BERT AIKMAN MEMOIR

Volume III

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

Q. Could you describe how you go about making a rail from a log, or splitting a log into rails?

A. Did you ever see wedges, iron wedges?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, you know what they look like then. Well, we would set one of them in the end of the log--on the top end, you don't start at the bottom end, that's tough. Take the top end and set one of those wedges in there and try to bust the log through here, clear through. You'd drive that wedge clear down and split, you see, split it. And then we had another one we put up here about this far, and just went clear through the log that way and made a half, ended in halves. Then we turned it over on the belly-side down[1] and cut off our rails, one at a time, just the same way.

Beat them out with a maul and those wedges. That making rails was very hard work because you swung a very heavy maul. They made their mauls of wood and I imagine they'd weigh, oh, four or five pounds, and you swing one of them all day and, I tell you, you knew you'd done something. Perhaps you would get over a hundred rails in the day, three of you working at it. Well, we only got a cent apiece for making them. So, that was only a dollar we made out of that, you know. So, we would rather make staves than rails, when we got to making them.

Posts the same way. The posts, you made them different lengths, you see. The rails, ten feet; and the posts, six feet and a half was what most of them wanted them those days. You saw your log into a six feet and a half [length]. You could make posts out of burr oak or white oak and bust them open, just like you did the rail log, and split off posts about so wide. Those posts would last twenty to thirty years because I set some of them when I was working out as a hired man and they've just disappeared, down there at that farm, in the last few years. That fellow was a hog man and he took [i.e., required] a lot of hog places. He used good white oak posts and I set them with an auger; twisted a hole and then set them in and tamped them tight and those posts lasted a long time.

Well, then they began to find out that bois d'arc[2] would outlast any of the woods we had so far. I think they brought that bois d'arc seed from Texas.

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[1] Mr. Aikman later explained the "belly-side" was that flat side of the half. See addenda item 78 for verbatim text.

[2] Mr. Aikman pronounces this "bow-dark" with the accent on "bow." Bois d'arc is another name for Osage orange hedge. [Ed.]

I think it originated in Texas.[3] They brought it up here and they begin--when they first settled this country they made their fences of hedge, you know. They would plow the ground and work it down nice like they would for a crop and make a furrow and then drop these seed and go around and cover them up. They had to be hoed for the next year to keep the weeds down and cultivated with cultivators. The second year, why, you could use cultivators altogether and cultivate it, and that was as far as you got with that because it got high enough that you couldn't go over it. It was very thorny, you know.

Well, as soon as it got a growth on it that the base of it was something like that big around . . .

Q. Couple of inches around?

A. No, an inch and a half. They would hack into that enough to break it down, leave half of the bark on it, tight. They'd lay that down and cut the next one off ahead of it and weave it in and that way they made their hog fences. That was alive, all of those things stayed alive, and if you trimmed it in the summertime you had a beautiful--just as pretty as these town fences but it sure took a lot of work. You had to trim it three times a season. As soon as they found out that bois d'arc made so much better posts, they began trying to get bois d'arc posts for fences.

Q. Is that where the name Bois D'arc for Bois D'arc Township came from?

A. Yes. They was raising bois d'arcs up there.[4] Some people did. There was nurseries, you know, for that, just like there's nurseries for trees today. They'd sell you hedge sprouts, already grown. You could set them out, like onions, and there evidently was a big nursery up there someplace. I never heard of it, but I bet there was because there was an awful lot of bois d'arc fences.

Q. Is that the same as the Osage orange?

A. Yes.

Q. Is that the same thing?

A. That's the same thing. In Texas they are a wild tree, they spread all over. They would here if they had a chance. I know there was a farm right north of Raymond there that a fellow got poorly and that stuff was spread over his pasture and his pasture had to be bulldozed out when he wanted to farm it.

Q. In the timber when you were a boy, did you do much trapping?

A. No. All we trapped was rabbits. Oh, we caught some skunks, but we never did trap muskrat. We tried hard to trap mink around the henhouse

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[3]See addenda item 79.

[4]See addenda item 80.

because they were a terrible detriment, but you had to be pretty smart to trap a mink. We never made anything selling pelts.

Q. Did you have any trouble with any other type of animal around the farm?

A. Yes. Possums were bad for chickens, too. We had to watch for them and kill them.[5] You could get a little something for a possum pelt. I think that we did sell one or two of them to some fellow around there that was abuying pelts, you know. When I came up here, I had a horse barn out there that had a hallway that stood about that high from the ground.

Q. That's about a foot or so?

A. And the skunks just took possession of that place. Oh, the skunks I had around here! Well, I begin trapping them and I set a trap, about three traps under that place every night. The blacksmith in town bought the skins and he would skin them. All I'd have to do was put a piece of baling wire around their neck and tie them to the bumper of the car and drive in there and he'd take them off. I didn't have to handle them at all and, oh, I expect I sold him thirty-five or forty dollars worth of skunks. (laughter)

Q. How about hunting? Did you do much hunting in the timber?

A. Yes. We hunted squirrels and quail and rabbit and sometimes we would shoot a coon just--we'd shoot them because we knew they did catch chickens. That was the only reason. We didn't shoot them for the fur but most of our hunting was rabbits and quail. As I told you, there used to be wood hens but they disappeared; as soon as civilization set in, why, those fellows went to where was less . . .

Q. Did you ever see any carrier pigeons?

A. I saw two. That's all, oh, you mean--no. I'm talking about wild pigeons. You're talking about the kind they tamed and carried. No, I never did see them, only in pictures.

Q: What was the wild pigeon?

A. A wild pigeon was much like the turtledove but they migrated back and forth each spring and fall.[6] They used to come through this country in thousands and they were very good eating and people shot them--just shot them all the time, every time there was a drove of them come by. They never flew high. They usually flew low and you could shoot into a bunch of them and--couple of shots, you'd get a mess of pigeons, you know. A big bunch of them. Well, they got so scarce that they--I don't think there's any in this part of the country at all, any more.

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[5]See addenda item 81.

[6]See addenda item 82.

Then there was a . . . plovers, that came through in the spring, and we were allowed to shoot them, at that time. We used to get them but that was only for a couple or three weeks while they migrated, you know. They would range out in the wheat or something, meadow or wheat, and you could never get right close to them; you had to scare them up and let them fly and they had a habit of flying and then coming right by you, fast, and then was the time to mow. (laughter) I don't know why the fool things would do it but they would make a circle and come right by you just adipping.[7]

END OF SIDE ONE

Q. What kind of gun did you use?

A. Oh, we had old muzzle-loading guns with a--you carried a powder horn, a shot sack, and a box of caps. Had to have caps, they had to--you've seen cap guns, haven't you?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, they had to have a cap on each barrel, you know, and . . .

Q. Was it a double-barrel gun, then?

A. Yes. I had my granddad's old gun. He died and left it to my uncle, who was a teacher in St. Louis, and when I got to be fifteen I wanted a gun so bad. So, Dad wrote and asked him if he minded sending Granddad's old gun up. He said, "Well, no," he never used it. He said, "It's in the way, anyhow." Says, "Fine, Bert could just keep it." Well, I kept it until I moved up here. It was a double-barrel and a well-made gun, but after I moved up here, I wanted a breechloader and so I gave it to my brother, who lives in Mattoon, and he took it over there. He took it to a gunsmith and had it made a breechloader. And I guess he still has the gun.

Q. Were you a pretty good shot, sir?

A. Pretty good shot? No, I was never any remarkable shot. I used to go and watch them shoot clay pigeons and wish I could do it but they always gambled on that, you know, and I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't shoot because I had to gamble. I never shot at a clay pigeon a single time.

Q. How long did it take you to reload the gun? Were you pretty proficient at that?

A. Well, your powder horn held a--had a spout on the end of it that was a load. You held your thumb over that and let it fill and then let the valve loose at the bottom and then you turned that down the barrel. You took--if you had gun wads, you put them on top the powder. If you didn't, you just put paper and you had a ramrod and pounded it down solid. Then

[7] See addenda item 102.

you took your shot sack and done the same thing. It held just a measure of shot and you poured that in and put in another wad. Then put in your cap. You could load fairly quick and . . .

Q. About what size shot did you use in it?

A. Oh, we had sixes mostly. Very seldom did we have anything any heavier than a six, and eights were not plentiful because there wasn't enough demand for them, you know. Now, you know, you can buy more eights than anything, but those things progress right along all the time.

There was jacksnipe, also, that came through here the spring of the year the same as plovers and they were considered a delicacy. People just tried their best to get jacksnipe. Well, I never could kill a one; I'd miss the buggers every time. They flew like this . . .

Q. Zigzagged along?

A. Yes, and I'd miss them just as sure as they got up. Never did kill a one.

Q. How about deer? Were there many deer around?

A. No, not after I came into existence. I heard an old fellow that I worked for tell about a . . . North [part of] Litchfield--the town now, where the high school is and all of that north section--was solid hazel brush. That was good dirt, hazel brush mat. The rabbits congregated in that, you know, because it was heavy brush. And this old fellow said that he went out there rabbit hunting one day, and he had a double-barreled gun, loaded with number six shot. He said he was aslipping along awatching for a rabbit ahead of him in that brush and up jumped a deer. Right at him! And he says, "I just stood there like this and I said, 'If I had a gun, I sure would shoot . . .'" (laughter)

Q. Forgot he had a gun!

A. And he says, "I forgot about having my gun until the deer was gone." (laughter) And that's the only one I ever heard of around in our part of the country. But Litchfield was hazel brush, the north part. All of it.

Q. Sir, when the family moved from the Gerlach place down to the home farm, how did you feel about the move? Were you anxious to get moved?

A. Oh, tickled to death! Oh, I told you that was a boy heaven. We was within a hundred yards of the railroad and a creek was just a quarter of a mile [away] in our pasture, and timber and nuts and all of those things, you know. Great Guns! We were the happiest kids you ever saw.

Q. How did you feel about the railroad going by?

A. Oh, we liked it! We watched the trains and picked up things that dropped off of them, I told you about getting that car spring. And we picked up things that dropped off of the train, and then they built an iron bridge across the creek that went through our pasture and we watched

them do a lot of that. They put up that of steel, you know. A bridge with a cambium in it and we got a great kick out of that bridge. We climbed all over it. We'd seen them do it. So we did it, too. We climbed all over that bridge. It was great fun to take a greenie down there and have him try to walk it, you know, he'd look through and see between them ties and it would just scare him to death. He'd just . . . (laughter)

Q. How far down was it?

A. Oh, you could have fell fifty feet.

Q. Fifty feet! Did anyone ever fall off?

A. No. (laughs) There was fellows that had to stand on the edge of the bridge and lean back to let a train get by one time. One fellow dropped off and hung by his hands, the other stood and leaned back. (laughter) But I never got caught on the bridge. I was always afraid of it. When we come home from Honey Bend, we had to cross that bridge always.

Q. Was it a dual bridge? For wagons and for . . .

A. No, it was just ties across it, just like the rest of the track. They were not any closer than they were in the track and you had to watch and step on a tie every time, you know, that's what you was doing. You could have feel down betwen them, kids, at least. I can remember getting girls across there that come to visit us. We'd have to pretty near carry them. (laughter)

Q. What were the trains like in those days?

A. Oh, they had good trains. They were developing the compound engine at that time, and I think that they bought some of the first ones on the Wabash railroad there. Those compounds were twelve-wheelers, you know. There was six wheels on each side of that big locomotive, and when they'd run ordinarily, they would just put them in ordinary speed if they were pulling along. As long as they could keep the speed they wanted they just left the compound alone, but when they hit that bridge--immediately on the other side it come up, you know, and you'd hear him swing in the old compound. Both ways it was up hill from the bridge and his old compound would come in and go to batting away. We always like to hear it take off because it made a peculiar noise. It sounded like power! Tremendous power, you know.[8]

H.B. The Wabash Cannonball went down there. It was on that line, went through to Kansas City.

Q. What is a compound? What was that? A different gear?

A. Ah, I can't tell you about that. There was two sets of cylinders on the thing, steam cylinders, and ordinarily they just run like an ordinary

[8] See addenda item 83.

engine.[9] You wouldn't hear any difference in the exhaust but when he threw that compound in, whatever it was, it developed about twice the power. Maybe . . . I just can't explain it to you. I don't know. But we enjoyed hearing it drive, because it sounded like tremendous power.

Q. How many trains went by a day, by the farm?

A. Oh, from fifteen to twenty-five. That road was lousy. One day, when I was telegraphing there at Honey Bend, I took twenty-four trains through in my time. Twelve hours. Twenty-four trains.

Q. How many of them would be passenger trains?

A. Well, there'd be about . . . Oh, I'd say there would be about six of them. Wouldn't you, Nel?

H.B. Yes, at least six, Bert. I was just counting them up in my mind.

A. There was six out of St. Louis every day, and there was two out of Chicago, two out of Detroit, and one out of Decatur, every day, and all that went.[10]

Q. Did you get to know any of the trainmen while you were a boy as they went by?

A. No, I didn't until after I went to work but I learned to know a mess of them then. Some of them were wonderful men. You know, I got the greatest surprise in my life out of one man. I always catalog men. I guess you do, too, don't you? When you meet a fellow, don't you put him in a class?

Q. Well, not right away, maybe.

A. You do, though, put him in a class.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, I cataloged them as I'd meet them, and this fellow couldn't say anything without cussing. He was the wickedest fellow and I thought he was mean. Well, one day he got on the coal drag. That was after I had quit Honey Bend and was telegraphing at Litchfield. I went from Honey Bend to Litchfield and worked in Litchfield two or two years and a half, just as an operator and ticket man. There was two crews that worked out of Litchfield on these coal drags that just went down in the mines and set cars. They worked all day apulling out loaded cars and setting in the others. One fellow's name was Beatty. I knew him and I liked him. He was a young man, a young brakeman, and he was on this same crew with this wicked

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[9] Mr. Aikman later ventured that the compound action was to use the steam twice. See addenda item 84 for verbatim text. [Ed.]

[10] See addenda item 85.

bugger and they had to pull off of the main track onto a siding to let the Cannonball through.

Well, the Cannonball was acoming along and they were astanding by the side of their engine that they were working with, you know, and just as the Cannonball got even with this fellow he forgot himself and raised his arm to give a signal to the engineer to start--so they'd be going when he cleared, you know--and dogged if he didn't hook his arm in those truss rods and took it out here.

Q. Oh, boy! Just pulled it right off, huh?

A. Well, that fellow that cussed so, [he] grabbed him and stuffed his cap, his coat and everything else in there to hold the blood and they cut the engine off and come in to Litchfield and called for a doctor and got him on there and then sailed for Decatur for the hospital. I never saw [such] a tenderhearted man. (choking with emotion) He just took care of that fellow like he was a baby. Well, I had to put him in a better catalog.

Q. Yes, sir. Move him up a bit, huh?

A. The old Indian saying is all right: If you want to walk in a fellow's shoes.

Q. When you moved down to the forty, was the house that you lived in much different from the houses you'd lived in at the Gerlach place . . .

A. Log cabin.

Q. Oh, it was?

H.B. I was born in a log cabin, same as Abe Lincoln.

Q. I'll be darned!

H.B. Yes, sir!

A. Actually, a cabin. With a lean-to in front of it, clear across it, which made two rooms, and that whole family . . .

H.B. Well, I think that lean-to was in the back, wasn't it?

A. What?

H.B. I thought that lean-to was in the back, wasn't it?

A. Yes, it was in the back.

H.B. Yes.

A. It was on the north end of the building, cabin.

H.B. Yes.

A. And that was kitchen, dining room, and bedroom, combined. I slept in it most of the time I was growing up and the cook stove was over in that end and the table here next. Then, over here was beds. The cabin was a pretty good size cabin. I don't know hardly how big it was but there was just two beds in it, wasn't there, Nel?

H.B. I don't remember, Bert. I thought there was four.

A. There was two beds in it, and then we had a trundle bed for the kids that pushed under one of the beds. We had a fireplace but a fireplace wouldn't keep it warm. So we got a wood stove, burned wood. We could keep it warm as you pleased.

Q. Was the lean-to log also?

A. No, that was built of lumber. Just like you'd build a shed on the end of a house, you know, and a tar roof.

H.B. I don't think it was . . .

A. No, it wasn't a tar roof.

H.B. No.

A. It was . . .

H.B. Clapboard.

A. No. It was shingles. That's what it was. Yes. It was shingles and we finally dug a cistern and run the cistern water into it--from it.

Q. Could you describe how the log house was constructed? How were the logs put together?

A. Yes, I can't give you a definite idea, though, I don't believe.

H.B. It was plastered in between . . . What did they call that?[11] Wasn't plaster that they called it but it was like chunks of plaster--to close the holes between the logs.

A. Well, it was just sand and lime. That's what it was--mortar. The logs were cut; they would make a notch in here and a notch in this one and fit them together in there so they couldn't move. And a fellow that did that cutting, I guess you might of called him a carpenter, those days, because he had to be pretty accurate to make them fit like they did. They fit tight enough that it left the two logs lay within two inches of each other. They wanted within an inch if they could. In later years they sawed them square. Then they could make them fit, but these were just hewn out. Just hewed off on one side and then laid in there. The inside [of] the room was hewed logs, so you could keep it decent, you know.

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[11] See addenda item 86.

H.B. And they reversed the logs, Bert. Big end of one and the little end of the other.

A. Yes. That's correct. You reversed them so as to keep that level, and they built them up about eight feet, I'd judge, and then they put on a roof. Then they put cross logs for a loft, you know, and they got lumber to put over that part. In that cabin, at least, it was lumber. And then they put up rafters and put on--that was clapboards that they put on there.

H.B. Well, I thought it was.

Q. What was the fireplace made of?

A. It was made of stone, native stone, and the outside part was brick.

H.B. The chimney.

A. There was a brickyard in Raymond and they were very, very poor brick. The fellow didn't have the knack of burning them sufficiently. He cooked the clay and that's about all. (laughs) And the chimneys were built of that because they were square and would fit, you know, with mortar. We had a great big chimney went up in that fireplace. No trouble to get a draft and it also took the air out of the room, too, with it, you know. Heated air would drop, force the other air down, and it would go right up that flue. They are a wonderful thing. I expect you've got one, haven't you?

Q. A fireplace? Oh no, sir. We're planning on putting one in but we don't have one now.

A. I think they are wonderful things for that reason, for ventilation, taking the dead air off the bottom of the floor.

But we got a wood stove and then they came out finally with those sheet-iron ones. My goodness, how we did like that. They didn't cost only four or five dollars and it would just heat that place like nothing! We grew lots of popcorn in those days and we always had a dishpan full of popcorn, after supper, around there to dip into. We liked those stoves that you could get in with the popper, you know, or else we'd go to the cook stove and use the skillet.

Q. You had two stoves, then? A cook stove and a heating . . .

A. Yes, that was a range. That was a four-hole range. It wasn't a very big stove. Mother took care of a lot of cooking on it. I've always wondered how on earth she got by.

Q. Did you cook with wood in that range there, or coal?

A. Wood. Until it was gone and then the next one was a coal one. But wood was our fuel for the, oh, the first five years, I'd say.

H.B. Oh, longer than that, Bert. We burned wood for years there.

A. Well, I know Warren used to chop wood, didn't he?

H.B. Yes.

A. When you was growing up.

H.B. Yes, we burned wood for years.

A. See, there's fourteen years between her and me.

H.B. And Bert was away a good part of that time, too.

A. I was gone from home after that; after I got to be thirteen years old, why, I worked out. I was on somebody's farm all the time. Just home on Saturday night and Sunday. So, she knows twice as much about home as I do.

Q. How did you run the cistern water into the lean-to?

A. They got wooden troughs from the lumberyard. They were sawed--they'd take a square piece of timber and split it slaunchways and then cut out the insides. They made troughs that would last a long time, too.

Q. And then what did you do, have a pump on the end of it and pumped into . . .

A. No, we nailed a little board across the end of it to keep [the water] from running out the wrong end . . .

H.B. It was up under the eaves, you know. Caught the water as it ran off the roof.

Q. I see.

A. To put it up on the eaves, why, we used old chunks of harness or anything you could to hang it by, you know.

H.B. It had one downtrough, then, that ran into the cistern, you see.

Q. Then how did you get the water from the cistern? Did you have a pump there?

A. Well, no. Bucket and rope.

Q. Did you have a regular well on the place?

A. Well, we had a well and it had a bucket and rope also.

H.B. Later we had three wells.

A. They never had a satisfactory well until, oh, I guess I was married before--they was a cousin of mine that come there and wanted to dig Mother a well. He had dug wells a little and he dug a well. It was close to the house and very handy. Our old well was fifty yards from the house. It was quite a job to carry water. They all had the whooping cough, or measles I

mean, when I was working nights at a tower and trying to sleep days, and they wanted water ever . . . (laughs) The whole bunch of them wanted water and they wouldn't take it out of a bucket if it had stood ten minutes. I carried more water!

Q. Were those wells lined?

A. No, just bricked-up. That's all.

Q. How deep were they?

A. Oh, from twenty to twenty-five feet.

H.B. Well, that last one, I think, was around thirty or thirty-five.

A. Well, we went down extra on that last one, you know, to get . . . They had a witcher come there and witch for water. Went down about the right depth and no water, so we went on down a little farther to try to find where he witched. They did find a stream of water.

Q. How did he go about witching? Could you describe that?

A. Didn't you ever see them do that?

Q. Yes, sir. I'd like to get it on the tape, though, if I could.

A. Well, they'd take a peach tree limb that forked off like that and it had ends about that long from the fork.

Q. About a foot and a half.

A. You cut this end off short and you cut them off there. You took those two ends, up there, in your hands like this and you just held them and walked around over the ground. Well, you'd hold them straight out, make it stand straight in front of you. Well, as you approached a stream of water--now I have no faith in this whatever, I'm telling you what they did. As you approached a stream of water, that thing would start turning down, and it would twist these things in two. It would go on down until it stood straight and they'd say, "There's your water." And some of them went so far as to back up and count their steps and tell you how deep. (laughs)

Q. And you don't really think they knew what they were doing?

A. No, I don't. They did it. I followed them around. It would work for me as good as any of them I ever saw and I never did try it.

Like a fellow that come to my station when I was at Honey Bend. He was a fellow I'd known when we lived on the Gerlach place but I hadn't seen him until he was grown. He was a kid when we went to school together but I hadn't seen him until he was grown. One day he walked into the depot and he says, "Do you mind me testing out your place?" I says, "Testing it out. What do you mean?" He says, "I've got something in here that will find buried treasure. I'd like to go over your place." Says, "You've got one of the old places here." I says, "Well, you can go over the place all you want to,

but," I says, "I want to see that machine first."

So, he got it out and he had a plumb bob on two electrodes, as he thought they were. There wasn't any electricity in them at all. All the electricity there was was what you generated, you know, if there was any. And he says, "Now, that will find gold or silver or any hidden treasure of any kind." "So," I says, "have you found any yet?" Well, he was very evasive, he didn't want to say. He didn't want it to get out. Didn't want too many people to know what he was doing. He wanted to go over the town but he didn't want them to know until he got to them, you know.

And those days they were paying the railroad men in gold and I had about sixty dollars in gold in the ticket drawer and I said, "Let's see if that will work," and I took that sixty dollars and piled it down on the floor. I says, "Now, you take that thing and walk around and see if it points to it." And he walked all around and he walked all over it and it never did point to a solitary thing. Somebody had gypped him, you know, good and proper. And the crazy fool, he wouldn't even take that for no. He kept going. Even after seeing that gold lay there and it wouldn't draw and it wouldn't do a thing. (laughs)

Q. He'd bought this from someone, then?

A. That was the funniest thing I ever saw witching. No, I don't believe in their water witching at all, but there is plenty of them do. I've had preachers here that believe in it fully. They just thought they could find water in spite of everything.

Q. What kind of lighting did you have in the cabin there?

A. Just coal oil lamps. We didn't use any candles to speak of. The candles had sort of gone out of date because you could get coal oil at the grocery store by that time, and we had a coal oil can and we filled it every trip to town.

H.B. And we read everything in creation by coal oil lamp.

