the things that I mentioned show changes over the last three generations. There will undoubtedly be as many changes in coming years.

One thing that seems to be of major concern to a lot of people today is the lowering of our water table. Years back we'd dig a hole 40 feet deep and probably have water within four or five feet from the top. At the present time all these shallow wells, from 30 to 60, and some 90 feet down, have gone dry completely.

Over east of Wheaton in the artesian well area in Clifton township, on section 14 in the northwest quarter, now owned by Al Deal, I remember some years back when I used to go hunting. A well had been dug there, and the water shot out of that hole just like a geyser after they hit the vein. It flooded a whole 160 acres of land and it was unable to be farmed.

I was about that time that Anton Krachek had introduced sweet clover, which we were starting to use in this country to grow and then plow under to get a little more nitrogen into the soil. That quarter was solid sweet clover, and it was so set that it was impossible for them to get onto the land to farm it. The drainage ditch along the road had grown up into cattails and other large vegetation. The mink and muskrats started making their homes in that area. It was just like a lake.

But today, Al Deal, who now farms the land, says that there are still three flowing wells on the land but that all three are slowing down.

What I'm suggesting is that possibly, in the not too distant future, if this trend keeps on, where the water level is continuing to drop, in the event of dry years, the thought of irrigating may be ruled out because of lack of water below ground. So we'd have to depend entirely on rainfall and snow to keep our agricultural area producing as it is today.

I recall a remark one fellow mentioned 20 or 30 years ago when we started ditching, with the government making small payments to the farmers who did ditch. Well, everyone was ditching his farm to get that payment, and this one man remarked that instead of everyone going out and ditching their farms and running off the water and not giving it a chance to soak into the subsoil, the time may not be too far off when we'd be wishing we had moisture down in that subsoil. He said that in his opinion they'd be better off to build a dike around their farms and hold the water on the land instead of running it off. It sounded pretty strange at the time, but now it's beginning to look like it had some merit.

Back in the early 30's before the real drought had struck us we had some terribly high temperatures. I remember when Victor and I were shucking for John Kenney. He lived on the farm that is now owned by Garner Schmitz. We had three days in a row where the temperature was 108. John had one of those old F20 tractors and it had a steering device that led from the tractor back to the grain binder. He knew that it was kind of hot for me to get my horses out into the field behind the grain binder so he offered me a proposition. He said that if Victor and I would come down and shuck for him he'd cut our crop. I was only farming 180 acres at that time. So we took him up on it. John was knocking down a lot of grain behind that big ten foot binder. He had that steering device on the seat of the binder to manipulate the tractor. And he was just sitting up there in that terrific heat all day long. He could take more heat than any man that I have ever known.

We had a shipping association going out of Dumont at the time, as I mentioned earlier in the story, and I was doing the shipping for farmers who had livestock. John Hills was from a large family down by Barry. I think there were eight boys in the family and I don't remember how many girls. He was farming west of Collis and was a great hog feeder. I was just talking to him this morning because I wanted to get more information about what we got for that car load of hogs. The cost of shipping in those days was 55¢ including the commision feed and the freight. We had to pay for 40,000 pounds of freight whether we had it in there or not, but when John came in we had over that. He got $2.20 per hundred for his hogs. Actually he got top price for his hogs which was $2.25. Then the price dropped down after that to $2.20. That was as low as it got.

We shipped completely by rail at that time. During that time when it was so hot the train would stop in Montevideo where they had hoses to turn on the livestock. That would keep them wet so they wouldn't overheat on the way going down. In many cases we did lose some stock that suffocated in the cars. After we got down to the stockyards in South St. Paul, below the hill in the flatlands, they had all these pens for different cattle brought in. During that heat wave when it hit 108 out in the open, you can imagine what it was like down in that valley where they had all these cattle in the sun. They were getting sun-stroke. You could look wherever you wanted to and see dead cattle lying in those holding pens. The packers couldn't process the livestock as fast as they were getting it in and the rendering plants hauling out the dead animals couldn't render them as fast as they were dying. They were lying there bloated up half again their regular size.

Between all these pens they had room for a skid and one horse hooked onto it, and they were dragging the dead animals out as best they could, hauling them to the rendering plant. She was a mess! That was one sight I have never forgotten.

