railroad. It was more than a farm Delco. It was large enough to light the whole town by running the motor while he did it, you know, but he furnished the electricity and he wired the town and put in electricity. That was a great fascination to me, was to go down--we went to town as kids on Saturday night and, to kill time, I used to loaf with him quite a lot just to see that old dynamo work. I did love to watch it. It was direct current and you could take two sticks and hold on the thing while it was running. It didn't shock you so hard but what you could hold it and that was fun for me, to take two carbon sticks and stand there and "rrrrrrrrr." (laughter)

Q. And get a tingle from it, huh? About when was that?

A. Oh, that was . . . that was after we had moved down to the country. I'd imagine that was . . . well, now let me see. I was a boy big enough to work out on the farm. I was about thirteen years old. Seventy-eight and thirteen would be eighty-seven--or would be ninety-one, wouldn't it?

Q. Would be ninety-one, or so.

A. Well, I guess it was along about that time that he put that in and that was the lights for Raymond until the C.I.P.S. [Central Illinois Power Service] came in. [As use] wore them lamps out, you know, [he] renewed them, kept on lighting the town. The lights that were street lights were two carbon sticks that stood about that far apart.

Q. About an inch.

A. He had to go over the town and set them everyday. You probably know more about that than I do.

Q. No, sir.

A. And he would go everyday and set down these carbon sticks to the right distances apart and then at night, when he turned on that switch, they'd light up the town real good but you could pick up a wagon load of bugs (laughter) going through town the next morning, that had flown into that arc.

Q. Been electrocuted, huh?

A. Yes. But they had little bulbs for the houses and the stores, of course. Edison had perfected them.

Q. Well, let's see, about 1889 or 1890, you moved down to the vicinity of Honey Bend, then?

A. Well, let's see . . . I imagine that's about right, something like that because, if I remember right, I was eleven years old. That'll be, seventy-eight . . . eleven and a half . . . that would be eighty-eight, no, that would be eighty-nine. Yes, I think that's about right.

Q. A couple of times you've referred to the farm down there as the "home farm." Why did you call it the home farm?

A. Because it was in our hands up until my mother died and then we sold it. There's five acres down there yet that still belongs to my brother's children. My third brother bought the farm when it sold under the hammer. He bought it, setting up my mother's estate. He bought the forty acres and bought some more land with it. He was better fixed than Dad. He was a pretty good farmer and good with stock. He was able to rent timberland around there that men were glad to have fenced, to keep down weeds, you know. He had quite a good big scope of territory that he fenced in and raised cattle. He made more money out of them than he did from farming, grassing those cattle and selling them for feeders.

Q. How far was that forty acres from Honey Bend itself?

A. About two miles. I don't know exactly, but I would say two miles, north.

Q. So it was closer to Honey Bend than it was to Raymond?

A. Oh, yes. We were three and a half miles from Raymond--but Honey Bend didn't amount to anything as a business place. We never had gone there until I went in the office to learn telegraphing. We never patronized it. Never even went to parties down there. It was a whole new territory that I broke into down there as a young fellow, studying telegraphing, you know. Then, the boys came to go with me to parties and so on. Then I got my wife to wait for me and I bought a house in there finally. Paid for it with Dad's help, father-in-law's help. They went my notes and I had a house paid for when I got married, but you wouldn't think it was much of a house if you'd see it now, but it did us. Anyhow, we lived there five years after we were married.

It had two little stores in it that you could get groceries out of; sugar and flour and bacon, coffee, that's about all you could buy in them. They didn't have any refrigeration or anything either, you know. One of them had the post office in it.

Honey Bend had a post office from the very beginning of it because there was a family of Crawfords that owned that land and the railroad had to go through their property and they wouldn't sell to the railroad. They insisted on owning the land. They let them go through but they still owned that land and they got a lot of concessions through the railroad. They got that post office there

and nobody could move it, either, as long as any of them lived because they kept that post office there. It didn't pay, I know. Didn't pay the postmaster, but by running a little store with it, he could keep agoing. We had four mails out of there a day, when I went in as a student. We had hangers that we hung it on and they grabbed it off. Fast trains, you know. Four mails a day went out of there.

Q. You indicated earlier that when you moved down there, you found it quite different living next to the timber. What types of things did you do in the timber other than the working? What types of games or playing?

A. Well, we had squirrels to hunt there and there was also what they called wood hens, that day, they were sort of a grouse; and rabbits, and quail, and--there wasn't any prairie chicken in the timber. Prairie chickens stayed out here, you know. There's prairie chickens out here but none in the timber. That wood hen that I spoke of, that rooster drummed. He drummed like a prairie chicken. Did you ever hear a prairie chicken drum?

Q. No, sir, I never have.

A. Well, I just wondered if you had. The old fellow would drum. He'd just sound like, "BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM."[24] You could hear him for a mile. He'd strut and drag his wings and make that noise with a thing here on his throat and that grouse could do the same thing in the timber.

I don't know of anything in the way of amusement in the timber. We hunted and fished, and swam in the creek. That was the main hobbies.

Q. What kind of fish were you catching in those days from the . . .

A. Usually catfish. We caught some what were a native perch here. They were similar to a bluegill. Not near as good a eating fish, though, as a bluegill; but they looked much like them and would bite worms, you know. We never caught any buffalo or carp. They were in the creek because people came down there and seined that creek and they'd get a half a wagonload of suckers and buffalo and carp. They couldn't catch catfish so good with a seine because they'd bury in the mud, you know, but we could catch them with hooks.

Q. And you did swim in the creek, then?

A. Oh, yes. We had a swimming hole. Soon as we'd finish dinner, we'd beat her for the swimming hole as fast as we could, taking off our clothes as we went. Time we got there, all we did was step out of our pants and dive in. (laughter)

Q. How deep was the swimming hole?

A. Well, we could have it over our head; it graduated, it was washed out. But there was a log on the bottom of that deep part and I remember one time I was a little too eager at diving in and I hit that log and I just peeled myself from here to here.

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[24] See addenda item 63.

Q. Right down the nose, huh?

A. I learned to dive over the log. (laughs) Well, the railroad was an entertainment to us, too, because they had a wreck about . . . Oh, when was it? It was before I thought of being a telegraph operator. I guess it was about 1918, somewhere along in there. There was a wreck occurred, a broken wheel, right in the pasture that was west of our house and the cars come up the bank, left their wheels down on the track and came up. There was thirteen cars piled up at that time. Three of them were loaded with bacon and two of them were loaded with eggs and two were loaded with crackers and--the three that were loaded with bacon, they had to transfer that bacon. When they got the track laid again, they had to transfer. I never felt so sorry for section men in my life as I did--that happened on Sunday morning, and section men didn't work on Sunday. They'd gone visiting and they called for them. They called for all the section men on that division as quick as the wreck occurred. It occurred about seven o'clock in the morning.

It caught fire immediately and we ran down with buckets. We had a little place to water the hogs in, just a little pool, and we took the water out of that and put out the fire. Well, then when the head . . . boss of the . . . what do I want to say?

Q. Section crew, or . . .

A. He was the . . . detective! The head detective got there. He took charge of everything and nobody could touch anything, only with his consent. The conductor immediately went to him and he says, "Now, listen here, these people saved this whole wreck. They put that fire out." And he says, "I think they ought to have anything they want that's still here." And he [the detective] says, "Well, they should have." He says, "See if they'll give me a dinner. I'll pay for it, but I'd like to eat dinner up there."

There was two cars of gingersnaps. There was gingersnaps that thick along that right-of-way.

Q. Two feet thick, huh?[25]

A. And we carried gingersnaps in everything we could carry them in, up there, and stuck them around the barn and the house and everything; and there was cheese this big around, that thick, that were broken, that they couldn't sell and we had a bunch of them. Cheese and gingersnaps . . . and sausages! There was sausages of all kind and one car was a refrigerator car that wrecked and it had lakefish in it and these sausages and so on, you know. Well, they sold those fish, auctioned them off, because they knew they couldn't transfer them. The neighbors all around there bought them but we didn't. We never got any fish. We got sausage of every kind there was, I guess, from bologna down, took it home with us.

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[25]Mr. Aikman later said the cookies were shovelled off the track and that children took off their overalls, tied the legs, and used these as sacks for carrying. For the full verbatim text, see addenda item 64.

They went to tearing the cars apart to get them out of the way so they could burn, and the old detective says, "Can you use that lumber?" and Dad says, "Yes, I can." He says, "Go ahead and take all of it you want." So we got the makings of a barn out of those car wrecks and, oh, it was worthwhile for us.[26]

Then, there was one car that was loaded with farm machinery that come up in that pasture. It had movers, and binders, and hay rakes . . . farm machinery. We didn't have any use for that. They could load it up. It wasn't damaged, just left the track.

Well, at that time I wanted to be an engineer. So, I went and asked the fellow on the work engine if I could get up in the cab with him. He says, "Sure, boy, come on up."

END OF SIDE ONE

A. So, I got up in the cab. I says, "I'm going to be an engineer." He says, "You are!" and I says, "Yes," and he says, "Let me tell you something, son." He says, "You eat three meals a day, don't you?" and I says, "Yes, we do." And he says, "You sleep at night, too, don't you?" and I says, "Yes." Well he says, "Well, you see that I've been on here now twenty-four hours without any sleep. I've had what little grub they've brought to me. I haven't had a chance to go and eat at a table in these twenty-four hours." He says, "You're crazy if you think about being an engineer. You think about something else." Well, he took it all out of me, you know, and then, I seen the fireman fire and what I had to go through, about sixteen months them days afiring before you got an engine, you know. So, he took it all out of me.[27]

But that engineer—they tore up those cars, they would take a great chain with a great big hook, oh, as big as that, and they'd hook into the end of a boxcar and he'd take the whole side out of it in one piece. Just back up with his engine, you know.

They took all of that bacon and piled it up on the ground until they could get cars shoved in there to load it. They got the track rebuilt and could bring in cars. Then they reloaded the three carloads of bacon and those section men passed that from one to the other, slabs of bacon and salt on the outside of it. It was no time until they didn't have anything on their arms, just wore off, and they had to work all day. Boy, I did feel sorry for them fellows. We didn't get any of that bacon because they put it all back in cars and shipped it out. The hams the same way. But we did get sausage. That car was busted all up, that refrigerator car. It wasn't any good at all.

The egg cars went down first and there was many, many cases of eggs in there they could take out, when they got the car where they could get at it, and reload them and move them on. I don't know what they done with them. The ones that was busted up, why they gave them to anybody that would take them, to get them out of the way.

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[26]See addenda item 65.

[27]See addenda item 66.

Q. Sir, you said that 1918 was the date. Could that have been 1908? Because in 1910, you moved up here. That would have been before 1910.

A. Oh, yes, I'm clear wrong. We moved down there in the eighties.

H.B. It was before 1908 because I was a very little girl.

A. In 1908.

H.B. No, I say it was before that, because I was a very little girl at that time. I was only about five. I was born in 1892.

A. 1892.

Q. In 1897 or thereabouts.

A. That was in the eighties, you see. I'm glad you caught that. Because that was long before . . .

H.B. It was about 1898.

(portion not transcribed)

Q. Val Strider, the merchant?

A. Dow Strider, S-T-R-I-D-E-R.

Q. Okay. His first name, though, what . . .

A. D-O-W. He called his grocery the Jumbo Grocery. He had elephants all around the country here on cross-road signs. The Jumbo Grocery in Raymond.[28]

END OF TAPE

Q. (As the tape begins, Mr. Aikman is speaking of the method used on a corn planter to manually space the dropping of the seeds before they had the wire with the notches on it so it could be done in that manner.)

A. Well, that was just a frame with 2 wheels on it and 2 seats, a seat for the driver and a seat for the jerker, I guess that's what you'd call him. He had a lever that stood up there and he jerked it this way and it punched the plate, you see, so as to drop and it reversed and went the other way, of course, and that took in the next row. So . . . no, I guess you had to jerk it the right way all the time. I think so. We had runners that split the ground like they do today, runners that split the ground and then they'd hit that cross section there, you tried to put your hill right in there. Before that, they laid off ground like that and--now, I never saw that done but my dad rented a piece of ground from an old fellow that I used to talk to a great deal. I'd go over to the field; I wasn't working, you know, so I could go over with Dad to the field. This old man was a tall man and he had a little bit of

[28] See addenda item 67.

a short wife; people called them The Long and The Short. He'd always say Betsy was the best--that was her name, Betsy—was the most accurate dropper that we had in our neighborhood, said she dropped corn for everybody. Well, she took a sack around here and just took out three grains and dropped them in those places.

Q. Just a sack around her waist and measured it by eye, then?

A. Yes, just dropped them in those crossplaces. You had to have it checked because they had to plow it both ways on account of weeds, you know. They thought they did, at least.

Q. How was the checking done, you say you had a drag with spikes on it, or . . .

A. No, they'd just make a drag with, like a sled, little sled, with two-by-four runners. A man stood on it so it made a clear mark in the field. And he went one way on the field, then turned crossways, then he was ready to start his planter. So, that took a man and two horses, you know.

Then, after it was planted, they was even afraid to harrow corn, at first. They was afraid of killing it when it came through the ground, you know. They was afraid to harrow. But some venturesome soul that had some very weedy ground harrowed it anyhow, at the risk of losing all of it, and they discovered that corn could stand an awful lot of abuse. And so, then it became a general thing to harrow your corn just after it came up to get the little weeds that were starting.

I remember one time--Ben Lohman lived east of me here--he came home one day and he had a brand-new steel harrow. We'd had wooden harrows all the time and he had a brand-new steel [harrow] with long, sharp teeth and he threw it off on my side on the road. He says, "Now, Bert, whenever you want to use this harrow and I'm not using it, hitch on." I says, "I'd like to harrow that twenty down there right now." He says, "Go ahead." And he got a pair of doubletrees and put on it and I hitched a two-horse team to it and went down there. I didn't make any effort to ride the thing because it was sharp. I got halfway through the field and looked back and turned around and went . . . (laughs) . . . I thought I was ruining every hill of corn. You just couldn't hardly see the corn, them sharp teeth, and it bore down in the ground, you know, to what we was used to and I went back and I took the harrow up and unhitched. I went back and when I cultivated that corn, I couldn't see a particle of difference in it and the other. It was as good a stand, you know. Well, I got braver the next year. We learned by trying.

Q. When you described the corn planter the other day, you talked about a hay rake that you built for the back of the wagon . . .

A. Yes. That was the first rake. The sweep-rake they called it. It was just like you take a four-by-six, lay it out there and cut notches that you could put two-by-fours in and sharpen them [the two-by-fours] down to this way, so they'd fit to the ground, you see. And they were about five feet long and then on the end of this [the four-by-six], you made a round place so it could turn in its frame and rounded the ends of it. It also had a thing back behind here to keep the hay from going over.

You'd start in to rake hay. You'd rake until you got a fairly good rake full and then you'd take hold of a couple of handles that was on the back here and raise it up so that those runners would stick in the ground and over she'd go. You know, it would just change sides. Well, you just went right ahead, you didn't even stop. You went right ahead and picked up again for the next windrow and when you got to it, you went like that and over she went. That was a wonderful thing because they'd been having to rake hay by hand and that was the first hay rake that I can remember of and there was one come into our country and I guess every man in the whole country used it. It just went to every place they was haying, because it was so speedy and accurate.[29] You could make nice straight windrows, you know.

Q. How did you pull that?

A. Two horses.

Q. Two horses.

A. Yes, you'd drive two horses and they'd go down there and you could make them step right along, too. You didn't have to drag about it,[30] you could step right along because all you had to do was to just give that a jerk and those teeth would stick in the ground, over she'd go, and keep agoing.

Q. Was there any danger of you going over with it when it[31]. . .

A. Oh, no. It was just the forks, or the runners that turned over; you see the bar, or the frame, that I had hold of was solid. It was what that end piece fit into, because I'd just jerk it up enough for them feet to stick.

Q. Were these handmade?[32]

A. Yes. Yes, it was made by the woodworkers in the shops first, then some fellow begin making them in a factory and selling them all over the country. They went all over the state, I'm sure.

Q. We talked about timothy and clover hay and something . . .

A. Alfalfa was unknown.

Q. Oh?

A. No, I never heard of alfalfa being grown in this country until I moved up here in 1910. They were beginning to grow alfalfa and the reason they had so much trouble growing it was because it had to be inoculated. Now, you know, I suppose, about the nodules that grow on all of the bean family.

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[29]See addenda item 68.

[30]See addenda item 69.

[31]See addenda item 70.

[32]See addenda item 71.

Their nitrogen is gathered and stored in the roots and it makes little round nodules. You had to get some of that soil and mix it, and mix your seed with that stuff in it, and dampen the seed enough to make that stick before you sowed it or your alfalfa wouldn't amount to anything.[33]

They also grew sweet clover ahead of it, began doing that. Sweet clover grows tall, high as my head, and they grew it for a green manure, to plow under, and it also had to be inoculated to start with, but once it was inoculated, you could keep on growing that field of it because it [the inoculation] stayed in the ground.

Soybeans still retain their inoculation pretty good. We had to inoculate all the first soybeans and we bought that inoculation from the University [of Illinois]. As it came out, it looked just like soot. Then you'd take a tub full of beans and spread that over it and just moisten them a little so that it would stay sticky, you know, and make your beans black and so on. They'd develop nodules and as soon as they grew about three crops of nodules on that, why, they began dropping that [task]; there was enough in the soil to inoculate.

Q. Did your dad grow soybeans?

A. No. Soybeans were not known until after I moved up here. In fact, I had one of the first fields of it, soybeans. It was an unknown crop to me but it had promises, I thought, because there was so many things they could make with it. They made meal for cattle out of it and they extracted the oil, which was a cooking oil, very good. And, oh, there was a lot of things that soybeans were good for. So, they developed rapidly, or came into the country rapidly, but many men wouldn't inoculate, at first, and they got very poor yields. It wouldn't yield half as much by ground inoculation, but after they got it understood, why, there's where Farm Bureau stepped in.

Farm Bureau developed about that time. In fact, the first Farm Bureau we had at Hillsboro started after I moved up here in 1910. We had an awful good leader down there; a fellow at the head of it, that was in the office, was an agricultural graduate and a very smart fellow and a very decent fellow. In fact, he wanted to help. He wanted to make it go over and all you had to do was to get on the phone and call him. He'd just come right now and try to help out. So, by the Farm Bureau and so on, they soon got the inculation so that it was all over the country.

Then there was two types of beans. There was a bean they grew for cattle feed, or hay, and then a bean they grew to market. The black bean, that they grew for cattle feed or hay, was a small bean, flat. It looked like a bean.[34] It was flat. Well, the others that they marketed were round. You know, you've seen them. You know how they look. And lots and lots of men grew the black bean to sell seed because so many farmers wanted a patch for cattle feed, see, and it was elegant cattle food. It was a balanced hay.