A. One of them is setting back in yonder.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes, I could show it to you.

Q. I'll make a note of that, sir. There's a couple of things I want to take some pictures of, if it's okay with you. As collateral for this paper, we can put [in] the pictures of the things.

A. That's perfectly all right. She and her younger sister gave us that lamp as a wedding present, and whenever we ran out of lights it come in very handy, you know, to have coal oil lamps. We did use candles a few times but candles are messy things, you know. They'll spew tallow over things. My wife was very particular about getting grease on things.

Q. When you celebrated Christmas there in the cabin, did you have a Christmas tree?

H.B. Not inside.

Q. Oh?

H.B. No, not inside the house. (laughs) We had plenty of trees outside.

A. We didn't celebrate much Christmas.

H.B. We didn't have room for Christmas trees.

A. We were pretty poor, I'll tell you.

H.B. By the time we got seven kids, and our parents, and Grandmother--Grandmother stayed with us a good part of the time--there wasn't room for anything else.

A. And we'd have candy and nuts, oranges, and . . .

H.B. Popcorn.

A. . . . and we'd pop corn and fix up popcorn balls . . .

H.B. And we bought cranberries at the store.

A. Now, take sorghum molasses and make it almost to candy and then mix in your popcorn. It's about like Crackerjacks now, you know. We always had a big pile of popcorn balls. I was very fond of them at that time but I can't eat popcorn at all now, it gets under my plate. (laughs)

Q. Sir, I wanted to ask--how did you go about making sorghum?

A. Well, there was somebody in the neighborhood always had a sorghum plant. You might have to go five or six miles, but there was always a sorghum plant around and you loaded up your cane and took it down there and he had a way of squeezing the juice out, you know. They had rollers set this way--up and down--and he could set them plumb tight together, you know. They were steel rollers and then they had a shaft at the top that turned them. They turned--there was three rolls and they turned. And that had to run off a horsepower over here. Those horsepowers were used for practically all the power while I was a kid.

Q. So they ran a belt from the horsepower to the . . .

A. Either that or, as I call it, a tumbling-rod, and run a gear up there, you know. They might put a gear--I don't remember exactly[12] how they had it fixed but I'm pretty sure they had a belt. No! Let's see . . . Yes, I believe they did have a belt on that thing because the feeder had to be at a certain place. He couldn't stand on one side and feed. He had to stand at just a certain place to feed. He'd take eight or ten stocks of cane and feed them through there and the juice went down into a trough and the trough ran into a barrel there at the end of the thing. They'd run

[12]See addenda item 87.

your cane through and get it in a barrel. Then, they'd take it in buckets over to the vat where they cooked it.

H.B. Big evaporator pans.

A. They had a vat that they fired from below. It was put on bricks and it was just a big pan and they would put the raw stuff in one end and start it cooking and, by the time it had cooked down to the other end of that pan, it was usually ready to take off.

H.B. It ran through little gates that slowed it.

A. And they would dip it off here and keep feeding in there, you know. They'd run off a barrel of molasses--it would surprise you how quick they could make a barrel of molasses.

Q. When you took the cane in, how did he figure how much you got back? Did he keep some for . . .

A. Well, he would take it on share. I don't remember what share, but I think he got a third.

H.B. That's what I think too, Bert, a third.

A. You could pay him and get all the juice yourself but that was the way he made it, his money, with molasses.[13] He sold that--he took that to Litchfield then and sold it to the stores in kegs, you know, or barrels.

H.B. Well, we used to have eight or ten gallons for our part always.

Q. Enough for you to get tired of it, is that right, sir?

A. I got tired of taking it to school.

H.B. She made gingerbread with it, you know, and cookies and candy and . . .

A. It made good cookies.

H.B. Yes, it did. And they used to have what they called backwoods preserves. They'd put fruit in it. Didn't use sugar, you know. Put it down with fruit and they called it backwoods preserves. That's what the old people who had--from Kentucky out this way did. That was their sweetening, you see.

Q. What kind of berries--I believe you covered it the other day, but what kind of berries did you collect in the timber down there?

A. Blackberries and raspberries, and gooseberries if you would take the pains to pick them. There was plenty of them.

H.B. And lots of the little wild strawberries on the railroad bank.

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[13] See addenda item 88.

A. But we never canned any of those or . . .

H.B. Oh, yes we did!

A. Well, maybe you did but not while I was . . .

H.B. We made lots of preserves out of those little wild strawberries.

A. It was all we could do to get enough for a pie.

H.B. Oh, we used to make a lot of them, Bert. He didn't pick them.

Q. I see.

H.B. We kids did.

Q. Well, sir, we've been going well over an hour here now, think we could break and start again tomorrow?

A. It's all right, if you want to. If you've got work enough for you, why, that's all right with me. I feel like you've got a lot of nonsense.

Q. This isn't nonsense, sir, this is valuable information.

H.B. Well, Bert lived through all of it, sure.

A. See, I was the oldest one and Dad worked out all the time and, of a morning when he was getting ready to go to work, he'd line up the work that he wanted done at home. Then he'd tell me--he wouldn't tell all of them--he'd say, "Now, you see that that's done today." Well, I pretty near had the kids hating me before I grew up because I drove them like Magee did his slaves. (laughter) I made them do it. I was bigger than any of them. I could whip them then if I had to.

H.B. He never got over it either, Mr. Waggoner; he's still boss.

A. Well, I was responsible. He didn't blame any of the rest of them. If it wasn't done, it was my fault. So, I had to get on my muscles.

H.B. Well, he was a pretty good man with the kids. I can tell you that, and they all of them grew up thinking a lot of him and all of us still do.

END OF TAPE

A. I don't know a thing about college. I went through one. The Webb boy over here is head of a college in Mattoon, you know, and he took my brother and me out one Sunday evening, after everything was closed up, you know. Took us through the institution that we might see the layout and when we came back out the door I said, "Well, sir, I've been through college." (laughter)

Q. There you go! Did he give you a degree?

A. He laughed, though. He thought it was pretty good thinking that I'd

been through college. That's as near as I—that's the only time I was ever in a college.

(portion in which Mr. Aikman interviewed the interviewer not transcribed)

A. Where do you go now to pick up a plane?

Q. Down at Litchfield.

A. Oh, do they have them to rent?

Q. Yes, sir. There's a little airfield down there . . .

A. I didn't know that.

Q. . . . Don—oh, I've forgotten his name right now but he runs a little service there where he teaches, or he'll fly you someplace if you want to go, or he'll rent the planes out, you know.

A. He teaches flying?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. I see. I never heard of that in Litchfield.

Q. Oh, yes. The little airfield is really a nice little airfield, has a nice concrete runway--it goes east and west. It's . . .

A. South of town, isn't it?

Q. Yes, sir. Right out south of the . . .

A. I was down there when they talked of it, at least. Well, in fact, in World War I there wasn't any landing field for them at all. They didn't have any. My wife had a cousin that lives out the northwest corner of Litchfield, right between all the roads, and he had a twenty-acre meadow that he had cut the hay off of in the fall when they were training a bunch. Those fellows used to come in there and land in that stubble, just timothy stubble, you know, pretty closely cut. I used to go down there--I had a car at that time--used to go down there and watch them come in. Talked to some of them. A lot of them, they hadn't been at it very much, you know.

I saw one fellow shut off one time, oh, I'd judge he was twenty feet up, (laughs) and he hit the ground and he bounced about that high up, too.

Q. While he was landing, you mean?

A. Yes, he was trying to land but he just forgot.

Q. Where were these airplanes flying from? Scott Field, maybe?

A. Yes. Scott Field and Rantoul. Rantoul was a main school, I think. But this man that owned the field, he was in it all the time every day. He was the supervisor of the township and didn't work in the field very

much and he was around them so much until he says, "Bert, I know how they fly." He says, "I know everything they do to fly." He says, "I just believe I could get up and fly one of the things."

It wasn't long after that until he heard a plane circling his field at two o'clock in the morning and kept circling and circling and circling and he says, "Now, there's some guy that's lost. He don't know where he is." He says, "I'll just have to bring him down." He lit his own lantern and went down to that field and motioned the fellow to come in with it and motioned easy, you know, here (demonstrates) and dogged if he didn't bring him down safely. (laughs) The man was just give clear out. He'd got lost and he'd flown all of that time, now, until two o'clock, and he was just give clear out. So, he took him up and put him to bed. He notified where he was, of course, as soon as he could get to a phone.

Q. Was he military?

A. Yes. He was part of a troop that had taken off and gone to Springfield and he got off of his base some way and got lost from the crowd.

They used to have a big dirigible they flew up there practically every day. It used to go right up along here, too. It was one of them rubber things, you know. There was planes flying low. We got so used to it, we knew they were students learning. I never did see anybody crash. I was so thankful of that.

Q. Did you ever get down to Scott Field while the dirigibles were there?

A. No, I never was there when the dirigible landed, but one day I was coming home from Springfield--we used to sell eggs to a bakery up there once a week and we would take up the eggs and then come back home empty, of course--and when we started out of Springfield, he was pulling away from Springfield. He had circled the town and was ready to head for home. There was a tremendous high wind that we was both driving into and I could pass that fellow right along in the Ford. There wasn't any pavement. It was on a dirt road that I was. I'd pass him and I'd let him pass me and then I'd run up and pass him again. He was flying down where you could almost talk to him.

Q. He wasn't very high, then?

A. No! He was just clearing the tree tops, just barely.

Q. Sir, I wonder, could we drop back just a few years, then, to your railroading time? When you were . . .

A. Well, when I was railroading, as I told you, I went in there the fall of 1900 and that was an election year and I started in the first of November just--well, the first day I was there was when the election was held. I didn't get in on the first. Oh, it was a monotonous thing. I told you about having the little machine on a board.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. A sending apparatus, and he would lay that on his desk in front of him and he would put me to a desk at the side. I was to copy what he sent, as soon as he'd taught me the letters and the figures and so on. I expect I was a month getting those so I knew what they sounded like. It took quite a little while. You know something about that, don't you, in . . .

Q. A little bit. Yes, sir.

A. You used Morse?

Q. Yes, sir, but only for letters. You got to learn words in Morse code, didn't you?

A. Oh, yes, because he'd send right out of a newspaper. Well, if I could get the drift of what was coming, it helped a great deal on me getting, savvying it, you know, and I would copy there--we often put in four hours a day, sitting there just abeating away on that little machine.

And by the way, that little machine was just torn up last year. I gave it to my brother when I quit and he took it over, thought maybe he'd want to teach his kids but none of them took to it, but one of his grandsons has a couple of boys. They are in high school, one of them's in high school; the other, grade; and in the high school they wanted to develop this short-wave stuff and he asked me if I minded them tearing that up and using it for a sending apparatus on short-wave. I told him to go ahead, it would never do me any good. I didn't care anything about it. I was through with it. So, they tore it up in the last few years.

But that was just a monotonous grind, you know. Well, I met the trains. Learned to meet the baggage car and get the express and I also carried mail. Now, as little as Honey Bend was, at that time they had four mails a day, two in and two out. Two of them came in on a local passenger train but two of them we had to hang on a hanger. You know how they hang them and grab them off.

Q. Yes, sir. Could you describe that?

A. Yes. Well, they built a stage up about four feet high and they put a swinging arm on it that would just clear the bottom of it. There was a hook up here and a hook down below, another arm down below, and we'd hook a mail sack on those by the rings in the thing. When the train came along--that was about four feet from the train, you know--he could stick out his--he had [an arm], just like your arm exactly, on the side of the car that he would raise up and it would go out past that mail sack and bring her back in here and take her right along with it. He would have that sack open and work it by the time he'd get to Litchfield. My, those fellows did work hard.

Q. They sorted right on the train, then?

A. He was on the train, yes. At the same time that he did that, he threw off a sack for us. So, I had to watch where that sack lit and carry it to the post office, see that it was taken care of. I had one thrown through the window one day. He overlooked his hand. We had a bay window on the depot and it came in on the side the train was coming from and went out on the other side and neither one of us was close enough to it to be hit. Boy, it went through like a cannonball. Didn't tear up the sack. Took out both windows.

The other time, I was sitting there after--oh, I'd been telegraphing several years by that time, and I was sitting there. In the depot, like that, we did what we called O-S trains. That was tell the arrival and departure and we'd say, "Train number so-and-so in at certain time," and then, "D," for departed, at a certain time, and if it was a through train, we'd say, "Cannonball through at so many minutes." And I was sitting there--you got so you'd report these fast trains as they went by, you'd just do it right at the desk because you had to be there and change the signal, let the engineer see it go from red to blank. So I got so I would O-S them as they went by. And I was O-Sing one one day and the fellow grabbed the mail sack, and that fellow was doing sixty or better, that train was really going. And when he grabbed that sack, it popped the lock off. Tore off the staple in the sack, popped the lock off, and it came through both windows and it just rubbed the back of my hand. Didn't hurt it. Just rubbed it. If that had of hit it! Just went like a cannon, you know. After that, I didn't O-S as they passed.

(portion not transcribed--interview momentarily interrupted)

A. Well, that was my job, was to take care of the mail. When the local freight came in, why, I handled the freight, putting it on the truck and running it in the freightroom out of the danger of thieves and weather and so on. You had quite a little real work to do. I paid the agent forty dollars to teach me. The railroad allowed him to collect that much and they gave me permission to stay. In fact, I was registered in the station. When he took me in, he gave my name and address and they registered me in and I was known as "Student of Honey Bend, so-and-so."

So, as I told you, I worked that first four months, from November to the first of March. Then that tower job opened up and I went to the tower. But by that time I was familiar with all of the railroad work. I knew what to expect of everything, you know, through trains and trains that stopped and so on, but I needed still to learn my Morse better. So, the dispatcher had a wire through that tower and I kept it open always so that I could copy out the train orders that went and the messages that went and so on. That way I studied that year on that until I perfected telegraphing pretty good. I was a very good operator when I got through that.

Q. Sir, what is a train order? Can you describe that?

A. Yes. A train order is what trains move by. They had a dispatcher that sat in Decatur. He had from St. Louis to Decatur as his section of track to handle and he had to know where every train was every minute of the time and he got that information through those O-Ses that we gave him, see? If a train wasn't making its time, he'd send us a message and he'd say, "Ask the engineer what's holding him up." So, we'd hand him up on a hoop. We had a hoop that stuck in the end of a stick and we could hold that up. The engineer would run his arm through it and take hoop and all and then tear out the message and read it. Same way with train orders. If we had a train order for him, it went in a hoop. Except . . . well, I ought to explain something there.

There was two types of train orders, a 31 and a 19 designated them, and the

31 couldn't be handed up. The conductor had to come in and sign his name on it in your presence and he had to read it to you to know that he understood the movement that was to take place on that order. That was a direct order, see? But a 19, if they wanted to change anything on that order, they'd say, "Take 19 for so-and-so," and they'd change whatever they wanted to. For instance, if a local broke down in Raymond, broke a car down on the main track, and they'd have to take the other trains through on the passing track, well, that would go up on a 19, you know. We'd tell them just what had happened--"So-and-so is broke down and you'll have to go through on the passing track."

So, those orders were what the train worked on. After he left the first station, he depended on those train orders, and his timetable. He had a timetable that he was supposed to make, all the time.[14] And we had some very fast freights. They called them . . . uh . . . I've even lost that word. They were largely refrigerated cars and they ran them through. They'd take a carload of beef out of St. Louis, they'd run it through to Chicago in one night, you know. They'd take her through in a hurry if there was any refrigeration cars and they'd go through--highballs! That's what they called them. "A highball's coming." And when there was a highball coming, we were on our toes to see that he got his 19s, or 30s, or whatever, as he came along.

So, then if you had to stop a train, meantime, you could do it with that board. You could stop any of them with that board. Leave it red, they wouldn't pass it; but if we wanted to stop them for information, or to give them definite information about something, we would step out with a red flag or a red lantern and flag them down. They came to a stop right at us, you know. The engineer would hop out. "What's the matter?" Well, we'd tell him and, "Come in and sign your order." They'd come in and get it. Then they could proceed under the proper directions, you see, to go.

They had lots of wrecks. Lots of drawbars pulled out. They could only haul so many cars, those days, without pulling drawbars. [If] the drawbars were not put in--that's the coupling between cars and they were great big heavy steel--but if they were not properly placed in the car shops or [they'd] get a heavy load, why, they'd pull out and then there was half a train down here loose and half of it on the engine. The engineer would be scared to death whenever that happened because the air brake would stop him, if he didn't watch his doing, and it would break off down there and the air brake wouldn't brake and here they'd come tearing up at him like another train, you know. So it was his business to work that air pump and get that air out of those cars behind him just as fast as he could. And you could tell, to hear them acoming, what was wrong. They was working hard and that old engine was afighting it, you know.

Q. They automatically locked, then, the brakes?

A. They had to chain the train together then. They'd allow the back end to catch up or else they'd back down to it and take a great big chain and chain it on and away they'd go.

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[14] See addenda item 89.

But all of that had to be done through the telegraph office. We were the voice for every movement of the train, practically, you see. Nowadays, the voice goes over telephone directly to the conductor and the engineer. They get it. But those days it was written out and handed up.

Q. You didn't do this type work there at the crossing where the Illinois Central . . .

A. No. I took one train order while I was there. There was a wreck in the north end of Litchfield and they didn't want the engine that was coming down to get into it, so they told me to take a train order and I did a fairly good job. That was my first one, you know, to hand up. So, I went out and handed it up to them and they made it all right.

I was working at Honey Bend when they had that terrible wreck that I don't suppose you ever even heard of. During the World's Fair at St. Louis, they ran—I think there was nine passenger trains passed our station a day, going to St. Louis. They'd run three and four sections of a certain number. The trains are all numbered, you know: number 4, number 12, number 7, and so on. And number 11 was coming down that day with a great trainload of people, never did know just exactly how many, but they had a terrible trainload.

There was a new dispatcher breaking in on the road. They had to travel the road so much and learn all about the hills and hollers and so on, what would cause trouble and what wouldn't, and so on. So, the dispatcher had to ride engines quite frequently when he was learning and this new dispatcher we thought so much of was on that train, that day, with the engineer and the train was one hour late. He came out of Detroit, and in the distance from Detroit to Decatur he'd lost an hour. Probably loading. They took quite a while to load fifty or a hundred people, you know, in coaches. So, they were coming down there at the . . .

Word came out. I don't know how it got out, but the word came out afterward, that when the dispatcher climbed in--of course, the engineer knew him--he says, "Are you going to take us in on time?" The dispatcher knew he had to make up an hour in that from Decatur to St. Louis, and he said, "I will or I'll land her in hell!" There wasn't any restrictions on them. They ran them as fast as they could run and some kids had tampered with the switch right up at the north end of Litchfield and had split that just enough that that engine split it. They went into it at that tremendous speed and that engine got off its wheels and the boiler went down the track like that, end over end, and ended facing back toward the way it had come. Every car went in the ditch and it caught fire immediately. There was a lot of people burned up. They never did know how many.

Men that were down there--of course, I couldn't leave my station, I was on the job, but a lot of the boys from around there went down there. Drove down in horses and buggies, you know. They said there was one woman that was hooked under one of the cars just beyond her ankle there, the iron had clamped on her, and they said she just begged them to take an axe and chop that off. Here was the fire coming down on her and she

knew it and she begged them and there wasn't anybody would chop that leg off. They was afraid they'd be sued for murder if she died, you know. They just let that poor soul burn up, and knew what was coming.

Oh, that was a terrible wreck. My goodness! Those cars just piled up and blazed right off. They burned the telegraph wires in two in two minutes and so there wasn't any telegraphing below me for quite a little while. Then, they got a man down there and put him right on the field and hooked on wires and had him work from there.

Q. Did it take them a long while to clean up the tracks?

A. Oh yes, they was a long time getting it cleaned up. The cars all burned up but the steel parts remained. They was steel cars. It was a brand new train. A beautiful train. It was just really the pride of the road and I expect each one of those cars would cost a million dollars. They were perfect. You had air conditioning and that was a new thing in those days, you know. Air conditioning, you didn't open windows and, oh, it was a wonderful train. The Wabash was a long time getting over it, I'll tell you. I don't know what it did cost the insurance companies, I never did hear, but they figured there was at least a hundred people burned.

They got out a lot of them. They got a lot of them that was broken up but not fastened in the steel. They got lots of them out. They got all the doctors from Decatur to there and from St. Louis up to there. They had all the doctors up, from both sides, up there to take care of the wounded ones, you know, to keep them from bleeding to death. Run special trains to do it.

Q. Was St. John's hospital there in Litchfield at that time?

A. No, the . . . It isn't St. John's. It's . . .

Q. Not St. Mary's?

A. No. Shoot, I know it, if I could think of it.

Q. St. Francis?

A. That's it! Now you're talking. Yes. It was just a two-story affair. It had an L this way and then an L went out from it that way. I don't suppose it had over thirty beds, and of course it was jammed just as quick as they could. Then they brought up hospital cars and took people in them, too, in both directions, quick as they could. But, oh boy, that was one day.

Q. You were working at the crossing at that time?

A. No, I wasn't; I was at Honey Bend. I was agent. And we had a block system. We had a system on the road when the Fair came on; they introduced a block system that you kept trains one station apart. That distance. That was put on a separate wire. It wasn't in the telegraph wires but it was a separate wire. That was your blocking wire and when a train got ready to leave Litchfield, the operator would say, "Block south." And I'd

say, "Block south." Then he could turn his train loose and immediately I turned to Raymond and I says, "Block south," and he would put in a block. Well, then I could let them pass me, go right on by. If you couldn't get a block, you left that red board on them because there may be a wreck between there that you didn't know about. So, we had a wonderful system.

The first thing I looked for, when I heard that train had gone in the ditch, was to see that I had a definite okay for my block, see. And I did. For I was blocking south at that time, I was blocking south. Litchfield took the block. He had accepted it. Those days you had to stay pretty close to your job because trains moved on those blocks.

Then in order to move them into a section that was blocked, we had what we called caution cards and they were a card that says, "You are to proceed with utmost caution from Honey Bend to Raymond, expecting something wrong. We don't know what." You handed that up to a train as he come along by you, or else you stopped him and give it to him. He acted on that until he knew that track was clear and could get through Raymond and then, if everything was all right, he got up to speed again and started on to Decatur. So, we handled them in blocks when they were occupied. We'd get trains within ten feet of one another that way because he went up expecting to find trouble. When these trains would break in two, why, they always used that because that back end was helpless. It was just setting there on the track, you know, and you had to protect it until it was recoupled and pulled out.

I learned railroading pretty good. That was one thing that I took a pride in and I taught a young man there in the neighborhood, and he worked as night man there for a number of years. Then I taught my brother, George, and then my youngest brother, Jean. Both of them were out on the road, working, when my father died and, as I told you, the younger boy gave up his job and came home.

But George stuck to it. He moved off of the Wabash over onto the New York Central because they offered him five dollars a month more to be an operator over there then the Wabash was paying. He was just a quarter of a mile from where that cutoff went down from Hillsboro to St. Louis without any towns on it. So, he went over on there and went to working in a tower and got $5.00 a month more wages. He got $50 a month where he only got $40 or $45 down here. And he stuck to it. He stayed with the New York Central until they retired him. He draws a pension of about $380 a month.

Q. When you were working in the tower at the crossing, didn't it get kind of lonely there? Setting there twelve hours out in the middle of . . .

A. I never was bothered that way at all because I was atrying my very best to learn that business, to get able to read everything that passed me. After I got so I could read good, why, that was a constant source of amusement. You could just set there and hear what was taking place all over the system. Know what each train was doing and when to expect it, and so on. So, no, I didn't have any trouble.

I did have trouble sometimes staying awake. I went to sleep one time and stopped a coal drag that was coming north and I hated it so bad and those fellows, when I gave them the board, they came up even with me where they could, they called me everything they knew (laughs) hard as they could, but the buggers never turned it in. They were good enough to (laughter) . . . I didn't blame them for cussing me because it was a hard drag to start. He had a compound on and he had to use that old compound to drag her out of there.