We stopped over at a restaurant one day near what is called the Drover's State Bank in So. St. Paul. One fellow said he dropped an egg on the pavement and the darn thing started to fry. That's how darned hot it was. He didn't get a perfect job of frying, but the egg just turned white from the heat on the pavement.

As the crops got smaller, and then no crops at all, there were very seldom any animals taken to the market that were finished. All those animals sold for below the top market price. I shipped 11 hogs and one cow and got a check for $47 for the whole thing. The hogs were way underweight and they sold for well below the top market price of $2.20 per hundredweight.

That 55 cents that I was talking about, that was the charge per hundredweight against everything that was shipped. A 200 pound hog would come to $1.10.

I well remember when pheasants were introduced into this area. It was only a few years before they multiplied about as fast as mosquitoes do. Wherever you looked there were birds. It was one of our main sources of meat for awhile. One noon I threw the gun in the back seat of the car and drove out across the railroad track near Dumont. I hardly got stopped out in the field when a cloud of dust came up beside my car and there was Art Klawon the game warden. He had been sitting uptown with field glasses and he saw me come out of the house and he was waiting to catch me. He came over to the car and noticed my gun lying in the back seat with no case on it. He grabbed the gun, took it over and put it in his car, and said, "You be up at the court house in the judge's office tomorrow morning at nine o'clock." I didn't sleep much that night because the gun was a brand new pump that I had borrowed from my brother-in-law. I didn't have a gun of my own that was much good. I figured for certain this gun was going to be confiscated and sent down to the Cities.

The next morning I was up there at nine o'clock as he told me to be. When I got into the court house the whole hallway was full of people. Everyone of them had been picked up and hauled in for some hunting violation. The old judge started calling us in one at a time. I was one of the last ones to be called. The fines were small — $5.00 and $2.00 costs. When I went in there, the guy coming out was laughing, thinking he got off pretty light. When I got in there they cracked me $10. And with $3 costs, that was $13. Heck, I had no more $13 at one time back in those days than nothing. I didn't know what I was going to do.

That's when the farm security setup came up here at Wheaton. Old Peter Lee was the head of the organization. I told him about my problem. He dug into his pocket and took out $13 so I could go back and pay my fine. And then when I paid the fine, the judge also handed me a slip Art had left with him, telling me that I was supposed to stop at his house in town and pick up the gun. I felt quite relieved, especially after not having slept much the night before, worrying about my brother-in-law's new gun being taken away.

Art wasn't home when I went there, but his wife was home and he had given her instructions to give me the gun. She said, "He don't like to do this, but it's his job. He's got to do it." I realized that too. When I met Art on the street a few days later I said, "Art, how come you taxed all the other guys only five bucks and you hit me for ten?" And he said, "Jake, you had that one comin' a long time."

I guess the man was right, as far as that's concerned, but that was a way of getting meat on the table.

There was another incident over northeast of town. The man lives here in town today, retired and making his home in Wheaton. He got caught out there with a .22 rifle. He was taking off a few pheasants, getting meat for the table. He had a good-sized family. Art happened to come along and took his gun away, too. He roughed him up a litte bit. This fellow said, "When you get back to town you go and tell the relief board that they can feed my family. I'm going to sit 'er out. I didn't have anything in the house for dinner and I thought I'd go out and pop off a few pheasants." Art was a pretty considerate guy. After they talked awhile, Art handed him back the gun and said, "The next time you go out hunting, make darn sure I don't catch you." And that ended that.

I always had a lot of respect for the game warden after that. And I also got acquainted with the judge. So it turned out all right.

But boy, were there pheasants in those days! You could drive down the road a half mile and run into three different flocks running along the bank. The darn things were dumb at that time — not like they are now. You could drive up to them with the car and unload a charge into them and pick up three or four, and they'd fly down the road 30 or 40 rods and sit down again; and you could drive up and get another crack at the same bunch.

But the dumb ones didn't stay in the community very long. It was only the smarter ones that survived. But they did add a lot to our business and also our food. In the fall of the year hunters would come in from all over the county. Traverse county was known as one of the best pheasant spots anywhere in the state. You could go uptown on the opening morning of the season, which opened at 12 o'clock, and you could hardly drive down main street for cars. Every sleeping accommodation was taken. I had my house full of hunters every fall. They were always looking for rooms. We'd get telephone calls from Mrs. Dunbar at the hotel asking if we had room for three or four hunters when we were already filled up. It was pretty much the same way all over town.