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[33]See addenda item 72.

[34]See addenda item 73.

It had your nitrogen, and about the same as alfalfa, in the stems and leaves. Cattle would eat every bit of it. Those things would grow up, oh, that high and thick . . .

Q. Three or four feet high, then.

A. Yes. On good ground, they'd just go way up and you'd have a mess of hay on a twenty acre field, I'll tell you! But, as the time went on and the cattle feeders began to grow alfalfa, why, you never heard any more of the black bean. I haven't seen or heard of them in fifteen years, I don't think.[35]

Q. How did your dad sow timothy and the clover?

A. Just like they did in Bible times. Grab her out and throw her by hand and then step off so many steps at the end of the field and come back. Along side [he'd] have me on the harrow, ariding to harrow it in as he sowed it, and that was the way it was done for sometime. Then they developed seeders. They had two types of seeders. They had one seeder that was like a little windmill down here. It was made like a windmill, about that big around . . .

Q. About a foot around.

A. . . . and it was in four sections and there was a piece stood up here, about an inch, on the side of each section. The object of that was to, when that whirled, throw it, see. You could sow thirty feet at a through and turn around and come back, thirty feet more.

Q. Did you carry this or was it mounted?

A. Yes, you carried it around your neck and that seed bag down here in front of you and you felt all the time how much seed you had left, you knew when you had to run for supplies. Then after that, they developed a tin horn. I presume you've seen them. It was just a straight horn that telescoped. You could pull it out. It was about that long when it was pulled out.

Q. About two feet.

A. And across the bottom end was two staples that were soldered in across one another which made four openings for the seed to hit on as you swung it. That spread it. They took the place of these windmills right off because they were so much simpler and didn't cost hardly anything, you know. About all there was was this sack and this tin and they didn't cost very much.

Q. The tin was connected to the sack, connected at the bottom of the sack.

A. Well, it was sown in and put in good. That was the way we sowed clover and alfalfa and . . . Finally they brought out drills. The wheat drill began to develop and it finally put a seeder on the front side of the drill and much

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[35]See addenda item 74.

of the grass seed was sown when you sowed the wheat, after that. The flux would cover it, don't you see? The flux that covered the wheat would also cover the grass seed. Next spring, it would come up with the wheat and when you cut the wheat sometimes you'd cut the heads off of the clover; sometimes, if it was timothy, you'd cut the heads off of that, but it would go ahead and grow and make a crop. It would be a stubble crop there and . . .

Q. How did you go about mowing the hay?

A. Well, mowers--I can't remember when there wasn't mowers. Old man McCormick was a great inventor. The first mowers were just about as complete as they were later but they were a heap more bundlesome because they were kind of smithy-made, you know, but they used a sickle just like they do today. They cut hay with them just about the same.

Now, that's as far as I go, back to that. Before that, they mowed it with a scythe. I heard my dad talk about it and my grandfather--not my grandfather, one of my great-uncles--talk about running a scythe. A man that could mow good was in demand because he'd keep his scythe sharp and he could mow it so it layed down to cure. He didn't bungle it up or didn't tangle it up. Then the mowers came in, after that.

Q. Did you use a scythe around the home at all for the weeds or lawn or anything in your day?

A. Yes. We had scythes as far back as I can remember. We used them to cut weeds and, well, to cut brush, too. See, in the edge of the timber, in those days, there was hazelnuts grew. Did you ever see a hazelnut?

Q. I don't recall, sir. No, sir.

A. Well, you've seen filberts.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. They look like a filbert and the only difference between them and a filbert is that they grew on a low bush. They grew in a pod, just like a filbert, exactly, [but] a filbert grows on a tree. I've seen the filbert orchards in Oregon. But they all had the same kind of a pod. There'd be a bloom come out here and then there would be a pod drop down and it would have from five to eight nuts in this pod, scattered around, they were not all together, they were all separate. We used to gather them and have them for nuts in the fall.

Well, hazel ground was valuable and so they shortened up the scythe blade and made it so they could mow that hazel brush. That was beastly work, hard, because you were cutting the wood.

Q. Why was the ground valuable?

A. The hazel picked a good ground to grow on. So did hickory. Now, hickory ground--men bought ground by hickory or hazel nuts or something those days. The poorest ground, in my recollection, was post oak. Where there was post oak, you'd better just pass that ground up for farming because it wasn't much

good for anything but those acorn trees. They didn't make very big trees. I saw a fellow down in Oklahoma plowing up one of those patches. He had eight oxen on one plow and he'd plow right through trees that big.

Q. Three or four inches thick!

A. He had a plow share that wide, anyhow, and sharp as sharp and eight oxen on it, you know. And, why, he'd just go through those trees just like they wasn't standing there. (laughs)

Q. Just one blade, one two-foot blade on it then?

A. Yes. That's all and he walked and prodded oxen. They had a sharp stick they prodded oxen with, to keep them agoing, you know.[36] He'd run back and forth and, "Gee," and, "Haw." He drove them by gee and haw.

Q. I see. Which was which? I never remember.

A. Right hand, gee. Left hand, haw.

Q. I see. Do you recall any oxen being used in this part of the county when you were a boy?

A. No. They were a sort of a sight to us when anybody came through with an ox team. There was wagons came through, going farther west, you know, that we saw and they were kind of a curiosity. Those oxen were a wonderful thing. They beat a horse for a lot of things. You could put them on a chain to load logs and they'll beat a horse a mile because you can talk to them and take that log up the skids just as slow as you want to.

Q. What other types of trees grew in the timber?

A. Well, we had the burr oak, as I told you the other day, the best oak. Then, the white oak. Then, there was a black oak which grew an acorn about the size of your thumb. But you determined all these oaks by their leaves. They all had a different type leaf. Then there was a pin oak that was a very good timber. They didn't grow quite as large as these others but they had a timber that made rails better than any of the other oak, perhaps, the pin oak. The pin oak and the black oak and the blackjack, they called him. He was hated by most fellows because he took everything around him, you know. He'd put out low limbs and he'd just smother everything around him.[37] Everybody hated old blackjack. They cut him; you could go in anybody's timber and cut him for wood. They was glad to get rid of him. (laughs)

Q. Why was the pin oak particularly good for rails?

A. Straight grain. It didn't grow such a big tree but the grain was straight through and you could cut a ten-foot rail or a ten-foot log and start with your maul and wedges and split out the prettiest rails. Those days, at the beginning, rail fences were all the fences they had around pastures, until the barbed wire appeared.

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[36] See addenda item 75.

[37] See addenda item 76.

Q. Did you make many rails while you were working in the timber?

A. No, not too many, but we made rails when required, if they had the timber. See, we worked in many peoples' timber, timber they owned, and if they had the timber to make rails, why, we would make it. We wouldn't make them out of white oak because white oak was more valuable for posts. You could set it in the ground and it would last three times as long as the pin oak would.

So, by the different timbers, you made different things. You made posts out of white oak and burr oak. Black oak and pin oak, you'd make [into] rails, if you could get a black oak that was straight grained and a straight tree. They were non-inclined to grow such a straight tree as the pin oak. Pin oak grew a beautiful tree.

Then, in the north part of the county here--I never learned that until after I was grown and up here a number of years--but up around what is now Springfield lake, they had what they called a chinquapin oak and it grew an acorn that people ate, too--kids, at least, ate them. They were fairly good nuts, you know. It was a little bit of an acorn--about like the end of your little finger. Those, I never worked in any of that timber, but I know they made beautiful rails because they grew so pretty.

Q. What did you make your pickets from?

A. Well, we'd do that out of black oak, pin oak, burr oak, any of them that they required. Didn't make any difference to us. When they put us in their timber and told us to pick our trees and make pickets, why--we tried to make them of black oak if we could because that was less salable lumber, you know, less salable timber, but if we had to, we'd go over on the burr oak or the white oak, pin oak. Pin oak was so good for rails, we always hated to cut it for anything but rails, because rails were in demand in those days. I don't know what they sold for but I know that men <u>bought</u> them and were <u>glad</u> to buy them.

Q. They were still building fences, then, in those days with them?

A. They were building fences, yes, and that was an art, too, that you had to learn. You built them this way . . . criss-cross, and you had to learn how to put your stake and rider at the top. They put two rails up like that, crossed, and lay these top rails in there and then on the next side they crossed the other way, which would lock them and that would give height to your fence, about that much higher than the rails themselves.

Q. About another two feet.

A. Those were top rails, we called them, and you had to learn all of that, how to make a rail fence that would stand and would turn stock. If you just went out and layed up a rail fence, just crossed them here, and tried to go ahead . . . (laughs)

Q. Cattle would go right through them occasionally, then?

A. So, that was the reason that early settlers settled around timber.[38] They tried to. They left all that good land up there until the country was pretty well settled up. I told you my dad went up there. It was all swamp, at that time. My dad went in about 1882 or 1883 and . . . and . . . [land] sold for twelve and a half cents an acre.

Q. Because they needed the wood, I guess. There wasn't much wood up here in this part of the county.

A. No, but I say, the government just charged you twelve and a half cents an acre for it if you'd prove up on it five years, but it had to be ditched out. Well, those ditches had to be figured out by a surveyor and then worked on by teams and scrapers. It was a slow process. So, the country developed slowly, the better land up there developed slowly on that account.

Q. That would include that land right around here, around your place, would it?

A. Yes. Yes, some of mine was in the swamp and it had a topsoil that was due to the rotting of the stuff in the water, you know, stood year after year and rotted down and rotted down. That made a wonderful topsoil.

END OF VOLUME II

[38]See addenda item 77.

ADDENDA

ADDENDA CONTENTS

ITEM NO.	SUBJECT
64	(gingersnap carrying - footnote)
65	"Home place" buildings
66	Railway fireman's tasks
67	Raymond, Illinois, merchants
68	Hay and grain handling
69	Stalk rake
70	Hay rake
71	Blacksmith work
72	Fertilizers
73	Soybeans, elevator operations
74	Alfalfa
75	Driving oxen
76	Blackjack oak problem
77	Rail fencing

ADDENDA

ADDENDA ITEM 40 (ref. p. 93)

A. And calamal.* I ought to put calamal in there. I didn't, did I?

Q. No, sir.

A. But it ought to be in there because calamal is mercury and they sold it those days like they sell you a piece of sealing wax, block of it, and you learned to know how much you needed. You tore off your dose and make it yourself. Made little pills. Why, my aunt that—down there by Hornsby, she was my father's half-sister, you know—she'd go and lop off her piece of calamal. Old man Richardson that I worked for out here, he never took another kind of a laxative. When he needed a laxative, he'd go up there and tear off a piece of that waxy stuff and swallow her down. It was very effective, but you had to run the risk of salivation. Salivation was almost as bad as a cancer. There was one man named Keeley lived right west of us when we lived on the Gerlach place. He was a young man and I suppose he helped himself without the folks having anything to say about it and his mouth got sore and it ate clear around to there, just cleaned it out.

Q. Right around pretty close to his ear, just opened it up?

A. Yes, sir. Clear around to there and he had to wear that the rest of his life. After I was a grown man and got to be kind of familiar with doctors, why, I asked a doctor one day; I said, "How much calamal would a man have to take to salivate him?" They were dishing out calamal when I first begin to doctor with doctors, too. They'd give it to you, but it was made then in little pellets, you know, graduated, and I says, "How much calamal would a man have to take to get salivated?" and he said, "Bert, that's never been proven." He says, "They don't know and they're afraid to try until they do force a case because it's not easy to stop. They'd just rather leave it alone and make them take less dosage."

Q. You say this had mercury in it?

A. Well, it is mercury.

Q. I see. So, it would be a mercury poisoning, then?

A. Yes. I don't know how far it's diluted down from mercury because they always called it blue mass. That was the name of it--blue mass, M-A-double S. Pretty near every farmhouse had a chunk of blue mass. And then they also had assofeidta. Now, I don't suppose you ever heard of that.

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*Probably a trade name. [Ed.]

Q. No, sir.

A. A-S-S-O-F-E-I-D-T-A. That was one of the words that we spelled them down on. (laughs) Assofeidta. And that was--I don't know what it was for, really. They took it for colds, a little; but . . . They always had a bottle of assofeidta and some of that blue mass, and a bottle of quinine and . . . Let's see, that--that's pretty near the extent of the old pharmacopoeia that they had in those days.

Q. Did they use any castor oil in those days?

A. Oh boy, yes! (laughter) I hate to mention it.

Q. I see. Yes, sir. (laughter) Was any of that produced at home or did you buy it?

A. No, you bought it. It had to be refined. It's poison, you know, before it's refined. When they harvested that, they--I can remember back when they used to grow that as a crop--they had to muzzle horses. The horses would eat it readily, the berries, and it would kill them, just knock them cold. So, they didn't dare take any of that oil when it was first squeezed out. It had to go to the chemists and be refined. They took out something, I don't know, something that didn't kill you anyhow, but sure did leave a good taste in.

Q. Yes, sir. (laughter) What did you take it with? Did your mother put anything with it when you took it or did you just take it straight?

A. Yes, she'd usually put it in soda water. We had soda those days, you know, for baking bread, and she would mix a little soda water with it and that helped to kill it, if you could keep from belching. I could drink the stuff right out of a bottle if I could have kept from belching. But, oh my, when you'd belch. That was terrible.

And they used that also for oil, for a long time. That was really lubricating oil.

Q. For machinery, you mean?

A. Yes, so they had to have it on the farm. They had to have a can of castor oil there to use for lubrication. But you didn't take any out of that. You was very careful to take it from bottles that you got at the drugstore.

Now, I didn't tell you another thing. Arnica. Now, I don't know what it was made of. We got that at the drugstore. It was something that was put in alcohol and mixed up kind of like camphor. They also had camphor. They'd mix camphor gum with whiskey and it would melt and that was put in the bottle and put up on the shelf and we took a spoonful of that for cholic, such as that. Then, when you had a cold, sometimes they'd put that in a bowl, and hot water, and you'd breath the fumes from it, you know. Camphor was a very valuable adjunct to the medicine cabinet. But his arnica, I can't tell you what it was. I don't know, but it was healing to on open wound. If you cut your hand, you'd go get the arnica bottle and soak her good and then wrap it

up. It was a disinfectant as well as a cure-all.

END OF SIDE ONE

ADDENDA ITEM 41 (ref. p. 94)

A. They had hoops made of hickory for tieing that cotton with at that time. They didn't have sheet iron hoops like they do nowadays, or did later. They would use the hoops they had, you know--they were all cut the same length--and they would hold five hundred pounds of cotton but it was compressed something like baling hay, you know, when you'd hoop it. It went into a press and was hooped, and then you could take it to the gin and when you got it to the gin, why, the ginner unloosed the hoops and scattered that on the front of the seeder. The seeder was a row of little saws, about that big around.

Q. About six inches big around.

A. Really saw teeth, too, and they were set, well, not a half inch apart. Just far enough apart they wouldn't let a cotton seed go through, you know. That feeder worked back and forth and fed that in there, with all of those doggone saws abuzzing at his fingers, you know. It took a skilled man to feed the cotton gin, I'll tell you, and he had to watch, watch, watch. Somebody would spread it on the table for him and then he spread it out again, you know, along those saws and put it through as the saws could take it.

Well, the saws threw the lint back and the seed would fall right straight down and that lint would go back. There was a man back in there and that was one of the awful jobs, was to take that cotton back from that seeder and pack it into the room ready to be put in the bales. He'd have to work in there, you know, until they got a bale ready, and he'd be in a fog of dust. You couldn't see, and that cotton lint--oh my, that was a job. They had a nigger in there, if they could get him.

There was quite a lot of Negroes working in there at that time. All around the cotton gin. I'll never forget hearing them sing when quitting time come. You know, a nigger don't need a tune. You've heard them sing in the South, haven't you? They don't need a tune. One fellow will start a--"When will the whistle blow?" That's what they'd say then. "When's that whistle going to blo-o-o-w?" And another fellow would take a different tone of voice and it was really melodious before they'd get through. It'd just pass through all of those guys. (laughs) I can remember that, when I was a little kid, you know.

And that was when they was agoing to the compressor. That cotton would be opened up and graded. Really, it was graded before it was opened up. The man who graded cotton came with a long hooked knife, kind of like a linoleum knife, and he would run that to the middle of the bale and slash this way and go over on the other side and slash a slash. Then he could reach back there and bring cotton all the way from the middle of the bale out. A little, he'd just bring a good-sized handful and then he'd spread her out this way and seen that it was the same grade all the way through, you know. Then he graded it to a certain grade, but he pushed all of that cotton back in there, he didn't waste a drop of it. He pushed it back in and then it went into the compressor. As I told you, the bales got about half as big but they weighed just the same.

Q. Yes, sir. This was after it had been through the gin?

A. After it had been through the gin, the seed all taken out, and been baled once—I mean after it was done and taken over to the compressor—they'd take off those hickories when they got to the compressor and they had metal to put on there because that was pretty tight, you know. They'd bring a five hundred pound bale down to about that thick and . . . It was still just as heavy and those niggers had to handle them. Pick up a bale and shift her around. My, my, it's no wonder Uncle Tom's Cabin took, when she wrote that book, because those niggers were treated terrible.

ADDENDA ITEM 42 (ref. p. 94)

Q. (Interviewer reading out loud) ". . . so as to draw it together."

A. They left all that bark on because it was tough, you know. That bark was very tough. Those had to be cut when the sap was down. I don't know whether you know anything about timber peeling at a certain stage or not, but when the sap is down in the wintertime, you can't get the peeling off of a tree, you've got to chop it off. In the summertime, it will slip off. The sap comes up and loosens the bark, for the tree to grow, I suppose, and the bark will come right off and (laughs) that makes me think of another one.

I hauled an old Kentuckian one time, picked him up and took him for a ride, and he wanted to know when I cut my stove wood. "Oh," I says, "whenever I get the saw there." He says, "Don't you saw it by the moon?" I says, "No. I don't. Does that make a difference?" "Yes, sir!" he says, "if you cut it at just the right moon, the bugs and worms won't bother that wood. Your stove wood will be clean clear through the summer." (laughs) Well, I never experimented, but now he believed that with all his heart. He was an old Kentuckian. And he told me also that . . . Now, let's see, what was it I wanted to tell you about . . .

Q. About the hickory hoop poles?

A. No, it wasn't the hoop poles, it was . . . It was keeping the bark on your stove wood. You was to cut it a certain stage of—you had to cut it in the winter and a certain stage in the moon and the bark would all stay on it, it wouldn't peel off. You'd have it to burn, too. (laughter) You know, I've got a lot of kick out of a lot of those things and those men worked by them.