Q. You were working twelve hour shifts there. Did you rotate shifts every so often?

A. That was it, twelve hours. I worked from seven to seven at Honey Bend. Then the night man came on and worked from seven to seven. He'd leave seven in the morning, go home, and I would be on the job at seven, you see. Worked through the day and then when he come on at seven o'clock in the evening, I pulled out for home.

Q. Did you rotate at all or were you always on that schedule?

A. No, we were on that schedule because we were registered that way, each one. But, to get to go to the World's Fair, we each one had to double for the other. They wouldn't furnish men to relieve us at all. They was too busy. They'd send you all the passes you wanted. They'd just give us passes without any question, but they'd say, "Get your own relief." Well, that was up to he and I to trade off, see. So when you did that and went to the Fair and come back that night, why, you had to work--take on and work about 72 hours before you got relieved. I worked 72 hours a number of times. And I didn't go to sleep much on that.

The last time I got that, he played a trick on me. He took a notion to lay off and he says, "I'm agoing to lay off, now, whether they let me or not." He kept awriting and asking for relief but they wouldn't let him. That was long after Fair time. It wasn't so busy. And one morning I went down and he wasn't there and there was a telegram on the desk, written out, saying, "I am sick. Send relief," and his name signed to it. I put it on the wire immediately. I didn't know but what he was sick. But the bugger had just gone home and dressed up and went around for a good time and he stayed away two weeks.

Well, I worked 72 hours that time before they would give me any relief and I called the wire chief then. I knew him personally. And I says, "Now, Mr. Stanton, I've got to have relief tonight or I'm not going to be responsible. I've stayed here 72 hours now and you get somebody here or I'll close the office." So, he got a man down there then. I suppose he pulled the night man off of someplace and sent him down.

Q. You say you attended the World's Fair there at St. Louis?

A. Yes. I went twice, but as I say, I had to work 72 hours to do it. But we got to see most of it. Just walked through it, we didn't get to loiter very much. But I did see a number of things that I was intensely interested in.

I'd read about them trying to harness the sun. I'd read everything I could on that. I still don't understand why they don't harness the sun. And I went around to that place. There was a fellow there claimed he had it. He was a Swede. Great big Swede. But I imagine he was a scientist. And he was melting granite, in that retort, with the sun rays. He'd just melt it down until it was like water. And I went around to see that. They never did take that. Never used it for anything that I ever heard of. I still can't understand why we can't have sun power.

Q. Well, there's a lot of work going on in it now, of course--solar power.

A. Well, do you hear of them making any progress, outside of these fellows that go to the moon? They do charge batteries and so on, on that.

Q. I believe home heating, right now, is becoming practical.

A. From the sun?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. No, that's from the earth, isn't it?

Q. No, sir, solar heating. No, the heat from the earth is more difficult to manage. They do do it.

A. They have to go down eighteen hundred feet, I read. Is that right?

Q. I don't know, don't know that much about it but I know it's more difficult than harnessing the sun, sun's rays.

A. Well, how do they store that sun rays? In batteries?

Q. No.

A. Use it to charge batteries?

Q. No, sir. It's not for electricity. It's for the heat. So they have a . . .

A. How are they going to store that heat?

Q. Well, they have a special heat tank.

A. A what?

Q. A heat tank, a tank. In which there is--I think it's some kind of salt solution, which gets real hot, you see, and stores that heat and then you run--like refrigeration--you run water, or liquid, through that and circulate that around your house and that's the way . . .

A. You have to have radiators, I presume, to use this, then.

Q. I . . . yes, I believe it is radiators.

A. Radiators was a wonderful heat anyhow. I thought they were really the best heat they ever developed.

Q. Except they clank all the time. (laughs)

A. Well, I never minded that where I used them. We never had them in our home but we had them in the depots a lot of places. I never minded them clanking. They'd sound like they was apounding iron, you know.

Q. Was that the way they heated the depot there in Honey Bend?

A. No, it had a great old red pot-bellied stove and we'd fill that full of coal, about two buckets full, and get it hot and it would heat that old building like nobody's business. They always give us plenty of coal. That was one thing. I never did have them turn down a requisition for coal. They got it there as I asked for it and it was stored in the end of the depot. We didn't have to go outdoors to get it. We'd go in and shovel a bucket full and put her in the stove. We had two stoves, one in the office and one out in the waiting room, and we could keep the place plumb cozy.

Q. How large was the depot there at Honey Bend?

A. How large?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Just about a replica of what was here at Waggoner. You know how the Waggoner one looked.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. There's one here at Waggoner yet, isn't there?

Q. Yes, sir. It's been cut down a little bit. It's not as large as it was.

A. Well, this was something like that size. We could get a twelve-foot truck in the freight room, loaded . . . and I know . . . that we had them in there always when flour came in. There'd be a quarter of a carload of flour come at a time, usually, and we'd unload that just right off of the local. They'd form a line and throw it on, one to the other, and pass it on. You could unload that much in pretty quick time, you know. And we always put it in the dry.

Q. How many passengers used that depot at Honey Bend per day?

A. Well, there was seldom over three or four at a time for one train. I was thinking this morning, a great many people favored me because I was out of the neighborhood, you know. They tried to turn business to me, and there was a couple of schoolteachers that wanted to go to Washington and New York City on vacation time. One of them lived at Coffeen

and the other one lived there at Honey Bend, and the one at Honey Bend says, "I want you to get both tickets for us." Well, I didn't handle tickets like that, at all, because they were that long, you know. So, I wrote the ticket office at St. Louis, told them the route they wanted to go and what they wanted to see. So, I gave him a pretty complete description and I says, "Will you make coupons for two tickets to start from Honey Bend and back to Honey Bend?" And he sent them up, made up by the head ticket agent in St. Louis, you know.

So, when the women started on the trip, why, they got away over in the East and the schoolteacher that lived at Honey Bend said there was a conductor picked up them tickets. He looked at them, says, "Where in the world did you got these tickets?"

END OF SIDE ONE

A. She says, "Well, we got them from the agent at the station there where I live." "Well," he says, "some people sure are lucky." They got a side trip that nobody else was getting, see? (laughs) He says, "Some people sure are lucky." Well, I hadn't made them up. I couldn't have done it at that time. I did get so I could after I worked at Litchfield the two years. I made steamship tickets. Clear across the ocean. A number of them.

Q. Oh, the railroad handled the steamship tickets?

A. Yes, we had steamship tickets. They had to use our road as far as we could use it. To Kansas City if they were going by the Pacific. If they were going by the Atlantic, we'd run them clear over to Buffalo, New York, because the Wabash run into Buffalo. We wanted all the milage out of it we could get and that was the way we'd try to send them. All of them, I think, without one or two exceptions, all that I ever sold went to the East Coast.

Some of those birds were coal miners, down at Mt. Olive, and Staunton, and they would take a notion to go home on a furlough. They would not come and say a word about it. They had a travel agent that come and sold them on this ticket, told them exactly what it would cost and what they could do. He was a splendid ticket agent. Now, I never did see the bird, but he had them posted until they knew exactly what they wanted. He had it written out and they would plop that down and, "We want a ticket," was all they could say.

Well, I started in to make my first one of them [that] called for a steamship and I stalled about the middle of the ticket. Well, the old agent had told me if I ever stalled, why, just call him up and he says, "I'll tell you what to do." So I called him that night. He got up and put on his clothes. He didn't come down to the station. He just got on the phone and he told me what coupons to get, what to put on them, and how to make up the ticket from one end to the other.

So, I sold it to the fellow. It amounted to a hundred and ten dollars. Maybe two hundred and ten, I don't know. There was a ten in it, anyhow. I never forgot because I shorted him in change on that ten. He never

touched that money when I layed it back down on the desk. He stood there just looking like this . . .

Q. Looking up at the ceiling.

A. . . . and directly he says, "Not enough." I says, "Yes, I counted it to you." "Not enough," he said. So, I picked the money up and counted it again and he was right, I was shorting him that ten dollars. I never forgot that. I gave him another ten. After that, I watched very particularly because that agent had told them to a dime what their tickets was going to cost, you know.

Q. Let's see now, you went to Litchfield from the crossing.

A. No. I went from the crossing back to Honey Bend, as a student, and then I worked--that was 1901 that I worked the tower. In 1902 I went back to the office and learned the agency work, the bookwork that there was to do in the station and how to bill cars and how to write invoices and all of that, I had that to learn yet. I'd just centered on telegraphing, understand, before. So I spent, I expect, three months that spring, from March up to about May, I guess, I spent in the office until I felt sure that I knew what to do in a station.

One day they stopped a fast train and jerked me on and said, "We're taking you to where there's a sick agent. He had to be taken to the hospital last night." Well, they took me up to Strong, and Strong's way up in the Chicago district. And in that black land, it was in Pyatt County and that's about as good as Champaign County. It was one of the rich counties, you know.

Well, they dumped me off there, off of that fast train, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and that was the place where I told you the agent had taken the money with him and I had such a time achecking in.[15]

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Well, I checked in there and I worked there a month and then they changed me from that when the agent came back. They put me out on the road just wherever an agent wanted off. I was a relief man. I worked practically a dozen stations, I expect, up and down the road then as a relief man. I put in the big end of that year and then I heard that there was a little station down the road named Osman was open for an agent and I bid it in. I had seniority enough to bid it in and I went to that station and worked the rest of 1902 in there.

Well, my brother Jean was a little tyker but he got around and his ears were wide open, and he heard that the agent at Honey Bend was aleaving that station and agoing over on a station at Shumway, Illinois. He got busy right off and wrote me. He says, "You apply for Honey Bend as fast as you can." Because that was my ambition, to get back to the home station.

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[15]See addenda item 90.

So, I called the wire chief. I knew him. And I says, "Whenever Honey Bend's open, I'm ready for it. You remember." And he says, "We'll check you out tomorrow." I came that near alosing it, see? Because he would have put it up for bids but he just checked me in right off.

I worked there for five or six years and then, when I'd finished at Honey Bend--when the nine-hour law went into effect--they closed Honey Bend. Took out the telegraph keys and just shut it up, only a ticket office. And the trainmaster came down to see me, the man I worked for, and he says, "Now, you've got plenty of seniority. You can take anything you want on this division and I'll put you in it." And I says, "Well, I'd like to take the second trick at Litchfield, then." I'd go to work at four o'clock and work until one o'clock in the morning, because it was nine hours now, see? [That] had taken effect.

So, we moved to Litchfield and we lived there until I quit. In 1909, in October, why--I had to finish my ten years on the railroad--I quit and came to this farm. Not--yes, came to this farm.

Now, during the time that I was at Honey Bend it was developing into a milk shipping point. I was very foolish to have ever left it because old man Pevely, in St. Louis, had seen there was a lot of milk around Honey Bend. Now, the Litchfield Creamery should have the credit for all this because they developed that milk, you know, developed the dairies, but a lot of the men up there by me shipped their milk to Pevely at St. Louis because they could get a little more for it than they could at Litchfield.

It went on tickets, just like a person, and I got 10 percent out of those tickets. Well, it wasn't long until that milk was paying me more than my salary. When I had to check out, I was getting more out of the milk than I was out of my salary. And then I had to give that up and go down to Litchfield and start on a straight salary again.

In the meantime, Pevely had built a milk house, put in refrigeration, put on a landing platform to load cars, and he shipped a tremendous amount of milk out of Honey Bend then. And it made the country because people went into dairying. They were poor farmers, poor land, but they could milk cows. And it just made that country, that's all there was to it, that milk business did.

Q. How did this milk shipment work?

A. Well, they put it in five and ten-gallon cans and the can had their name soldered on it, right around the collar. You'd make out a little waybill of how many cans you shipped out each day and sent [that], with the baggage man to go on down to St. Louis. When he stopped at St. Louis and started to unload, well, "Here's the bill from Honey Bend. There's so many cans from there," and they checked them out. The farmers, of course, didn't get paid but once a month. The end of the month they got paid for the whole amount that they'd shipped during that time.

Q. It was the farmer's name that was on the can?

A. Yes. But it was from Honey Bend, credited to the Honey Bend station,

you know, and after Pevely got it all set up he had a wonderful shipping point there. And the agent that come in there, took that job, was an agent on the division that was older than I. When they put the wires back in, well, I tried to bid it back, but there was a fellow older than me and I couldn't get it. So, I just stayed at Litchfield until I finished.

Q. What kind of cows were they milking in those days there?

A. Well, they were mixed breeds, largely offsprings of Holsteins and Guernseys, some Jerseys.

Some fellows shipped just straight cream. The cream separator was a new thing in the country then, and they could buy a separator and skim their own milk and have the milk for hog feed. Many fellows did that and just shipped the cream. They got pretty near as much out of the cream as they would out of the whole milk because they didn't care so much for that milk down there. A lot of it went in the sewer. Then they learned to make cottage cheese and they used that skimmed milk, you know, and they, I think they made it into cottage cheese and then shipped it to real cheese factories where it was made into real cheese. So, Pevely didn't have to waste very much of it.

Q. Was there a lot of shipping of hogs out of there also?

A. No, they seldom had a load of hogs there. I expect I loaded out—oh, I was there for seven years and I doubt if I ever moved over two carload of hogs. The company got tired of keeping up the stock pens and they finally wrote me that they were going to tear them out and I wasn't to accept hogs anymore for shipment there. They had to go to Raymond or Litchfield. So, they tore the old stock pens down.[16]

Q. How would they get the hogs to Raymond or Litchfield in those days?

A. Haul them in a wagon. And then they'd dump them out in a pen and get the whole carload in a big pen. Then they run them up a chute into the car, you know. And those cars had to move fairly good, too, because in warm weather hogs would die while in transit if you didn't watch. They didn't like taking in dead hogs.

Beef the same way. They shipped all their beef out of Raymond and Litchfield. I never did handle a carload of beef. That first station I was atelling you about--Strong--where the agent had taken the money with him, there was a cattle feeder sixteen miles out from town that was a big enough volume feeder that the railroad built him a switch out the sixteen miles to his place. He would load his cattle out there and then they'd bring them in to the agent to bill and hold the train until you billed them.

Well, I hadn't been there over three weeks until he took a notion to ship out and he loaded sixteen cars of steers and sent them all up there on me at one shot, and I never had billed out a carload of steers. Well, I knew

[16]See addenda item 91.

how to do it. I grabbed the waybills and billed them but I also had to make an invoice of the whole outfit and put every car number on that invoice. He couldn't unload until that got to Chicago, you know. So, I never worked harder in my life than I did that hour or hour and a half that they held that train.

The trainmen were good. They helped me all they could. They got all the numbers and brought them to me and took the sealing iron and went out and sealed the cars for me. So, I just sat at the desk and wrote as fast as I could until I got all of those cars billed and that invoice full and then checked it. By that time, the schoolteacher and I were good friends and he was alooking over my shoulder. He could see that I kept my numbers right and so on. He was a wonderful help, that young fellow was, but I don't even remember his name.

Q. How many passengers would go in and out of Litchfield on a train when it stopped there?

A. Well, lots of times we would have . . . oh, thirty or forty. And then we ran what they called a special ticket sale on Saturday. We sold a round trip ticket to St. Louis for a dollar, good all day Saturday and Sunday until seven o'clock in the evening. But they had to be back into Litchfield by midnight. They must make it back by midnight or their ticket was void. Well, those times, we'd sell a hundred or a hundred and fifty tickets, you know. Saturday we'd sell a mess of them. People used that, they like that. They could go down there and shop on Saturday and then come back Sunday evening, you know. Maybe go to the park or something on Sunday.

So, there was quite a lot of traffic out of Litchfield at that time and yet there was four railraods out of there that handled passengers. There was the New York Central and the Illinois Central and . . . the Q [CB&Q--Chicago, Burlington and Quincy] . . . and let's see, am I . . .

Q. And the Wabash, itself.

A. And the Wabash, and the Q, the Illinois Central, and the New York Central. Four, four trains.[17]

Q. What was the Q? CB&Q?

A. It was the CB&Q. It went to Minneapolis and it hauled coal, largely, out of the mines down there. It was largely a coal drag through Litchfield but they had to keep an agent there and telegraph operators. They had two men in their station. They shut up the third trick. They just used two men. They'd shut up from one o'clock on; until seven there wasn't any operator in there, but the Wabash and the Illinois Central were open the whole time.

I'll never forget one experience that was ludicrous to me. It don't have anything to do with history, you may want to shut it off.

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[17]See addenda item 92.

Q. Oh, no.

A. There was an agent that was there at Litchfield, was a little Frenchman, and he was a well-educated chap. A perfect gentleman, nice a man as you ever saw, but he could out-cuss a sailor. I was a Christian at that time and he'd choke lots of cussing off because of me. He had a friend in Decatur who was a millwright in one of the big mills up there. There was a flour mill, or I don't . . . Yes, it was a flour mill in Decatur. And this old fellow who was the millwright--well, he was the boss of all the works in the mill, you know, the millwright was in charge—he had a widow sister that came to keep house for him after his wife died and she had quite a little bit of money. She said, "I'd like to go down and have Charlie Carnau show us how to buy some land down there." Carnau was the agent I'm talking about.

So, they came down one afternoon on the train, and--they really came on the Cannonball, at noon. When I came to work, they had been visiting with the agent until I got to work, and he says, "Bert, I want you to look these people over pretty carefully. I'm going to sell them tickets back to Decatur, but they don't want to carry them. They want them left here in the ticket cage and you're to give them to them when they come in and ask for them. Now," he says, "look at them and see if you think you'll know them." Well, the old man had chin whiskers and the old lady was a nice appearing old lady. I got their faces fixed and I says, "Well, I think I'll know you all right when you come in, so just go ahead."

So, they got a man to take them where the agent sent them—I don't remember, out where there was farms that could be bought--and she went out to look over the farms and she took him along, for his business acumen, you know. Well, they came back into town, oh, I guess . . . six o'clock, just about suppertime, and she came into the office and she says, "I'm ready to go home, but," she says, "he insisted on visiting with somebody he knows here in town besides Charlie Carnau." And she says, "You keep his ticket, but I'll take mine and I'm going on home." So, I gave her her ticket and she got on the train about six o'clock and sailed out for Decatur. Well, the old man never showed up. She said, "He'll be in pretty soon." He never showed up, never showed up.

Finally, there was a pimp from one of the bawdy houses close there that I knew, he come awalking in pretty near carrying the old man. He was drunk as a lord! And he says, "He promised me a dollar and a half if I'd bring him down here to this station," and he says, "I want it." And the old man says, "Well, you take it out of my hide if you think you're big enough," and he wouldn't pay him a cent. (laughs) He says, "You got as many drinks as I did. You got as much liquor as I did." He says, "That's all you're going to get," and he sat down in the seat and went to sleep.

Well, I did hope he'd sleep until the train come but he didn't. He woke up pretty soon sicker than a horse, for he had too much whiskey. Then, he went out back and throwed up and throwed up and throwed up, then he came back in. He felt a little better, so he started--he was an Irishman—and he started singing "Erin go bragh." You know the old song. And he'd sing that and he'd say, "Now, anybody that don't like that can go to hell!

(laughs) And then he'd sing it right over and the same was repeated, you know.

Well, I had a big husky baggage man and I says, "Get him on this train, and don't you let him have that ticket." I says, "You give it to the conductor." So, I gave him the ticket. Well, he could no more get him on the train than nothing. There was three trains run; couldn't get him on them. No, he was having too good a time. So, finally it came time that I was going to have to go home. I felt he was sort of in my charge, you know, and I said to the baggage man, "Now, he's going on this train if you and I have to put him on, because I'm leaving at one o'clock." So, he got him by the arm and he says, "This is your train and it's your last chance." The old man was sober enough by that time. He got on and left.

Well, the next day I come down to work and the agent was just popping mad and he says, "What kind of a time did you have with that so-and-so?" Well, I gave him a resume of what had taken place and he says, "Read this letter." I picked up the letter and read it. It was from his sister. He went home and told her that Charlie took him out and got him drunk and didn't let him come until that last train; that Charlie Carnau had done that. And Charlie Carnau was so mad, he was (laughs) ready to pop off. And she says at the bottom, "The worst of it is, he's lost his false teeth." (laughter)

Well, I says, "Well, I know where his false teeth are." The agent says, "You do?" I says, "Yeah, just go out back there and look in that puke. He puked them out." And he went out there and fished them out with a stick and brought them in, washed them up, put them in a sack to send to him. But he was so mad, he wrote a letter that just took the hair off of that sister. He told her that he didn't drink, wasn't in the habit of drinking, that my operator had never seen him take a drink, and I hadn't. He was a sober a man as I was, and I hated the stuff. Oh, but he was mad. But if I hadn't known about the old man puking out there, he would have really lost his teeth.

Q. Did they buy land?

A. I don't think so. I don't think she bought any land. She was afraid to bring him down there another time. But that was funny to think about, after it was all over. It was funny how he sat there and for two hours sang that song and repeated that at the end of it every time: "Anybody don't like it, they can go."

Oh, I did hate drunks. They had lots of them there and I hated to have them around and hated--why, I come near to getting my head knocked off. One Sunday evening I was sitting there at the train order desk, copying a train order, and a great big Irishman walked up behind me and took hold of my chair and shook it enough to make me recognize him. I said, "Just a minute, please." I had to finish that order. So, I finished the order and then I turned around and I says, "What's the trouble?" He says, "I put a penny in that slot machine out there and it didn't give me a thing," and he says, "I'm going to tear it off the wall!" I says, "No, don't tear if off the wall. I'll give you back your penny." I went to the cash drawer

and got the penny and give it to him. But he was ready to hit me, now. He'd of smashed me.

Q. Did you have much trouble that way with the passengers, or the people in the . . .

A. Never did . . . The other real experience I had was a man with a freight shipment, while I was at Honey Bend. There was a man moved from up close to Decatur down to Barnett and he shipped his household goods, less than a carload, a half carload, and every piece had to be itemized on the waybill, you know. The weight, and so on, of all of it and then the rate fixed. Well, he had prepaid the freight on this household goods, and he didn't know--and a great many people didn't know--that the receiving agent was responsible for the correct money on the shipment. You had to watch all shipments and figure the rate, because somebody would get careless and just put on a rate that they'd think of and it wouldn't be right. You looked at the rate sheet, put on the proper rate, and then figured it.

Well, there was $4.00 short on his bill and I sent word out. He was already unloading it. The nightman had seen it was prepaid and he'd allowed him to break the seal and was loading wagons. I sent word out for him to come in and I told him, showed him the difference in the weight and rate and so on, and that man turned as white as a sheet. I never saw a man get so mad in my life. He got mad enough to be pretty near crazy. He thought I was apicking up $4.00, see? Well, I seen how mad he'd got and I says, "Now, I am responsible for this freight here." I says, "The agent that billed you out wasn't. He could bill it out at anything he wanted to, and send it in, and I had to collect the balance that's due. There's so much due on every shipment and it has to be paid, and it's up to me to collect it."

And I says, "Can't your daughter figure?" She was a grown woman. She says, "Sure, I can figure." She came over there and I says, "You take this pencil, now. Put down the weight that's on that waybill." She put it down, it had been weighed over elevator scales; the weight was correct. And I says, "Put down that weight." She put it down. I says, "Now, put down this rate under it and multiply it and see what the rate--see what he should have paid." And she did it and she turned around and said, "Why, Dad, he's correct." Said, "He's not trying to gyp you. That's just exactly what you should have paid up there." The old man begin to get a little color in his face then, and he pulled out the $4.00 and give it to me. (laughs) But boy, he was the maddest man I ever saw in my life. Just crazy mad, you know. He thought I was knocking down $4.00. Well, I didn't knock down. I just tried to collect the freight and send it in.

Q. Barnett was on the CB&Q railway . . .

A. Yes, but you see it was a direct line from Decatur down here and hauling it across country avoided a transfer at Litchfield which would have cost him as much or more than the freight down to Honey Bend. So, he didn't want to transfer it, he had his wagons there to take it out and he unloaded it. Took it home. Well, that was the worst deal I had.

I had plenty of set-tos with trainmen. I wouldn't allow them to cuss and blackguard in the depot. I just stood pat on it. They couldn't come in there cussing around--and women in there waiting for a train, you know--and I bawled out fellows good and hard that was pretty near three times as big as me. But I had the law on my side and they all knew it. They all knew that I had the law and they didn't dare hit me.