It brought a lot of business to Wheaton for the average man on main street and for the restaurants. Business really picked up for the short time that the hunting season was on. There was no problem in getting the limit. And you'd take those home and go out and get another one.

Pheasants got to be quite a nuisance. Many farmers asked hunters to come onto their farms, especially at corn planting time. The birds would sit out there and seemed to know just where to find the kernels. Many farmers would invite you out in the spring of the year to shoot pheasants. They destroyed a lot of grain.

Tintah received its name from the Dakota Indian word meaning "prairie". The name Tintah is very uncommon and unusual, it being the only town by that name in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Without records or newspapers, so much of the early history of the newly settled country became lost into the obscurity of the past. Names of the early trappers, hunters and those who traded with the Indians, whose presence, though they would undoubtedly form an interesting chapter in the history, and even the names of the very early settlers required the following of clue after clue and the eliminating of many false leads to arrive at the current goal.

After making such a survey, the writer has traced the

identity of the first residents of the present site of Tintah as Charles A. Riebars, who arrived in 1874. Viola, his daughter, now Mrs. P. A. Janeick of Eveleth, Minnesota, relates the following account of her father's activities:

"Though I do not think he helped in the construction of the St. Paul or Pacific Railroad, which was built to Tintah in the summer of 1871, he became section foreman there in the year of 1874 and lived in the present section house until 1939. In 1874," she writes, "my father was the only white man for miles around and was the first white man to reside in what is now the village of Tintah. Indians were all around and they would walk right into the section house and offer wild duck feathers in exchange for salt, pork or flour. My mother often sat by the window all night watching them dancing around their campfires, fearing they would attack the house. But they never attacked anyone."

Nestor Nyberg filed on an 80-acre homestead in 1878 in Wilkin county, after leaving Traverse county. He took a tree claim there. He discontinued the section work in Tintah the same year and was succeeded by Tom Lydon. Not much is known how long the latter retained this position because he also filed on a homestead in the Tintah area.

In 1883 they were going to issue a bond for $5,000 to aid in the building of the Grant and Dakota railroad which was to be built from Fergus Falls to Maudata, a little town west of Wheaton that had since disappeared. It was located in Walls township.

The Deere Creek mayor gave a summary of his life. He was born in Mailand, Sweden, on April 24, 1848 to Caroline Lamandes. They resided at Kerkhoven, and came from there to Tintah. He was the first section foreman in the Northern Pacific when they went through Fergus Falls to Deere Creek. In 1885 and 86 he was assistant roadmaster in North Dakota. He retired to the farm and died in June, 1920, and was buried at Deere Creek.

All of the work was pretty well done with oxen in those days. He bought a team of horses for $300 on credit. He had them only a couple of days when they were stolen. He never did find out who got them.

It mentions in those records I have that Gust Skoglund was also a pioneer in Monson township. He was sleeping in the barn the night the horses were stolen.

In May, 1878, another one of our early settlers in that area, Mrs. Heming Hoakenson, recalls staying with Nyberg at the section house after getting off the train, waiting for a couple of her sons to take her out to their claim in Redpath township. The older people will remember the Hoakensons, also among our early pioneers.

The village of Tintah is in the northeast part of Traverse County in Tintah township. Its elevation is 1001 feet above sea level. It had a rich black soil and clay subsoil. A number of ramble ridges nearby bear witness to the fact that in the long ago this marked the eastern boundry of the glacial Lake Agassiz.

One of those who had an inkling of the value of western Minnesota land was Henry M. Stanford, one of the private soldiers in Company C. He saw action during the Indian Campaign in 1863. He was stationed down on Pomme de Terre Lake. When he got out of the service in 1866, he homesteaded in Grant County.

Emmanuel Hoakenson resided on the first homestead in Redpath Township. When he got off the train at Tintah in 1878 there was only the water tank with a windmill to pump the water for the steam engines that they had at that time.

Wherever the railroads went through at that time, they government would give the railroads ten miles on either side of the tracks to induce construction of the railroads. The railroad companies would then turn around and sell the land to the people who wanted it for a home. It was called Indemnity land, and it sold for $1.50 per acre. Some of those people who bought it would then turn around and sell it for $3.00 an acre, and they got out of there.

The first settler to erect a business place and dwelling in Tintah was J. E. Henry, the lumber man from New Hampshire. He built the Tintah Hotel in the style of his native state, with large rooms on the lower floor for an office, dining rooms, sample rooms and so forth. He had twenty rooms in that building.