Q. Well, you can buy an almanac that tells you all about it, you know. (laughter)

A. I always tried to put that away and keep it because those fellows believed that with all their heart.

I did wish some of them could read. You found so few people could read, those days, you know.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Oh, my goodness, yes. The big end of the grown people couldn't read at all. I was talking to Nel the other day about--I used to listen to one old fellow argue politics. I always got such a kick out of it because he couldn't read nor write and he'd argue with a fellow and he'd say, "Now, these fellows that can read tell me . . ." this and that, you know, and that was gospel truth to him and he swore by it. (laughter)

Q. He had faith in the readers, then?

A. Yes. He'd heard somebody read it.

ADDENDA ITEM 43 (ref. p. 95)

A. And the bale was in a mold, you know. So, it had to just be just exactly, when it got out. There was a mold fit on top that that screw fit through and then an outside part to go inside of you, you know, and that would squeeze, it would crawl down inside . . . (laughter)

Q. And it would really compress it.

ADDENDA ITEM 44 (ref. p. 96)

A. I think they just put a board across it. I don't think there was any back to it at all. I think they just nailed cleats on the side and put boards across.

Q. No upholstering at all, then?

A. No! It was a rough old ride, I'm telling you . . . and you couldn't get anything to eat. That was the worst feature. You couldn't buy eats along the road. They took what they thought they could get along with but it took so long. I think we were a week on the road. That distance, you know, and it was pulled by a freight engine and handled by freight crews.

Q. Did you get off the train at all during the trip?

A. I don't remember it. Anywhere at all. We stayed right there.

A kid come through one day aselling pineapples. He had some ripe pineapples and we were all so starved for fruit of some sort that Dad bought one and tried peeling that with his pocket knife and if he didn't have a time. (laughter) But he managed to get the peeling off and give us slice after slice until we ate it up.

Q. What kind of food* did you take on the trip with you?

A. Couldn't take any, to start on. You know, bananas were just beginning to come into places like Raymond and, oh, I don't know whether I ever saw a banana before I was ten years old. I don't believe I ever did. I don't recall it. Then they begin to get a few in, now and then, you know; but even those had to be shipped from New Orleans. Old freight, and you can see that it was a risk for a fellow to ship any quantity because they'd rot.

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* Mr. Aikman evidently understood "fruit" rather than "food." [Ed.]

ADDENDA ITEM 45 (ref. p. 99)

A. You know, those days we used to have snowdrifts from the top of one hedge to the top of the other one, just level across the road. You couldn't go through them with a team, at all.

I remember one time, after I'd been up here several years, we had a big snow, similar to that, and Tuff Lohman lived over here on Richardson's place. He came adriving in there one afternoon, the sun was ashining bright then, came driving in here in his wagon and he says, "Bert, get a team and put on in front. We've got to have some groceries and my team's give out now." Breaking snow, you know. So, I got my team out and hitched on in front and we got out of the road, went around drifts. We tore down fences and went over them and drove until we could get to town. We all wanted groceries, you know, and brought them for everybody along the line. In fact, we had everybody picked up along the line by the time we got to town because they wanted to get in and get groceries.

Then I remember, a year or two after that, they begin trying to clear the road with a road grader. They got graders then that they could pull with a threshing engine, you know, and they began trying to clear the road with them. Well, there wasn't no way of forcing them down. You couldn't do it. Only just like you would in the ground, you couldn't force them in snow very much deeper than the ground. Oh, you couldn't get a road scooped out--take a mile of road here, you couldn't scoop it out in a day.

Q. It would just ride up on the snow, then, huh?

A. Yes, it would ride up on the snow. Well then, when they begin to get the big power-graders, why we were done with our snow trouble. We never had any more because they'd go through, you know. Those things are heavy enough to put the blade on the ground and go right on through.

Q. Were these with diesel engines, you mean?

A. What we're using today, the very ones. They'd come along here and scoop this way and then come back on that side and scoop it that way. Maybe they'd have to go through the middle and scoop out one way or the other to make a road. Of course, that was before cars, but you could get through with teams and buggies and so on. I've seen this road out here--snowbanks that you could hardly see over on either side, after it was scooped out. Then it would melt down, have a rain or something and melt down, and that snow would hold that water in the road and it would be that deep and would freeze over and you start to drive a team through there, they had to break through ice every step.

Q. That must have been a mess. Hard on their legs, too, I would imagine, wasn't it?

A. Oh, it was hard going, I'll tell you. You didn't go if you didn't have to.

Now, there's been some terrible changes and machinery is to be credited with two-thirds of it. Machinery cleaned up things, you know, and when we got the bigger graders, we could open ditches properly along the road. Where they ought to be or where they shouldn't be. You could take them out, you know.

The other way, they just hitched in and plowed clear through. Well, maybe it was too low here and too high there. Couldn't get away, the water was held in anyhow, it just got it off the middle of the road. But with the big ones, why you could run a pretty good line, you know.

ADDENDA ITEM 46 (ref. p. 100)

A. Put stockyards there, too.

Q. All right, sir.

A. I forgot that. Because they had stockpens, you know, that they shipped all of the stock st St. Louis by freight.

Q. (pause) All right, sir.

A. And the cattle went to Chicago. Practically all of the fed cattle went to Chicago but mediums went to St. Louis. The hogs all went to St. Louis, practically. But there was seldom a week there wasn't a carload or two of stock went out of Raymond.

Q. How did they get the stock into Raymond? Did they drive it in?

A. Yes. Take a bunch of hogs and head them down the road and three or four men follow along and keep them in the road and get them to town and then head them into the stockpen. And there's a funny thing about stock like that--hogs. You could bring in your hogs and I could bring in mine. Put them in the same pen and in a little while they would each have their corner. They'd separate into their own bunch. You didn't have very much trouble about hogs ever mixing up. Cattle would mix more, you had to watch them, but it was funny to watch hogs. They'd pick their own crowd and get with them.

Q. I never heard of that. How would you weigh them when you got them there?

A. Well, there was a scale put in by the railroad and it was government inspected and that was sworn by. After the inspector passed it, why that scale was in perfect shape. Of course, there was a way of cheating it. I heard fellows tell about setting up on the fence and watching some fellows buy a load of cattle and they said he'd let them run in ten or fifteen head, whatever the scales pen would hold, you know, and when they'd get it in, why they'd balance up the scales and as quick as the scale man turned his back, he'd lay a horseshoe nail out there, right at the end. It wasn't noticeable because it was bright and probably that would take a half a steer. (laughter)

I heard men tell about watching him do it. They said, "We saw him do it time after time," and they wouldn't dare say anything because he was a scrapper. He'd have--I seen him whittle a fellow up with a pocketknife one time. So, he was a fighter and they kept their mouths shut. They'd just see those things and tell one another.

I know my dad watched him just like he'd watch a hawk. He'd generally make him weigh his hogs three times. (laughs) And they always did better every time and he'd get so mad by that time, he wouldn't put them--let them come in again, you know, the third time. Getting too close to the right weight. (laughter)

Oh, boy. Those were the days. That was the good old days. I'm glad that I lived through them but I'm glad I did live through them and don't have to go back.

ADDENDA ITEM 47 (ref. p. 100)

Q. Sir, on that--I asked that question, you know, "What other type of entertainment did they have besides the ventriloquists in the shows?" and then we went directly into parties in the home. Do you recall any other type of entertainment at the shows besides the ventriloquists?

A. Oh, yes. They had funny speakers. Fellows that cracked jokes, you know. Get up there and tell you some of the awfulest lies you ever heard and swear by everything that it was the truth and he'd experienced it and so on. (laughs) You'd just be dying laughing before he'd get through.

Then, there was slight-of-hand performers that could do things with cards, you know and do thinks with, oh, I don't know what all. They could take those three shells. You know what three shells were like. They'd do that up on the stage, just to show us that we couldn't pick out the right one. We wouldn't try. We wouldn't even move out of our seats but they'd say, "You tell me which one it's under." Well, he'd pick that one up. Never was under that one, you know. He had it in here. I was grown before I ever found out where he had it.

Q. In his fingers, huh?

A. But they had a lot of stunts they did. There'd usually be four or five of them in a bunch and they traveled together, you know, and put on those shows.

Q. What kind of music did they usually have?

A. Well, someone of them probably could play a banjo and sing, maybe two or them could. Banjo and guitar. I don't ever remember them using a fiddle but they used banjos and guitars and sang. Sang comic songs. Songs we never had heard, don't you see, and we'd try to remember them hard as we could. Some kids could pretty near remember them, too.

But that was the main entertainment that came until Chautauquas begin coming around and when Chautauquas begin traveling and coming into town, they'd come into Raymond and stay there a week. They had varied entertainment. Fine music and good singing. Real high-class entertainment, same as would come out of a good theater, you know. In fact, it was a theater, would go on the road in the summer to keep from going broke, don't you see. Nearly always was.

Q. Did they present plays and that sort of thing?

A. Plays and Shakespeare and orators, you know. First time I'd ever heard an orator was in those fellows. We had one schoolteacher that was a very good one. He used to recite for us, some. But to hear a real honest-to-goodness orator, I never had until they got to coming around.

Well then, after they begin traveling around into town, then Litchfield and Hillsboro went in cahoots and built the old Chautauqua ground out there. Did you ever go to it?

Q. No, sir. I've never been. It was between the two cities, wasn't it?

A. And interurban built a road to it, you know. They put a streetcar out there and run a car every fifteen minutes. One going and one coming every fifteen minutes. So, they'd take people out of Litchfield and Hillsboro. Those fellows had big audiences and they had good speakers and real high-class entertainment. I heard Bryan tell of his trip to the Orient and it took him two hours and I just wouldn't have believed he'd talked over thirty minutes.

Q. That was William Jennings Bryan?

A. Yes. He was an orator, you know. (tape stopped and started)

Q. Do you remember any other people like William Jennings Bryan that . . .

A. Yes, there was a fellow by the name of Sunshine Hawks. He was a religious fellow, as clean as you ever heard, but he had a string of jokes, he could just convulse you for an hour. He'd just spiel those jokes and he could tell them so good. We knew, I don't know how we knew but I guess from reading their advertisements, that he was a Christian gentleman and what he told was true, or as near as could be for a story, you know.

I'll never forget Sunshine Hawks because I certainly did enjoy him. I think I went to hear him three times. They didn't just give one lecture and quit, they'd give a string out there, you know; they could plan a stay and have different nights and different days. Some of it was in the day and some in the evening, but I usually went in the daytime. Bryan was there in the daytime.

And then they had the old hatchet lady from Kansas out there. She was out there one time and told her experiences. You remember—the old lady that tore up the saloons, what was her name?

Q. Oh . . .

H.B. (from next room) Carry Nation.

A. Nel's asaying it.

Q. Who was that?

H.B. Carry Nation.

A. Yes. Carry Nation. I sold her her ticket that night. I was in the ticket office at Litchfield and she come in and walked around and slapped the cigarettes out of every fellow's mouth that was around there. (laughter) She just walked around and slapped them out, didn't say a word. Didn't say anything to them or anybody else, just slap them out, you know.

Q. Did they know who she was?

A. They had an awful good idea. (laughter) She announced after she got around that she was Carry Nation.

Q. What did the grounds look like out at the Chautauqua grounds there?

A. Well, they was very pretty. They had timber there then and they had seats in under the timber. You were in the shade of the trees most of the time. Had an elevated stage so that you could see higher than your head, you know. So you could see everything on the stage. The actors had a canvas dressing room back of that, that they could go and garb up, you know, for the different parts. They put on not only little shows but some of them quite big shows, you know. Like they'd been putting on in the city, I presume.

Q. Did people stay overnight there? Did they have cabins?

A. Yes, there was a lot of the people of Litchfield and Hillsboro that built cabins out there and stayed overnight. Yes.

Most of the farmers, though, went and come. We would drive to Litchfield, cars had come in by that time, we would go in the car to Litchfield and leave it and get on the interurban and go out there and come back to the car and come home. We could stay for the evening show until it got dark, you know, because we had lights to drive home by.

Q. And the cows were ready for you to get home by the time you got here, huh?

A. They was ready to be pailed and that always had to be done.

ADDENDA ITEM 48 (ref. p. 101)

A. Yes. There was more in the private home. Anyway, they had to be chaperoned, you know. (laughs) More or less. It would be practically the school, would be there. Probably the teacher was there, too, and we recognized his authority, too, you know.

Q. What kind of food did you normally have at these parties?

A. Well . . . not often anything more than a little lemonade or something of that kind, some cookies. I don't ever remember having ice cream and cake until later years. Then they begin to sell home ice cream freezers, you know, and when we was going to have anything of the kind, why, we froze a freezer of ice cream and that was dished up for the party, also. You'd get all the ice cream you could eat. They boys usually paid the bill for that. You had to buy sugar and flavoring and ice and so on, and we also did the cranking. It would take a half hour or an hour to freeze a freezer, a good-size freezer of cream, you know. Then pack it and then go ahead with your entertainment until you was ready to eat. The girls would bake cakes and bring. You'd have cake and ice cream.

Q. Did you ever have any watermelon and muskmelon?

A. No. I never remember having those melons, at all. I think we had one strawberry festival, if I remember right. But that was stuff you had to buy. You know, they didn't grow them so much on the farms at the start on.

Q. Oh, is that right? Watermelon and muskmelon?

A. Well, I mean strawberries. Oh, yes, they grew the watermelons and muskmelons, but I don't ever remember going to a party where we had them. Probably they did, later on than I attended. I quit partying after I went railroading. I was done with the party then, because I had twelve hours work, you know, every day.

ADDENDA ITEM 49 (ref. p. 101)

Q. How did that work? What was a cakewalk like? I don't remember . . .

A. Oh, it was done by Negroes and the Negroes couldn't stay in town all night. They had to go back to St. Louis that night. Raymond wouldn't tolerate a nigger overnight.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. No. I betcha if you was at Litchfield now and a nigger came along, a hobo, he'd ask you where is that town that a nigger can't stay in. They always found it out ahead of time. They went through, they didn't stop.

But he'd get those--a man and a woman--and they would do, oh, just crazy dance steps and antics. You see a lot of it now on the TV when they put on these stunts.

H.B. Shut off while I tell you what a cakewalk is. Cut off the . . .

Q. Need I cut it off? Couldn't we put it on the . . .

H.B. Well, if you've watched a drum majorette prance, that's the cakewalk. They did it in couples, but they pranced just like a majorette does. Just exactly.

Q. Well, what was the cakewalk? Did they sell cakes or something?

A. No, no. They just called it that.

H.B. They got a cake, the winners did.

Q. Oh, I see.

H.B. A great big chocolate cake.

A. Yes, that's right. He gave them a cake. I guess he bought them a ticket for the midnight train, too. Dow was a real progressive merchant and he advertised all over the country and that was his last stunt, was bringing in entertainment, you know.

Everybody liked him. He was an honest man. He wasn't a griper or a cheater or anything, he was just a real merchant and he raised two boys. One of them made a traveling salesman for groceries out of St. Louis. And the other one, last I heard of him, was running the electric plant for the C.J.P.S. over at Virden.

Q. Yes, sir. We have that in here, I believe. Let's see . . . Well, that's a little later on down here.

ADDENDA ITEM 50 (ref. p. 101)

A. Now, I want to correct that.

Q. All right, sir.

A. There was a tax collector elected in the township in those days and he had the tax book. He notified the people that he'd be at a certain place a certain day and for all of them close there to come in and pay their taxes, you know. And it was on that book. That's what they paid taxes by. He got a salary out of that. I think it paid around a hundred dollars for doing that for the township. My dad held that office once and he assessed the township twice. So, those was the beginnings of politics in the townships, you see.

But they didn't go to Hillsboro to pay taxes until, oh, there just was certain ones wouldn't pay them at the banks. After the tax collector was done away with, the banks took it over and you could go to the bank and pay your taxes. The county clerk mailed you your tax bill, as they do now, and you took it and went to the bank and paid it. But there was a certain amount of hard-heads that never would pay the bank. They had to go down there and show off a little.

Q. Do you remember who any of those tax collectors were? Other than your father?

A. Oh, yes, there was . . . Let's see if I can think now . . . This schoolteacher that I went to the last term, that I thought so much of, Ira Blackwelder, was one of them and . . . I think George Fooks was, one year. Martin Bray was, I know. They just served one year. They were not elected for three years like things are nowadays, they just served one year. Then there was another one elected next year and it was rather a competitive thing, you know. Men got a lot of fun out of it. They never made enemies that I ever knew of, running against one another. They'd kid one another and take on, but I never knew of them falling out or getting mad or anything of the kind. They always took it good natured. The best man won.

I remember Ira Blackwelder run for assessor that spring. He was right out of college and a young man, but Dad had assessed the township once before. So, he come out that spring and he says, "What chance do you think I have?" He said to me, and I says, "Well, I don't know. You've got a hard man to beat now because that boy will go out and talk." And he could talk. Well, Dad says, "I'm just agoing to go ahead." Says, "I've announced myself. I'll go ahead."

So, that night he come ariding in on his horse--they held the election down at the town hall. It's down here yet. He come ariding in on his horse that night and I rushed out to--"Well," I says, "who beat, Dad?" and he says, "Who do you think?" I says, "Well, I want to know!" and he says, "Well, I did and," he says, "it afforded me quite a bit of satisfaction." (laughter) Because he had an eighth grade education and that other guy had a college one.

Q. Was that in Pitman township here?

A. No. That was Zanesville. I don't know who was up in here. I wasn't acquainted up in here at that time about the political situation. I did know some of the supervisors because I'd hear from our supervisor about who was on the Pitman board.

Q. Do you remember who any of those were?

A. Yes. Felix Richardson was. Oh, there was a man named . . . If I can think of his name . . . He boarded with my father-in-law. He was either a bachelor or a widower and he boarded with them all the time but he had a big farm down there where Charles Long lives. He owned that land and his name was . . . Strange I can't remember it. I never met the man, but I heard the folks talk about him so much. Well, he was a supervisor. Felix Richardson was a supervisor . . . and . . .

Q. That wasn't a Terry, by any chance, was it?

A. No. I don't remember a Terry but I think Charlie Long was once. They tried to pick good substantial men that they could depend on to protect the interest of the township, you know. (pause) I heard . . . oh, and Hen Burnet was one, too, because I remember my wife telling about Uncle Hen would always bring home, when he went down on the board, he'd spend the day at Hillsboro, you know, and when he'd get ready to start home, he'd go down to one of the meat markets or someplace where they had fresh oysters, and he'd buy a gallon of fresh oysters and bring them home with him and they all loved those fresh oysters.