I remember one time when I was at Litchfield, the agent had a set-to with a drunk. A drunk come in there and he was going to do so-and-so just as he pleased, and the agent stood right up to him. As I tell you, he just came to my shoulder; he was a little fellow, but gritty, oh, he was gritty. He stood right up to that big old boy and told him off and he says, "That's the way it is and that's the way it's going to go!" And the old drunk was ready to fight but he changed his mind when that little rooster stood right up to him, because there was me to jump in, you know, sitting in the chair. Besides that, the agent's son-in-law was astanding there beside my desk, just aloafing with us that afternoon. He was as big as this fellow and he was ready to dip in. So, the fellow thought there was about three of us he'd better leave alone. So, he eased down and got out and waited and done what he was told.

Drunks were a curse! Always. Always. Then, when I was at Honey Bend, I had a peculiar experience there. We had a section foreman who lived there. He was the nicest kind of a fellow. Never heard him swear or use bad language of any kind and he got along fine with his men. He worked five or six men and he had no trouble with them at all. He was a diplomat and he was a man that I liked. His name was Sam Evans and he had a wife and three little girls and the little girls were in school.

Well, I didn't know until he'd been there three months that he was a drinker, but at the end of about every three months, he went on a high-lonesome. He would buy a gallon of whiskey, bring it home with him, and go to the carhouse and lay down beside of that and drink that entire gallon before he'd quit. Drink the gallon! He wouldn't eat anything, wouldn't appear at all, wouldn't bother anybody. Just layed there and drank that whiskey, but he would drink the gallon before he quit.

Well, he needed a cow for those little girls. He needed milk and he couldn't really afford--those days a section foreman got a dollar and ten cents a day for twelve hours work and he couldn't anymore than support his family, you know, and he says, "I wonder if I couldn't keep a cow?" And I says, "I don't see why you can't, there where you live. You can fix you a lean-to to put her in and use her at least through grass season." I says, "You can tie her out on this schoolyard." There was a big schoolyard there. And I says, "You can tie her out on that and that'll be all the feed she'll need. It will take care of your cow." I was a school director, I had a right to let him take it.

So, he went to see this milkman that was ahauling the most milk to us and asked him if he would sell him a cow. And he says, "Yes, I will." He says, "Do you want to come out and look at her?" Well, on Sunday he got in the wagon with the old milkman and went out and bought the cow and the two of them brought her in and put her in [a] place there at his place. Well, he had her just a week when this drunken time come

and he got a gallon of whiskey and come home with it, you know, and there the woman had the cow to milk and he never went home.

There was one thing about him that I always gave him credit for. When he bought that gallon of whiskey, he always bought a roast at the butcher shop that cost as much as that gallon, and he sent that by the hands up to his family. Well, he had sent the roast up to her and she come down and said, "Is Sam drunk?" I said, "Yes, he is. He's alaying down there in that house." She wouldn't go near him. She just left him alone.

Well, he got about half sober, got up and was awandering around. There was a ball game or something there that brought some extra people in and there was a fellow seen his cow out there and he wanted to know who owned that cow. Well, they told him and he hunted up Sam and asked him if he'd sell her. Well, no, he wasn't anxious to sell her. He said he'd just bought her a short time before. But he was just drunk enough that he felt he was pretty big and finally he priced her to him at fifty dollars. Well, the cow was worth that much, that's what he was apaying for her. And the fellow bought her and just give him his note and he let him take that cow.

Well, the next morning I come to work and they told me as soon as I come in that Sam had sold his cow the day before. Somebody had got her and got away with her. And the milkman came in and says, "I hear Sam sold that cow," and I says, "Yes, that's what they tell me and he's got a not for fifty dollars and he owes you fifty so he's not any ahead. He didn't make a penny." And he says, "Well, you tell him that I want the fifty dollars here tomorrow morning." I says, "No, I'm not agoing to tell him." I said, "He's a good friend and you're a good friend." I says, "You write him a letter and hand it to me and I'll give it to him when he comes in." So, he sat down and wrote the letter, whatever he wanted said to him.

When Sam came in that night I handed him the letter. He was able to work that day. He came in and I handed him the letter and he sat down and read it. He sat there a long time, like this. He says, "Bert, would you keep a poor devil out of the pen?" I says, "Why, yes. I'd like to." And he says, "You know about me selling that cow." I says, "Yes, I know about it and I know she wasn't your cow, you didn't own her until she was paid for." And he says, "That's right." And he says, "Crawford is liable to send me to the pen. Will you put up the fifty dollars? He's demanding it today." And I says, "Yep, I'll do it and you give me your note." And he says, "You can take it out of my paycheck, each month so much, until you get it all." The paychecks were sent to us, you know, the agent. He says, "You can do that until that's paid for."

Well, I paid the old boy off. He called him right up and asked him if he'd take a check from Bert Aikman for fifty and he says, "Yes, sir!" And he came in and I gave him the check and he wrote him a receipt. He was out on the road, of course. He didn't even see him. I gave him the check. Well, that was a pretty good arrangement. I thought I was plumb safe. Even if he got drunk, I still had his paychecks that I could hold on to, but lo and behold, that's when they changed me out of that station.

They closed that station right then and I went to Litchfield and all I had was that fellow's note.

And he dodged me. He never let me see him. I tried all season to get a chance to talk to him. He'd always dodge me. And I thought, "Well, that was pretty mean of him because we'd been such good friends." So, I sat down and wrote him a letter and told him that I did that to keep him from at least having an awful law suit. And I said, "You won't let me see you, so this is the only way I can approach you. I'd like for you to come in and see me and let's talk it over." So, he got drunk. When he got that letter, he went on a drunk. And he came into the station drunk and he'd cashed his check and he had the fifty in cash and he plunked her down to me. Gave it to me, the whole thing, and he says, "Now, we're square aren't we, Bert?" I says, "Yes sir, we are and we're still friends." And he says, "Well, that's the way I want it to be." I never saw him afterwards. Never did.[18]

END OF TAPE

Q.[19] Could we think this afternoon about when you first came up here to farm in the fall of 1909?

A. Yes, I moved here in 1909, in October, but I didn't do any farming until next spring of course. I broke horses because I bought a bunch of young horses and I put in the winter getting them ready for spring work.

Q. How did you go about breaking them?

A. Well, you've got to have a gentle old horse that doesn't get excited at anything. He'll keep them from running away or throwing themselves. You know, a young horse is apt to try to paw up over the neck yoke; or, if you have them to a wagon, you have a lot of things you have to watch for. Well, we had a real good horse and I broke three that winter. Then, when springtime came, why, I used a three-horse plow that my brother-in-law had. We were partners the first year. He was on the place when I came. So, we were partners and I used his plow the first year. Well, then he decided that he wanted to get married and move in down below and he did, and that left me the whole farm then.

I had to get more horsepower on and I had to have a bigger plow. I had to have--see, there was a hundred and twenty acres at that time and I got a gangplow. I had run a gangplow, knew how, all about them. So, I got a gangplow and brought it up.

The farm was newly tiled. It had just been farmed that one year out of new tiling and that--you can't imagine what that does to a piece of land

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[18] See addenda item 93.

[19] Before reviewing this portion of the transcript, Mr. Aikman provided information on several new subjects. See addenda item 94.

that has laid all those years without benefit of tile. It just changes it, pretty near, to new ground.

Q. In what respect? You mean . . .

A. Well, it aerates it for one thing and it drains it properly for another thing. You can work it sooner and you can work it more thorough and, with horses--that was a big thing in farming, was to get your ground worked right. I told you that I studied all the farmers that I worked with and I learned that practically all of them that had the best crops used a drag behind the plow to level it all, fill up all the holes, pack the ground, pack the plow-deck, you know, and break it up ready for a disc. Then the disc went in there, went the same depth all over, and that's another place the tile was a benefit because the land was all emptied of water down to the level of the tile, you know.

Tile was put in about, oh, thirty-six inches I guess, most of it; three feet. It would draw sixteen feet on each side of it. It would bring it . . . flow into it.[20] Well, then if you had another one over there sixteen feet beyond that, why, your land was all aerated. Every rain went through the tile, you know, and took down--I have a theory in my head that rain water carries a certain amount of nitrogen. That's just my idea. I don't know of anything to prove it but I think that rainwater is very beneficial. And yet, when I went to the West and watched them irrigate, they pretty near took that all out of me because they aerated their water with sprinklers. You've seen them, I guess, sprinkled fields. It looks like rain. They had them on wheels and they could move them forward. They could start in at one end of a field and move clear down, the whole day, you know. Soak the whole field in one day and it was all aerated. They would tell you, finally, that they thought the aeration helped, those better men in the West.

So, all of those things were in my favor to start on. It was newly tiled land and then I had old machinery, of course, to start with.

Q. What other kinds of machinery did you have, besides the gangplow?

A. Well, I bought the gangplow and a brand new corn planter. Corn planter then, with a check-wire, cost thirty-two dollars. Now, a corn planter costs nine hundred, you know; depends on how many rows they is. I had a harrow, a wooden harrow that my father-in-law had used. I added to it. I added more to it to make it a little bit bigger. It was only a six-foot harrow and I wanted an eight. So, I added two pieces on each side, or one piece on each side.

Q. What do you mean by a wooden harrow? Were the teeth wooden, also?

A. No, the teeth were steel. They were driven in . . . You bored a hole through this two-by-four a little shy of the size of the harrow tooth.

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[20] Mr. Aikman later explained this figure should be four rods. Tile was layed eight rods apart. See addenda item 95 for verbatim text.

Then you drove that harrow tooth in there and it was as tight as tight, you know, and every shower that come on would tighten it up. And those harrows you pulled catty-corner so as to keep the teeth about that close apart in the work of the field. So . . . But the steel harrows began coming in and, as I told you, they were such sharp teeth and so heavy and all that it scared me to death to try to harrow corn with it.

Then, the next thing that I had to do was get a binder. And I had a wheat crop that I was sure would pay for the binder. A binder cost $140 and I also needed a mower which cost, if I remember right, $65. I bought the binder and the mower from an implement man in Raymond and he says, "This fall I'll sell you a wagon." I was able to pay him off on those two things with the wheat crop, and that fall, why, I went down and got a new wagon. I brought it home, loaded up with corn and took it back over to Raymond, and that load of corn paid for the wagon. The wagon cost $80 and I had an eighty-bushel load of corn on it. I put all it would hold; the corn was a dollar a bushel at that time of year. It was in the fall, you know, and held over.

So, that was the beginning of my farming and I added to things as I felt able to. I had two pairs of cultivators that I bought from my father-in-law. One was a rider and one was a walker. I usually threw the seat up and walked because you could do so much better job, especially the first time over. You could uncover corn with your foot as you passed along. You could do more work with it by being on the ground.

Well, then I had to hire help, you know, to use that other cultivator. So, I wanted to get away from that and I went and bought a two-row cultivator, pulled by horses. And I used it the rest of my farming experience, a two-row. I had to ride that, because you had to see what you was doing all the time on that. That took two rows at a through,[21] you know; four rows to a round, and it did good work. I used that--oh, I don't know how many years, probably ten or twelve, and then sold it at a sale when I sold my farming tools.

I never owned a hayrake of my own. There was three or four of us in a bunch here that had a hayrake and a tedder that we split up on, three of us owned it and that made it much easier on each man, to pay for them, you know.

Q. Yes, sir. What is a tedder, sir?

A. A tedder was a machine that was made to stir hay right after it was cut. You'd mow the hay today. Tomorrow morning you'd take that tedder and you'd go out there, and it was forks on a crank. It worked like this. They kicked that hay up in the air more or less that high, anyhow, to air it out, you know. You could cure your hay much faster and put it up

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[21] Mr. Aikman uses the work -through- in this context to mean a pass from one end to the other end of a field being worked. [Ed.]

much quicker. You could ted it in the morning and put it up in the afternoon.

Q. Did you go down a windrow with this tedder?

A. Yes. It would take a swath that the mower cut. In fact, it took a swath and a half because it was eight feet and not many mowers was over seven. That was a pretty long blade for a mower, you know. We used them for everything. We mowed along hedges with them and you'd hook in the hedge—I've had them hook in the hedge and rear the wheels clear up, rather than break the bar. I don't know how it stood it. So, all told, I had a very complete line of farming tools, by the neighbors and me together.

Q. Were there any written agreements when two or three neighbors went together on . . .

A. No. It was always just mutual. We'd say, "Well, I'll go a third," and, "I'll go a third," and, "I'll go a third." And we'd put up the money and send one of them to buy it. We knew what we wanted.

I told you about getting the big grapple fork that time. That went all over the country. I wouldn't take partners on that, I wanted to control it. But I never refused lending it to anybody that wanted it. Because it was a lifesaver on dry hay. It would get it clean off of the hay-frame and take it into the barn.

Q. That first couple of years, what crops did you grow? Wheat? Corn?

A. Yes. Corn, wheat and oats, and timothy hay. Then I paid cash rent for the pasture. I paid $50 a year for the house and $3 an acre for the cash rent.

Q. How large was the pasture?

A. Well, it was about fifteen acres. And then, when I'd move to another location, it would be twenty acres. You see, this[22] is off of one twenty. The pasture was right south of the house when I moved here and I used it there for four or five years. Then, when I got hog fences in the hedge, I began rotating pasture; change it from field to field so that every field was rotated in pasture a year or two.

Q. How would you seed a new pasture when you changed to a new field?

A. Well, you'd seed it in the spring, usually when the first thaw came in March. You'd go over it with the seeder and spread your grass seed over it.

Q. By hand?

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[22]Referring to the five acres on which the house, barns, and so forth, are located. [Ed.]

A. Yes. Then, after I got a good drill, why, I would seed it in the fall because the drill had a box in front that seeded grass seed and that back box seeded wheat and I'd just seed it all at once. That way I'd save that spring work. But we usually let that ground stand, the fall that it was in wheat. We'd cut a stubble crop off of it, possibly, full of stubble in the hay, you know. The next year it would be clean hay, and then the next year we'd plow it up and put it to corn. We tried to have a mixture of--a light mixture of timothy and a rather heavy mixture of clover.

Q. What kind of clover would that be, sir?

A. Red clover. It grew pretty rank. The ground wasn't too sour at that time. That was another thing the tile tended to do, was to make the ground get sour. So, later on, we had to begin liming to get a good clover set.

I never raised much alfalfa. I tried to raise three acres once. Got a big crop off of it the first time and no weather to put it up, and the second crop didn't amount to very much, and the third crop just petered out. It was sour land, you see. Not sweet. Alfalfa requires sweet land. Lots of lime.

Q. How much livestock did you have the first few years here?

A. Well, I bought three or four cows of my father-in-law. That is, one good milk cow and three young heifers, you know, that came in; we broke them in. But those years we didn't do anything only just make butter; didn't try to sell cream. The first two years. Then after that, why, there was a man named Galloway up in Iowa that claimed to be a great farmers' friend and he came out with cream separators that he guaranteed anybody could handle. I bought a Galloway cream separator and put it in the cellar. We'd crank the milk through and take all the cream out of it, feed the milk to the hogs and take the cream to Litchfield.

The Litchfield Creamery was developing at that time. It became a life-saver for the country around Litchfield because they got cows in there, and men that had poor land that wouldn't produce much of anything else but grass got droves of cows and milked and started moving it to Litchfield. It was a wonderful thing. Just a wonderful thing. Then, St. Louis seen they were getting such good milk that they butted in and when I left Honey Bend, why, St. Louis had hogged all of that milk that had been coming to Honey Bend.

Q. Went to Litchfield. Did you increase the number of cows you had?

A. Yes. I went up to about seven because my wife could milk as fast or faster than I could. She didn't mind it. We milked and we practically got our groceries out of that cream check and a lot of other things besides. That cream check paid, those days.

Then the Farm Bureau developed. Long about the third year that I was farming, the Farm Bureau took over at Hillsboro, and they had a wonderful man, a manager, and he came around through the country and I visited with

him awhile. He convinced me, right quick, that I ought to be in the Farm Bureau and get the advantage of the agricultural bulletins that came out from Champaign. And he would see that you did get the right things, that belonged to you, you see. He'd go get the bulletins and bring them and distribute them. He was a wide-awake fellow. You could call him any time.

We had a bunch of hens and an old broken down henhouse and I wanted to sell eggs. I knew I couldn't do very good in there but I decided to have the hens culled just to see what a difference would it make to get the deadheads out. So, I called him up and asked him about giving me a date and he says, "Well, we'll make that a township affair." He says, "I'll give you this date now." And he says, "I'm notifying all your township that there's going to be a culling at your house that day and they can come and take part." So, I put on the first culling that was done in this part of the country. And I'm telling you, he took out a bunch of them, too. They were deadheads that were no good. Well, I kind of got the hang of what he looked for to get a laying hen, or a hen that would lay. The formation of the bones of a hen's body determines to a large extent how good she'll be. And so, he showed me all of those things and got me bulletins on it.

Well, then I decided that we ought to have a real henhouse, so we built that building out there. I fixed it so I could have two sets of pullets in it at a time. I'd move the old hens back to the north half of the building where they could lay--the nest they were used to. Then, the south half, I'd take the pullets out of the brooder that we had out here, that we'd raised, you know, and break them there. Well, I never had any trouble teaching them to go in that other part, find the nest, go right up, and so on.

So, we began selling eggs to a . . . a bakery at Springfield. We sold to him several years, I don't know how long. He gave us a few cents above the market price by us bringing him eggs that he could break, that he knew was all right, you know.

Q. Did you candle them here before you took them up?

A. No, I didn't candle them, but I picked them every day. There wasn't any eggs left in the nest and that's what made it bad for them fellows. People that would leave eggs in the nest--they called them decoys, or to show the hen what the nest was for. (laughs) And if those eggs were picked up, they were no good. Well, this man found out that our eggs were all right. He didn't find any bad ones, so he took them without any candling.

Q. About how many chickens did you have at any one time?

A. Well, I had about two hundred and fifty laying hens at a time. I had an old building over there that was a machine shed. I fixed it up for a henhouse. Kept a hundred head in there and I kept a hundred and fifty over here. We got two to three cases of eggs a week to haul to Springfield.

Q. Did you buy the chicks?

A. Yes. We bought baby chicks and put them in a brooder house. I used to have a brooder house that set right out here in the yard. We soon discovered, though, that it didn't pay for us to try to start chickens because we had too much trouble with the brooder stoves, to have the proper heat for them, and so on. And the hatchery people began to learn to start chickens at the hatchery and sell them for a higher price to us, and they would sell us straight pullets. The last few years we never bought anything but just straight pullets. They would be as big as quails. They knew how to eat and how to go to eat and how to get water and everything. They were, in other words, they were house broke. (laughs)

Q. How long did it take one of those that you bought before it was laying?

A. Well, they generally had to be about eight months old. Then they'll begin to lay pullet eggs, which are small. You had to take a discount on them, but they were just as good an egg as the bigger hen's but you didn't bring as much for it. In fact, I liked them better, to eat, than the full-grown hens because the vitality of the young chick was in them, you see. They were a better tasting egg.

Q. How long did they remain pullets before they became . . .

A. Well, the next spring they would be full--I mean next fall, winter--they would be full-grown hens and go in either one of the laying houses. We would keep them there, usually, the second year and then we'd dispose of them. They'd go to dropping off. They'd have troubles with one sort and another and it paid to put in fresh stock by every second year.

Q. What did you do with the older ones?

A. Sold them on the market. They were good eating chicken. They were well-kept and well-fed and had good flesh on them and hadn't run it all off. You know, the less a chicken exercises, the better eating he is.

Q. What kind of chickens did you normally raise?

A. Well, we got a cross-bred of Rhode Island Red and Barred Rock and they made a, pretty nearly, a red hen and you could just pick them out any place you saw them. And they were a heavy-bodied chicken. They weighed from five to eight pounds when they were fully grown. When they got too big, then you better sell them because they break eggs agetting in the nest, you know. Just tromp on them.

But in the meantime, why, we'd changed over, finally, to White Rock. Just buy White Rock pullets and found that they did about as well as the hybrid. They had a uniform egg and all. The last few years we used White Rock.

Q. What did you feed the chickens?

A. Well, there used to be a company over at Quincy called the Moorman Manufacturing Plant and it's a mineral manufacturer for all parts of livestock. They manufacture mineral for cattle, hogs, horses, and sheep. It is a salt block with the mineral in it and they take to it readily and

it was very, very good stuff. Well, they came out then with a concentrate for chicken feed and I would buy a hundred pounds of that and mix it with three hundred pounds of home-grown grain. I would take an equal part of shelled corn, wheat, and oats, put them in a sack, a hundred pounds. Three of them against one of these sacks of concentrate. Then you had a balanced ration for the laying hen, body and all. Body and egg-producer.

It was excellent feed but there was quite a bit of work about it. But I used it a long time because this girl right across here, that lives in the next house, she was a schoolteacher and she couldn't stand staying in the house. She just had a phobia about being shut up and she says, she told me, she says, "I'm not going to teach any longer." And I says, "Why, I think that's terrible, Margaret." I said, "You can get a school any place you've ever taught. You can go back." "I know," she says, "but I'm not agoing to stay shut up." She says, "I'm going to get a grinder and go around over this country and grind this feed." And she got a grinder mounted on her truck, with a good engine, and she ground feed for all the farms around here.

Q. Was that Margaret Franks?

A. Yes. For all the farms around here and even down to Honey Bend. She went that far to grind feed. And she did well. But then the elevators put in grinders and their competition ruined it for her. Too many people hauled their grain in and could take back a mixed feed. They would mix it for you in the elevator. They would put in the concentrate and the right amount of each kind of grain, whatever you asked for, and grind it and put it out for so much a sack.

Q. But you mixed your own here.

A. Well, they'd use my own grain. I'd haul my grain in and they'd use my own grain and they ground it and mixed it for so much. So, that ruined Margaret's business. But she stayed on the farm with her sister and helped farm. She wouldn't teach any more. She was a splendid teacher and had a good education.

Q. Did you feed anything like shells of any sort to reinforce the eggshell?

A. Well, that was supposed to be in that mineral that Moorman sold me. That was in that, for the shell. And then we put in oyster shell, we always kept oyster shell in front of them in open feeders. They could help themselves, and that was lime, you know. They could help themselves all they wanted to, but that and the mineral feed, mixed together, made perfect shells. You had real good shells.

Q. Were these a white egg or a brown egg?

A. Well, I--with the Rhode Island, with those red ones, it was a brown egg. But with the Rocks, it was a white egg.

I didn't grow the Leghorns because their combs freeze so easy, and if a hen gets her comb froze, she's out of commission for six weeks. And if

that's right in the best part of the seaon, long about Christmastime is a good egg market, you know, and you don't want a frozen comb then, I'll tell you. On the other hand, the Rock and the red ones had real low combs, about a quarter of an inch. I never knew them to freeze.

Q. You didn't heat the henhouses in any way?

A. No. I kept warm water, or thawed water, in front of them. I ran an electric line in there and put a heater in the waterer and kept their waters open and then it was, oh, room temperature, you'd say. It wasn't warm but it was room temperature, always ready for them. They require an awful lot of water when they're laying and using that feed, too.

Q. What time of day did you usually pick up the eggs?

A. Oh, we'd start about four o'clock and pick them up. They'd be through laying for that day. Then, I had lights in the henhouse, in both henhouses. As quick as the sun went down, why, a hen goes to roost, you know. Well, I'd set my lights then; I had a rigging here in the kitchen that I set for four o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the morning that would flop on those lights and you could just hear those old hens hit the ground. (laughs) I kept litter in there and I'd scatter grain in it, you know, and they would all come off the roost at once when those lights flashed on. You could hear them clear here in the house. Then they had a twelve hour day, that way, or a little bit more, and that's what you wanted so as to give them time to make an egg and lay it.

Then, I'd go out the first thing after breakfast, go out and open up the henhouse and look at the feeders, see if they needed any supplies, and I'd find a lot of eggs in there already. They were ready to lay when they got off the roost. Oh, I enjoyed all of that so much; and I had this man Snyder, as I tell you, I had him to consult with and I liked the man very much. He had a wonderful education and was ready to talk.