Tintah grew up to be quite a town. They had saloons, grocery stores and every business place that was needed in a new community. Then they had a fire that started up one evening with a south wind, and it cleaned out the whole town. There were only two buildings left.

After the town grew up, in order to incorporate, state law required that they have 175 people. When they took their first count they had only 174. It was only a short time later that the stork arrived at one of the homes and they got that extra one to bring the count up to 175, and that's when the City of Tintah incorporated.

Thomas Flint, who had been in business in Tintah, had built a new building on the east side of the tracks, and took Tom Keaveny in as a partner.

Parker Putman built a nice home there, and then Nels Fonness also built a home, which is still there yet. And there was an A. T. Earsley who built a place which was purchased by a Mr. Wilson who later sold it to R. G. Cross. Mr. Cross is the party who wrote the history of Tintah, from which much of this information comes. He took his two sons, Richard and George, in as partners in the business known as R. G. Cross and Sons.

The town started growing quite fast for awhile. There was a Johnson and Benson running a livery stable and Ben Schimmel and Dewight Nelson opened up a real estate office. And they got an attorney in there by the name of Mr. Godsell. He opened up a printing office in connection with his law business.

Tintah got its first depot agent in 1898. Other old settlers included Mr. Dahlquist and the Davisons and the Bardoffs.

They got themselves quite a town going. About 1886 everything was going pretty good. There was J. R. Davison, and another fellow by the name of Mr. Michaels. There was a P. A. Putman and E. P. Miller. They got a doctor in too, by the name of Nuckolls and E. J. Miller, Tom Flynn and Tucker, K. Williams, Winger. That had quite a town agoin' there for awhile until that fire started and wiped out all of main street except for the two buildings.

The first church that they had in Tintah was the Congregational back in 1882. Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Putnam and Mr. Nuckolls were the organizers of the church. Then they got a minister who got a salary of $100 a year.

The first Catholic Church that they had in Tintah was back in 1881. They didn't actually have a church, but they did hold services. In 1882 they held their services in the section house in Tintah. The first priest to say Mass in Tintah was Father Hepperle, who resided at Wahpeton. In the year of 1883 services were held in the Peter Flynn residence and also in the home of Mrs. A. M. Schuster. It was in Section 2 in the Tintah Township. Then until the present Catholic church was erected, services were held in the public school building, District 36, also in Tintah Township. The priest then was Father Albrecht, also residing in Whapeton.

They built a creamery in Tintah in 1899. The owner took care of the milk from a herd of 100 cows that was in the area at the time. They didn't have cream separators in those days so the milk was cooked in vats and the cream was skimmed off. In 1892 a cooperative creamery was built on the southwest corner of Section 3, organized by John Burrow, with the aid of Mr. Fisher and John Wilke, the first stockholders.

A man by the name of Harry Prescot was the butter maker. Cream routes were established, a route where they would go out in the country and pick up cream from the farmers who were milking cows.

In 1883 before they had the school district, A. M. Schuster, Peter Flynn and P. A. Putman hired a teacher and paid her out of their own pockets in order to have someone there to give the children a start on an education.

The records show that the first school house built in District 36 was located on Section 7, at a cost of $600. The teacher was Miss Amanda Youngberg. P. A. Putman and Peter Flynn were board members and John Keaveny was clerk. The room in the building had such a low ceiling and the stovepipe ran the length of the room. Miss Youngberg, who was 6'1" was obliged to stoop when walking beneath the stovepipe, so she had to do considerable dodging to move around.

It appears that there were quite a few farmers back in those early days who had the intestinal fortitude to figure out a way to get around and get things done.

Another individual who contributed a good deal to the early years in this county was Gust Ahlsten. He came out here in 1881, or '82 at the latest, and worked for P. A. Putman up in Tintah. He helped Ahlsten get going, and eventually he became one of the largest farmers in the county. He was one of those who was a courageous, aggressive sort of guy, a big strong man. Morris Eyster used to tell me different things about him. Morris was in the land leasing business here. Out-of-state landowners would lease their land through Morris Eyster, and later on he and his son, Bruce, who carries on the business today, went into a business together known as Eyster Realty Association. Eyster was telling me that nothing would stop Ahlsten. He'd stick his neck out and take a chance on anything. He had a fair-sized family of boys growing up, giving him a lot of help in his later years. He was known as the barley king. Some years he'd have as high as 1000 acres in just barley alone. He was one of the first guys in Traverse County, along about the time when the Gulch boys got their first combine in the county, he also got one at the same time.