Q. Yes, sir. (laughter)

END OF TAPE

ADDENDA ITEM 51 (ref. p. 101)

A. Well, Farmersville never started, you know, until the railroad went through. It and Waggoner are about the same age and they built up—you can find out exactly when this railroad went through here. It went through the second year we lived on the Gerlach place. There was no railroad here in the first year. As I told you, we went to McVey and to Girard for our coal. Had to haul it that far. And then the next year, why, the railroad had got through. It came down as soon as they could begin working the ground to grade up. They had to grade a roadbed, you know, and they had to do that with scrapers and teams. They hired men, all the men they could, you know, to do that. Farmers all around the neighborhood to help them build that grade.

I can remember climbing up on the shed down there, guess it was a hog shed. I could stand up on it and see over the hedge and I could watch the work train work back and forth. He'd bring down a load of ties, push them ahead of him, and they'd unload them and lay them down. Then, he'd have a load of rails right behind them and they'd string those rails and spike them down and he'd run on down with the next outfit, that much farther, you know. I watched him go through Waggoner and go on down out of sight there. But I don't know what year it was. But you can find that out. There's a record someplace of when that I.C. [Illinois Central Railroad] went through there.

Well, then, George Fooks started right in with a coal bin because he didn't like hauling coal from them places, either. And they could bring it up from

Stauton and Mt. Olive and they also could bring it from Springfield. Springfield had a mine, right there in town! And they could bring it from there. So, George had a coal bin agoing that second winter.

Q. Hadn't Henry Waggoner moved over next to where that railroad came through before it came through? Do you recall?

A. You mean where you're living?

Q. Well, it was just a few feet east of that. There was a house there, that I don't know . . .

A. Well, that was before my time, then, because that was the only house I ever remember Henry having. He was living in it when I came up here to work for Richardson.

He and Wayne could mow that lawn with a scythe and do a good job. I just always wondered how they sharpened those scythes. I watched them mow. I could see them do it, but I never did have nerve enough to go over and ask how he sharpened those scythes. They evidently could both whet a scythe down to a keen edge every time, you know.

ADDENDA ITEM 52 (ref. p. 102)

A. Yes, Morrisonville was ahead of Raymond.

Q. Oh, it was ahead of Raymond.

A. Yes. And then Raymond developed. You might say just like Farmersville and Waggoner, they both built up to support the country around them, you see. Morrisonville made the bigger town, but I guess Raymond has about caught up with it now.

Q. I don't know.

A. Well, there's so many farmers has gone into Raymond. My, there's an awful bunch of them have gone in there and built houses.

ADDENDA ITEM 53 (ref. p. 102)

A. And they sharpened discs. They'd take a disc blade off and pound her cold and just have it razor-edge.

Q. Without heating it at all?

A. No, sir! Just start in about that far back and draw her down until she'd just be a razor-edge on it and only charge you $3.50 for sharpening twelve of those blades.

Q. Must have taken them quite a while to do it, didn't it?

A. Yes. A day! I used to just stand and marvel at them. How they could stick to that. He'd have a tong, you know, to handle that sharp edge and he'd bring her around and that old hammer would go clang, clang and he'd go

until his arm would get too tired and then he'd lay it down and walk outside and rub his arm and wipe his forehead. Pretty soon, he was back a-pounding away.

Al Jones was on one side of the road and . . . Who was that other man? I don't believe I'll be able to tell you. I've forgotten that fellow's name.

Q. Was this in Waggoner, or Raymond?

A. No, Raymond. They didn't have a blacksmith in Waggoner until it was, oh, several years old. Then they got a blacksmith shop. Winfield Kessler got it in there. He knew they needed one and he told them he would build them a building there and rent it to them for so much if they'd move in there.

He got a dandy smith, too. He was a real one. He could do pretty near anything. He could work on car. (chuckles) Well, I mean he could pound out steel and bore holes in it and so on. About like they do in the garage, now.

And he bought all the furs that the boys in the neighborhood could trap. All they had to do was just tie a wire around their neck, if they were a skunk or whatever they were, and put them on the front end of the car and take them to town and he'd take them off and take them in there and skin them. Throw the carcass on the furnace, you know, or where he could burn it up, and then he'd stretch the hide.

And boy, he did buy a mess of hides, too! I bet he made a good lot of money. I bet he made more out of that than he did out of the blacksmithing because he bought--one winter I sold him I don't know how many skunks. I had a barn out here that had a raised hallway and they just had that full of dens. I'd set traps under there and, pretty near every night, I'd get a skunk. I'd kill them under there, if I could. Shoot them, you know. Then drag them out of the trap and take a wire and tie around their neck and tie them to the bumper of the car and go in town. And he'd give $3.50 for one of them, the skin on the animal. He'd skin it. He'd rather do the skinning himself. He like it rather than to have everybody try to skin.

But he--his health failed finally and he had to get away where it wasn't so busy and he moved over to Nilwood and I think he quit entirely at Nilwood. I think he got to where he just couldn't hack it any longer. He'd worked too hard.

ADDENDA ITEM 54 (ref. p. 103 and 104)

Q. Is that correct, sir? About a foot and a half thick on those rollers?

A. That's right. About eighteen inches is what you wanted your rollers. The woodworker up at the shop would trim them down with a hand ax until they were the same all the way around. You know, so they'd fit on the ground all the way around. He'd make them round, too. That was another thing. Trees are not always round, you know. But he'd have to round them off and then he set pins in the ends to go in the frames to pull them by, you know. You put

two of those logs in one frame and hitched a team to them. You had a seat up on that to add weight to the logs.

I remember one time the man at Raymond came to my dad and he says, "George, I bought a tree of John Kelly down here that I think will make me three or four rollers. Have you got time to come and look at it? I want you to cut it." Well, I tagged along and when we got down there, it was a burr oak tree. Now, you don't know the difference in a burr oak and a white oak, but a burr oak's the one that has the big acorns that overcap them, kind of. Well, that's the burr oak. Then, the white oak had a slim acorn. Then, there was the post oak and the red oak and the pin oak. All of those had different shaped acorns. You could go under the tree and, if you were acquainted with the timber, you could tell what the tree was without looking up. Look at the acorns, you'd know what it was.

Well, this was a burr oak tree, or post oak, and it grew right on the bank of the creek. Right on it and it would fall across the creek just as easy as it would fall the other way. We looked it over pretty carefully while we were down there and Pa agreed with him. He thought there was the logs in there for the four rollers. So, he says, "Well, I'll do my very best, now, to fall this right out here where you can go to work on it when you get ready."

So, we went down with our heart in our mouth to saw that tree down. We had a crosscut saw. I remember we stood right on the edge of the creek bank and sawed in there and we got in to where we was halfway in the tree. Well, we begin putting wedges in here. Iron wedges. You've seen them, I presume.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. We'd drive them in as far as we could so as to put pressure against that tree to throw it where we wanted it and we kept on until we got to where it was thin enough that you needed to throw it. Then we just drove the wedges and made them throw. Of course, it broke off a piece of the wood that we hadn't sawed but that didn't make any difference, that didn't count for anything. And it fell right where we wanted it. (chuckles) Oh, did we heave a sigh of relief.

Well then, we had it to trim, all the limbs off and saw them even with the wood, and saw it into those lengths. He gave us the lengths and we sawed the tree up into those lengths.

Well then, he came down to the timber, when Dad notified him, and worked the bark off and worked them down to a certain end. He hired a drayman in Raymond to come down and bring his dray wagon. He could roll those logs in the wagon. They were short enough, they would roll in the wagon box, you know. Well, I think we helped load them, if I remember right. A man named Henry, Joe Henry, was the drayman. Dad and I both knew him well. Well, we loaded half of the logs in one trip. That was a big load, too, and he had to pull out through the timber for quite a ways before he'd get to a road, just pull that through the timber, you know, but he'd picked out a road when he drove in, and he took them in and in two trips, why, he took those logs into the workshop up at Raymond.

Well, of course, there had been a lot hewn off of them down there in the timber. They made some beautiful rollers. Boy, there was four rollers went out of there that were really beautiful and those would last. Those would last ten years, if a fellow took some care of them, put them up off the ground in the winter, you know, and took some care of them.

And that was ahead of the iron roller. Well, then, by the time those wore out, the iron roller was being developed and sold in the store with the implements the same as other things, you know, and they did so much better work than the logs that the log roller disappeared completely. I don't think you could find one in the country anywhere now. They all rotted out and disappeared.

I had one iron roller. Sold it at the sale. I've often wondered what became of it because, after they got to using more gangs, or more plows--you know, like four or six or so on--why, they didn't depend on that iron roller so much as they did on the disc because they put in a big disc and had hydraulics to put her in the ground, you know, and they didn't need those rollers.

The last year I used mine, that I remember of, I had twenty acres of ground that I wanted to put in corn and it got too dry on me. I couldn't get to it fast enough and it got too dry and when I plowed it, it made chunks just about like that. Well, I seen that I couldn't get anywhere that way, with that, to plow it with a gang plow and try to work it down. Frank Derby lived down there south of me and he had got a Fordson. I called him up when I seen what I was up against and I says, "Frank, how near are you done planting corn?" He says, "I finished today." and I says, "Would there be any chance, then, to get you to plow twenty acres for me?" And he says, "Yes, sir. I'll be there in the morning, if you want me." And I said, "Well, how much will you want to plow it?" "Well," he says, "I want a dollar an acre." And that was hard stuff. And I says, "Well, you've got a job. You come on it tomorrow morning and I'll be waiting for you with a team and the roller and the harrow."

And I took five horses and hitched them onto that iron roller and then I put a harrow behind it and put heavy weights on it. Hedge poles and weighted her down good, you know. I followed Derby all day, just as fast as he made a room for me to go through, why I was on it with that outfit and, consequently, I didn't let any more moisture get away. I had enough by working it like that to--I disced it, then, after that--and I had enough moisture to bring up that corn. I got twenty acres of corn in, that I couldn't have got in to save my life, but for that tractor.

That was the last time I ever remember using my iron roller. I didn't use it any more after that because, with my gang plow, I'd have to plow land and then get the roller and use it, you know. So, instead of that, why, I'd plow land and then I'd get on a harrow and ride the harrow and break it up better, or good enough, to hold moisture until I could disc it.

I counted on a week's time to plant twenty acres of corn. You could take three days to plow it and then it would take you a day--well, it took you two days, I think, I think it took two days to disc it and then you had to harrow down behind your disc and then get on with your planter. So, If I could get in twenty acres in a week, I counted it an extra good week.

ADDENDA ITEM 55 (ref. p. 103)

A. Well, you used that roller a lot of times, after the first cultivation. We would cultivate corn and then straddle those rows with the roller and compact that to hold moisture, you know. If it was threatening to be dry at all, why that roller was a compacter and it was a very useful tool. Especially that iron roller was. When we got them, why, you could just compact ground pretty good, I'll tell you, and it would hold moisture. Well then, if you didn't need it after the second cultivation, why, you was done rolling because the corn got bigger and you'd break it with your roller--aturning around, at least.

We did everything we could to save stalks of corn at the end. That's why I said mules was so much better. I worked mules a lot when I worked out, but I never did have nerve enough to buy any. I was afraid of the things. And John Waggoner just enjoyed them. He says, "I don't believe they'll kick me." Well, they'd sure kick me! (laughter) I worked them. I worked for one fellow that he had a jenny mule that he worked in the middle on a harrow. He'd put three horses on a harrow and put me on that harrow and put a curb bit on--you know what a curb bit is, don't you?

Q. I think so.

A. It would have levers down here and they mashed the tongue?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, he would put a curb—baling wire around here . . .

Q. Under the chin.

A. . . . in addition to all of that and when you pulled, it cut into that flesh. My arms would get so tired aholding that mule back that I'd slip those lines around my shoulders. The blood would be adropping off of her chin, right along. She didn't pay any attention to it at all, just plowed right ahead and she never did offer to kick me, but I always expected it. (laughs)

When I first went to work for him, I couldn't halter her or couldn't put a bridle on her and I says, "Well, I don't know how I'm agoing to work this mule." And he says, "Aw, throw me your hat." I had on a straw hat and he had on a felt hat. He says, "I'll throw you mine." He throwed me his old black hat and I put it on. Walked right up and put the halter on and put the bridle on. No trouble at all. He says, "By night, she'll be used to your voice and you won't have any more trouble." Well, sure enough, that was the case. We changed hats when we started to the field. (laughter)

Q. She was used to that black hat, then?

A. Yes. And his voice. Those things--a mule is smarter than a horse. That same mule, the reason that he worked her in the middle, like I'm atelling you, he had another mule that went with her and he used them on his surrey and hauled his family around. He had a surrey and he hauled them all around with them doggone mules, and they took a notion, one

day, to run off with a wagon. Why, you could no more hold them than you could hold a tree and they just run off and if they'd have ever taken the notion with that surrey, he'd akilled his whole outfit, you know. Well, after they run off with that wagon, he says, "You're not agoing to work those mules together."

Well, there was two of us fellows, about the same size, working for him and the other fellow was a month-hand and I was a day-hand, and he wanted that team of mules to plow corn with on account of what I told you about the way they'd turn around. You never had to touch a line to them when you come to the end of the field. They just knew enough to turn around and get on that row. Horses, you had to guide them around and so on. Well, he begged the old man to let him take those mules and he begged and begged and begged and he says, "I'll not lay down the lines a single time." He says, "I'll keep them on me and I'll have Bert bring the jug to me when I want to drink." We agreed to that, all three of us, and he took the mules and we went to the field with them.

Well, we were cultivating corn a mile and a half from home and we was plowing along as nice as you please. Didn't even think about a runaway, he had the lines around over his shoulders. Walking and plowing, and I was over here, right at the side of the team, awalking and plowing, you know. All at once a fly got on Jen's belly and she kicked at it, and when she let our her foot, she let it astraddle the tongue. Well, she immediately sat down on that tongue and she just snapped it off right back of the neck yoke, you know. Well, when that popped, why, away went the mules, you know.

Well, that old tongue was adigging in the ground, you know, and it would go up in the air and them shovels would come down and they jerked him off his feet before he went ten steps and he wouldn't let loose of those lines, he kept them around here and let them drag him. Why, them shovels would just miss his head. They'd come down like that. I'd think every minute I'd see his brains up on there, you know.

Well, they run until they turned the whole cultivator straight up and I thought, "Now, I hope to goodness it hits them right in the back." But they just eased out so it didn't. It didn't touch (laughter) . . . and away they went until they made kindling wood of it and then they ran right back to where they had spilled him and come to him. Face to him. And stopped. (laughter) They'd had their fun. "We're ready to go ahead."

He had to drive them home then and tell his tale to the old man, you know, and that settled it. They never did get to work together again. (laughter)

Q. Sir, which farmer was this that you were working for?

A. George Morrell. He was the fellow that we sacked the two thousand bushels of wheat for.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. We were both named Bert. He was two years older than me but he wasn't any bigger. I was as good a man as he was but, boy, how we did work.

Well, we cultivated--he took those cultivators to town and the blacksmith made them over and put them together and put in the wood that was needed and so on. Made them over, new tongue, and brought them back, and we went to using them in three days. So, it wasn't a clear loss. (laughs) But it was too funny now, them running, spill that cultivator all over the field, then come back to him and stand facing him and stop!

Q. Asking if he was ready to go again, huh? (laughter)

ADDENDA ITEM 56 (ref. p. 104)

A. We took our lunch with us, in a basket. Went on a train. They ran an excursion train from Litchfield to Springfield for a dollar. We waited around Waggoner until it pulled in. It had a whole string of passenger coaches, you know. I expect they'd take a thousand people in there of a morning. They'd have a terrible trainload by the time they got to Springfield. Every station had hundreds of people waiting, you know, because it was a new thing. I think it was new to most of the farmers.

And then, the farmers begin to show stuff, you know. The agricultural department took it up and wanted stuff shown and they begin showing it. Well, that drew all the farmers. Everybody wanted to see the best hogs, the best steer, the best horse, and the best team of mules, and so on. And they had pulling contests for the horses and the mules. Tried them out, you know, with some kind of machine that they could set the brake on, and keep setting it until they--and it registered what they was pulling, what they were doing at the drawbar. Well, all those things were great entertainment for us fellows. You know, to see them horses and mules pull.

I remember one fellow that I got so tickled at. (chuckles) He had a good team of mules and he couldn't make them do what he wanted to. They wouldn't allow him to cuss. (laughs) They said, "There's to be no profanity! Any fellow that cusses takes his team right off." (laughs) Well, he got his team out of there. I remember as he was unhitching, he turned around and I was standing there. He says, "If I could of cussed, I could have gone on another ten feet!" He was mad. (laughter)

They begin building sheds and bringing in more and more stock all the time and then they developed the woman part of it, too, and the cookery place was made and they exhibited cakes and pies and bread, cookies and meats. There was just pretty near everything exhibited there that was cooked on a farm.

Q. Let's see. (Interviewer reading out loud) "They had fireworks and a balloon ascension and all those things that were . . . "

A. You had to stay for night for that and take the night train home.

ADDENDA ITEM 57 (ref. p. 105)

A. I run inside a building once. He flew upside down and come right at us, you know, and he was going. Boy, was he going! He was aflying awful fast and I run inside of the Arsenal. It was out there at that time. Boy, I wasn't taking any chance on him coming down. He wasn't up over fifty or a hundred feet, you know. He was right down where we could see his face.

Q. Can't do that any more. They won't let you fly that close to crowds.

A. Well, they shouldn't have let him. And then they put it in the tent when he got in his stunts, and I paid thirty cents to get in the tent and see the thing as it was and they had a fellow there that wouldn't let you touch it. He couldn't let you put your hands on it at all. It was all canvas, you know, or the big end of it was canvas. He says, "You don't want to kill that fellow, do you? If you go to handling it, there will be a hole come there and he'll be ditched."

H.B. Had to keep people from yanking a piece off for a souvenir.

ADDENDA ITEM 58 (ref. p. 105)

A. . . . the bicycles. When I worked for Mr. Richardson up here, I bought an old secondhand one and I fixed it up and run it for, oh, the two seasons I worked there. I could run around over the--not too far you know, but I could go home and back on it and so on.

Well, when I started in on the railroad, why, I went to this schoolteacher that I thought so much of. He had started the implement business in Raymond by that time, and I asked him if he couldn't get me a rig so I could ride on a rail. And he says, "I just believe I can and I'll find out." So, he took it up with the hardware people and they soon shipped him the outfit. It had a brace that went from the front and back of your wheels, so as to hold it steady, and it went across here and it had a little flanged wheel--double flanged, flange on both sides of the rail. You'd put that on your bicycle so you leaned a little to it, all the time. Well, I could go the five miles down to that tower and board at home. I could outrun a handcar. I had fellows try to catch me on a handcar, with four men apumping with all their might, and I could outrun them, but . . .