Q. This was the Farm Bureau man, you mean?

A. Yes. His name was Snyder. By the way, he had a terrible thing happen to him. His wife developed cancer of the brain. It swelled her head where she was going crazy with headaches and the doctors went in and sawed her skull in two clear around here, just clear around it, and then raised it an inch. Sewed it so it wouldn't go any higher, wouldn't fall off, and she--done away with her headaches--she lived fairly easy until she died. But, oh, what an awful thing that was.

Q. He lived in Hillsboro, did he?

A. Yes, but he left there after she died. He jsut couldn't stand it to stay around where they'd worked together all the time, you know. He couldn't stand it, he left. Of course, there was Farm Bureau men always after that, but I never saw any I liked as well.

Then, another episode I wanted to tell you about. Maybe I did tell you about it. We had chinch bug years hit us. Dry years, and the chinch bugs developed in the wheat fields and they would go out of the wheat fields and

they would clean twenty acres of corn in three days. Clean it clean! Be dead as a nit. Corn that high. We fought them with everything we knew. George Fooks sent and got us road oil by the barrel and sold it to us at cost and we tried running furrows to keep the buggers from crossing and coming out of the wheat field, you know. Keep that thing strewed with that oil and--they developed wings and flew in anyhow, and there wasn't no heading them off, that's all. They just took it.

So, Snyder told us--he was up here helping us try to fight and he told us that he knew of a parasite in Kansas. He'd learned it through his visiting the Farm Bureau leaders' convention, you know, and he says, "I believe I can get some for here." So, the man that lived just south[23] of me here was a wide-awake farmer and he says, "Let's have him get it." And I says, "All right. Get it. No matter what it costs us." Well, we found out the government was furnishing it. It didn't cost us anything after we got it and, you know, he got two little bottles not longer than that.

Q. Couple of inches.

A. Clear glass, and if they hadn't of magnified a little, you couldn't have seen those things in there. They were that little! They were small enough to get in the chinch bug egg. We scattered them pretty much over the township, few in each field, and they sure cooked the chinch bugs. We've never had them since, bad, at all.

Q. Did that happen in one year, or . . .

A. Well, it took a year and a half, but they were gone for the next year, completely. We never had them afterwards.

He was a wonderful help to us in that episode and then he showed us how to sweeten soil for alfalfa, and so on. We didn't attempt to grow alfalfa, though, yet. But the cattle-feeders were wanting to grow it. So, they used his know-how to lime their land and seed it and so on.

Q. Were there cattle-feeders around here in those days, then?

A. Yes. John Waggoner fed cattle and, oh, there was a number of them around here.[24] I don't know that I can name them now, but I knew them all at that time. Some fed more and some less, you know. Some fed just what they could handle in their equipment, but John had cattle barns and feed-bunks and everything. He fed a lot of cattle. He bought cattle. Before I come up here I was working for a man down right straight west of Raymond, and he had two carload of cattle on feed, that time. And John came down and looked them over. They were not ready to go on the market yet but they were in good fix, ready to be fed out, and John came down

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[23]Mr. Aikman later corrected this to read west. For verbatim text see addenda item 96.

[24]See addenda item 97.

there and bought the whole bunch and took them home with him. And so, I kind of wanted to know John Waggoner by that, when I moved up here, and I made the point to make his acquaintance as quick as I could. It wasn't hard to do. He was glad to make acquaintance.

They was--John fed cattle, and there was a man that . . . oh, what was his name? He was an old . . . French[25] descent . . . lived up at the north end of Pitman Township. He fed a lot of cattle . . . well, I can't tell you his name.

There was several cattle-feeders around Farmersville. There was six or eight and that was what broke the National Bank. That man that ran the National Bank up there, they would go in to him and they'd say, "Mr. Ball, we want so many cattle this fall." And he'd say, "All right. I'll go get them and you can give me your note when I get them back here." And he would go and buy them, ship them up, and they would go in and give him their note and start feeding them. He was a good buyer. He strained the bank that way, on loans, until those crazy nuts that came down here from Springfield closed him out.

Q. How did they do that?

A. Well, they just claimed that his paper wasn't any good. They couldn't get cash on it. Cattle was in the lot yet, not ready to sell, and so they couldn't get cash. He got in deep enough with them fellows that he couldn't go to St. Louis and borrow money anymore. He'd used all of his resources. They just cleaned him up and put him out of business and the poor old fellow shot himself, and so did his cashier. Both of them killed themselves.

Q. About what year was that? Do you remember?

A. Oh, no, I don't know. It was in Hoover's last year.

END OF SIDE ONE

A. If you know when Hoover's last year . . . But there was two good banks in Farmersville at that time. Both of them closed their doors. The State Bank [Farmersville State Bank] didn't lose as bad as Ball did. Ball had a great big farm and he turned the whole thing over to them. He wasn't crooked, in any sense. He turned it over to the state, gave up--made a pauper of himself. And the commission men at St. Louis says, "You come down here and we'll put you down in Missouri and furnish you sheep and you take care of them." Well, he went down there and tried it one year and he couldn't make a go of it. He wasn't a sheepman, he was a cattleman, and he couldn't make a go of it so he just killed himself. Boy, I did hate it. He was such a nice fellow and willing to do anything for the farmer.

Q. When you were milking the cows . . . Can you describe how the cream separator worked?

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[25] Mr. Aikman later identified this man as a Mr. Rovey, correcting the descent from French to German. See addenda item 98 for verbatim text.

A. Well, I can tell you the principle of the thing. The butterfat in the cream makes it heavier in weight than milk, than skimmed milk. Skimmed milk is nearer water. So they figured out, if they would separate this milk into thin layers, they had a . . . Didn't you ever see a cream separator?

Q. Is this one of those that you crank and work by centrifugal force?

A. Yes, and the cream was forced to the center of the bowl, came out the top, and the milk came out over at the side, went out. It would take all the cream out. That skim milk was the most wonderful hog feed, boy, boy.

Q. Is that what you used the skim milk for?

A. Warm, right from the cow and put it out there; hogs would pretty near kill themselves getting to it.

Q. Did you mix it with anything?

A. No, just poured it in the trough, then piled out the corn and let them balance it out. (laughs)

Q. Was that the main thing you fed to the hogs?

A. Corn?

Q. Yes.

A. No, I learned from the Farm Bureau man and Wallace Farmer---I started taking Wallace Farmer when I first began farming here. You could write to those fellows and they would give you the benefit of their knowledge, too, and I wrote to know about tankage. How safe it was to feed and how it balanced hog feed. They wrote back and told me and then Snyder verified it at the Farm Bureau, and I went to buying tankage then and putting it in a feeder so they could go to it and eat it, you know, with the corn. The feeder sat right on the platform where I shovelled the corn off. I fed the corn in the ear. That feeder was right in the middle of that platform. I had a concrete platform a little bigger than this room that I could throw corn on so it was never in the mud.

Well, I began feeding that. The neighbors didn't like it. They claimed I was arunning them in danger of cholera, hog cholera, because we didn't know what was put in that. But the people at Swift and Armour both guaranteed it, absolutely, and I never had a speck of trouble with it. But I sure caught thunder from some of the farmers because I kept going ahead and feeding it. They said, "You're trying to spread cholera." I says, "No, I'm not."

So, when the cholera struck us, the first cholera that struck me, I had two big brood sows and they had nice litters of pigs. It killed every pig, every one, just left the two old sows, and I didn't think they were immune. I was afraid they were not. I was afraid they'd die later on. So, I went to the veterinary then and asked if he thought there was any possibility of me getting serum. They were beginning to talk about a

cholera serum. He says, "Yes, I can get you serum. If you've only got two hogs, you can get it." He says, "You go to the phone now and call up the agriculture department at Springfield and ask for the serum man." And he says, "You tell him that I am sending you to buy serum of him and that I will administer it." And I told him and the next day here came two bottles of serum. He came right out with it and we gave the old sows each a shot and they lived through. They were my foundation for the hogs the next spring. Oh, they did lose hogs around here.

Well, I saved those two sows and then I got letters from two or three agricultural papers asking for anybody that had tried the serum to write their experience and I immediately done it because I thought that it ought to be known. I got all kinds of replies. The next thing I knew I was just run ragged by the farmers around here. They says, "How'd you get that serum?" Says, "We've tried all fall to get it. How'd you get it? What kind of pull you got?" I says, "I haven't any pull." I says, "I just had two hogs. That's the secret."

Well, they wouldn't take that. No, sir. "You had a pull of some sort or you wouldn't have got it." I said, "Well, all the pull I had was the veterinary telling me to call, in his name, and that he would administer it." And I says, "And he did, and that's the only explanation there is." And I says, "Another year you'll be able to get it but you've got to let them know that you're going to have it administered right. They won't let it out for you to administer." So the next year, why, we began to get serum and that was the end of the cholera for me.

Q. What was the veterinarian's name?

A. Harry Campbell. You knew him.

Q. Oh, really!

A. He was out of school, fresh, and he was anxious to help me.[26] He was the secret of it. I don't know whether he got as much trouble out of it as I did but I know they sure run me ragged for a while. Some of them came down and wouldn't take my word for it. They thought I was lying. I says, "No, I'm not lying to you. I'm not telling you only just exactly what happened."

Q. Well, Harry got out of it. He moved to Iowa.

A. Well, he didn't for a year or two, though, after that. But Harry was a pretty good veterinarian. I liked him. Well, he was related to you.

Q. Yes, sir. He was my step-uncle.

A. Yes, that's right.

Q. About when was this, when he was a veterinary here? I don't remember the year.

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[26]See addenda item 99.

A. I couldn't tell you that. I told you I'm no good on dates. That was . . . oh, I'd been farming a number of years and was pretty well-known around the neighborhood. I couldn't tell you to save my life. I expect it was about, oh, 1918. Somewhere along there because cholera had been pretty bad in the country north of us, a time or two, and hadn't come down this far. You know, they claimed that buzzards and crows carried it and scattered it in the country.

Q. How many hogs did you usually raise?

A. Oh, I'd generally keep four or five brood sows, that would generally get me about forty pigs and I'd feed them out twice a year, two times a year, you know. I liked hogs. I liked to feed hogs and take care of them, and so on.

Q. What kind of hogs did you raise?

A. Poland China. I wanted a boar one time and I wanted a good one, and I went over to Girard and there's an old fellow runs the elevators over there named Shutt. Maybe you've heard of him.

Q. What was the name, sir?

A. Shutt, S-H-U-T-T. I never had met the man but I knew of his reputation. So I went over and introduced myself and I says, "I'm out hunting a good Poland China boar." "Well," I says, "you know all the farmers in this end of Macoupin. Where will I find one?" He says, "You sit down there." He says, "I'll take the phone and I'll locate you one." And he put in a solid hour on the telephone locating a fellow that had one for sale. And he says, "Now, I know that fellow's honest." He says, "You can believe what he tells you."

So, I drove out until I found the place. I told him that I was the fellow that Shutt was sending out and I said, "I'd like to see your hogs." And I said, "What have you got to say about them?" "Well," he said, "I took this hog to the fair this fall. I thought I would get a first on him, but," he says, "I only got a second. But," he says, "he's got all the papers that you need. I'll give him to you and I'll sell him to you for a certain price." He was just about a year old at that time and, my, he stood up that high. Great big fellow. I looked the man's fences over and he just had little low fences and I said, "He never gets out of here?" He says, "Never has got out." I says, "Well, that's in his favor." And that's what I wanted to know, you know, because they're terrible to fence.

So, I brought him home and I kept that hog for three years. He was a fellow that was agreeable and never did chomp and chew and threaten you or anything. He bred all of the stock in the country, that had Poland China, you see. Brought them here and I never charged a cent for breeding sows. So, we got a good stock of Poland Chinas in here, you know, and we could save our own gilts and . . .

Q. Why didn't you want to charge for the use of the boar?

A. Oh, I just didn't want to because they didn't charge me anything for a bull. The only thing I paid for was a stud horse, colts, and--I did pay for

calves to some men. There was some men that insisted a calf was worth a dollar and I said well, I thought so, too. So, I give them the dollar. Never argued about it but I never bothered--I'd let them take that boar. Take him to their house and keep him as long as they wanted. Then bring him home.[27] Stay right here, he'd never try to get out.

Q. Did you ever show any of your hogs?

A. No, I wasn't smart enough for that. I didn't know how to groom them or anything. I went to the fairs those days and saw how they had to work. They had to sleep with them them days, you know, to keep them from being doped. There was crooked work agoing--all that stock there--all of those men had to sleep with their stock. Cattle. Hogs. Everything else.

Q. What were they guarding against?

A. Guarding against crooked work. They'd inject something into them to make them look sick, you know, like they was ashowing a sick hog. And cattle the same way. They had to sleep with their--the Boy Scouts had to sleep with their steers. So, I didn't fancy any of that. All I wanted was a good stock of stock hogs. I kept the old fellow until he died. He finally died and I buried him.

Q. Did you do any of your own butchering in those days?

A. Well, we did at first, but we liked better to buy the cured meat. We were neither of us very big meat eaters, my wife nor I either one. So, we'd buy a ham or buy our bacon and so on. We didn't cure meat very often. We did at first but we decided it was more trouble than it was worth and we quit it. Last few years we never cured any at all. And I never butchered a beef for myself. Helped my dad.

Q. How large a garden did you and your wife have here?

A. Just, oh, enough to--I don't know hardly how to tell you. We had from the east side of the house to that fence and down at the south end, just the length of the house here. And you can judge to look at it about what there was. We grew all the stuff we needed in there because it was good dirt.

I would put up woven wire fences for the peas to run on and she wouldn't have to stand on her head to pick peas. And beans practically the same way, and we grew tomatoes in the fence row on that side. They climbed the fence. Cucumbers the same way. And cabbage, of course. Cabbage was very easy to grow those days if you used a little slug-shot. They used to have a powder for cabbage worms that you could sprinkle over the leaves and they folded in and that was the end of Mr. Cabbageworm. He never done any eating. When he got down to where he wanted to eat, it wasn't fit to eat. (laughter) We grew cabbage, and lettuce, and radishes. But I soon got to where I couldn't eat radishes. I can't go them. They gas me to death. So, I just quit them.

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[27] See addenda item 100.

Q. Did you do a lot of canning?

A. Yes, she canned. She canned pretty near everything. We used to process beans and peas and then this idea of that . . . whatever that bug is that is so dangerous in canned goods . . .

Q. Botulism?

A. Yes. It begin to appear and we quit. We'd rather buy the stuff than take a chance on it, our own canning.

Q. You grew wheat and corn. Did you grow any rye?

A. No. I didn't like rye. Oh, it was so miserable to handle. Those old beards would go clear through all of your clothes and they didn't quit. You'd get one of those heads in your pant leg there and it would climb clear up here, just like it had legs. (laughter)

Q. How much of oats did you grow?

A. Well, I usually grew twenty acres because I wanted to put it in wheat. I rotated the land that way. I'd grow the oats, then plow that. Soon as the oats were off, plow that and put it in wheat that fall. Next spring I sowed it to clover, in the wheat you know, and then it stood a year for hay. Then you plowed it up the next year, and we called that rotating the land. And it did help a lot, because that clover grew nodules, which were nitrogen, and that was all the nitrogen we got, those days.

Q. Oh, you didn't put fertilizer on?

A. No, there wasn't any fertilizer at that time. No farm fertilizer. The gardeners got it, but we never heard of such a thing as farm fertilizer at that time.

Q. Other than manure from the barn, I guess.

A. Yes, we scattered that all over. Then the pastures, when they were broken up, were pretty rich, you know. As I told you, after I got the farm fenced so I could put hogs all over, why, I rotated the whole thing and it was like a pasture every time you broke it out. It would grow hay on it and then make a pasture, maybe a year, and then maybe break it--maybe you'd keep it in pasture two or three years. I built an alleyway clear from the lot here up to the end of the eighty that I could open gates and turn them into any one of the twenties.

Q. So, all the land is east of the house here, then?

A. Yes. This eighty just runs east and west, two forties.

Q. Where did you take your produce? Your corn and wheat? Into Waggoner?

A. Mostly. Yes. Sometimes we'd sell some to Raymond. If Raymond outbid Waggoner, why, we'd sell to Raymond but, as I told you, they organized a farmer's co-op. After that, why, it all went to Waggoner of course, because we got all the profit in the concern, and then we declared a dividend at

the end of the year and divided that all up. So, that was a great advantage. I served on that board I don't know how many years. A long time.

Q. What type of work did you have to do on the board? What types of things did you have to consider?

A. Well, you had to consider whether you wanted to store anything or not or whether you'd put it on the open market. We didn't store very much. I wasn't in favor of that because you can lose your hat on stored stuff. I didn't favor that. Most of the others didn't, either. They'd rather store it on their farm if they were going to store it. They just wouldn't bring it to town, you know. They'd store it on the farm and wait until the price come up. Then bring it in and sell it and they'd get the dividend and divide it up.

Q. Which elevator was that?

A. The south one. The north one belonged to old C. E. Munday in Litchfield. He owned a string of elevators. He owned one in Litchfield, one in Waggoner. I think he had one in Farmersville and then he went west on the Big 4, out to Hornsby or someplace out in there, and then he went south.

Q. Before the co-op was formed, was there an elevator on the south there across from . . .

A. Yes. John Gerlach built one and he ran it for a number of years and John was a good buyer. We sold to him. But there was a bunch of fellows that thought that we ought to have the profit, all the profit there was in what we grew, and they canvassed the country. Now, I was rather reluctant to sign up. I liked John and John was an honest fellow; he was an honest buyer. But they finally got enough membership to put it over and they went to him and told him they was going to buy him out. Well, he didn't want to sell. "Well, then," they says, "we'll go over and buy Munday's elevator." Well, he didn't want that. That would be a worse thing, you know. He put his price at--I never heard that deal done. Somebody else engineered that. He always claimed they forced him out of business. But anyhow, they made him an offer and he took it and they went to work and they put Romee Vignos in there as a manager. Rome managed there for a number of years. He was a good grain buyer and an honest fellow. I was secretary of the board and I worked with Rome quite a lot and I found him strictly honest.

Q. Is that elevator building that is there now, is that the original one?

A. Yes. That's what John built but it's been added to. After we got it, we encased it in sheet iron. We did that and we also built the cob burner and built a spout down to it and so on. We spent quite a lot of money agetting it the way we wanted it.

Then, they began having trucks to haul into town with and, well, we couldn't use the old dump. We just had wagon dumps in there. We couldn't use the old dumps, so the board met and appointed Frank Derby and me--he was president of the board and I was secretary--and they sent us to Springfield to buy the electric dump and have it installed. The Weaver Manufacturing Company manufactured them at that time and we went up there and went through the

plant and decided that they were honest in their pricing. We bought it and they shipped it down and put it in and from that time on, why, they had the electric dump. It would dump trucks of practically any length. They could get the wheat out of them.

Q. About what year was the co-op formed? Was that in the--

A. (shakes head in negative)

Q. Oh, you won't remember?

A. I'm the poorest date man you ever saw. (laughs)

Q. Well, I can find that, I'm sure.

A. You can find that out . . . I don't know whether you can or not. I guess you can there at the elevator books. I expect they can--oh, I doubt if they've got the old books that far back. I think it run for about fifteen years, if I remember right. It went through the war years.

I told you George Fooks owned a--to straighten you out on that--he shipped a carload of that road oil up to fight chinch bugs and he sold it to us at cost, and we brought it out here and tried it and it wouldn't work, and he called in every barrel and made the oil company take them back and pay him the full amount.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes, sir. We never lost a penny on it, but it didn't do us a penny's worth of good. Just a lot of hard work. So, George Fooks was an awful good man.[28]

Q. About how many people were involved in that co-op? How many farmers . . .

A. Oh, I'd imagine . . . twenty-five. Most all the farmers around here were in it.

Q. Both east and west of town?

A. Yes. Yes, most all of them got in and boosted for it, and after they were satisfied that Rome was honest, why, others would drop in, you know. There was a lot of them jubberish about a manager, thought he'd knock down.

You know . . . there's more people hunt for evil than good. I bet you know that. They do, though. A fellow's crooked until he proves he's honest. I always thought that I'd accept a man as honest until he proves he's crooked.

Q. But you find it's the other way around, normally?

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[28] See addenda item 101.

A. Yes, sir.

(portion not transcribed--statement by interviewer concerning mechanics of processing the narration)

Q. I'd like to check some of these names with you, if I might. Let's see. You mentioned the Moorman Company, from Quincy.

A. Yes.

Q. Do you remember how they spelled their name?

A. M-double O-R-M-A-N. They're still selling--in the business.

Q. Still there.

A. Oh, yes! They're going strong. They're a real reliable concern. Moorman. They were not robbers, either. They sold us stuff at a very reasonable price. And I never found any of it that was bad. And, by the way--is this still running?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. I wanted to tell you, we got fleas.

Q. A what, sir?

A. Fleas! F-L-E-A-S. (laughter) Did you ever have one on you?

Q. Yes, sir. I sure have.

A. Well, we got them in this country and everybody was ashamed of it. They thought that we'd been dirty some way to get fleas and they wouldn't acknowledge it, you know. Until finally they found that everybody was in the same boat. (laughter) Well, then we begin to find a way of fighting them and I went to the agent of Moorman and I said, "We're lousy with fleas out here." I says, "Can't Moorman get something that will kill them?" And he says, "Well, I'll take that up with them and I'll really work on it."

So, he did and finally he came back in, after a month or so. He says, "Well, Bert, I've got it." And he says, "I've got just exactly what you want." And I says, "Will they guarantee it?" He says, "I will!" He says, "I'll give you a guarantee if you want it. I'll just give you a guarantee." And I says, "Well, what is it?" He says, "It's a brown powder and you put it in a gunny sack and you walk around wherever there's dust in a building and shake that in that dust. Go in every building you've got here and shake it in the dust. In the barn. In the henhouses. In the hog house, the cow barn, and in the corncrib driveway. Wherever there's dust," he says, "you shake it in there." I says, "How much is it?" He says, "It's $25 a hundred." I says, "Well, it's worth it, if it will do the work."

So he brought me—he already had the hundred in there for me. He dumped it out and I went to work on it and, you know, them things just disappeared like a frost! We killed their eggs, in that dust, and also the old fleas, and we just cleaned up . . . most astonishing thing I'd ever seen.

And before that, every night before my wife and I would go to bed, we'd take off all of our clothes and put a sheet on that table in there and we'd shake our clothes in that sheet and mash the rascals, or try to you know, and there'd be from one to twenty-five on us. They'd leave great welts, you know. They were terrible!

Q. And everyone around here . . .

A. Everybody had them, but they wouldn't acknowledge it. (laughter)

Q. Just had to scratch in secret, huh? Well, then this powder worked for them, too, I guess.

A. Oh, yes. Moorman sold it to all of them and they just cleaned up on fleas in the neighborhood in a month's time. We never heard of another flea. And that was the most wonderful medicine I ever got ahold of.

And I had a niece in Kansas that had a dog. (laughs) A house dog, of course, she thought so much of, and she come out here with him one time and she says, "And he's got fleas." I says, "Well, I'll fix him." So, I got a little can and punched some holes in it, you know, and put a little of that in and I took that dog and I worked his hair backward and filled it full. In a little while he had quit scratching. Well, she come back here, bought the last bit of that stuff I had. She come three or four years back here and used some of that flea powder. (laughs)

Q. And this came from the Moorman Company?

A. Now you can ask your other names.

Q. Yes, I was wondering about Mr. Munday. How did you spell that name?

A. M-U-N-D-A-Y. C. E.[29] And he was a man that had drooping eyelids, he couldn't raise his upper eyelids. He'd just--like this--to talk to you.