I happened to be in Eyster's office looking for a little extra land to farm down around Dumont, and he was telling me that Gust had been in there the week before on Saturday and rented another quarter of land that hadn't been farmed for a good many years. He went in there with his full force. He had a steam engine, too, and used to thresh for everyone around him at that time. He was for everything to improve the country. He was always out for good roads, all the different projects for the betterment of the community. As I mentioned, he rented him that quarter of land on Saturday, and on Monday morning he went out into that quarter of land with mostly horse power, plowed her up, disked her down, dragged her and had her in shape. He put the whole quarter in in one week. By Saturday night he was through with the whose 160 acres. He usually farmed about ten or twelve quarters of land. But he had a lot of his own help. He had a steam engine, and when he'd get a little bit behind he'd hook the old steam engine to a bunch of plows and also plow with the steam engine. He lived in Monson Township.

Doing things in hurry today makes things look slow back in those years, but it was quite an accomplishment at that time.

I can remember one morning when those big farmers from up in the Hankinson area went by here with their machinery. They had a quarter ot land right out of Collis. They were going to seed that 160 acres down to small grain. They got started at 9 o'clock, and after they got their machinery unloaded and ready to go, the diggers and drags went ahead and the drills followed, and by three o'clock in the afternoon they were loading up their equipment and moving over to another farm. So six hours from the time they started on a quarter of land they had the whole quarter put in. These boys that I am talking about are the Miller brothers from up in that Hankinson country.

I've been told by one of the daughters of Gust Ahlsten that when he did homestead that quarter of land in Monson Township, he slept underneath the wagon box, using it for a house until he got his cabin completed so he could move into that.

My father told that when he built his first house, his brother Pete was also building a house at the same time, and they worked together on them. They also slept in their wagon's box, but they had some heavy horsehide robes that they laid over the top of the wagon box for a roof to keep the rain out. They slept inside the wagon box, whereas most of the old timers slept underneath them while they were building their cabins.

David Neuman, from the family of Neumans that formerly lived from down in Dakota County after coming over in about 1871, and David's wife who came over from Germany when she was 12 years old, came into our county in 1882. At one time Mrs. Neuman was a school teacher. David was active in all local things going on, serving on the town board and with differnt civic operations which were going on at that time.He had a sister, too, I believe who was married to Fred Lindig.

Some more of the early settlers who came out into the eastern part of Monson township were the Knutsons, the Hartmans, the Amingos, the Barnhofts, Ladds, and Hokansons.

Joe and John Duffing each married one of David Neuman's daughters, and Jack Robinson married Meta. Jack's folks used to live up there around Blackmare and he mentioned that at one time after the Palmer House was built here in Wheaton, his parents operated the Palmer House for some time.

Early in the story I mentioned the southern part of the county was settled by the Irish. There was the Burns family, Miles and Mike. Mike had three daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret and Helen. Helen married Charlie Wurm from Dumont. Margaret married Columbus Peyton, son of Mike Peyton. Then there was Elizabeth, better known as Bessie. She had gotten training as a registered nurse and when we didn't have any hospital here in Wheaton, when someone was seriously sick out on the farm, we'd have Bessie come out and take care of the patient.

Dr. Ewing performed an operation on my brother Al when he had pleurisy, so Bessie stayed right out at our home for a week or two. Later on Bessie was hired as a county nurse. Compared with what the rest of the county officials were getting at the time, her wages were the same — $175.00 a month. She would go around and check the schools.

Miles Burns remained a bachelor. He was known commonly to the old timers as "Sailor Boots" Burns. He always wore these high boots, summer and winter.

Another of the early settlers was Dick McCormick. He was among the first contingent that came over with Bishop Ireland. He was our county commissioner for a good many years. Later his son was a commissioner.