Q. Did you put special wheels on the bicycle, then, to . . .

A. No, just the regular pneumatic tires.

Q. Where did they run, on the rail?

A. On the rail. They'd stay over here on this rail by that brace over here.

Q. Oh, that one outrigger held it?

A. Yes. That held the whole thing on.

Well, another thing that was a great advantage in that thing. Sometimes I had to go or come in a fog when I wouldn't know where the freight trains were. Wouldn't know until I got down there where they were. And I ran right into the face of an old locomotive coming at me and he'd just loom up out of the fog, you know, not over fifty yards away and--well, all I'd have to do was just jump off and take that and step aside. I could take it off just like that, the whole thing and . . .

Q. You couldn't do that with a handcar.

A. You couldn't do it with a hurdy-gurdy, either. They had the three wheel cars that the company furnished linemen.

Q. Three wheel cars?

A. Yes. Three wheel cars. They pumped them back and forth, this way, with a gear and the gears were on the two wheels that were over here on this rail. That one just steadied them. You could run a pretty good speed. Some of the fellows that had them put sails on them, too, and, oh boy, they'd run so fast you'd get scared, on the sail. I borrowed one, one time when the wheel was down. Went home on it and--just that one sail, you held the sail in the wind as you wanted it and you let if off if you wanted it--got to going so fast I thought the thing was going to leave the track and I let the sail out clear around, let her slow down. My, how it would go in a good wind.

Q. And you called this a hurdy-gurdy, you say?

A. A hurdy-gurdy, that was what they called them. I can't spell that. Now, don't ask me to spell that. I don't know. But that belonged to the railroad and they would only furnish them to lineman or--a fellow that kept up the wires had one. The inspector that went over the road had one. Oh, there was five or six fellows that I knew that had them, and then the fellow that worked with me in the tower, he had managed to get one someway. I don't know how he got it. I tried to get one but they just laughed at me. They said, "We just don't furnish them for you fellows in towers." So, I never could get one, but that fellow had one. He used it every day.

Q. Where did he live?

A. He lived in Litchfield. He'd come out to the tower, run it around behind the tower out of sight, and when he got ready to go home he'd find how the trains was, get on, and beat it between trains to Litchfield. Take it off with him, he had a place that he hid it down there and locked it up. But I rode my old bicycle those two years--or that one year--that I was down there. I rode the bicycle.

Q. What was the name of the fellow that ran the implement store?

A. Blackwelder. He was my last teacher and he was a well-educated man. An awful fine fellow. I told you about my dad running against him for assessor and beating him, and getting a great deal of satisfaction out of it. It didn't ruffle Ira a bit. He says, "The best man won," and he went right ahead and helped me all he could, you know, in school and every way, and then got me these things, anything I wanted like the attachments for that, repairs for that wheel, why, he'd get them for me.

Q. Was he related to the Blackwelders in Litchfield?

A. Yes. There was quite a family of the old stock. Did you know Pearl?

Q. I've heard of Pearl Blackwelder. Yes, sir.

A. Well, Pearl was a cousin of his and Pearl ran a clothing store there for years, you know.

Q. Oh, yes.

A. And there was, in Pearl's family there was four men. There was Ben and . . . I can't think of the oldest fellow's name now. Arthur was the youngest and there was Ben and then Pearl and then Arthur. That was the three younger ones, but I can't remember that older fellow's name. He was a grown man when I was still a boy and--well, there was four Blackwelders, you see, that spread around over the country, and then there was another man, a Blackwelder . . . I don't remember him having any family, though. I can't think of his name. He was a brother to Bill Blackwelder, the man who was the father of Ira, my teacher, and he was also the father of . . . his oldest girl's name was . . . What was it, Nel?

H.B. Eva?

A. No.

H.B. Bill Blackwelder's? Bill Blackwelder's daughter?

A. Bill Blackwelder's oldest girl.

H.B. Well, that was Eva McGowan.

A. Yes. Eva. And then he had a Rosie. They were all schoolteachers. And then his youngest boy was Walter and he made a farmer. He stuck to the farm, but all the rest of them got education enough that they worked at that.

Blackwelder, the old man, was the only patron of the district that took an active interest in it. He came to the school and heard classes recite and commented on them and so on. He took an active part because he wanted his kids to have a good education.

I remember him telling one time about . . . We had a teacher that I told you--his name was Pennington--when he got the A class up, he didn't hear anything else. Mr. Blackwelder was there one day and he was telling Pennington about a problem that he saw given to a young lieutenant when he was in the Civil War, and it was digging a trench on an angle. He had to draw a blueprint of it and then put men in there and they dug by the blueprint and the old man says, "I couldn't do it." Says, "I couldn't figure that to save my life and I thought I was pretty good in mathematics but, " he says, "that lieutenant just figured her just like it was an easy problem and handed it out and they went to work and they dug their trench. Got them in."

And he told me, also, another experience that I never forgot. He said they had a forced march one time. The enemy got too close to them and they had to backtrack and they had a forced march and he said, "We marched all day and went into camp that night. Everybody was tired, because we walked." And he says, "I was a sergeant and I had to place the guard. There was one young fellow in the bunch that was just awful tired." He says, "I saw he was agoing to go to sleep, soon as I left him, but I put him in a responsible place and I says, 'Now, you're not to go to sleep. Remember that, because if you do, your liable to wake up with a bayonet pinning you to this tree.' So," he says, "I waited about two hours and I slipped out there and sure enough, he was leaning up there with his mouth open just asnoring. He had set his rifle down at the side of the tree and," he says, "I put that bayonet against his chest and woke him." (laughter) He says, "If you ever saw a fellow scared! I don't think he shut his eyes the rest of the night."

Q. I wouldn't think so. That sleeping on duty in time of war is a . . .

A. He says, "I wasn't going to report him but I wanted him to have a real scare." He says, "I had that bayonet right where they would have put it."

Q. Sir, I've forgotten the year of the Spanish-American War. Do you remember anything about the Spanish-American War?

A. Well, I wasn't quite old enough to enlist or be drafted. I remember it. Let's see . . .

H.B. Wasn't that 1898? In 1898 or 1902.

A. Well, it was right along there because I was working out and I think I was working at Richardson's at that time, when the Waggoner boys, there was several boys from Waggoner enlisted, went over there. Jess Voyles was one of them and . . . oh, there was one of the . . . Remembering names now, way back . . . There was--I think there was three boys from Waggoner went. But they didn't much more than get over there until they were mustered out, you know. As soon as Teddy rode up that hill (laughs) that ended it and they got to come home.

But I remember some of those same men were in war number 1. When they come home from that, why, they put on some drills down there just for the benefit of us folks at home that didn't see any drilling, you know, and I remember Jess Voyles was in there again. He was one of those soldiers and he told the--it was one of the doctors that was agoing to drill them. He was a lieutenant, you know, and he was agoing to do the drilling. Jess says to one of the boys, says, "Tell him to talk plain and loud. I don't hear too good." He says, "I want to hear him when he gives an order so I'll know what he's talking about." So, Charlie sailed out. He was an X-ray man in the service. He'd come out as an X-ray expert. He drilled those boys that afternoon and put them through some good stunts, too, and they heard every word he said to them, because I could get it.

Q. Was that Dr. Ford?

A. Yes. Young Dr. Ford, Charlie. I knew him from a boy. He was raised right there in Waggoner. Last time I talked to him, they sent me in for an X-ray and it was to be a fluoroscope. You know what I mean by that.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. And they sent me into the X-ray room and it was dark as pitch in there and the nurse says, "Dr. Ford has to get his eyes adapted to this light here before he can read you. So, just sit still until he gets his eyes adjusted." And she called me Mr. Aikman, you know. Well, he knew at once in the dark that it was Bert, and he went to talking to me and he says, "Bert, this is about to get me." He says, "It's agoing to kill me, I know, but I'm going to work just as long as I can but it's got to affecting my eyes now, and I have to be so careful about getting rays when I'm areading like I'm agoing to read you." Well, I watched him; when he stood me up to read, why, he'd stand with his face turned this way, away back, and he dropped his gloves on

the table, in my lap. He says, "Notice those gloves." And they would have weighed about seven pounds apiece, with lead, you know. He says, "I'm lead from here down to here." He says, "I'm covered with lead, and even then, it gets through to me." And he didn't live but a short time.

Q. Where was he doing this? In Waggoner in the doctor's office?

A. No, in the Litchfield hospital. He come there and they took him in gladly. They was tickled to get him because he was an expert, and I remember one day I seen him walking outside and I was acquainted with Sihler, one of the chief surgeons, and I says to Sihler, "Does Charlie Ford drink?" "No, sir," he says, "he don't drink." And I says, "Well, look at him stagger." And he says, "Well, that's not liquor. That's the affects of that old X-ray, and it's agoing to kill him, too." And he says, "He never touches liquor in any form. I never knew him to." He says, "You can't charge that to liquor. That's the affects of the X-ray." And he'd stagger just like a drunk man, you know, as he walked. And his body was bloated.

Q. This was at the St. Francis Hospital, then, I guess?

A. Yes, and that's where he finished up. He died a short time after that.

Q. What other doctors did they have in Waggoner? Do you remember any others?

A. His dad and mother. His mother was about as good a doctor as her husband, though she hadn't been to college. She just learned aworking with him, you know. And Dr. George Allen--the older Allen doctor that started in Litchfield--he told me that after he finished high school, "Why," he says, "I hung around Ford. Every minute I had to spare off of the farm I was up there hanging around after Ford and learning what I could from him." Because he was going to medical school when it started. He says, "I'll never forget my first operation. There was some fellow ahandling lumber and he got a splinter in his arm that was about eight inches long and went just under the skin. And he come in to have it cut out and the doctor was out on a call. Mrs. Ford says, 'Come on in here, Doc, you're going to perform your first operation.'" And he says, "When she showed me that arm, I might near fainted." He says, "Well, I can't do that." She says, "Yes, you can," says, "of course, I'll stand over you and tell you what to do, but you're going to take out that splinter and your going to do it right." And so she got all the tools and put them down there and he says, "I went to work but," he says, "I never was so scared in my life." But he got that splinter out and cauterized it, you know, and had to sew up that long . . .

Q. Where was that office?

A. That was here in Waggoner.

Q. That's the little concrete block building there?

A. No, another doctor built that later on. Dr. Ford had his office in the--you know where the hardware store is?

Q. Right there by Griffith's?

A. Yes.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, right across the street west of that, in their dwelling house, was his office. He lived in it and kept his medicine there and all.

Q. Who was the doctor that built that concrete block house that's there now?

A. I bet I can't tell you his name.

Q. Was that Dr. Campbell?

A. No, it was ahead of Campbell. Young man . . . right out of college and he came there and built that and thought he would stay there and he did stay for a couple of years. He was wonderfully well-liked, but I can't think of his name at all. Then, when he moved on, Campbell did come in--what is it? (sound of road grader passing the house)

H.B. The grader. You won't be here Wednesday, we'll be oiled in.

A. Well, Campbell came in, and Campbell was losing his eyes but we didn't know it at that time, but he was. He was losing his eyes. I knew his boy, his oldest boy. I knew him quite well and he told me that Dad was going blind and he led him around when it wasn't too obvious. He'd walk on his own, if he could, you know, but the boy led him around.

H.B. Who was the old doctor whose daughter was the music teacher, Georgie somebody?

A. Well, that was Dr. . . . Caldwell, Yes, Caldwell. He started, though, in old Zanesville. Now, there was a settlement on the Lincoln Trail about, oh, I guess it was about six miles south of Waggoner and, possibly, two miles west. There was a little burg built up on that trail because they changed horses there, for the coaches, you know. So, this old doctor landed there and built a house and had everything in his house and he sent his daughter away to a music place and taught her music and then she taught music all over the country around here, and sold pianos. I've gone to his office after medicine for men I worked for and you had to edge your way to get into his office at all, betwen pianos. You just had to turn sideways and edge around to get in there. (laughs) She'd have a stock of them so they could choose from them, you know. She sure sold pianos.

The old doctor was a mineral doctor. Now, I had older men explain to me that there was herb doctors and mineral doctors, and the mineral doctors used nothing but minerals that was dug out of the ground like arsenic and strychnine--well, they got strychnine, I think, from a weed, didn't they?

Q. I don't know, sir.

A. I think so. I think it was distilled from a weed, but I know arsenic was dug out of the ground. Well, they had several things in their case that they used that was mineral, and there was a man named Harmon at Raymond that set up shop just about the same time that used the same thing. Those two doctors used mineral, and these younger doctors came in, they used the herbs and drugs that are current today, you know.

So, there was two doctors that I went to that were mineral doctors. The man that I was working for would send me after medicine for them. They doctored with them all the time, you know. They'd run out of medicine, they'd have me go at night so they wouldn't have to . . . (laughs)

Q. To lose any labor, huh? (laughter)

A. They'd put me on a horse and send me after medicine after supper. I've thought about that a lot of times, how them old fellows schemed to get out of paying me for time that I went after that.

I remember one fellow I worked for. He had a horse he'd bought that had been trained show horse. A woman had bought it and she was an expert horse-woman and she had trained that pony until she could make it do pretty near anything. We used it in the field. She was tough as an ox. She wasn't very big, but she was tough and a good worker. He put me on her to go after medicine.

Well, one night it was araining a little and he said, "Bert, you put on my raincoat." He had a rubber raincoat. "Put it on and go to Raymond to old Dr. Harmon and get me some medicine." Well, I put the raincoat on and climbed in the saddle and that coat made a flop, like that, and hit her. She lit in arun, right now, and she never slowed up until I was at the doctor's. She had run that three miles to Raymond just as fast as she could go. (laughs) Every time she'd slow up, that old coat would flop her, you know, and away she'd go. I wondered if I was going to get there and back. (laughter) Oh boy, she was a riding horse. Ride like a cradle but she could run like a deer.

Q. Sir, you mentioned the Lincoln Trail. Where did it run?

A. I couldn't tell you to save my life now. It went down through old Zanesville, though. It went west of Waggoner someplace. Down through Macoupin and hit that place in Montgomery down there at what they called Old Zanesville and there they changed horses and then it headed southeast for Vandalia. It hit Hillsboro, but it didn't hit Raymond. It didn't go through--there wasn't any Raymond, of course, until the railroad came.

H.B. That old Miller place south of Asbury Cemetery was one of the stops.

A. Well, yes, it did go south of there. I guess it went through what was Raymond, because there was an inn down there on the hill right south of the Asbury Cemetery, sure enough.

Q. Asbury Cemetery. Is that the one right on . . .

A. South of town.

Q. . . . Route 127 south of town?

A. There was a brick hotel stood there even after I was a big boy. I used to ride by it. They no longer run it as a hotel, it was a farmhouse, then, you know, but they said that Lincoln stopped there sometimes and stayed all night.

Q. I wondered. I've heard rumors of a trail--a stagecoach trail--that ran west of Waggoner. There's supposed to have been a stop due west someplace, but I don't know.

A. I couldn't pick it out for you, any more than that I know where it angled down there toward Hillsboro. It hit Hillsboro and it angled off for Vandalia from there. We used to use that road into Hillsboro. But after they begin oiling roads and cutting out curves and so on, you know, why that was cut out. So it's no longer a road.

I remember one time my wife and her mother wanted to go to a domestic science meeting down in there. I had a good team that my wife could drive and I hitched them to the buggy and they got in. They drove down that trail to that place, that time, because I told them to take it when they got out of Raymond and they couldn't miss the place because I knew it was on the side of it. (pause) But to pick it out now, I couldn't do it. I guess it went through Butler, too. I'm satisfied it did.

H.B. Yes.

A. You know Butler was built before Litchfield. Butler was the oldest town in the county.

Q. Not quite, sir.

A. Wasn't it?

Q. No, sir.

A. What was?

Q. Actually, Van Burensburg. Way down in the southeast corner. But Butler was about that same time because a fellow--well, Ware's Grove, I guess. Obadiah Ware came into the country, that part of the country right around Butler, about the 1820's, someplace along in there.

A. Ware's Grove was settled by the Wares and I think they stayed there until the tribe run out. I don't know but one Ware now. There's a Ware in Hillsboro in a feed store and he'd the only Ware I know of that's left.

Q. Well, there's a girl who's been doing some oral history and she's doing some historical work on that Ware's Grove. And she is a descendent of the Wares.

A. There used to be a beautiful orchard on there. I've gone down there for apples. There was a man—what was that doctor's name that owned that? Dr. Young?

H.B. Where?

A. That Ware's Grove orchard.

H.B. Oh, the Dr. Young that used to be in Springfield? Yes.

A. He owned that orchard, but it was on the Ware's Grove hill. Then later,

afterward, why, one of the Ware's took it over himself, and I think I told you about . . .

Q. Yes, sir, but I didn't get that on the tape. It was part of that tape we lost.

A. The Wares started in at the time they introduced the Red and the Yellow Delicious and he put them in his orchard but he had an orchard of the old time trees ahead of them. I went over there to see him one day and his wife says, "Well, now you go out in the orchard. He's showing some men around." Says, "You just go out in the orchard and when you hear them talking, go to them." So, as I went along, I ran into a Rambo tree--I think I told you about that--and I picked up some and stuck in my pocket and I was eating one when I come up to him. He says, "I'll bet you don't know what you're eating!" I says, "I bet I do!" He says, "Well, what?" I says, "A Rambo and it's good." He says, "Well, there ain't one man out of twenty-eight can tell me that."

Q. How large an orchard was it?

A. Twenty acres. And it was on the north slope. I got kind of acquainted with him then and I went over there one day, afterward. I wanted Maiden's Blush and I knew he had some dandy Maiden's Blush trees and I went over there and I told him I wanted some Maiden's Blush and he says, "Well, listen, they've been picked until there's nothing but the tops that's got to be knocked off and they'll have to be picked up off the ground." He says, "I'll sell them to you cheaper, but I'm ready to start to Hillsboro and I haven't time to wait on you." And I says, "Well, do you care if I climb up and knock them off and pick them up?" And he says, "No, can you do it?" I says, "Why, sure I can. If it's all right with you, you set your baskets out and I'll fill the baskets and then I'll put them in my things and I'll not cheat you, either. I'll pay you for what I get." And he says, "Well, I'm agoing to chance you." (laughs) I got two bushel of great big Maiden's Blush. Oh, they were fine.

Q. Well, the Maiden's Blush was large apples, then?

A. Yes. They were <u>there</u>! Them big trees.

H.B. Our's are not out here.

A. Well, this isn't a true tree that I've got. They gyped me on it.

Q. Which Ware was this? What was his first name, do you remember?

H.B. One was Arthur and one was George, wasn't it?

A. No.

H.B. Arthur was one of them.

A. That's the fellow. Arthur.

H.B. He used to come with Johnny Wallace.

A. Yes. He was an awful fine man. He had studied orcharding. He'd really got into it and studied it and he knew how to spray and all and as I told you, he had all those old time apples in that orchard. Little Romanites. Big Romanites. Winesap of two kinds. Ben Davis and Red and Yellow Delicious. Rambos and Minklers. A Minkler was a fine apple in those days for its keeping qualities. It was green, always stayed green, but it was sure a good apple.