Q. Lean back.

A. Look under. That looked crazy. (laughs)

Q. Yes, that must be a funny feeling.

A. His boy got married while I was at Litchfield and he came in and he says, "Charlie, I want some cars." He says, "Guy's agoing to get married." And he says, "I want a dining car, two sleeping cars. What are they going to cost me? I want them set in here for two days and two nights." Well, the agent told him just what they'd cost him, a hundred dollars a day, each one of them, and then he'd have to pay the help that was on them. So, he got the cars. Guy got married and moved in a car, sleeping car, you know. (laughter)

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[29]This may be C. B. Munday. The Standard Atlas of Montgomery County, Illinois, (Chicago: Geo. A. Ogle & Co., 1912) on page 53 shows a C. B. Munday (Mundy) as owning a site at Zanesville station in that year. [Ed.]

Q. And that was where they had their honeymoon, was out on the car, huh?

END OF TAPE

END OF VOLUME III

ADDENDA

ADDENDA CONTENTS

ADDENDA

ADDENDA ITEM 78 (ref. p. 180)

Q. Belly side down. Would that be the outside of the log?

A. The split side.

Q. The split side, the flat side. I see, yes sir.

A. So it wouldn't jump around.

ADDENDA ITEM 79 (ref. p. 181)

A. They had nurseries. You bought your plants at a nursery same as you go and buy plants now to set in the garden. They'd buy plants about that tall.

Q. About six to eight inches.

A. And take and set them out, and then you had to cultivate them with a cultivator the first year, very carefully, and keep all of the weeds out and give a chance for the little hedge plant to grow. And they were set close together because they had to make a tight fence. They wanted to make a hog fence, you know. They . . . (shows measurement with fingers)

Q. Two to three inches apart?

A. Two and a half or three inches apart. Well then, when those got to be tall as my head, why, then they would cut in on the top side of one of them and then they could break it down and lay it forward on the other hedge. They'd trim all the limbs off of it and lay it down there. Well, after they laid that one down, then they brought this one here down, too, and so on. Time they were all laid--they were none of them killed now, you know, they would all grow--and time you got them all laid and fixed up, it'd be about four years before you had a hog fence. But when you got it, you had a hog fence as long as you took care of it, because that hedge lasted, you know.

But it also sapped the ground. Well, you could count on losing from four to five feet on each side of the hedge from your crop. So that's why hedges disappeared; men got to being greedy for the land to farm, you know, and they pulled them. There was two miles and something of hedge on this eighty here when I got it and I started right in getting rid of it. I had it fixed for a hog fence by putting in woven wire. They sold us woven wire about twelve inches high. That went in at the bottom of a fence and the hedge was tight up above and that would turn hogs right along. So, when I got that all out, then I had to dig holes and set posts. We set posts

eight feet apart. That'd be two post to the rod, you know, you'd have to set, after having one to start with. And it was a big job to fence the farm.

Q. Did you use bois d'arc poles?

A. Yes. Yes. When I moved here, bois d'arc trees grew clear around from out at the other side of the lot, clear north to the road and then clear along the road to the edge of the yard here and then started in again at the barn lot, went on west to the end of there. And they were trees that could be split up and made into logs. I hired a couple of fellows, had them here most of one winter and they got me a thousand posts out that winter. And I paid them ten cents a post and boarded them to get that done.

Q. And these large trees then were just hedge that had been let go and grown up around the house--as a windbreaker, I suppose.

A. Some of them you could split and some of them you couldn't split. I made them split what they could. Some of them you couldn't. Well, if you got a big one that you couldn't split, why, you tried to use it for a corner post because it could stand a lot more pulling, you know.

Q. Well, why couldn't you split them? Because they'd be twisted?

A. Yes.

Q. The grain had twisted?

A. They had been gnawed on by horses. Horses gnawed the barks off of them. In the wintertime, they were crazy for something to eat, you know, green stuff. They would gnaw the bark off of those trees and that would make what we use to call cat faces on a tree. If the bark was injured on a tree and the new bark grew, it made a cat face. Well, where you had cat faces you had trouble splitting through them. Always, because the wood built itself up that way, crisscross, you know. And you had to learn to handle your cat faces. Usually, we chopped through them in making posts. We'd chop right through that cat face and then the wedges would split all right.

Q. Go on down through. And how long were these posts, each one?

A. Six and a half feet. If I had some special place, I'd have seven foot posts. But when they cleaned this lot out here for me--last year . . .

Q. There's someone at the door, sir. I'll check. Excuse me. (tape turned off)

END OF TAPE

ADDENDA ITEM 80 (ref. p. 181)

A. Every so often, you know, they'd let a tree grow up.

Q. Yes. What was the purpose of that?

A. Well, make them posts.

Q. Oh, I see, yes.

A. They'd grow their own posts. A quarter mile of fence, they'd maybe have forty posts growing.

Q. Yes, I saw the Franks girl cutting a post out there.

A. They've never cut that. That's the orginal hedge. I expect their old granddad set that out. There used to be a hedge between me and the Long heirs down here, and Mr. Burnet told me that they was a woman come out here and filed on those two pieces of land and she stepped off that section--just stepped it off, now--and put out a corner here and stepped another and put out a corner, and she only missed six feet.

Q. Oh, for heaven's sake. When she homesteaded, you mean?

A. Yes, sir! So then, when they got to surveying in here, why, when he bought this place, there was six feet of that land that was on this side of the hedge. Well, rather than have any trouble about that hedge--they wanted it for fence--he just bought the sixteen feet [up to the] fence. Half an acre--or a third of an acre--he bought up there and paid them for it and when I bought the farm, that was a separate deed for that piece of ground. Well then, I sold it to Thomases for a road, finally, and so it was included in that. I didn't get anything out of it. It took as much as I got to fence the land, and so on, on this side.

Q. Yes. Let's see. (resumes reading) "Q. Is that where the name Bois D'arc for Bois D'arc Township came from?"

A. That's right.

Q. (reading) "A. Yes, they were raising bois d'arc up there. Some people did."

A. I don't know where that nursery was but there was one up there someplace that sprouted hedge and they went there and bought their little plants and set them out. I remember helping with one of the hedges that was north of the Gerlach place when we moved on it. The fellow cultivated it two or three years there--two years, I think--and then he asked Dad if he would lay it for him. That's what they called that, topping it and filling it in, you know. And I helped do that so I remember just exactly what was done. I had to go along and side it, to have a straight side for him to work by, you know. Cut off the limbs. And then he laid that down and cut the top off of it. By the time we felt there, that was a pretty fair fence. And it would be better every year.

Until they got to finding it was robbing soil. They needed all the land, and then all of this hedge was pulled. This hedge along here, the girls would be better to have that out of there, a long ways, if they had it out, because it's a nuisance to them and to the highway. She'd had to cut out two trees and hitch on with her tractor and drag them down to the house, get them out of the road for this oil business, just now. But Granddad set

out this, laid off this place, you know. And then, something's kind of sacred about the tree up there, the big tree between here and the Lohman place up there. Granddad set that, they know, positively. And they wouldn't have a limb cut off of it for the power line. Power line went on that side of the road first because when it came in from the hard road there was Max Lee and then Orville Miller and then Frankses and there was just two of us on this side of the road, the Beeler place and my place. So, they wanted to run the line where they'd have the least lead-ins, you know. Mrs. Franks wouldn't allow them to cut a limb off of anything.

Well, they worked with her all they could, the fellow that was out here getting the right-of-way, and they drove in here one day and says, "Wonder if some of you fellows could have some influence with her?" I said, "Well, I'm willing to try. I don't know how much influence I'll have, but I'm willing to try. And," I says, "you send Ben Lohman down, too." I said, "She has a lot of confidence in Ben." So Ben came on down and we went down there. We told her that if she would let it go through, we'd make them take it over in the orchard where it was above all the trees and bring it down, and it was above that hedge at that time. So, she signed the papers then and let it go through. But afterwards she thought as much of it as the rest of us. They wasn't any more trouble about it after it was once established.

But she wouldn't ride in a car. Well, I've tried picking her up in the car when she'd be walking. She'd light out and walk. She'd walk clear over to Raymond. One day I seen her going down the road and I was going down the road to the corner anyhow. I could take her a mile. I stopped the car and I said, "Get in, Mrs. Franks, and I'll take you on down." "No, sir! You go right on. I'm afraid of them." (laughter)

Well, her husband finally died. The older boy had worked for me and he came home, he was just out of the Army, and he came home to the—I don't believe he was out of the Army, I think he got leave--and he came home, anyhow. So, I took him to one side and I says, "Now, Murray, what we going to do about your mother?" I said, "This has got to be an automobile funeral because there isn't enough carriages and buggies in the country to haul the people any more. It'll have to be an automobile." I said, "What about it?" And he says, "Will you let me take your car?" And I says, "Absolutely." "Well," he says, "I'll take care of her then, don't you worry any further." So he took my car and went down. She got in, with him as a driver. And from that time on she wasn't afraid of it.

But she was a Scotch lady. Her father and mother were full-blood Scotch. She was Scotch and she had her superstitions, you know. Oh, all of these signs. They planted everything in the moon, and so on. But a mighty fine neighbor! You couldn't beat her for a neighbor, that's all there was to it. And her old mother before her was—I couldn't understand her at all, her mother. She talked Scotch, you know, those long brrrs on it, and I couldn't understand her; but she was a good neighbor just the same.

Q. Well, they were living there when you came up here, then?

A. Oh, they were living here—my father-in-law worked for him as a boy.

Worked for him on the farm up here after--he proved up ahead of lots of people. He was a go-getter, you know, for work and getting things done, and so on.

Another thing that I wanted to mention. When he made his will he had, I think, four children. Two girls and two boys, if I remember right. And he gave each one of them seventy-five acres of land. And in doing that, he made a deed on one five-acre strip from the land, if it was a way up there a quarter of a mile away, you know, down to the road. They couldn't anybody be fenced in. He fixed that so no matter how many rows they had over land or any fence lines or anything, there still was an outlet for each farm. And I thought that was long head.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Long head.

ADDENDA ITEM 81 (ref. p. 182)

A. . . . and foxes. I didn't mention that.

Q. No, sir.

A. Well, there were. Foxes were there, too. That's not necessary, though. Foxes and coons were both bad for chickens. Opossums, especially, because they could get through places you just wouldn't believe at all, as big as they were. How they could get into a henhouse. I remember the girls killed one down here just a few years back and they hunted and hunted and hunted to see where that burger got in. He was in the henhouse when the dog treed him and they went out and got hold of him and killed him. They hunted and hunted and hunted and they finally found that the galvinized roof on the northwest corner had two nails out and that burger had found that and pushed it up like that and scooted under. (laughter) Climbed down in there and killed a hen. And he was eating it right there in the henhouse.

ADDENDA ITEM 82 (ref. p. 182)

A. In great droves.

Q. Yes, sir.

A. Like blackbirds. And there's a place in South America or Central America that they had to go through a moutain pass down there and those people down there had no game laws and the fellows would line that pass on both sides and they finally killed all of them off, just cleaned them up. I've seen just a few come through, three or four in a bunch, and stop overnight in a tree, you know. They were just about the size of a dove, but different color from a dove. They're more like a pigeon in color.

SIDE TWO

ADDENDA ITEM 83 (ref. p. 185)

A. It was power, too. Boy, oh, boy. I was talking to Nel last night.

It was such a wonder to me that they didn't have more wrecks. You know, they had those big locomotives and that was before they got this big heavy steel. And those passenger trains, those fast passenger trains, especially the Kansas City Flyer that came out of Detroit and went clear into Kansas City, they had drive wheels that were taller than my head when I stood beside them. So, they must have been seven-feet wheels. Well, you know when that went over, that was twenty-one feet. And they were not slow moving either, I'm telling you. He'd go through there--through Honey Bend--sometimes at sixty-five or seventy mile an hour and pick up a mail sack. How on earth they kept from tearing them in two, I never could see. But they'd grab that mail and away they'd go.

Q. Sir, I was wondering. In Honey Bend there, there's a main road that comes in from the highway. Where was the depot in relation to that railroad crossing there?

A. It was just south of it. The platform reached up to the highway and the depot was just about midway of the platform. The platform was about as long as, oh, well, I expect a block long, an ordinary block--I mean a lot, a hundred or a hundred fifty feet. And it was made with bridge timbers. You know, they got eight by sixteen white pine timbers to make culverts out of. They were that high, you see, and eight inches across. Well, as quick as one of them started decaying any way, well, it was the bridge and building man's job to get that thing out of there, because it was liable to break under a train, you know. And they'd bring them down and make platforms of them. They'd put them about that far apart and then fill in with rock . . .

Q. About three or four feet wide.

A. . . . and you sure had a wonderful platform. You could run trucks over it, you know, as good as you could boards.

Q. Was that on the east or the west side of the railroad?

A. West side of the tracks. I was thinking this morning about--I helped pick up a fellow one time in a scoop shovel. The milk train came in there at 8:15 a.m. and he was usually pretty regular. And this Detroit early train, they was an early train came out of Detroit, too, number 5 would. No, it was number 3, and he was two hours late that morning. It was a zero morning and this old fellow lived down the track about a hundred yards and he always walked up the track to the depot and cut off to the post office and get his mail. He had got a brand new watch, was very proud of it, and he and the postmaster compared time while he was up at the post office. Well, he came down and instead of walking right straight down the street and getting on the platform, he cut off behind two cars to get out of the wind--freight cars were setting there--to get out of the wind--there was a strong northwest wind--and he walked down until he was right in front of the window and he stepped out on the track. Well, this number 3 was coming down there. The milk train had sidetracked, you see, and let them pass and he thought it was the milk train and he knew it would stop. He never looked back. The engineer says, "He never looked, he just walked right in front of me." He says, "I couldn't reach the whistle or bell or a thing. I'd nothing to do but just hit him at full speed. Well," he says, "I looked back after I hit him and I seen him come out under the third car." So he stopped his train as

quick as he could and backed up and I says, "What's the matter?" He says, "I killed a man right there just a while ago." Well, I knew who it was immediately. That old fellow, you know.

So, after the train left, why, I called the coroner and told him what had happened and he says, "Well, go ahead and pick up what you can of him and put it in the freight house so that it will all be together so an undertaker can get it." So we got scoop shovels. They was about two inches of snow on the ground and it was below zero that morning and when he was cut up, all that meat froze as quick as it hit. There wasn't any blood showed anywhere and the train had went right . . . cut that knee off there and cut this leg off here, cut this part of his body all to pieces. This arm was left, this one was gone, but his face wasn't hurt, he looked plumb natural. So, all of that rest was scattered around, you know, the tendons held all of these things together. We took all of that in together, you know. And then we took scoop shovels and picked up the chunks that had cut off.

That new watch he had was knocked out of the case. It hit a fence post and the works went out of the case. It was a screw-bevel case and the works were laying over here six feet from the case.

Q. It was still running, you mean?

A. I don't think so, it was done for; but what a blow that was, now, to take that out of a screw-bevel case, you know. Scattered her there--and that was the first time I had ever seen human flesh frozen. And that looked just like mutton, exactly. He was rather fleshy and it just looked like mutton fat we was picking up. We picked up two scoop shovels full.

Q. Where was the post office in relation to that crossing? Was it west or . . .

A. Well, it was just about a block east and on the north side of the road. The old building is there yet, but it's a wreck. And the man that was the postmaster lived across the street on the other side, on the south side. And he ran a little store. He had bacon and ham and . . . kept bread. He got bread at certain times, you know, for people. There was very little bread bought those days, you know. People baked their own. But then, they did get it in. A basket a week of bread. And he kept sugar by the barrel and salt by the hundred and so on, you know. When I got married, I bought a barrel of sugar of him and he sold it to me at cost because he knew I knew what it cost. Because all those bills would come in, you know, collect before you deliver. And I seen what everthing cost and he knew I knew what it cost and he says, "Well, I'll just charge you a quarter for that." Just charged me a quarter for three hundred pounds of sugar. (laughter) And I rolled that barrel home. I rolled it up to the post office and then rolled it block further north to where I lived. (laughs) We set it in the corner of the kitchen and used out of it for about four years.

Q. Oh, my goodness, it lasted four years. (laughs) Gee whiz.

A. But those were ancient times, you know. Things was so different. And then, they was an old--I think I told you about the old fellow that had so much fun out of me with a hundred dollar bill. Did I?

Q. No, sir.

A. Well, there was an old German that lived down at Edwardsville and he came up there one time. I don't know how he came to come but he did, anyhow. He knew it was a good milk station and a lot of farmers come to town there and he decided it'd be a good place for a grocery store and to make a general store of it, dry goods and, oh, he kept practially everything, you know, and cigars, tobacco, pipes and so on. He put in sort of a general store. Well, he shipped all of that stuff up in less than a carload. It was a half a carload but his freight bill was thirty-two dollars, as I remember it now. And, of course, that was billed collect for delivery. So I told him I'd have to have the money and he says, "Well, I knew you would. So," he says, "I come prepared."

He laid down a hundred dollar bill there. I said, "Now, you know I can't break that in here. I don't take in over thirty dollars a week off of tickets and what express I had." I says, "I can't break that. You break that up and then come in here and I'll take care of it." Well, he didn't try to get it broke up. He just went ahead having fun out of me. He come in every week, you know, lay that down, he's ready to pay his freight bill. (laughter) And then he'd laugh at me, you know.

And so they was an old fellow had a contract to put in a bypass for cattle in this Crawford land, up north of the town there. He had a bunch of men under contract to scoop out that passageway and then build up a concrete wall and make a concrete bridge over it so the cattle could go through. Oh, I don't know what it cost him, but I know he loafed around the depot quite a bit and he was standing there one day when the old man come in and he heard what I said and he said, "What's the matter, Agent?" And I says, "Well, this man's got a hundred dollar bill here and thirty-two dollar freight bill and he's having a lot of fun out of me. He won't get it broke up. I know he can because he goes to Litchfield." And he says, "Well, let me see that." He walked over and picked up the hundred dollar bill and reached in his pocket here and pulled out eight hundred dollars. (laughter) Did he spoil that. (laughter) He says, "Now, what's his freight bill?" and he paid me and then he paid him the rest of it, you know. (laughter)

Q. Kind of showed the old man up then.

A. Oh yes, that joke was ended. (laughter)

Q. Were you holding all of this freight all that time?

A. No, I let him put it in the store, of course, because I knew he was going to be a citizen and he impressed me as an honest man. But he was just having fun out of me, you know. (laughter) And that--I guess that's the only hundred dollar bill I ever had put in my face. No. No, when I went to Litchfield to work nights there, I sold tickets clear across the ocean. I got lots of hundred dollar bills then. Takes three or four or five of them, you know, to buy a steamship ticket and railroad ticket and all.

Q. Yes, sir.

ADDENDA ITEM 84 (ref. p. 186)

A. I think they used the steam twice. I think they had a way of exhausting the front engine into the rear pressure of steam that they had there because, boy, it sounded like something took hold whenever he shifted that. I never rode one but you could tell the instant he shifted that over because, boy, there was power developed.

ADDENDA ITEM 85 (ref. p. 186)

A. That day there was a wreck on the B&O [Baltimore and Ohio Railroad]. Now, the B&O took off at Litchfield and used the New York Central track part way until they went out through Taylorville and angled out through the country. I don't know where they did go. But they had a wreck and blocked everything and the only way they could get back on their track was to get to Taylorville. They'd go around the wreck. And so we handled all their trains that day in addition to the Wabash trains. Every time you take a foreign train on you have to put a pilot on, and so they called practically all the experienced brakemen that they could spare out of Decatur and had them down at Litchfield to load them on as pilots to drive that up to Taylorville, you know. And they'd get the orders and read them to them and they'd obey according to what the Wabash said, you know. So, that was the day, that was the time they was so many went on my schedule, twenty-four trains. And that was the busiest day I ever had in my life.

Q. Sir, wonder if you could help me straighten out some of the abbreviation. Now, CB&Q, what did that stand for?

A. Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.

Q. I see. And B&O was Baltimore and Ohio, wasn't it?

A. That's right.

Q. What would the Big 4 stand for?

A. Big 4 was just the New York Central branch that came out of . . . I guess it came out of Cincinnati and it was called Big 4 from there on but it was a New York Central line, and their trains. But that went through Litchfield and on down to Hornsby and clear on down to Alton. Went down through Gillespie and on around and ended at Alton. And that ran two trains a day. They'd take a mixed train, a passenger and a freight train combined, and they would pick up all the way, freight, down and then they turned around down there. They would deliver it down there at Alton on their main lines, see, whatever line it was to go on. And then they'd start back and pick up again and take them into Mattoon.

Mattoon was a division point at that time for the St. Louis division. That's why my brother worked there so long. He worked there as a train distributor, oh, well, they called him in--World War II started--and said, "You have got to take one of two things; you've got to be a dispatcher or you've got to take the car desk." He says, "Well, I'll try dispatching but I don't think I can do it." And they said they were pretty sure he

could and they put him on and he tried it two days and he says, at the end of the two days he says, "I couldn't hardly eat or sleep, either." He said, "It was just too big a strain. So I told them I'd take the car distributing desk." He went over on that and he handled that all through that war, handled all those soldiers.

He handled soldier trains by the dozen, you know. They'd come out of Detroit, and they'd come out of Chicago, and out of Cincinnati, all of the East, you know, heading for the West Coast to take ships for wherever they were going. And they'd call him in--the government would call him into Washington, [D.C.], oh, once every three months, anyhow. They'd say, "Load up all your books and come into Washington on a certain date." Well, of course it didn't cost him anything. He got a pass, got his meals furnished and all. Even his hotel bill. And he would take his books and go in and he'd lay them down there in front of those fellows that were at the head of handling the Army. They'd say, "Now, why did you do this? Why did you do certain things?" He'd say, "Well, to expedite matters. I could get men across faster by doing that." "Well, that's okay." He said he never got rawhided a single time. They all agreed that he used exact right judgment in hurrying the men across to get them in shipboard.

He told them that he was going to work until they made him quit. And I says, "Well, they'll surely do it when you get to be 70 years old." And he says, "Well, we'll just see." Well, he worked until he was 72 and then they told him he had to quit, because 65 was retirement age, you know. Well, he'd piled on more salary all the time, so he gets a pension of something like four hundred a month by being on there all that time and handling responsible jobs.

Q. Boy, that's a long time with the railroad.

A. Well, I taught him. I taught one of the neighbor boys first and he made a telegragh operator, and then I taught George and then I taught my younger brother, and they all were at work when my father died. I called George and my younger brother home for the funeral. Then, Mother was going to be left, you know, with the farm and so on and I told my younger brother that I wished he would stay home and run things for a while. So he did. He gave up telegraphing entirely. He soon married and lived--but he was in reach of home all the time to help out. My brother next to me was there at home but I felt like he needed this younger fellow to help out.

ADDENDA ITEM 86 (ref. p. 188)

A. Chinkin. Chinkin.

Q. Chinkin?

A. C-H-I-N-K-I-N.

Q. Yes, sir. (resumes reading) "Wasn't that plaster that they called it was like chunks of plaster to close the holes between the logs?" Now that, like . . .

A. That harden just like plaster.

Q. Yes, sir. What you said right then, you see, I'll footnote and put it in here to explain that.

A. Yes, that was called chinkin. You had to chink between logs and in the building of a building of that kind, they endeavored to hew two sides of these logs, top and bottom, so that they would fit as near together as they could. And then they cut them so that they wouldn't be too big a space between this log and the other one. Well, then they put pieces of timber in between them, pushed it in or drove it in, any way to make it stay, and then chink from the outside to that. And that way you had the wind shut out.

They really were a warm house because they were built directly on the ground. We had board floor but then it was directly on the ground. This day it'd be eat up by termites but they didn't bother us in them days. At the time that we tore it down, why, the logs were still, a lot of them, good logs, good timber. It was made out of oak. Practically, all together, black oak and pin oak, and fairly straight trees.

I'd give anything if I had a picture of it. But, you know, they wasn't any cameras in the country those days. The only way you got a picture then was some fellow coming through and you always had to pay for it and risk him sending you the pictures and so on, so we never did get a picture of that cabin.

ADDENDA ITEM 87 (ref. p. 193)

A. I think they just had it geared beyond those squeezers. Just run their rod . . . you see, they'd have their horsepower permanent for that, wouldn't have to move it around. So they could adjust that tumble rod, as I called it, so that it'd fit in a bevel gear and go up here and turn those three. Those were iron rolls about that big around and . . .