One Saturday afternoon a bunch of our southern neighbors, in the south part of the county, came up to Dumont with a little extra energy and a little time off they wanted to use up. We had three saloons in Dumont at the time and they were serving quite a bit of this beverage the Indians would call fire water. The Germans could go glass for glass with them on that stuff. Before the afternoon got over they got into a pretty good fight down there. The next morning was Sunday morning. We went into Dumont to go to church. This was in the early 1900's; I can remember it as plain as if it happened yesterday. Back in those days we didn't have any sidewalks. All we had were posts in the ground with a ring on them where customers could come up and tie their horses when they'd go into the stores to shop or into the taverns. This particular day that the boys got into the ruckus, it wound up as a free-for-all. The next morning when we came into town every one of those hitching posts had a cap on top of it. The Germans, I guess, won the skirmish, and they had all these caps that the boys were wearing and they were all nailed to the top of the posts. The town was only a block long at that time, but every post had a cap on it. So I guess some of our neighbors went home bare-headed, but it was in the summer time, so I don't think they received any ill effects for losing their caps. Probably they had a headache the next morning.

The old Germans had a way when they would talk. For "we" they'd say "ve", and for "smart" they'd say "schmart". There was one young Irishman who lived in Dumont, Jim Burke. Everyone knew him in Browns Valley and Dumont and wherever he went. He was the life of the party. He always used to say, "Us Germans must togedder schtick." They always used the last word first. They always had the cart ahead of the horse when they were talking.

I think a lot of the Scandinavian people who came to this country had a lot of trouble with the language, too, until their children started going to school.

I can remember when my father used to take me along to Wheaton. I hardly ever heard a word of English uttered, other than when we were in a store. The groups gathered on the corners were always talking in Swedish or Norwegian. That was when I was just growing up. But when I went to school up here in Wheaton it was altogether different. Everything was in English.

Things haven't changed so much in the sports activities. Back in those days we just had baseball. Now we have what we call slow pitch or fast pitch softball. I was always quite a baseball fan. I played considerable baseball when I was younger.

We were playing ball down at Dumont one Sunday afternoon and Al Fridgen, who was on the opposing team, was playing in the outfield. I happened to be up at bat and I got ahold of a pretty good one and I sent a high liner out into the outfield. It was kind of a gloomy day. Al either didn't hear the crack of the bat, or couldn't see the ball coming out there, and just then a swallow flew across the field. He thought that was the ball and he started chasing the swallow across the field. Of course I made a homerun out of it that way. I usually didn't get very many of them.

Back in those days we didn't know what a lawnmower was, so we didn't get our baseball field mowed down the way

we do today. Out in the left railroad tracks in Dumont some of the farmers who lived near town and had dairy cows would go out and mow it occasionally and take the hay. There were times when they didn't get there soon enough, so if I could get a good swing on one I'd land it out in the field and get it lost in the grass. I could make a round-tripper out of that. I wasn't a homerun hitter. I guess I hit 'em far enough, but I just ran too long in the same place.

Back in the early teens when I went to school in Wheaton the Hellekson Hardware Store put on a corn show, and the Farm Bureau was behind this thing. Roy Palmer was the agricultural teacher at that time. We kids from out on the farm were bringing in the best that we could find in our corn. We had the whole hardware store lined from the front to the back end with tables of different samples of corn. We picked out the best samples we had because there were some pretty good prizes. But that fall a family moved up from Iowa and moved onto a farm near Wheaton. They brought in some of that Iowa corn with them and competed in every division, the same as we did. When we saw what they had we were just about ready to take our stuff back home. Back in those days they gave a .22 rifle to the boy who brought in the best sample in one division. None of us local kids won any of it. This family from Iowa took all the prizes.

Back in the prohibition days our sheriff was P. H. Leonard. He was one of the sons of an early resident down in Leonardsville Township. His job was to enforce the law and he was doing the best he could about it. Of course, when the moonshiners got going, he figured it was his job to try to clean it up, of which there was no chance whatever.

He heard about some guys peddling booze down in Browns Valley. So he made up his mind he would catch them He went down there one day and stopped on the street corner. A fella came walking by him and he asked if he knew where he could buy a quart of moonshine. "Oh, yes," said the fella, "I know where I can get you one." So Leonard asked what it would cost him, and the guy said, "Give me $5.00 and I'll be back in a little while with it for you." Leonard gave him the $5.00. The guy had a shoe box under his arm. He said, "You just hold this shoe box until I get back. I won't be gone too long." So Leonard stood on the corner for an hour, and then another half hour went by, and the guy didn't come back. So he opened the shoe box and there was a quart of moonshine inside of the box he was holding under his arm.