H.B. How about your old Rock Pippins?

A. And then—I don't think he had a Rock Pippin tree. I don't recall it.

H.B. They didn't ripen until the next July.

A. We had some here when I moved here. They wouldn't get ripe until March. That's right, you had to keep them through the winter before they got ripe. I remember I was in the hospital for thirty days and I told my wife, she was coming down, I says, "You bring me down some Pippins. They'll be good now." I asked the doctor if I could have them and he said, "Yes, if I didn't eat too much at a time." So, she brought me down some. They were a rusty apple, about so big, but they were not inviting to look at, at all, rusty and rough.

The Sister came in the room and I says, "Sister, have an apple." She looked at them. "Now," I says, "those are a whole lot better than they look. You take one and try it." She says, "Well, I'll take one," but they never would let you see them eat, you know. She took it to her room. And she came back in . . .

Q. Oh, you mean the Sisters from the hospital.

H.B. It wasn't me! I didn't like them.

A. So, come back in the next time, I only had to say, "Take an apple, Sister." She says, "They sure are good!"

But those trees were—this patch right out here was all dying apple trees when I moved here.

Q. Just east of the house?

A. Yes. There was a good acre of orchard there. There was all kinds. There was Rusty Coats and Rambos and two kinds of sweet apples. There was one they called a Wolf River that grew a big apple as big as that and I'd just as soon eat soap. They were the awfulest tasting things and now, in Dakota, they're a good eating apple.

H.B. Depends on the soil.

Q. What did you do, cook them, then?

A. No, we didn't do anything with them. They was just a plumb blank. Great big apples! Some of them would weigh a pound, I'll bet you, and look so good, you know. We tried cooking them, we tried eating them. No good, anyway we could fix them at all. So, I didn't care when that tree died. It

stood right where the beehive is, Nel.

H.B. Oh, it did?

A. We had a Rambo tree out there and two real Maiden's Blush.

H.B. And Ben Davis, didn't you?

A. And I think we had two Winesap. We didn't have any Little Romanites.

H.B. Didn't you have Ben Davis?

A. Yes, we had three trees of Ben Davis because they were the ones we figured on keeping so good, you know, through the winter. They would keep. You didn't have to be too particular with them, [just] so they didn't get to freeze. You could put them in the cellar or any place you could keep them from freezing and they made good sauce and good pies, but they were very poor to eat out of hand. But I'm sure that the Red Delicious is a sport off of them trees. What makes me say that is, we used to go to Irving for apples. There was--I can't tell you that man's name. He had a five-acre orchard there right on the north edge of Irving and it was all Ben Davis, the whole orchard. He didn't have anything else. All of us fellows, after we'd get done shucking corn, we'd sail over there and get what apples we wanted to put away for winter. Maybe we'd two or three go in one wagon, you know.

So, Ed Beeler down here wanted to go and get apples. I had a new wagon. Good spring seat and he had a spring seat on his wagon and I says, "You bring your spring seat and put it on here and we'll four of us go together." And so, we went along. Fred Lohman went along with us. We took our dinners with us and took horse feed and drove down there and when we got down there, we had to take numbers, about like a butcher shop nowadays. Sometimes you wouldn't get loaded until the middle of the afternoon. So, he just kept his pickers on tiptoe all the time, to keep ahead.

So, Beeler and I ate our dinner and he went to the old man and he says, "Do you care if we take a walk through the orchard and look at it?" and he says, "No. I don't care. Go ahead and look all you want to." So, we went out and walked through the orchard and we tried several different trees of apples--we knew they were all Ben Davis, you know--to see if there was a difference in them. We came back up and in his hog pen, or hog lot, he had his swill trough out along here, and right at the end of that was an apple tree about that big, agrowing up there, and it was just full of what looked like Ben Davis. Well, we got an apple off of it and tried it and it was as good as your Red Delicious, you know. We went to him and tried to buy that tree. We tried to just buy it and pick it ourselves, you know. He says, "No, sir! That's my family tree. That's the one I put away."

I said, "Well, where'd you get it?" He says, "I take all of the leavings from the apples here"--he made cider, too--"and throw it over here to the hogs and that's been a seed out of some one of the Ben Davis." But it was a sport, don't you see?

H.B. Well, our old Ben Davis tree was different tasting.

A. Yes. At home.

H.B. I thought it was the land. That was loamy . . .

A. No, it wasn't the land because down there they were plain Ben Davis and that's thin land where Irving is.

H.B. I don't care. Them trees is different.

Q. Well, it might have been developing toward the Starke Red Delicious.

A. Well, Starke paid an awful price for that tree that that Red came off of, you know. He paid up in the thousands for that, fenced it in. I saw it in his catalog, how they had that fenced in so people couldn't get to it at all. Keeping them from cutting scions. The first tree I got, you had to sign a paper and send back that you wouldn't give anybody cuttings off of that tree.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. But the Red Delicious didn't turn out as good as the Yellow Delicious, did it?

A. No. Not as juicy an apple nor not near as tender.

H.B. Well, that's another thing, it depends on where they grow. At Wenatchee, Washington, you will find real juicy Red Delicious apples.

A. Well, I know the West--California grows juicy ones. So's Colorado. I was picking apples in Colorado, in a big orchard, and the boss come to me one morning and he says, "You needn't put up the ladder. I've got a special job for you." And I says, "What is it?" He says, "Well, the Red Delicious were picked two weeks ago and I disposed of all of them and I got an order today awanting so many bushels of those Red Delicious. Well," he says, "I've never allowed a man to pick up an apple that he dropped and," he says, "you know there's heavy bluegrass along those rows--both rows." There was two quarter of a mile rows of them. He says, "There's heavy bluegrass there and I want you to go out with bushel baskets now, and sort them carefully and pick up enough apples to fill this order." And I did. I worked all day. Just scraping them out of the bluegrass and they were good, real good. But they'd laid on the ground and sort of taken on more juice, it seemed to me.

So, different parts of the country, they're better in. Right in here, they're no good. I tried them, and Brockmeyer up here tried them and he didn't have any luck with them. He cut the tree down. They just didn't have the taste, not any better than an old Ben Davis.

Q. Which Brockmeyer was that?

A. That's where Olin lives, but it was his dad that had the tree. William. And William had a heart attack and fell off of a tractor in front of a disc and that tractor kept agoing and rolled him across a forty-acre field and into a big ditch and it bumped into the bank on the other side and killed the motor.

It had rolled him all that distance in front of that disc, acutting into him all that time, and Olin told me afterward--I was asympathizing with him--and he says, "Well, Bert, Dad was dead when he hit the ground. I know he was, because there was so little blood on his clothes or on anything around there." He says, "His heart wasn't working and I know it." Well, that was an awful comfort to the family to think that.

Q. Well, we talked about forty-five minutes there, didn't we? (laughter)

A. I waste time.

Q. No, sir, it's not wasting time.

END OF TAPE

ADDENDA ITEM 59 (ref. p. 105)

A. . . . Raymond entertainment, I didn't take time to think very much. I told you they had a parade there on the Fourth of July. Well, I think I should give in detail on that, now, and give you what they really did do. They had a park at that time where the schoolhouse now stands and they had a little race track, I presume it was a quarter of a mile long, down there. It was built in a circle and it was grass cover, they didn't have any way of taking care of it more than just bluegrass, you know. Didn't have lawnmowers even, then.

So, they would have the parade in the forenoon. I tried and tried to think where that band came from and I've decided that a lot of the young fellows around Raymond just made up their mind they were going to have a band and got a teacher and learned to read enough music that they could play. I knew practically every man that was on the band. I used to get on the sidewalk and always march with them, you know. (laughter) Well, in the afternoon they went back to that park and they had saddle races, farm horses, of course. They couldn't have trotting races because there wasn't such a thing as a sulky, you know. Then, they would have bicycle races and foot races, boys of different ages and so on. The merchants made up a list and put a little prize for all of these things.

There was always a greased pole and a greased pig. There was a dollar on top of that greased pole and I never did see anybody get it. (laughter) And the greased pig, you got three dollars if you could catch him and hold him so long.

Q. They'd catch him, though?

A. Oh, catch him! And what a mess he would make of a suit. (laughter) Oh, it was all so funny. Then, they'd have sack races. They'd put two men together. I'd put this leg in and you'd put your right leg in and we'd run a race, you know. Oh, it was too funny. (laughter) It took a dandy bunch of fellows to stand up. Many would be on their face. (laughter)

Q. Was this the young men?

A. Well, boys and young men. Then, they had . . . Oh, let's see, what else did they have. They had potato races. Spread out a hundred potatoes

and give a fellow a bucket and the one could pick them up the quickest got the prize, you know.

Q. What did the girls do?

A. Well, the girls didn't mix in in very much of that, it was practically all boys, them days. The girls didn't play like they do nowadays, you know, in a mixed bunch. I can't remember them having any stunts at all. So I may be overlooking that, but I just don't remember. But I always got such a kick out of those sack races and potato races and . . . There was another race . . . I can't think what that was but I know that greased pig and that greased pole would always turn into an awful lot of amusement because I've seen fellows get up that greased pole, their hand wouldn't be that far from that dollar, but they could not get it over to get it. (laughter)

And I remember one time there was a fellow named Coxey Poggenpohl, he was a clown anyhow. He was about twenty years old, I guess; he was older then I was. And he took part in everything they done, practically, and he come up after supper with a brand new outfit on. His wife had made him clean up and put on a white shirt and nice clean trousers. (laughs) So, he got there just as they turned loose that greased pig. (laughter) And I remember seeing him make a dive for it and getting it.

Q. He did?

A. Yes, first grab. There was eight or ten agrabbing, you know, but he got a hind leg and he hung on and gathered it up in his arms, like this, and you ought to have seen what that white shirt looked like (laughter) and then he got away.

Q. Oh, it did?

A. Oh my, that was funny. Well, now that was the Fourth of July. Then, the Woodmen were strong in that time. The Modern Woodmen, and they always had a picnic once during the season. They'd vary it some, but it'd be much the same stunts, you know, over again. New entrants, probably. (chuckles) And those were the two highlights of our lives, to get to go to them places, you know, and watch the stuff. (laughs) I never did take part, but I sure did get a kick out of watching those other fellows. Especially that greased pole and that greased pig. (laughter)

Then they, after that was done, after that was all over, they usually had a little fireworks. They had to get permission, I guess from the State at that time, to shoot fireworks. They had to have a man that knew his business. The Raymond boy didn't get to shoot them, that was some fellow that would come in with them and he took all precautions, you know, because they shot sky rockets and Roman candles and sparklers and some of those things that the Chinese made that you'd shoot up a bomb that would make a picture, you know, that would have a picture of an American flag in it. Some of them would have Uncle Sam, and something. They were all patriotic pictures and they was in a bomb, you know, that went off a good ways up. Then, that floated out and disappeared and I don't know what became of it.

But they had real entertainment for each one of those days, for the young

people, at least. It beat the cakewalks a hundred miles. (laughter)

Q. What did the older people do at these gatherings?

A. (laughs) They gathered around and laughed as hard as the rest of us.

And they always had a barrel of ice water setting at a place or two. Somebody kept ice in it and that was the only time of the year we ever tasted ice water, you know. You had to have ice, you didn't have any refrigeration of any kind and that ice water was so cold and good, you know. My land, we'd just pretty near bust.

Q. Where did they get the ice from?

A. Shipped in from Wisconsin, come in carloads. It came to Litchfield. There was a man down there that had a place for taking care of it. Well, he'd cover it with sawdust and bring it up for those occasions and dish it out to them as they wanted it, piece of ice, you know. He'd clean it off and dish it out for the water. And it was real ice. It was frozen up in those lakes where it was frozen at 10 or 15 below. So it lasted.

Then, they had a few stands, later on. They begin to have an ice cream stand, a soda pop stand--I can remember very distinctly the first soda pop bottle I ever saw. They were made with a cork with a spring here that fit just inside of the neck of the bottle and on the end of that was a rubber plug that fit tight and they would start that there and then hit it with their hand and drive it down tight and, boy, they really was tight, too. Well then, when they wanted to open the bottle, why, they had some kind of way of hooking that thing out of there and it would just go to spewing all over. They had ten times the fizz in you do nowadays.

Q. Is that right?

A. Oh, my yes. It'd take your head off when you belched. (laughter) And I was a good big boy when I saw them, first time.

But you know--another thing I want to add to there. That cottonwood tree that stands there by that depot was agrowing at that time, and that stand was directly under that tree. That tree is that old.

Q. This is the Raymond depot there, the cottonwood tree.

Q. Yes. That old cottonwood is still growing there. It's over a hundred years old, I know. (pause) Well, I just thought of those things the other day and they would add to the--to show the people what all we did in that time. They hunted a little fun, you know.

One of the boys in the neighborhood, at the Woodmen picnic--they always had a parade also--and one of the schoolboys I went to school with, his dad was akeeping a couple of heifer calves that he wanted to make cows of and this lad didn't have anything to do. He wasn't big enough to go to the field yet and he'd seen oxen somewhere, I guess at the World's Fair in St. Louis. I don't know. Anyhow, he'd seen them. No, it wasn't the World's Fair because this was long before that. He'd seen the oxen and knew how they put a yoke on them and he made a yoke of his own and yoked those calves together and I

think he put rings in their nose to guide them with. Tied them together and then he had a line on each side. He could steer them rascals around just about the way he wanted to. With a whip he could drive them pretty good, and he had a cottonwood log, oh, about that big around I guess . . .

Q. About six or eight inches.

A. . . . and about four feet long, with an ax stuck in it, and he drug that around in the parade. Made the rounds of the parade and, boy, did he get a prize.

Q. What else did they have in the parade?

A. Oh, the Woodmen advertised their lodge in every way they possibly could. They'd do everything but show them the goat, you know. (laughs)

Q. But show them the goat?

A. They really had a goat. Yes, they did. Because the town hall burned down here and I saw the thing after it burned up. It had the iron wheels off-set, you know. I don't see how a fellow ever stayed on the thing, and he had to ride it.

Q. I don't think I understand--a goat, you say?

A. You know, the iron--they called it the goat that they had to ride for initiation.

Q. Oh, I see.

A. And that was all secret stuff, you know. You had to be sworn in before you ever got to see that and then you was put on that thing and you had to ride him around the hall. (laughs) You could hear them all over town aroaring and laughing. I never saw that until the thing burned down and then I saw the iron part of it that they had the goat part mounted on and it was an off-set axle so it would . . . (laughter) They said some fellows would just lean down and get around his neck and . . . (laughter)

Q. Well, which town hall was this that burned? The one in Raymond, you mean?

A. No, here in Waggoner.

Q. Oh, they had the Woodmen there in Waggoner, too?

A. Yes. That was a real good lodge. They paid their insurance and they lived up to their oath. That was a help to the whole community, the Woodmen was. I hated it when they had to reorganize the thing and put it on a--whatever you call these--a basis. What do they call these? Well, they changed them so that they paid regular assessments every so often, you know; and before, they had paid an assessment to meet every contingency. Whatever it was, they were all assessed so much and paid just a little at a time, you know. It wasn't so expensive.

Q. What types of things did they do?

A. Well, they marched and they had uniforms and at night they had a torchlight parade that was real pretty. They had torches that I never have seen since that were loaded, they said, with gunpowder. I don't know, they looked kind of like a horn and the fellows would carry them along and at a signal from the leader, they'd put them to mouth and blow and they said they blew gunpowder into that flame. My, it would shoot up there ten feet! Just make a real flame. Now, you take fifty or sixty fellows amarching and blow that thing, it was a sight.

Of course, I never belonged to it and neither did my father. So, I never knew the inside of it. But I did know men whose places were saved by it. They had one or two thousand dollars insurance. When they died, there was a means of paying off a mortgage or paying for new machinery or something. It was a wonderful help. Wonderful thing, I thought. I hated it so bad when they made them--an old line company of it, that's what they did, they changed it to an old line, where you paid so much a year. And whether they had a goat after that, I don't know. I don't know anything.

That was when they used to have fun. The first station that I was shipped into, up by Chicago, they--the agent had got sick in the middle of the night. He'd taken scarlet fever and he was very sick and they stopped a fast train and picked him up and took him in Decatur to the hospital. I was at Honey Bend, then, studying agency work and they stopped a fast train there and grabbed me and took me up there and dumped me off at that station.

Q. Was this at Strong?

A. I think it was. Strong. That night the dispatcher called me--I think I told you that--about seeing them load a mule from my station?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. He sure came, too. I said to those fellows--I was an entire stranger, you know. I didn't know a soul! And I just announced to them what he had just said to me. And they said, "Well, we're needing practicing. We're agoing to have a goat, pretty soon, to deal with. So, we'd just as soon tackle a mule first!" (laughter) And they had a picnic out of that, unloading that mule and putting him away for me, you know. And they all got on the train, about sixty of them, and went up to the next place. I think Foosland was the next town and they went up there for their celebration. The next morning, when I got up, the mule had kicked his old crate all to pieces and he was walking around trying to eat everything that was loose in the freight-house. (laughter)

Q. This was the agent that took all the money with him when he went up there?

A. Yes. Yes, and I was a week agetting any money back and, as I told you, the schoolteacher finally took pity and then one of the young preachers, I'd been to his church a time or two, and he come down and helped. Both of them had high school education. Maybe more than that, because they were keen on bookkeeping.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. It didn't take them any time at all to straighten it all out and tell what he owed and he shipped it right down to me. And when he came home, he'd had the scarlet fever so bad that even the palms of his hands peeled off. He'd sit there and just take the whole--he'd had a terrible fever. I wonder he lived.

I was there a month. Got pretty well acquainted with the community before he got back. He was a very nice man. I was glad to know him. Glad that I could have been of help to him. (pause) Well, I'm wasting your time again.

Q. Well, not at all, sir.

ADDENDA ITEM 60 (ref. p. 105)

Q. (Interviewer reading out loud) ". . . the state fair. He'd fly out . . ."

A. That was later. That was after I moved--I worked for Richardson. Sure enough. No. Not when I worked for Richardson. After I moved here.