Q. Almost a foot.

A. . . . about that long . . .

Q. Two feet long.

A. . . . and you'd take a big handful of cane and shove in there and it'd go through. It'd come out on the other side, it'd practically be dry. I'd take it all out of it. Then that pumice, as they called it, was the best thing we could get to roof hog houses or chicken houses, or anything that you wanted to put a straw roof on, you used that stuff. It would last for years and it'd turn water better than straw.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes. I don't know why but it made the best artificial roof. The cane, you know, has a hard shell on it and I suppose that was it, because it would . . . it sure made wonderful roofs.

Q. You used a regular thatching technique when you made your roof?

A. Tacking? Oh, we just put up rafters and then put boards along, oh, say

two feet apart up the rafters and then just go to athrowing this stuff on and pile it up and then get it up so that it was all over here and over here. And it'd shed water just fine.

Q. Did you tie it down in any way or weight it down?

A. Didn't need to. That was the beauty of that. Straw you had to, but that you didn't have to tie down. It was just tough enough that it'd stay where you put it. I went through a sugar mill in Florida. Probably you have, too.

Q. No, sir.

A. And they run those stalks through eleven mills, eleven squeezers.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes. They had them in a row down there over what looked like a creek. (laughs) Concrete and it was running that deep in juice, just pouring out of them. When the cane got through the eleventh one, it lit in the fireplace to fire the boiler. And it was dry enough that they could push her right in and burn it and generate their steam.

Q. That was the fuel for the process?

A. For the steam to run the plant. It did the cooking under the pans and it did the horsepower part, the steam that it generated. They sure had that down pat. I was so surprised to see what a terrible stream of juice there was there against that. Got down to that eleventh one, you know, why, it had been squeezed out of every . . . every drop of it. But here where they made molasses, it just went through once.

ADDENDA ITEM 88 (ref. p. 194)

A. He sold that to the grocers all over the country, you know, barrels.

Q. Yes, sir. Was this a particular place that you would take it?

A. Well, wherever they was a mill. They were different fellows ran mills. If a fellow did real well, he'd stay in the business, you know, for a while. But a lot of times, fellows would just come and put up . . . They'd have a mill and move it from some other part of the country, you know, up there. Maybe they wouldn't be there over six or eight months. They'd disappear so--you could just hunt up a mill, that was the size of it. Find out where it was and what day he could handle your stuff and then you'd have it there.

END OF TAPE

ADDENDA ITEM 89 (ref. p. 200)

A. I think that I should mention there that those orders were made in threes. There was one for the conductor and one for the engineer and I retained one, as evidence if anything went wrong. I've got the first one that I ever wrote but I never thought about hunting it up. I've got it around here someplace.

Q. My goodness. That would be real--I'd like to take a picture of that or reproduce that for this . . .

A. Well, I'll get it for you. I've got it. I saw it not too long ago. I thought yesterday I ought to have dug out that old shucking peg and hook for you, too, but I'll get them. Now, I'll remember to do that. My brother being here kind of threw me off base there, you know.

But those--I said they were made in threes. Now, in a register office--Litchfield was a register office--the conductor had to come in there and register his arrival and his contemplated departure in a book. Then you got orders for movements for maybe five or six trains. You'd have to make them up in three, six or nine, and they were tissue paper with carbon between and you had a stylus. It wasn't a pencil, it was a sharp piece of steel, you know. You wrote through that carbon and you'd give to the different trains that came along, you know. All of them had to sign for that, at a place like that.

Q. So all the trains stopped in Litchfield, then?

A. Yes. Everything--oh, there was times, later on, that they ran through-freights through. They wouldn't stop them. They called those highball freights. They were made up largely of refrigerator cars and [were] packing stuff from the packing house at St. Louis toward Chicago, you know. And those trains, they moved them on passenger schedules.

Many times when they'd come through Litchfield, they'd be running at a 94. Trains were all on number, you know, and they'd be running as number 94. Well, he'd give me a 19 and he'd say, "Number 94, from Litchfield on, becomes extra number so-and-so." I'd hand that up to them. I just signed that and signed the dispatcher's initials to it. When he got that, then he put his fireman out and he put out a white flag on each side of the front where the headlights were--or the blizzard lights were--up there. By the time they'd get to Raymond, he'd be running extra. Well, he could run right on ahead of 94's time then, as the schedule was made. He'd run extra and he'd take--oh, lot of times, they'd do better than a passenger train between Litchfield and Decatur.

Boy, they really flew! And they'd put passenger trains in the ditch for them fellows. Now, when I say in the ditch, I mean in the switch; and they really flew, them fellows. They had a good passenger engine on there and probably about twenty-four cars and, my, how they did run. And you could pretty near always count on one of them coming in. It might be number 1 or number 2 or number 3 of 94. They ran so many sections of them, you know. If he come in there as third section of 94, he went out as extra so-and-so, whatever his engine number was.

Q. What was the difference between a passenger engine and a freight engine?

A. Passenger engine carried four wheels on, four drive-wheels, while a freight carried six. The passenger naturally could make more speed with them high wheels, too, you know. But even with those six wheels, a lot of those fellows would do better than sixty. I wonder they didn't have more wrecks, because they didn't have that heavy steel they have now. Those fellows were dare devils, a lot of those engineers, you know. You give them

a chance and they'd really go in.

I remember one experience I had. The local pulled into Honey Bend and . . . he had four minutes to make Litchfield ahead of one of those 94's. Meeting him there, you know. And the dispatcher called me up and he says, "Is the engineer in there?" And I says, "Yes, he is." And he says, "Ask him if he can make the north end of Litchfield in four minutes if I don't make the order. Now, you tell him to go!" And I told that engineer and he run (laughs) and they was in the clear when 94 came through. Four minutes! From a standing stop, now; he made her there and got in the clear. And the dispatcher says, "You'll have the order for him tomorrow morning. When he comes back as a local, you give it to him." And he went on my word, without anything to go by, you know. But that was a chance. They took an awful chance there. Had anything happened, you know, they didn't have any order to show.

Q. No record of it, I guess.

A. No. But they just took our word for it and went anyhow.

ADDENDA ITEM 90 (ref. p. 208)

Q. Sir, that was on that bad tape where you explained that. I can hear it, but not enough to transcribe it. Could you explain about the money with the agent when you arrived up there at Strong? He had gone and left the . . .

A. Well, you see, there was no safe at that place. And you sold money orders. The post office couldn't sell money orders and there was no bank. It was a second class post office and they couldn't sell money orders. So, we had express money orders and I sold as high as $300 worth after my time of work, after twelve hours was up. I'd stay on just to accommodate the people in the neighborhood. I didn't have anything else to do, you know. I was learning all the business.

Well, he had stuffed all of that in his purse and took it with him. I didn't blame him. He didn't know who was going to come there and they wouldn't have a chance to check us, check him out and check me in, you see. So, he asked for me to give him the amount of money I needed, or was due, and he'd send it back. Well, it took about four days and I was still getting in money by the handful. It was the spring of the year. People was ordering feed and seed and tools and everything. You know, Sears Roebuck was something up in there.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. (laughs) Oh, boy! You got Sears Roebuck orders and you got seed orders from seed houses. My goodness! Well, I sold them all these express money orders. Well, I had the cash. I've gone to bed, or gone up to my room of a night, with three or four hundred dollars stuck in my vest-pocket, you know. I didn't like it, but I couldn't help it. You had to take it. No safe. No nothing. And I never was bothered. Never was robbed or bothered, at all.

Well, when--I told you about the schoolteacher taking pity on me, and the preacher. I'd been to church on Sunday evening and met the preacher and he was a young man about my age but he was out of college, you see, and so was the schoolteacher. Both of them smart men and both of them nice Christian men and they proposed they would come down and straighten it out. I stayed with them that night until we got her straight and I sent him in the bill and he fired the money right out. It came by baggage, you know. Didn't have to come through express or anything. He just sent it down to the depot and they handed it in to the baggage man and he handed it off to me.

Q. What hospital did he go to?

A. Well--Decatur. But that . . . The big roast I got there--I think I told you about that, though--was the cattle-feeder out from there.

Q. Having to make out all the waybills and invoices?

A. Yes. Sixteen carloads! And there was one place that I had to depend on the trainmen for everything. I said, "Now, you fellows get me those car numbers. I've got to have all them on the invoice and," I says, "I've got to trust you fellows for the loading of what he says is on there. I can't be out sixteen miles there and see them loaded, you know." Well, that conductor that took that extra train out there, he went out there and he told me, he says, "I counted every steer that went in there." He says, "He put in just what that says and," he says, "you can make the bill and feel safe." So, I did because I--if one had been left out, it would have been a damage claim, see. Shortage. And that was what I wanted to avoid. I never worked so hard in my life as I did. Those fellows were anxious to get on the road with the stock, you know. I was anxious to get them out of there. (laughter)

ADDENDA ITEM 91 (ref. p. 210)

A. I think I'm making a mistake in there. Pevely gave that milk business up when Litchfield begin to get stronger. I want Litchfield to have a lot of credit there for developing that country. They were more responsible for it than Pevely was. Pevely started that and then the creamery company got enough stockholders to put in all the equipment they needed. They took it away from Pevely. Because they didn't have to ship it, see. They had it delivered right to their door.

Q. Pevely was only in it a little while, then?

A. Well, he was in a year, or maybe better than a year, after I left. But then Litchfield soon made him pay for what he was agetting and he wouldn't stand that. He was a tight one. He was one of the hardest men to deal with I ever had any dealings with. He didn't reason at all. He just done what he wanted to. You couldn't talk to him, to reason with him, in any sense at all. He just wouldn't do it. He just was going to do this way and that was the way it was agoing to be. Well, he found out, when Litchfield got the proper equipment, that the farmers was all glad enough to go over to Litchfield and haul their milk right in. That's what built the country, was the Litchfield Creamery, and I don't want to give the credit to Pevely.

ADDENDA ITEM 92 (ref. p. 211)

Q. (Interviewer reading out loud) ". . . and the Wabash itself."

A. And then, there was the ITS [Illinois Terminal Service]. The electric had got in there by that time. They was what caused the dollar ticket sales. They advertised that they would take them down for a dollar, you know. Well, I know the old ticket agent wanted to meet that competition. I mean my old agent there. He wanted to meet that competition. So, he sent a telegram to the head ticket office in St. Louis and asked for the chief clerk to come up. He wanted to go over that with him and I remember they spent a whole afternoon afiguring on that proposition and the ticket agent wouldn't go below a dollar and a quarter. He says, "It's worth 25¢ to ride in one of our trans instead of riding in one of those open cars like they . . ." They were like a streetcar, you know.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes. And you'd ride to St. Louis in that. An open car and no air conditioning, dust and everything coming in. Of course, they was pulled by a trolley, you didn't have an engine or cinders. But he wouldn't come below the quarter. The agent tried his best to get him to and he couldn't do it, but it didn't take very long until he did come to it. He took the quarter off and gave us the dollar. Why, we ruined the ITS right quick, too, because our trains were so much more comfortable, you know, and faster.

Q. That ITS, that's the Illinois Terminal?

A. Illinois Terminal, yes. It was electric. That was McKinley's--built that in there at that time.

Q. McKinley?

A. Yes. McKinley. I don't know what McKinley he was but he was an electrical fellow and he built the . . . from St. Louis to Litchfield and then out to Hillsboro. Then he went through Litchfield on up to Springfield and Springfield was the terminus of it, and he hauled lots of freight. He worked through the country where the railroads didn't reach too easy, you know. He hauled lots of freight.

Q. That was all electric, then?

A. All electric. But it couldn't compete. It couldn't stick with the railroads because it was too expensive to keep up the track and all of that, you know, and then, I bet that current cost him a mess of money, too.

But when they had the Chautauqua out between Litchfield Hillsboro, they ran a train each way every fifteen minutes—or a car. Train each way, or a car each way, every fifteen minutes. You'd go out on the interrurban; if you didn't want to stay over a half hour, you'd get a car back in fifteen minutes.

Q. Did that run to Hillsboro also?

A. The same way from Litchfield to Hillsboro. They'd turn them around, you know. You could do that for 35¢. That was a ticket. So, my goodness, how they did get business while those Chautauquas was on. They'd just have that thing ahumming!

ADDENDA ITEM 93 (ref. p. 217)

Q. He just disappeared, huh?

A. He give me three dollars interest. I didn't tell that.

Q. No, sir.

A. Well, I forgot that. He says, "I want you to have three dollars interest," and he handed it to me with the fifty.

Q. Well, that's a pretty good story. Actually, there are four good stories in this particular session here. That first one about college and then you have this one about Sam Evans here and then the Charlie Carnau's visitors and then the $4 collection there. (laughs)

A. You're glad to have them, huh?

Q. Oh, yes, sir. Yes, sir. Those . . . as a matter of fact, I was kind of thinking, if I get some time--I'm so short on time here--but sometime this fall I think I'll take those four, the timing is just about right on them, and see if I can't make them up for that radio show. You know, make the four of them--introduce each of the four stories and . . .

A. Well, change their names if you do.

Q. Oh, you think I ought to? Why?

A. Yes, I believe. They might object. (laughs)

Q. Oh. Is Charlie Carnau still around?

A. No, he's dead and, so far as I know, Evans is dead and Crawford's dead, the man that sold him the cow. Well, I guess they're all dead but me. (laughs) But they left relatives, you know; that's what I was thinking of.

Q. Well, I don't know that there's anything so really bad in there. Certainly not for the Crawfords and Sam Evans, his family probably knew he . . .

A. Oh, they're gone. I'm satisfied he's dead. See, that's been . . . Well, I quit in 1909, so . . . Well, how many years is that? That's . . .

Q. 1909? Well, that's almost--about 70 years, almost.

A. Well, you see, he's probably dead. I--I've lived so long I can't keep track of time.

Q. Yes, I've noticed the dates in here. I'm going to state that in the preface, you know, that we'll write for this. In the beginning we state things that people ought to look for. Well, a couple of times in here--like, I remember one time we were talking about the bank and I asked you what time and you said, "Aw, that's a date," and then you said, "Well, maybe it was around 1918 or it was right at the beginning of the Depression." Well see, if I alerted them in the preface that sometimes the dates that you say might not be just right, why, they'll catch that as they read through it, you see, and it won't make that much difference.

A. Well, that was about [18]90 . . . about . . . Well, that was in the eighties yet, the bank started at Waggoner.

Q. I think it was 1895, I believe. The date on the building is 1895.

A. Well, I guess that's right.

Q. Yes, that building is quite a place.

END OF SIDE ONE

ADDENDA ITEM 94 (ref. p. 217)

Q. No, Helen Lewis is down in Springfield, Missouri, and my wife has a brother down there so we go down to visit fairly often and Sadie went down with us here a while back. Sure enjoyed that trip. She is really wonderful to talk to.

A. She's had a lot of experience. She worked in the post office and in the--well, two grocery stores there, as clerk. I had a lot of confidence in her. If she told you a thing, you could bank on it.

Q. Yes. Yes, she's a lot of help to everybody around Waggoner, I'll tell you. She . . .

A. She is to the old folks. She's the legs for a lot of those poor old people.

Q. Yes, she delivers mail every morning. Goes down and collects a bunch of mail for everybody.

A. Yes. So, I like to do her favors, if I can.

Q. Yes. Well, let's see. We've got three more of these basic sessions to go. So if we can work it out, I'd like to do that next Monday and Wednesday, if that would be all right, and then I'll probably have to hold off about a week or so before I go on with it.

A. There's the old shucking peg.

Q. Oh, my goodness.

A. But I couldn't find that hook at all. I think I've given it away. And here is my authority.

Q. Oh? Well, for goodness sakes. You wore this on your hat?

A. On my cap. It laid here for fifty or sixty years, you know. And here's the train order. I gave you a wrong impression on that train order. This was the first train order I ever delivered. I was going down to the tower to work one night and I stopped to see the agent I'd learned under and he was alaying in his seat unable to sit up. He had a sick headache and he was really sick and he says, "Bert, that dispatcher's been calling for an hour." He says, "For goodness sake, get in there and answer it." So, I went in and answered him and told him the circumstances and he says, "Well, here, take this quick!" And that was the train order. I don't think you can read it, it's faded terribly.

Q. Oh, yes. (reads) "Engine 719 will run extra ahead of number 94, engine 713, Honey Bend to Decatur."

A. That there was first 94, coming in there, but when he got that order, it changed it, you see. He was no longer on the timetable as a train. He was an extra and his fireman had to run out and put on white flags and white lights on the front of the engine and then the rest of the way to Decatur, why, he was extra so-and-so, you know, if there was any more orders, messages or anything.

And later on I got that message at the tower, but that's really the first order I ever handed up. Now, that's a 19, and I handed that up in a hoop.

Q. You know, I'd like to--probably what I'd best do--I wouldn't want to take this. What I'd best do is bring my camera and the light out and . . .

A. Let me have that piece of shell back.

Q. . . . lay those out . . .

A. Wasn't there a shell back cover there?

Q. What?

A. A cover. A little shell back cover. No, here, I've got it.

Q. (picks up shucking peg) This goes on your left hand does it? Or your right . . .

A. No, no. On your right hand.

Q. On your right. Right like that?

A. Now, you see how it fit over your glove and everything. You didn't have to have bare hands and that was a late-invented peg.

And the hook, I've just searched everywhere for it and I'm satisfied I gave it to somebody when I quit using it. They cost 75¢ and somebody'd be glad to get it, you know. I'll keep these things.

Q. All right, sir, if you would, and I'll bring my camera out and I can

bring some white paper to lay those things on and take some pictures of them for the collateral here.

A. We can get white paper around here, I think.

Q. Yes, sir. Well, good. My golly. And that was your first train order, huh?

A. That's right.

Q. In 1901.

A. Well, when I went back to the tower and worked--that was early in the fall--and I worked the rest of the winter and then came back to learn the agency part. But by that time, you see, I was a pretty accomplished operator. Learned it in the tower and I drew forty dollars a month while I was adoing it. That's what the agent was working for, getting me on the payroll, you see. He got me in the tower so I drew wages.

Q. Yes, sir. Well, I better . . .

A. Go ahead.

Q. . . . get to reading here.

ADDENDA ITEM 95 (ref. p. 218)

Q. (Interviewer reading out loud) ". . . there sixteen feet beyond that . . ."

A. It's too late to change that, isn't it?

Q. No, sir.

A. It drew four rods.

Q. Oh, I see.

A. I made a mistake in saying fifteen feet.

Q. All right, sir.

A. It really drew four rods because you put them eight rods apart and, you see, this one would draw half of it and this one over here would draw half. So now, I want to correct that because that's important.

Q. Yes, sir. An item like that, I'll footnote it and indicate the change from that.

ADDENDA ITEM 96 (ref. p. 226)

Q. Who would that be?

A. Ed Beeler. He was a farmer. He lived right west of me here where that old shed is.

Q. I see. Just the other side of the Franks, then?

A. Yes. Across the road. He was a wide-awake fellow, a good farmer. He'd come up himself just off of a farm, had never done anything else in his life, only farm. I had known him--he had quit school before I did, quite a while. Fact, I never went to school with him. He was through before I got to go to school, but I went to school with his brother. After he moved up here, why, he and I worked together like two brothers, you might say. Got along wonderful. I had known his wife when I worked over southeast of Raymond at a place--named Wylie, I think I mentioned, that ran the threshing machine. She worked there as a hired girl. So, I'd known her for years, you see, before they were married and moved up here.

He moved in here and bought 56 acres of land right straight west of us here and then he bought 40 laying directly west of that. He had seen the advantages of tile and he'd tiled the whole thing. I think he went in debt for all that tile. He had money to buy the land but I think he went in debt for the tile. I know he depended on me altogether to help him fill those ditches, because when we'd go to fill tile ditch, you took one horse on a plow and a man got behind and he had to straddle that ditch this way and hold that plow on the edge so that it turned all of the dirt into that ditch. You had to lead that horse right along that edge and it took somebody that would tend to their business. He wouldn't let anybody else lead his horses but me while he was filling ditches. One of his horses was a real fool, (laughs) but I could handle the old . . .

Q. What do you mean he was a real fool?

A. Oh, she was high-strung. Didn't want to hold back. She wanted to go! When you started out, why, she wanted to tear out. Well, I had to keep her at a speed he could walk at, at least, to hold that plow.

Q. You had to go fairly slowly, I imagine.

A. My ditches had all been filled, you know, ahead of me. I didn't have any of that to do here. That had been done ahead, but I knew how it was done.

Q. Would it just take one plowing to do that, or . . .

A. No, you'd have to make about three rounds to a ditch. Of course, you'd get a little farther out each time, throw over. Maybe you'd have to go over here and then go and throw it into the ditch, make two trips to make one cover, but we'd get those ditches full and then you could cross them with the farm machinery and go ahead and farm.

He and I learned binders at the same time. We worked together on them. They were quite a complicated machinery.

Q. That was when you bought your binder, you mean?

A. Yes. After I bought my binder. He had one. He had bought one before he come up here. So, we worked together on keeping those binders agoing.

But what I wanted to tell you was that we were the very best of friends all of those years. The people down below, that were on the big ditches, they decided they were not getting sufficient drainage. The ditches had growed up, or filled up, you know, a little. They took a vote of the district and voted to have a dredge boat come in there and clean those ditches. Well, he was bitterly opposed to that, because all through his fields he had grass on the sides of those ditches and he kept them mowed with a scythe and he kept those ditches just perfect through there and all of that was torn out and thrown up in his fields, you know, and he blamed me for part of that. I never could understand why, but he did. But I voted against it as much as he did. Didn't do any good. The other fellows all out-voted us, but he wasn't my friend even after that. He was a full blood Dutchman. Hardheaded, you know.

Q. They moved to Litchfield then, finally, didn't they?

A. Yes, he went to Litchfield. Finally he got to where his wife couldn't take care of him and he got so near down that she had to put him in a home. He died in a home down there. I hated that because he was such a good fellow while he was a friend of mine.

Q. Yes, I remember Garnet Beeler, his daughter.

A. She was his daughter, you know.

Q. Very good friend of my mother's.

A. She used to go with us every place she could. I got a first car in here--what they called a car--and she'd always go with us if she could, everything. So Garnet thought pretty near as much of my wife as she did her mother.

I used to get such a kick out of her. She'd come down—if we were going someplace at night, she'd come down and eat supper with us. She'd set the table while my wife was finishing off the meal, you know, and (laughs) I'd be sitting in here trying to look over the paper a little while and she'd start talking to herself, like her mother did when she did anything down home. "Now, Garnet, be careful of that glass. Don't you drop it." (laughter) Everything she done, she'd imitate her mother, you know. She knew she was tickling me to death. (laughter) Oh, boy. We used to have lots of fun that-a-way.

Garnet, you know, was a infantile paralysis. The first one I'd ever seen. She had one leg that she pretty near drug.

Q. Oh, is that right? I didn't know that.

A. Yes.

Q. Well, let's see. Get back . . .

ADDENDA ITEM 97 (ref. p. 226)

A. Ben Lohman did, east of me here. There was a number of cattle-feeders

around. Tuff Lohman fed some, too. Charlie Long's farm, down there, usually had cattle on, too. And then there was people named Rovey in the north part of the township that were cattle-feeders and there was another family up there that . . . Oh, what was their name?

Q. Were the Thomases still there at that time, up north of Farmersville?

A. Well, I didn't know anything about him. Only that he had that park up there. He had a park, you know, and used to have wild animals in it.

Q. Oh, he did?

A. Yes. When I first came up here, he just had disposed of the bears. They clawed a fellow up, but he had some deer and antelope and such things as that up there yet, when I moved up here. Well then, he got tangled up with the I.C. Railroad as they come through there. I never could learn the particulars of that, but they broke him.

Q. Oh?

A. Yes. There was crooks got hold of him and broke him and he had to sell that good farm and get out and I think it killed him. I don't know what did become of him. I think that the worry and all just killed him because he disappeared and that farm went into other hands.

Q. I'd heard of holding picnics up there at the park. Did you attend any up there? Did you go to that park?

A. No. I never went to the picnics but I was on the grounds one time and looked around. Just--I don't know how I come, whether--it might have been at one of the picnics, now. Maybe I did go for a little while and walk around. I can't remember for sure. But I'd been on the grounds.