Q. After you moved here in 1910. Yes, sir.

ADDENDA ITEM 61 (ref. p. 106)

A. Lots of times we milked at eleven o'clock. When we'd get home, we'd run them in and pail them. You didn't dare let a cow that was a heavy milker go clear through because they'd lose half of it. It'd go to spouting out, you know. So, in order to get the milk and cream, why, we'd milk them whatever time we got home. And feed the hogs also. And we piled in bed so tired, we couldn't hardly wait to get in bed. (laughter)

ADDENDA ITEM 62 (ref. p. 107)

A. The other two was built about the same time, too. They built churches right along, you know, the three churches.

Q. That's the Christian and the Methodist churches?

A. Yes.

Q. They were built in town, were they?

A. Yes. Where they are now.

ADDENDA ITEM 63 (ref. p. 110)

A. And you could hear that a mile!

Q. (Interviewer reading out loud) "He'd strut and drag his wings and make that noise . . ."

A. Yes. Just like a turkey-gobbler. And what he boomed with was right in here.

Q. Right in his throat.

A. He'd swell that up and "BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM." And, boy, how it would sound and the old hen would cackle. How she would cackle, you know, when he'd do that. They'd be mating and abuilding a nest, you know, and they laid about sixteen eggs at a setting and hatched off about that many young ones, you know, and then in the fall of the year when those young ones begin to fly good, why, then was when the hunters reaped their harvest, you know. They were good eating. Same as a tame chicken.

Q. About how large were they?

A. Well, I expect a full grown hen would have weighed two and a half or three pounds, I mean with her feathers off.

Q. Much larger than a quail, then?

A. Oh yes, they was twice as big as a quail. They just disappeared. I heard them when I first moved up here. Once in a while I'd hear them north of me here about a mile. Hear that old, "BOOM, BOOM." But you never hear it anymore. They've disappeared completely.

ADDENDA ITEM 64 (ref. p. 111)

A. They had to shovel them off to lay the track. (laughter) Kids come in there that evening and they didn't have anything to put them in. A lot of them pulled off their overalls and just went in their shirt tail and tied their pant legs and filled them full. (laughter)

ADDENDA ITEM 65 (ref. p. 112)

A. They had a big hook and they'd hook in the end of a boxcar and they'd take off the whole side of it with one swipe and it would be all made together yet, you know. Well, six or eight of us would get ahold and tote that up there and pile it up. When we got ready to build the barn, all we had to do was put that up there and nail it on. It was already . . .

Q. Prefab barn, huh?

A. Yes. It was a great help to us and the old detective got three or four meals, more than one, and he certainly did enjoy it.

Q. Where was he from? Do you know? From the city?

A. Well, he came out of Decatur, I don't know where his home was, but I presume up there. And he was a deputy United States marshall. He had all manner of authority with him. He could arrest anybody that he saw taking something that he didn't want taken.

Q. How large a barn did you build from that?

A. Oh, we built a barn that would hold six head of horses. We had a granary in one end and then pretty good loft above it. It served for years there, until after my father died and then my youngest brother studied carpentry

and he went to work and built a barn for my mother on the place and it was of lumber from the lumberyard, most of it, you know. He hewed the trees, all the framing. He went down in the timber and cut trees and hewed them and morticed those things together and that was a dandy stout barn, I'll tell you.

Q. Is it still there now? Do you know?

A. Well, part of it's there. It's pretty well shot, but that's a long time ago.

Q. Yes, sir. I believe you said you had built a new house instead of the log cabin. Had that been built then?

A. Yes. We all pooled our wages, you know. When we got able, why, we built this house and I worked with that carpenter all the way through it. I was big enough to saw what he told me to, you know. He marked off and I could saw it and I could also drill holes with bit and brace and, when it come to nailing on lathe, I could nail as fast as he could. Because they plastered the inside them days. They didn't use plaster like we have now, in sheets, you know. It was mixed. I mixed all that plaster, carried it in and he spread it on with a trowel, this way. I remember he told me, after he'd worked the first day, he says, "Bert, I've been adreading this plastering ever since I took this job and," he says, "it isn't half as bad as I thought it would be." (laughs) He'd never plastered before. But he did a good job. It stayed on for years.

Q. Is the house still down there?

A. Yes. Same house, but it's been added to. There's been a--on the south end, there's been a room added on, extends over.

Q. I don't suppose the log cabin's still down there is it?

A. No. No, that log cabin--we didn't use it for any building of any kind. It was pretty well rotted and we just tore it down and made stove wood of it.

ADDENDA ITEM 66 (ref. p. 112)

Q. (Interviewer reading out loud) ". . . took it all out of me."

A. You shoveled coal, too, those days. Don't think they didn't! They had to throw it nine feet, in the boiler. Spread it as they threw it, you know. They had to learn all of that. Then, they had to learn the intricacies of the engine and how to oil it and what had to be oiled and what had hard oil in; they did have hard oil boxes on those railroad engines. You could screw them down a certain length of time, you know.

And if the fireman had any time to spare, anytime when they were standing still, he was down underneath araking out clinkers. There would be great clinkers down in the bottom when he'd shake down his ashes, you know, and he'd have to get down with a rake under there and rake them out and he had to watch they didn't set a tie afire and burn a hole in the track. He had to take care of that, too. So, as I say, I got a wonderful lesson, right

there. So, when I went railroading, I wanted a little easier job.

ADDENDA ITEM 67 (ref. p. 113)

A. Then there was a man named Kessinger I would like to mention there, too. Joe Kessinger. He was a good progressive merchant at that time, too.

Q. Yes, sir, and he had a grocery store in Raymond?

A. Yes. A good one. He didn't do as much advertising as Dow Strider, but he had practically as good a business because he carried so many farmers. I remember one time, he come to my dad and he says, "George, I wonder if you could scratch me up about $20 for next Saturday?" He says, "I've got to meet a wholesale bill. Now, there's a man out here, that you know, that's well-to-do and he owes me $80, but I don't dare ask him for a cent. If I do, he'll quit me and he'll go over to Dow." And he says, "If I wait, he'll pay every cent that he owes me, but I've got to let him take his time. So, I don't dare ask him."

Well, he'd asked the poorest man in the county, you know, to dig up $20 and Dad dug it up for him. He went to a lot just like us, you know. We poor people. He got enough to keep agoing. He kept on. He was in business after I went on the railroad.

Q. Do you remember any of the other merchants there in Raymond?

A. Dow Strider, and then there was a man named Booth that ran a clothing store. Exclusively clothing. Men and women's, both, and then, piece goods. You know, they used to sell calico and such things in bolts, or get it in bolts, sell it. And he had that kind of a store also, and then there was a man Gleason, that also ran a clothing store. He carried shoes and boots, carried leather stuff and we always bought our boots from him, every fall for school.

Q. Was that where you bought your first suit?

A. Yes. From him. That was sure a good suit. And they stayed there until the old folks died and then he moved to Gillespie and that's the last I ever heard of him. He, the young man, was the business head of the store. He spoke good English and he was pretty well educated. But the old lady made hats and I can remember the women aflocking in to get Ma Gleason's hats. They didn't ship in hats those days. They were made right there. They got the material and made it up, you know.

Q. What was that name, did you say?

A. Gleason. G-L-E-A-S-O-N. They were Jews, full blood, but they were real honest people, I learned.

Q. Sir, who ran the elevator in Raymond? Do you remember?

A. Yes. A man named Bradley. Let's see. Jim Bradley, that was his name, and he started the elevator. I don't know what he had done ahead of time

but he was a very congenial fellow and he built up a good business in buying grain and shipping it. I don't think he was a speculator. I think he just bought and sold on the rise and so on, you know.

Then, after a while they got to needing more than one elevator, especially when threshing machines begin to work. There was a man named Charlie Houck, H-O-U-C-K, that built another elevator. They had two elevators there at that time. They had two when I started on the railroad. And then there was a . . . Let's see. Bradley handled the coal business as well as the elevator, and feed. He shipped in feed, whatever they wanted.

After I got to Honey Bend, why, the brewers had built up quite a business on dried brewer's grain for dairy cows. Now, they would take a--I don't have any idea what malt is, I don't know anything about it, but they sprouted all this grain. Sprouted the--barley would have sprouts on it that long.

Q. Six inches.

A. And they would use it, take all that juice out of there, and then they dried it and sacked it and shipped it up and cattle would just lap it up. They put a little molasses in on it, I think, and the cattle would just lap it! And it was pretty well balanced. Farmers had been just feeding corn without any balancer, you know. Well, they begin to talk about balancing feed. The experiment stations begin to figure those things, you know, and that helped to balance feed.

So, you could count on a carload of that brewers grain going along, probably be distributed at eight or ten stations, a carload would, you know. It came about every week and we'd get it in great big gunny sacks--when I say a gunny sack, that's a burlap, you know. We had to keep that in the dry. We'd have to load that on the big trucks and run them in the freighthouse until they could haul them away because it wouldn't do to let it get wet.

Q. Did they ship directly to the farmers or did someone handle it there?

A. No, to the farmers, usually; the dairymen. Then, they shipped--maybe flour would come in the same car for the merchants. They'd get a ton of flour, you know. They wouldn't buy a carload or a half carload or anything, but a ton. That they tried to get under shelter as quick as possible.

Q. Who ran the stockyards in Raymond?

A. Well, they belonged to the railroad. Anybody could use them. They were free for anybody that wanted to load stock, but there was a sort of an unwritten rule that you found out whether somebody else had a certain day picked and stock sold, you know, and if they didn't, why, you chose that day to bring your stock, load it.

Then, there got to be a man there by the name of Sam Miller. He made a living out of it, just buying and selling stock, shipping it. He'd buy three or four carloads of cattle, if they had them to sell, you know, and ship them out. He had to have a pretty good backing and the banks backed him up when he had to have it, but the poor old guy--I guess I won't tell that. He lost everything and drove in front of a train.

Q. The railroad, then, ran the stockyards in Waggoner, too, I guess. Would that belong to the railroad?

A. Yes. The stockyards always belonged to the railroads because they had to build them and they had to keep them in repair and they had to furnish the scale. Scales them days cost a lot of money, you know, to weigh a truckload of stock and there wasn't very many fellows along the track that could afford to buy their own scales. So, the railroads put them in.

Q. And they didn't charge for use of the scales?

A. No. They just got the shipping charges of the stuff that went out of there.

END OF TAPE

ADDENDA ITEM 68 (ref. p. 115)

A. And so light. They could load it right in a wagon, you know. Two men shove it right in the back of a wagon and haul it.

Q. How did they fasten it in the back of the wagon?

A. Well, they didn't have to fasten it, you know. After we got to the field, we hitched directly on to that. Didn't use a wagon then. You hitched directly on it, the horses walked in front. And the doubletrees, of course, the weight of them was on there to hold down on it. And when you tipped it up, why, those spikes would run into the ground and over she'd go; but she missed the doubletrees, you had to hitch so it'd do that. And you could take a fairly fast-walking team--I tell you, you could rake hay fast.

Q. Did it have wheels on it?

A. No. Just slide on the ground just like my fingers here. They was a round piece went through here and put in the end over here so it could turn over . . .

Q. And that's what you fastened the horses to, was to the ends around . . .

A. No. We had a frame out here that come straight out, and across here was a place to hitch your doubletrees to and that was clear of all of those forks. As the hay went in, why, of course, it was under that part until it got in the fork, or rake. And you could turn your hay right over. Lots of people would use that. They'd rake the hay and they'd rake it when it was a little tough. Go out of a morning, you know, and it would rake better. It was tough from dew and moisture. Well then, if the baler came in, he wanted it dry as dry so he'd go over it again and tumble all of those windrows. Just run into them and off she'd go and it'd move it just enough to turn them clear over, you know. And still have a windrow to drive by.

Q. Which way would you go on it--length-wise down the windrow or crosswise?

A. Well, when you got ready to bring it to the baler, you went down the windrow then and loaded up all you could handle and go into the baler. Back

out, as I described before, and go over. After they found out that that was so handy, then they began making what they called a sweep rake. A great big one. It had runners on it as long as from here to the door. Ten feet, I expect. It'd be about ten feet wide. Well, you put two horses on that and you didn't have to have it in windrows. You could pick it right up off the ground with that, too. You picked that thing up full and go into the baler with that and then back out, you know. Well again, right down the way it was cut, or opposite the way it was cut, whatever you struck. And it'd fill up real fast.

Q. When you backed away from the baler there, just left the hay setting there then?

A. Yes. And there was a fellow, or two fellows there, spading it into the baler, you know. Two fellows with forks spaded it in. Haying was work those days.

Q. Yes, I bet. (laughs) Yes, sir.

A. They wasn't anything easy about haying or shocking grain or threshing that I ever found.

Q. But it kept you in good health, I guess, all that exercise.

A. Oh, yes and you could eat like a horse. I say there wasn't anything that was easy. The man that hauled the grain to market had the easy job, but we always had to pick the fellows with tight wagons. An old wagon would go to leaking around the bottom, you know, and around the end gates and you picked the men that had tight wagons and put them on that job. And then there was no ill feelings about it because that was why they were on there, you know. Then we had to haul to Raymond or Farmersville or Waggoner or wherever it was going, you know. I've gone to Raymond with a load of wheat—leave Ben Lohman's, say, as the sun was going down. Go clear into Raymond with that load of wheat, fifty or sixty bushels. Men would have had their supper at the elevator and they'd be back there ready to take care of us. Dump it off and I'd get back up to eat my supper at nine o'clock. I had a new wagon and I got that job quite a lot.

Q. This is when you put the eighty bushels in and it paid for the wagon?

A. Yes. Eighty bushels of corn.

Q. Yes, sir. Let's see now. When you went to the elevator with your load and the first thing you did was weigh it, wasn't it and then . . .

A. Yes. This was loose wheat, them days. They had changed their elevators from sack business to a dump, you know, that you drove in and dropped the hind wheels down, hoisted the front wheels up and the wheat would all run out, all but a very little. They'd sweep the bottom with a broom, but it'd practically all run out in a minute or so. And then you're ready to head for the scales again and then home.

Q. Did you have to unhook the horses from the wagon when you dumped it that way?

A. No, you just left them on. Because the tongue was hinged here and raising it up--it never bothered the horses at all. It'd stay practically level because it worked on a big board.

Q. And it didn't bother the horses to have that operation going on behind them?

A. No, not a bit. They soon were glad to stop that long. (laughter)

Q. I can see. Yes, sir, rest a bit. (laughs)

A. Rest, too.

Q. Yes, sir. (laughs)

A. Well, they--they didn't have automatic scales those days. Now, I weighed down here at the elevator at Waggoner while it was a co-op. I weighed two falls and they didn't have automatic scales, you had to adjust your beams according to the weight that was in front of them. Well, they had fixed the platform for trucks; and beans, and wheat too, would come in, a couple hundred bushel, you know. Well, a beam wasn't made to handle anything like that amount, so you had to put on extra weights and you had to know how many you had to put on there to weigh that kind of a load, so it kept a fellow kind of on his toes. But now that's all automatic, you know. They go on there, that scale turns over and they put a card in there, prints it right on the card. When the fellow comes back and weighs the empty, it puts the card in and gets the empty weight, hands it to him and he goes on home. He's got the weight of the load and the weight of the tare and the price.

Q. Who did you sell the wheat to from the elevator, or the grain?

A. It practically all went to St. Louis. Most of all of it. Sometimes, it'd go farther south. Go on down south for ship loading but I don't think we sold it direct to them. I think it went through a commission house in St. Louis that pushed it on down, you know, to the ship load. Like Russia now. I'll bet they're trying to buy all of it, you know. They're trying their dirtiest to corner the wheat market again. They did, you know.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. And played dirty with us. Well, I don't think they're going to allow them to do that again. They're going to dish it out to them as they want them to have it. So, a lot of this wheat will come down and it'll go to St. Louis and then, in all probability, it'll go on a barge. You've seen those barges go down the river, ten or twelve of them guided by one boat. I always wondered how in the name of sense they guided them. But they do. They take them down there and they take a half a trainload of wheat to New Orleans right down the river, you know.

Well, then it's ready to go into the wharf there where those big boats are loading and they have the vacuum machines to pick it right up out of those things. It sucks it up just like a vacuum sweeper exactly. Sucks it all out and hoists her right into the big boat.

Q. How did you manage it inside the elevator? Like here in Waggoner.

A. You had to have a man who knew his stuff. Did you know Bert Gunter?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Old Bert worked that until he got to where he was ready to die. I guess he worked it until he was eighty years old. And he knew that elevator better than any of us, a whole lot. When anything went wrong, we'd get Bert and he knew just what was wrong. He'd go and fix it right now. And he worked reasonable, and as bad a boozer as he was, I never had any trouble with him on duty. Never did. If he was on duty, he kept the liquor at a minimum. After it was over, he'd get tooted probably.

I went in there one day to grind some feed and at that time the grinder was in the warehouse. You had to drive down the railroad and unload your feed in from the east door because there was where the grinder was. The west door, you had to drag it clear across twenty feet of floor. So I drove down there and Bert seen me, he was over home. He lived in the house right west of the elevator and he seen me drive in. He come ahiking over right off.

When I stepped inside there, there laid Ed Nimmo dead to the world. He was drunker than the--oh, he was just like a fellow chloroformed, now. Really, he was. They was flies clear around his mouth here--it was the awfullest sight. Laying there, his mouth wide open, you know. Bert says (laughs) to me, "Ed's a little under the weather." He says, "He's kind of in the way here. I'll just drag him out." (laughs) He took and drug him out of the way. We went ahead and ground. (laughter) And Ed was still asleep.

Poor old Ed, he was his own worst enemy. I thought a lot of him. He use to work for me when I first came up here. He was a young man then and unmarried and I could always count on a hand when I got Ed Nimmo. I could be sure that I was properly represented. But the older he got, the more lax he got, you know. He got to drinking. Toward the last, he wasn't much good. And Ed had a wonderful wife. I don't know whether you knew her or not but she was a wonderful woman. That's a shame. And Ed was always my friend all the way through.

I remember Cary Birch died with a heart attack and my wife and I had been great friends of her's. In fact, I went to school with her. After all of her family died, well, she just hung on to me just like I was a brother. She died one day and I was in town and Dorothy* called me. She said, "Something's happened to Cary." And by the time I got to her house, "Why," she says, "Cary's dead and you better go up there."

So my wife and I went right up there. I said to my wife, "You go in and see what she's like." I says, "No telling. If she died of a heart attack, she might be in any kind of shape." So my wife went in and she says, "Well, you better just stay out there." Says, "Not a very good looking sight." I called the coroner and Ed told me then--Ed had been working on the hard road

*Dorothy Hampton. [Ed.]

and they pinched a man between two trucks. Right down there at the corner of the road that goes to Harvel, the one south of here. And they pinched him right at that corner and killed him. He was working between two trucks and the fellow in the front truck back up too suddenly or didn't give him warning and killed the fellow. And Ed told me as quick as I come in, he says, "You've got to get a coroner. There musth't anybody touch her till the coroner gets here." Well, I didn't know that. I didn't know that you couldn't touch them. I thought that you could go and if somebody needed to be picked up you could pick them up. Ed says, "They wouldn't let us touch that man. He laid there until that coroner got there." So I appreciated that.

Q. Well, in the elevator when you dump the grain out of the wagon, it went down through the floor into an elevator, I guess, didn't it?