There was one thing I always did want, was to see inside of that house. It was the first real classy house built in this part of the country, you know. Dr. Hayes used to keep an office girl up there in Farmersville. There was a family living up in that house and farming the land and one of the girls was grown and Hayes got her for an office girl and a bookkeeper, you know. I know one day I went up there and he wasn't there and I says, "You know, I've always had a terrible hankering to see that house." And she says, "Well, come up. I'll show you through it." She says, "We'd be glad to show you through it. But," she says, "you'd sure be disappointed in it." I says, "Why?" She says, "It's the awfulest thing to heat that ever was built. There's an open stairway goes from here to there, just an open one, and all the heat goes up it." She says, "You can't keep the place warm to save your life, even if it is a brick house." And I never went to see it.

I remember I had a sore throat and I'd go up to Hayes whenever I'd start to get a sore throat. He'd take iodide of silver and swab it and that would be the end of the sore throat, you know, just one swab. I told her I'd come up for a swab and I said, "How soon will Doc be back?" She says, "Land, I don't know." I says, "You go get the swab and swab this out." "Oh, my land," she says, "I can't do that." I says, "You can, too. Now, you get that swab and come in here and swab my neck." (laughs) And she did,

but she was agagging all the time. (laughter) But it stopped it. I didn't have to go back.

Q. Well, let's see. Cattle-feeding. (resumes reading) "Some fed more and some less, you know. Some fed just what they . . ."

A. There was the Balls, too, west of Farmersville. There was two or three of them that fed cattle.

Q. This was in addition to the banker?

A. Well, it was his family. Brothers and nephews and so on, you know. And he used to stake them. He'd go to the yards--he was a expert at buying cattle and he would go down there and pick out a carload of cattle for them and pay for them down there, out of the bank. Come up here and they'd give him their note and then pay him when they sold the cattle, you know. Well, he had so many of those cattle notes on hand when the panic came that they just shut him up because they said, "That paper isn't any good." Well, them fellows stole it. I don't think there was ever one of them that didn't pay out, and the thieves up there that were the bank examiners, they just come in there and stole all of that. They were the worst bunch of brigands you ever saw.

ADDENDA ITEM 98 (ref. p. 227)

Q. Would that be Mr. Rovey that you mentioned?

A. Yes, I guess it was.

Q. (resumes reading) "Lived up at the north end of Pitman Township and fed a lot of cattle. Well, I can't tell you his name." Well, we have it now, we can identify him.

A. He was of German descent.

Q. Oh, German instead of French? Okay.

A. I was mixed on that. And he made some wonderful farmers.

Q. He made some farmers, you say?

A. His sons and their children.

Q. Oh, I see.

A. They were wonderful farmers. This boy right east of me here is one of them and there isn't a better farmer in the community than him.

Q. Is his name Rovey, too?

A. Rovey, yes. He's a grandson of that old fellow. Let's see, I guess he's a great-grandson, that was his great-grandfather. Yes. That's right.

ADDENDA ITEM 99 (ref. p. 229)

A. Well, at this time, though, it was Dr. Snyder. Harry left here. Shortly after he did that vaccinating for me, he went to Iowa or someplace. Where did he go?

Q. Up to Ocheydan, Iowa. Way up in the northwest corner.

A. Yes. He left me. Snyder came in, a new man out of college, and I immediately got in touch with him because I believed in veterinaries. In the science part of it, you know. So I used Dr. Snyder for years and years. In fact, as long as I kept stock, I used Snyder, after Harry had left.

Q. That was Dr. Snyder from Farmersville, wasn't it?

A. Yes. He kept the serum on hand and the virus both, always through hog cholera season. And I vaccinated every year from that time on and that didn't set with the neighbors very good, because I used virus as well as serum because I wanted them to go through that period. I lost two hogs in probably ten years. The serum didn't take on them and the virus did and they died, but now they was sleeping right with the rest of them and the rest of them never had any trouble at all. So, that showed that the serum didn't take on those two. That's the only two I ever lost.

Q. And most of the farmers didn't do that, then?

A. No. They didn't want you to bring that virus in here. Some of them would vaccinate, but they didn't keep it up. They wouldn't do it every year. You know, keep their place clean of cholera, and the first thing you know, somebody'd have a little. Well, I never feared it because I had mine always treated when they were about sixty pounds, pigs, just after they were weaned, perhaps, and get him down here--didn't take near as much serum--and vaccinate them.

Q. What other type of work did Dr. Snyder do for you out here?

A. Oh, took care of cows and sheep and, if I had a sick horse, I--I had a horse turned out in the lot one night after work and he went out and rolled like--you know how horses will do when they're sweaty. And he rolled on a brickbat with this part of his neck and he immediately developed a . . . what did they call that? . . . Well, it developed tubes and went away down in his neck there and you couldn't work--couldn't put a collar on him, at all. Well, I called Snyder out here and he looked him over and he says, "There's only one thing to do and that's to cut it out. Just take the whole thing out." So, we put in a switch. I got Ed Beeler and Fred Lohman both. They came down to help. We tied him up in the barn and then put a twitch on him and they took turns holding that switch, or twitch, and the doctor just took every bit of that out and he healed up sound as a dollar. I used him for several years afterwards.

Q. What's a twitch?

A. You put them on their nose here. You know, this part of the horse, their

upper lip, is very tender. You put it around there and then twist on it until it tightens up and begins to hurt a little and you can do pretty near anything with a horse with that on there. You take a horse that wants to kick for being shoed and put a twitch on there, they can stop his kicking (laughs) because he's more interested right up here . . . (laughs)

Q. Than he is in anything else. And that was the kind of anesthesia you use, then, to . . .

A. That's all. That's all he had. He didn't give him any shots or anything. After he got through, he shot that full of anti . . .

Q. Biotics?

A. Yes, to keep blood poisoning from setting in and he came back and washed it out a time or two and then he got all right.

And I used him another time. I didn't get my sheep vaccinated one fall. That was carelessness on my part. They had hemorrhagic septicemia in the country, and I knew it, but I never had had any of it and I just--I was just careless, that was all, and when lambing time come, the first one that started to have a lamb died. Well, I knew what I was up against. So, I called Snyder up and told him. I says, "There's three more sick." And they were just ready to have lambs, now. So, he came right down here. He put a thermometer in them and tried to run their temperature and he said, "Yes, that's what you've got. It's hemorrhagic septicemia." He says, "I'm afraid we're too late." He says, "This medicine either kills or cures right off. One of the two. Do you want me to go ahead and shoot them?" I says, "Well, yes. They're going to die. Go ahead and shoot them." And he shot those things and they were dead in three minutes, every one of them.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. I told him, "Just go ahead and kill them off," and then we vaccinated the rest of them, don't you see? Stopped it right there, but I lost four good ewes and their lambs. That was experience. That's the way you learn.

Q. Yes, sir. How many sheep did you usually have around the place?

A. Oh, about thirty. I just had what would clean up the place good. I run them in every field. After I'd get done harvesting a crop, I ran them in that field. They'd clean every weed. You never had a weed in your fence rows. They'd eat weeds ahead of grass, you know. They'd also eat the hedge leaves off as high as they could reach and keep everything alooking so neat around the place.

I remember one time there was a travelling fellow come through here aselling something and he went down to my brother-in-law's that lived just south of me, and he says, "That fellow up there has got the cleanest place I ever saw." My sister-in-law said, "Yes. He's got sheep." I run them in here all around the orchard part and they--couldn't put them in the yard. They'd eat flowers first. But they kept weeds down. I didn't have to mow weeds in any of the fence rows and they were just a wonderful advantage and I liked to handle them.

Q. Did you shear sheep here?

A. No, I couldn't shear. I just hired a shearer. Do you know Freeman Smith?

Q. I've heard the name. I don't . . .

A. West of Waggoner. He used to shear for me and, oh, I had a number of different fellows shear for me. I'd find out where there was some fellow with an electric outfit. After I got a Delco in the barn, I'd get a fellow with an electric outfit and get him over here because they could do so much nicer job and wouldn't cut sheep like they did with shears and so on. But Freeman sheared for me, I don't know, several years. We used to have great agruments. He was a beekeeper. (laughs) He was a beekeeper and I was a beekeeper. (laughs) We had lots of arguments. He was out to see me last summer. Ate dinner with me just to talk over old times.

Q. Did you argue a lot?

A. No. (laughter) No. We were--had the argument all settled.

I went out to his house one time to see him and he says, "Well, I want to take you down to the bee yard." He was living with his mother. He never married. His mother was keeping house for him and he was farming and taking care of about twenty colonies of bees

He says, "The bees are down here west of the house. I keep that patch mowed off good and clean and I've got them all set down there. Come on and go down." And I wanted to see--oh well, there's no need of me explaining what I wanted to see—because he had a different hive from what I did and I wanted to see it. He says, "Come one," and started right down the middle of the row. Well, they were flying in--like that--and I says, "No, I'll go back here." And I went around the out edge. "Why," he says, "they're perfectly gentle, Bert. They won't hurt you." I says, "They'll hurt me. They'll go out of their way to hurt me." I says, "I'm going back here. You go on down the center." (laughs) He hadn't gotten three steps till one popped him and then another one. (laughs) Boy, he come arunning to join me right quick. (laughter) He was in their line of flight. I'd learned that a long time ago, you get in their line of flight and they are going to fight you.

Q. How many hives did you normally keep here?

A. Well, I had at that time, I guess, about twenty-seven.

Q. Twenty-seven hives?

A. Yes. It was a big job. I liked to work myself and my wife to death. That was in war years when there was no sugar. I sold $350 worth of honey that fall as fast as I could take it off of the hives. People couldn't get sugar and they'd take to sweetening with honey, you know, and they come here. I sold to people that never had thought of buying honey of me. They wouldn't think of buying it for honey, you know, but when they couldn't get sugar, why, they come arunning for it. So, I just sold every bit I could produce on the twenty-seven colonies.

Q. Did you separate it here or . . .

A. No, I had it in bricks. Square bricks. They would take twenty-five or thirty at a time. I never overcharged people. I charged 30¢ a brick and it cost me a nickle a section to get them ready to put on the hives. So I only made 25¢. At the noon hour, when I come in from the field, I'd eat my dinner and I'd put on my bonnet and head for the bee yard and I would begin lifting supers. That's another thing--I wonder how much of this you want on there?

Q. Well, I want to know about the bees. Yes, sir.

A. Well, I had learned by taking bee journals that you could take off honey without ever having the bees know it. There was a bee-escape you could buy and put in a top board and they could go out through it but they couldn't come back. Well, you'd lift the hive and set it on that board. The next day you could go and pick that up and take it to the house--no bees. They'd all gone out, you see, and couldn't get back. So, I'd put in the noon hour aputting on new supers where I took off the other ones. Bring them to the house. Well, then my wife would work all afternoon filling up those supers and tearing up those that I brought in. She'd just work like a toe-head, I'm atelling you, and she would be selling honey all afternoon, you know. They'd just come and probably she'd have it about all sold by the time I got to the house.

Q. This was during World War II?

A. Yes. And my, how they did run here for honey. Well then, I still had the bees the next year and I had just about as good luck with honey. At that time there was a number of permanent pastures around and this Dutch white clover, the little white clover, grew in those pastures, and that's one of the heavy honey producers and one of the best honeys. Well, I produced practically as much honey, I guess, the next year as I did before, only we didn't have to work. There wasn't people running after us. I could take care of tearing it up, and so on, when I had time out of the field. But when fall come, I had three hundred and fifty pounds that I couldn't sell. If you keep it over winter it goes to sugar, and a lot of people won't buy it at all, then. So I said to my wife, "Well, there's a Baptist orphanage down at Centralia." I'd never been there. I'd always wanted to go. I'd been supporting them, or helping, and I says, "We'll just load up the old car and take that three hundred and fifty pounds down there." And we did. We took it down there and passed it out. I never saw little kids so tickled in my life. Oh, when they saw that honey! (laughter) I just gave it to them, you know. Three hundred and fifty pounds.

Q. Well, let's see. Better get back to our veterinarian here, I guess.

ADDENDA ITEM 100 (ref. p. 231)

A. And he never did get out.

Q. He never tried to get out?

A. No place. And when they'd turn him in the road, he'd head right for here.

Q. Oh, is that right?

A. Yes, sir. He'd come home like a dog.

Q. (laughs) Well, that made it easy in case he got lost or did break out.

A. I kept him until he died.

ADDENDA ITEM 101 (ref. p. 234)

Q. Sir, that coal bin that he had in town, was that clear down at the south end, south of the south elevator there?

A. Yes.

Q. Across from the section house?

A. Yes.

Q. I remember that old building down there.

A. That was his building. Then they finally put the tile building--Doug Price put up a tile building, made tile, you know--just south of that, just a little farther south. It was all so they could use the house track to unload stuff from, cars, you know.

Q. That's right at the south end of that track?

A. Yes. Doug Price made tile for the big end of this country.

Q. This was the field tile?

A. Yes. He made 4 and 5-inch tile and then he made the big ones. He made 36-inch tile, too. Boy, they were Jonahs to handle.

Q. Oh, really? Concrete tiles?

A. Yes, and they'd be that thick, you know, the wall.

Q. Two inches through the wall?

A. Boy, they was awful to handle.

END OF TAPE

ADDENDA ITEM 102 (ref. p. 183)

(One of Mr. Aikman's conditions concerning the interviewing was that he would allow me to interview him if, on occasion, I would allow him to interview me concerning my aviation experiences. This next addenda item is an example of some of the interviewing done by Mr. Aikman during this

series of interviews. Note that Mr. Aikman is identified by the initials "B.A." and I by "H.W." for this addenda item only. Also note that this addenda item is to be found in its original position, following addenda item 82, on tape number 22, side 1.)

B.A. They'd do just like you fellows in a plane. They'd get up and they'd . . .

H.W. Just come right down at you, huh? (laughter) Well! I wonder why in the world they'd do that. Did they sense you being there?

B.A. Well, don't you suppose they did it to get speed for elevation?

H.W. I see. Well, they might have, yes. Then, of course, they might--you know, during the war when we were fired at, you always turned and headed right straight toward the guy that was firing at you. That was the safest maneuver. If you turned away from him, you gave him a good shot at you.

B.A. He had a good shot at you.

H.W. Yes, sir. So, if you turn right straight at him and, of course, start shooting back at him, why, usually he'd duck and he'd quit firing.

B.A. Agitated him a little, too.

H.W. Yes, sir. He'd pile out of there occasionally. Yes, sir. (laughter)

B.A. When you told me about getting the sight on that fellow that time and you never had shot at a man, did you shoot that day?

H.W. No, sir, I didn't fire a shot that day. (laughs) I was home before I figured out what I ought to have been doing. (laughs) No, that was a time, I'll tell you. (laughs) Gee whiz. No, later on, after that. . . .

B.A. Did you ever know you shot down a plane?

H.W. Oh, yes, sir. Yes. I saw them go.

B.A. You knew you hit them?

H.W. Yes, sir. You know, the armor piercing incendiary I told you we used quite a lot of. Well, those--they'd flash; when they hit something, they'd explode. You could see that flash. And when you got your bullets going into them, they'd just light up like a Christmas tree, you know. You could tell they were going. That . . .

B.A. That blew the engine all to pieces, then?

H.W. Well . . .

B.A. Or the propellors?

H.W. Well, it'd just tear the plane all up. But usually we hit in the cockpit. You know, kill the fellow. And then the plane would just go out of control.

B.A. I saw pictures of them going down asmoking.

H.W. Yes, sir. I had one of them--it was on the Ruhland raid, the last Ruhland raid. Ruhland was a big oil factory over there that we went after two or three times and you could never get it because they'd put out a smoke screen. Would hide it, you know. Well, just, oh, along toward the end of the war, we made a big raid on it and I got tangled--I was escorting the bombers, you know--and I tangled up with a bunch of guys and I was chasing the third one. He kept diving away from me and we went down. We were right down on the ground, going on down through valleys, you know, along the way, and I finally got him in position. He was turning to the left, going down into a valley, and I was coming around from behind him and turning with him. I hit him just as he dropped down into the valley and he just rolled straight and just went right straight into the side of the hill there. I'll never forget that because then I flew right over where he went into the ground, you know, and when he flew all apart, one of the wheels went up in the air and that thing came right back over and floated over my wing as I flew by. I'll never forget that tire going by over my wing.

B.A. You <u>was</u> close.

H.W. Yes. Yes, and I was scared, too. (laughs) We were way out in the middle of Germany and I had all the way to go home yet and I was all by myself, too, so (laughs) I'll never forget that one.

B.A. Did you have any trouble going home?

H.W. No, sir. No. Didn't see a soul the whole way. Got back--I was getting low on fuel so I landed in Belgium--I forget where--somewhere near--no. I don't even remember where. I just saw an airfield and I knew I'd crossed our lines, you know. I saw an airfield, a bunch of airplanes setting on it, so I landed and asked if they'd give me some fuel. They loaded me up and I flew on home then. Yes. Yes, that got awful lonesome. There were only two of us.

That was one of the first times that my group had tangled with the jets, you know, the German jets. They used to bring those jets in and they'd pull us off the bombers and then other guys would come in, you know, with the regular airplanes and attack the bombers. Well, this had happened. A bunch of the jets had come in and the Group had been pulled off and were going to chasing jets and someway or other in all that commotion there were two of us, a guy by the name of Thomas and I, got separated from everybody. So, when we got separated we decided, well, we'd better go back to the bombers we were suppose to be protecting, you know. And we got back there just as, oh, we estimated about thirty or forty mixed ME-109's and Foche-Wolfe 190's, you know, made . . . (tape stopped and started)

. . . they went on down. So the first two that happened to, and then the third one, he was way out, way away from me, you know, way out a long

range. I'd shoot and he'd be looking in the mirror—we had little mirrors and they did, too, right up above the cockpit here, you know—and he'd see me shoot and he could see my guns flashing and every time I'd start to shoot, he'd snap it real fast, on its back, you know, and pull it down. Well, I couldn't quite follow him through those and he did that, I'll bet he did that three or four times, and he'd come down and pull out. Then, I'd follow him right through it and I'd come out again and then I'd shoot and he'd go again. We both went into that cloud cover and, as a matter of fact, we both dived into it. He went down like that and I went right behind him, you know. We went into the cloud cover—it wan't too thick—went on down underneath and it was a low ceiling, very dark under there, I remember. So, both of us pulled out and we were setting right like this. I was over on this side and he was right there. And I saw him first. If he'd seen me first he could have ducked, you see, but I happened to see him first, so I ducked over this way and by the time he saw me, I was already behind him. So he turned and that's when we started going down through the valleys, you know, until I finally got him on the ground. Yes, that was a pretty exciting day.

B.A. Could you sleep that night?

H.W. Yes. Didn't bother me particularly. I don't know . . . You know, you don't feel like . . . when you're shooting airplanes like that, you really don't feel like you're killing guys, you feel like you're shooting down the airplane. I don't know, I . . . only once. I saw one guy . . . there was one fellow. He was all by himself. There had been a whole bunch of them in a big melee, you know, dogfight, and then it had kind of broken up and this one guy evidently got lost or something, because he was right in the middle of our squadron and he was just kind of flying formation and they were making a big sweeping turn like that. I was top cover. I saw him in there. I knew he was a 109 sitting right in the middle of all our people. And I figured, "Well, somebody better get him before he finds out where he is and he starts shooting," you know.

So I came down from above and came in like this on him and up. I was going a lot faster than he was and as I came up like this, I shot him and he just rolled on over. I came up and we just went over the top like that, just side by side, you know, just in formation and I could see his face as we rolled over. He was dead, and his face was laying on the side of the canopy, you know. His face was turned right toward me. And that night I kind of, you know, had a feeling; but other than that, you just really never thought about there being guys in there, you know. The plane was doing the stuff and you were really tearing up the plane. Not like infantry. I don't know how those infantry guys do it, I'll tell you. Face-to-face and all that, geez.

B.A. Well, another thing I wanted to ask you. You handled those elevators—do you call them—that are back behind there that you use your feet on?

H.W. On the airplane?

B.A. Yes.

H.W. Well, that's the stick. The rudder sticks up and down.

B.A. I know, but don't you handle something with your feet?

H.W. Yes, that's the rudder that turns sideways.

B.A. Oh, it does?

H.W. Sticks up in the air, yes. You use your feet for that. You know, left, and it'll turn the tail.

B.A. Well, when you're taking off, how do you make that nose rear up?

H.W. Pull back on the stick. Okay, what you're talking about is the elevator and it'll turn up. You pull back on the stick and it'll turn up and it forces the tail down. When it forces the tail down, it brings the nose up, you see.

B.A. Well, that was what I was getting at. I thought that tail had to go down to get up.

H.W. Yes, sir. The wings, of course, provide all the lift. That's what supports you, is the wings out here, but the tail gets the angle of the wings going into the wind so that they'll . . . see, the reason you stay in the air is because the air is flowing over the top of that wing and it creates a vacuum and it just sucks that wing up, you see. It isn't . . .

B.A. Is <u>that</u> what holds it?

H.W. Yes, sir. It isn't the pressure on the bottom. That does a little bit, but it's the vacuum that's created—a wing is curved, you know.

B.A. Yes.

H.W. And when the air goes over it, it whips up and it creates a vacuum right on top of that wing and it pulls it. . . .

B.A. And you just go fast enough to make that vacuum.

H.W. Yes, sir, and if you don't . . .

B.A. Well, when you're making that boom, is that what makes the boom?

H.W. No, sir. Well, yes. It's a shock wave which is, well, it's beyond that. When your wing is going through the air, it pushes air ahead of it, it tends to push it ahead of it. Well, you get that air out in front of it moving along with the wing at the speed of sound and then that is what generates that boom, coming off that air.

B.A. That's just thunder then?

H.W. Yes.

B.A. Without electric.

H.W. Yes, sir, I guess it would be.

B.A. You know, it come pretty near making me jump off of a shed one time.

H.W. Oh?

B.A. I was painting that shed out there--metal roof, you know--and I had a ladder laid up on the thing and I was standing on the top of the ladder. Had a rock on the bottom so it couldn't get away from me and that fellow boomed right over me and it hit that tin and if I didn't jump that high off of that ladder and lit right back on it. (laughter) My goodness what a noise that made in my ears. It hit that tin, you know, and made it bounce. Oooooooooo.

H.W. Yes. Usually it makes two booms. It goes ka-boom, boom, you know.

B.A. My, that was loud.

H.W. (laughs) Yes, that is kind of a nuisance. I guess, in some cases, it can break glass. I know plate glass windows and stuff have been broken by them.

B.A. Well, I had quite a time around Carlinville for a while. They was several fellows over there, foreigners, that were growing mink in confinement. And that boom would make them kill their young ones.

H.W. Yes. Well, didn't have to have the boom to do that. I know when my unit, the 18th Tac. Fighter Group,* was training in Maryland when they were getting ready to go overseas--that was before I'd joined them--and they had a whole mess of mink farms out around there. Part of the training was to go right flat as low as you could on the ground, you know, and as fast as you could, you know, so you could do it in a combat area, and practice that. Well, they use to go out and they'd practice that. There were a whole slew of mink farms and they lost hundreds and hundreds of mink out there. The guys would go over them and they'd scare those mink, you know, and they'd just eat their young and--oh, boy. I know the government paid the mink farmers an awful lot of money for that training. That was expensive training. (laughter)

B.A. That's what you called hedge hopping, huh?

H.W. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Hedge hopping. Hopefully, you hedge hopped. Sometimes you came home [with] hedge in the scoop, you know. (laughs) Run through a tree or something.

B.A. Well, go ahead, Ive . . .

H.W. All right, sir.

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*This should have been the 353rd Fighter Group which was my unit in World War II. I was with the 18th Tactical Fighter Wing in the Korean War. [Ed.]

B.A. . . . bothered you enough. You want to turn that on again?

H.W. Yes, it's all set. Okay. (resumes reading)

END OF SIDE ONE

END OF VOLUME III ADDENDA