A. It went into a hopper, a big hopper that had a bottom that come like a funnel, you know. All sides worked to the middle and they run it right onto the buckets that elevated it to the top for the cleaner. The cleaner was in the very top of the elevator. And then it'd go up there and go through a cleaner and take out sticks and straw and everything that shouldn't be in it and move them down into that furnace room down below to burn up, you know.

Q. Where they burned the cobs, you mean?

A. Yes. And then the wheat would come down into a car clean. It fell from way up there down through a spout so it'd go clear to the back end of a car, either end. It had plenty of power.

Q. Were there storage for it up there in case you didn't have a car ready down below to be loaded?

A. Yes, they'd stop it down below there. There's where they stopped it. When we got clogged, why, we had to shut them off until we could go to elevating again. As soon as you could go to elevating, then they'd go to hauling again. Sometimes they'd be nine, ten wagons waiting, you know. After they got to combines, and trucks to haul it, why, you just can't imagine how fast grain would come in there. They'd fill that thing, oh, some days there'd be three carload come there. Well, you can just imagine how that'd pile up in an elevator and go through. And one man couldn't attend to it. Now, Rome was the manager there but he couldn't take care of all of it. He couldn't do that weighing and keep the books. We had to register--at that time, instead of a card like they have now, you had a book you wrote the name in, the amount of the load, the amount of the tare, and the price at the side of it. And of a night we had to go through that book and then take it over to the ledger, you know, to keep track of what we had taken in and what we had to sell. Well, he'd probably sell before night. He'd call the commission houses and ask for bids. He'd call two or three of them and the best one would get it, of course.

I remember one time--Farmersville had a farmers elevator, too, a co-op. And there was a man and his wife running it and Rome was pretty handy with the trainmen, he knew all of them. He'd been there a long time, you know. He knew all the brakemen along the road, so he'd tell them that he was going to need a certain car the next day. Cars was getting awful hard to get. He'd say, "Now, I need the car for tomorrow if I keep arunning. You fellows try and get it down here to me." Well, he give them a ten dollar bill. They'd

divide it between the train crew, you know. Well, they'd seal every car on the side (laughter) and they'd come into Farmersville. This woman was aweighing up there and she got out and looked at every seal. So, the local come on down. She called me and says, "Did you get a car?" I says, "Yep, we got a car." "How did you do it?" she said. I says, "Well, it was billed to us." She says, "Billed to you nothing." She says, "I looked at all those seals. That car was sealed by here. How did you get that car?" I says, "That's all I know about it, is that it come in and it was billed to us and it was set in here and we're loading it now." And was she mad. (laughter) She had her elevator shut down. (laughter)

ADDENDA ITEM 69 (ref. p. 115)

A. . . . I want to break you . . .

Q. Yes, sir.

A. . . . while I think of it. You know where you got the idea that we had that rake in the back of a wagon was a stalk rake. That we raked stalks with it. It always had to work in the back of a wagon.

Q. Oh I see, yes.

A. Now, I just want to get that straight.

Q. Yes, sir. Well, how did you fasten that in the back of a wagon, then?

A. Well, we chained it to the front of the wagon. Get a chain and hook on. Probably put it on over to the tongue so that the pull was right on it direct, you know, wasn't through the wagon. And then there was a lever up there that we could pull and make it tumble, you just pulled it loose. It was just a piece fit under the . . . I guess it was eight by eight that we had to use for stalks and it fit right under there just like that. (demonstrates with his hands) Well, nothing could turn over while that was up there. You had a spring back here. Well, when you got ready to dump, you pulled up from under there and over she'd go, you know, right now and then you let your spring loose while it was turning over. It slapped on to it. It just turned half over but it left everything it had.

Q. Well, did you ride in the wagon, then?

A. Yes. Drove the team and worked that lever. One man could do all of that.

Q. Yes, sir. Good, I did have those mixed up. Let's see . . .

ADDENDA ITEM 70 (ref. p. 115)

A. No. I wasn't associated with the turn part at all. All I did was tip it up just a little. You didn't want to get too big a load that you couldn't tip. You wanted to watch that as you loaded, so that you could tip it. It didn't need to tip, oh, that far. The teeth would stick in the ground, you know, and over she'd go. And then it was flat again and run right under the hay.

ADDENDA ITEM 71 (ref. p. 115)

A. They were made--in those days--I don't think I went into detail enough about the blacksmith shop. There was one side of a blacksmith's shop was steelwork, the other side was woodwork and there had to be an expert in each place. A man who knew his business, because this man over here was making wagon tongues, maybe wagon wheels, maybe wagon axles and this fellow over here was getting ready to iron them and so on. And those days, when dry weather would come--the steel tires on wagon wheels were just shrunk on by heating them real hot, so they'd drop over the felloe of the wagon, and then you poured water around on that right quick and made it . . .

Q. Contract.

A. It'd clamp up and it'd get so tight that it'd spring the spokes sometimes if you didn't watch your stuff. Well, those things had to be done on practically everybody's wagon during the season, you know. Well, both of those men were in on that. One of them fixed the broken spokes, if there was any, or broken felloes; the other fellow heated that tire and had it all ready, and it took three men to put that tire on. You had to take tongs and pick it up out of the . . . you built a fire around it on the ground and you'd pick it up out of that and set it right down--the wagon wheel'd be on the ground--set it down over there and then hold it so that it wouldn't slip past that felloe, you see. And then somebody'd pour on the water. I've helped with a lot of them. I didn't get anything for it, just getting the work done.

Q. And these would loosen up in dry weather, you say?

A. They'd loosen in dry weather and you'd have to go and have them reset. Well then, in addition to heating them that way, they had what they called a crimper. And in later years after I was about, oh, old enough to help with it, well, they had what they called a crimper and they'd take that tire off while it was cold and put it in this machine and it was just like pushing it together this way. They had a pair of locks on this side and locks on this side and you'd put on the pressure and it mashed that together that way. Just forced the iron, you know, didn't double it past it but it forced it together. Maybe it'd take up a half inch. Well, you'd be surprised what a difference that would make then, in how that tire would stay on.

Q. Oh, I see. This was after it was on the wheel, they would . . .

A. No. That was while it was off the wheel, before you heated it. Then they heated it. It'd be too tight for the wheel when it was like that. Well then, when you got it hot, it expanded. You could put it on and then cool it and you had a tight fit again. Sometimes it'd last clear through the season.

Q. What did they make the fire of, charcoal or coal?

A. Oh, usually cobs. Corncobs.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. See the elevator shelled all the corn, them days. There was none shelled in the farms and the blacksmith would have his wagonload of cobs there ready

for those kind of jobs. He'd light them, lay the tire in. As soon as it got to a certain heat--it didn't have to get red hot--he'd watch it, he knew when it was proper heat. That was a science of a blacksmith, to know what his iron was doing. And I never could understand a thing about it. I've worked with them an awful lot and I never could understand a thing. You can take a piece of steel and heat it white hot and lay it on an anvil and hit it with a hammer and it's just the same as if you hit a piece of glass.

Q. Oh, it'd just shatter.

A. Oh, it would just fly! Well, a greenhorn, he'd go to sharpen a plowshare and he'd stick her in there, let it get white hot, you know, and then take his hammer and knock about that thick a chunk out of his plowshare. (laughs) Then he had to have somebody weld in a piece. (laughter) Well, it was funny.

Q. Where did you get most of your blacksmithing done?

A. Raymond. There was a man named Jones who was an expert smith, Al Jones, and the woodworkman in his shop was Elias Day. Both of them fine men, upstanding men. Day was the man that had us cut that log for the rollers, you know. He made them. Jones took care of all of our plow work and wagon tires and spring wagon tires, everything else.

I'll never forget one experience we had with that spring wagon after Dad got it. We were going to go to Litchfield the next day and he told my second brother and me to, "Put the team on the spring wagon and go down to the creek and drive up and down in and soak up the tires good." Says, "You drive back and forth there." There was a shallow place where the team could wade in and wade up and down. Well, our swimming hole was right off here at this side of it and we'd played there, oh, all of the time we was there. I never thought it was quicksand, never even thought of it. Well, we drove a little too far toward that swimming hole and both horses' heads went out of sight as quick as that. Just went right out of sight! And I jumped over and jerked the pin out of the doubletree and the neck yoke was loose and I yelled to them to go and they struggled out on their feet and I turned them around--on their front feet, you know, and got their hind feet up. I turned them around and got them back on the solid ground and we got down and took hold of the back of that wagon and backed it out. And we watched that spot from that time on, believe me.

Q. Just a sink hole there.

A. No, it was quicksand. When you get in that, it sucks. You don't climb out, you just keep agoing. That was a scary deal. I sure thought we'd lost a team.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Now, go ahead. (laughs)

Q. All right, sir.

A. I'm awasting a lot of your time.

Q. Oh, no, sir.

END OF SIDE ONE

ADDENDA ITEM 72 (ref. p. 116)

A. What should be put in right there is you had to add lime to your soil. This soil up here was all sour and it had to be limed about two tons to the acre before you could grow alfalfa. So everybody had that to learn, too. And that had to come from the experiment station. They proved out what you had to do and how much and then told us and then they begin growing alfalfa.

Q. Did they come down here to check your land or how did they . . .

A. Oh, the land was checked at Hillsboro in the Farm Bureau office. They had a man there that would test your soil. All you had to do was go over the farm and take little sacks and take a good handful of dirt--but you took a tile spade and you dug down, oh, practically a foot and you throwed that aside. Then you shaved off a shaving down here to that depth and you took your handful out of there and put in your sack which went from top to bottom. And then you took those sacks over and the Farm Bureau did that. They didn't charge us hardly anything for that. And they would tell you just exactly how much lime you had to have. They'd also give you more than that. They'd say how much phosphate, how much potash, and all of those things. But those were much slower coming in, those potashes and phosphates. Much slower coming in than lime, because men found that they could lime the land and they could grow much better red clover, too, as well as alfalfa. Get stands of clover without any trouble. And we had been having trouble getting stands.

Q. How did you go about spreading the lime?

A. Well, at first we did it with scoop shovels. We stood in the back of a wagon and just threw one on--one fellow threw this way and the other threw this way and then we'd change hands when we got tired. We threw that way, as far as we could spread it. That was before they had any lime spreaders of any kind, you know. Well then, you could see how far you'd thrown, you'd turned around at the other end and come back so you could make those laps about even. And then that was disced in so it wouldn't blow away and then you were ready to harrow your ground and sow your alfalfa seed. And they sowed it, or they learned to sow it, in the fall and let it make a growth about like that . . .

Q. About six inches or so.

A. . . . and it lived through the winter. But that didn't all come at once, now. That was a good many years acoming, I'll tell you. They begin growing sweet clover to plow under ahead of the alfalfa because it was so much bigger growth and so much nitrogen taken into the soil with the sweet clover plant. You know, they grew higher than your head. Take a gang plow and put a good stout tractor on there and then put weed covers so you could cover all of that stuff up. I'll tell you that would produce corn. (laughs)

Q. Yes, sir. What do you mean by weed covers?

A. Well, you had to have something to drag that down in the bottom of the furrows. They learned to use wires. They'd put a wire on the moldboard of the plow and let it hang back, oh, ten or fifteen feet down the furrow. And it would be covering up all the time that wire would. But it would drag all of this foliage down with it because it was so . . . caught it like that as it went over--don't you see?--and drag it underneath. And then that stuff would rot. By spring, if you wanted to plow your sweet clover ground in the fall, by spring all of that was rotted enough that the disc cut it into fine particles and it helped make corn, helped make alfalfa, whatever you wanted.

Sam Sorrels. I want to mention him. He was the prime mover of the Farm Bureau at Hillsboro. And he was just a farmer that lived down south and west of Raymond at . . . He believe in it from the very start. He'd read quite a lot and he believed in that with all his heart and he used his farm for a demonstrator and he'd invite people in to see the results. They got so they called him Mr. Farm Bureau because he was really the smartest one in the whole lot. Even ahead of the manager, the fellow that was hired. I don't think Sam ever got a dime out of it. He just did it for the love of improving the soils, building things up. And I wanted his name mentioned because he was a valuable citizen.

Q. We had talked about him once before in here. Was he around active at the same time as Mr. Snyder of the Farm Bureau?

A. Yes. He and Snyder started in the Farm Bureau together and Snyder was determined that I should go in with it. He kept running up here and wanted me to take one of the directorships. Sam was a director and he wanted me to take another directorship. I kept trying my best to talk him out of it and finally I told him, I says, "Now, Mr. Snyder, as much as I think of you and as much as I think of this work, I can not take that job because I have hay fever too bad and you know that you fellows have got to go all over the country, and all of this pollen, and I can't do it." Well, he quit bothering me, but he still was an awful good friend.

ADDENDA ITEM 73 (ref. p. 116)

A. It was a viner. It vined more than the others. The other was a bush, you know. You see them out here now, bush beans are the ones they market most. The black bean I haven't seen in ten years I don't think. because after men quite growing it for cattle feed, why, it died out because it wasn't a good marketable bean, it didn't yield enough. But it just yielded enough to balance the hay and make it a balanced feed for milk cows.

Q. Did the vines try to grow on anything or you just let them run?

A. When I say it was a vine, it grew straight up but it lodged against itself and they grew together. Talk about your hay to rake, <u>that</u> was hay to rake! It was all tangled in the tops, you know. And then it grew, oh, lots of them that high.

Q. Three, four feet.

A. Yes, and there'd be a lot of tonnage on a piece of land that you'd start to work, and you had to cure that in a shock. You couldn't cut it down and bale it right up. You had to cure it in a shock. So, after we got it windrowed, then we went in with pitchforks and built little shocks of it and then it stood about ten days to cure out and then it was ready to store in barns. We didn't--I don't think I ever baled any of it, I just put it in loose like I would clover hay. Fed it to the cows in a manger. My, they did love it. They'd give milk from it, too. The hogs loved it. The hogs were after every grain that spilled over the manger.

The first crops of beans I grew I sold every bushel for seed. Outside of what I kept for myself. Every bushel I sold, not a one went to market. They come here and took every bushel I had to spare.

Q. Were they other farmers around here, you mean, or . . .

A. Yes. Now, they were just getting the idea, don't you see. They sowed a small acreage. They'd probably take ten bushel and sow ten acres. They sowed a bushel to the acre then, or about that. And it was--I don't know the name of that bean--was a big green bean. Green on the outside, but it was a mature bean and a very good producer. But the experiment station worked all that green out. They'd hybridized it, you know, until it was a different bean.

Q. When they started taking the soybeans to the elevator, did they have any problems separating it, or keeping it separate at the elevator?

A. You couldn't take beans in with wheat. You had to empty all of your machinery before the wheat could come in. Well, if you got everything cleaned and them down in the storage bin, then you could take in the wheat and elevate it and put it in another bin. I don't remember how many bins there is. There's a number of bins in that elevator. And Bert knew everyone of them. He knew where he wanted each one, too. How much he wanted in it.

Q. How did you get the grain out of those bins? Did they . . .

A. Well, you sucked it up with the elevator. You've seen these that they put in the truck now, haven't you? An auger?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, there was an auger there that dropped into those bins and started it on the way up to the buckets and it went into the buckets and up to the weigher. The weighing machinery was also in the top of the elevator and you weighed every load that went into the car, weighed it as it went in the car. And that was an automatic thing. It kept track of its weights. That was the first automatic that we had in there.

Q. Was that put in while you were with the elevator?

A. Yes. While I was adirecting. Yes, that elevator was a great help to the community but farmers got to--I don't know--farmers are the hardest people there is to hold together. They are. I'm not joking. They're hard. Every fellow's got his own mind, you know, and you can get the best speaker you can get ahold of and let him explain things, they'll see it a different way.

Q. Well, how did the co-op break up then? In Waggoner.

A. Well, finally they sold the elevator and just divided up the money for it. Our money had been accumulating--our dividends had been accumulating. If I remember, I got six hundred dollars profit off of ten shares. But that had been accumulating over ten or fifteen years, I don't know how long.

ADDENDA ITEM 74 (ref. p. 117)

A. Cattle feeders quit growing them or quit taking them because they could get alfalfa. It was so much nicer to handle and I guess a little better feed to balance with corn. I don't know the exact ratio on them, whether it was any more of a balanced seed than the black bean had been. I presume the black bean was the nearest to that of anything. Alfalfa was a great balancer, you know. It carried lots of nitrogen. And if you could get it put up with all of the leaves on, why, you had an awful lot of nitrogen. But you had to work it very carefully to do that. You had to cut it and rake it, handle it as much as you could when it was tough from dew and the leaves would stick, you know. At first, they shocked all of it and then pitched it on wagons from shocks, you know; and that'd have all the leaves in the shocks.

ADDENDA ITEM 75 (ref. p. 119)

A. You couldn't hurry them. (laughter)

Q. They set their own pace. Yes, sir. (laughter)

A. It's really funny to watch a fellow drive a team of oxen, you know; because he'd have to keep aprodding this one to make him keep up with that one. They didn't hurt them with that sharp stick. It didn't enter the skin, you know, but it pricked them enough they'd step away from it. (laughter) And then they also had . . . I've never seen one of them work, but they had fellows that could use a twelve foot whip and he could hit oxen with it. Swing it around his head and pop it out there and the end would get an ox way up there on the line. (laughs) I tell you, they didn't like that.

Q. And that kept them under control.

ADDENDA ITEM 76 (ref. p. 119)

A. That's right. He'd even smother out blackberry briar.

Q. Smother out what, sir?

A. Blackberry briars. He just took the ground around him. His limbs just drug the ground, you know, and he had big leaves and he never made a tree worth a cent for anything, only firewood.

ADDENDA ITEM 77 (ref. p. 121)

Q. You know, I wonder if you could describe that stake and rider a little bit more? How you rigged that up.

A. I don't know whether I can remember it too well. You put two rails--you used rails for that, too--you set them out here away from the fence a couple of feet and then crossed them up here over the joint of your fence, you know. See, you made a rail fence this way.

Q. Yes. Regular zig-zag.

A. Yes, and it was at the zig-zag point that you put these things in, don't you see, and that'd be at the end of every ten foot. And then you laid those top riders in there. You laid them on top here. If the fence was going this way, you'd lay them from this side first and then the next fence you laid in, you'd lay them over on this side which would bind them against these stakes, see?

Q. I see. Yes.

A. And that would tend to hold them there. Well now, if you got a real breechy animal, they'd learn to stick their head in there and throw them out. Boy, did we hate them. When they got to doing that, you had to set stakes right at the side of the corner and bring them up and put some wire over them top ones to stop them from doing it. And you also had to keep your fence row fairly clean because if you allowed too much growth to growing, it rotted the fence down in twice the time, you know.

Q. Yes, sir.

END OF VOLUME II ADDENDA