Back in the 1920's A. J. Cook moved up from Salem, South Dakota, and bought a farm from Matt Doll. He told about a case they tried down in Salem. They had a guy up in court and they had the evidence — a fifth of whiskey or moonshine. They produced it for evidence, and the lawyer handling the case for the moonshiner said, "That doesn't look like alcohol to me." He asked the judge if he could have the bottle and taste it. So the judge let him. He put the bottle up to his mouth, there was only an inch left in the bottom. He killed the whole thing, and then said, "Well that stuff ain't whiskey, that's nothing but rain water." But the evidence was gone so they had to dismiss the case.

Money was pretty short back in those days. But there always seemed to be money for most to get themselves a little beverage once in awhile. My boys Dave and Jim were quite aggressive. The bottles were always thrown out in the road ditches. One morning Jim and Dave asked me if I would come down the road an hour or two later with the car. Each one had a burlap bag around his waist. One took one side of the road, and one the other. There was always a market for those empty bottles. They started out at our place a mile north of Dumont. When I caught up to them they were almost down to Collis. I saw they had a bag or two of bottles lying up on the road. I stopped and threw them in the back of the old car. They had opened up a roller skating rink in Dumont, and the kids wanted to raise some money to buy themselves some roller skates. I think they cost $14.00 a pair. They had enough to buy one pair.

Back in the 1920's F. J. Steidl, a former judge in Wheaton, started shipping coal in from the Dakotas. We could buy coal for eight bucks a ton. But the main fuel in those days was wood and corn cobs. Most people would depend mostly on wood, but would have enough coal around to bank the fires at night, otherwise the house would cool off too fast.

When I moved into the Dumont area, just a mile north of the village. I got the job of township assessor. They weren't paying much in those days. I had the village and also the township, and got $60.00 for the job. But $60.00 was quite a bit of money back in those days.

At that time there was so little livestock on the farm, and we didn't have sales tax at that time, and all personal property was assessed just the same as real estate was.

During the depression in the 30's while I was the assessor, the county commissioners thought that the little money that was coming in through the personal property taxes just about all went out for the cost of holding town board meetings and paying the assessor. The livestock was practically all shipped out of the country. There wasn't any grain to sell. They thought that they would just as well not take any tax money an the personal property. But the state got a certain percentage of what was taken in — I think it was six cents on each dollar of real and personal property tax collected.

Back in the 30's a lot of those farmers who had homesteaded the farms had gone through quite a bit to get the farms. Most people were living off their milk and egg checks. Whatever they got for their grain they would try to pay off their taxes. Some of them had mortgaged their farms to get a loan for a new house or some other building. And then when the depression came, for a good many years they couldn't pay their interest to the loan companies, and the loan companies were on the verge of selling them out — which they did to quite a few. Others had an opportunity to sell their farms for a little more than what they owed and they'd take these few bucks and go to town to buy a place to live. They were getting old and ready to retire. After they lived in town for a few years, the few dollars that they had

left over was pretty well used up. We had a problem then. We didn't have social security where you get your checks when you get old. In those days we had nothing.

This went on until the county instigated what they called the Old Age Pension Plan. That's when they would pay anywhere from $30 for a single man and maybe double that amount for a husband and wife, but that is about as high as they would go on any of them.

The money on this pension plan wasn't paid to any single younger people. It went just to the elderly and the retired who were unable to go on with their work.

We didn't have much for amusements for young people growing up. They couldn't sit around like they do today. They relied mostly on house parties. Out in Eldorado Township, adjoining Traverse County, a group of young men pooled their money together. They wanted a place where they could have a gathering for a group. They built a round dance hall out in the country. Everyone donated their work, and they got money enough from the crowd to go ahead with the project. They finally got it completed.

My brother George had an orchestra at that time, consisting of George on the violin, my sister Mary on the organ or piano, and John Frish on trombone. This was an older model of the trombone, not like those slip horns they've got today. It was a valve trombone. Joe Downs had a cornet or trumpet. They became known pretty well over the whole county as the Schmitz orchestra. For years that orchestra played at danced wherever they had a building big enough to get a group together, enough to pay the musicians.

That's the way things were until Martin Lynch built that building down in Dumont that is now the American Legion. The upper part was a telephone office, and then a family lived in one end on the lower part, and the rest of it was always used as a dance hall. Several hundred couples coming from all over the area could attend those dances in Dumont.

That went on for several years, until some of the orchestra members started leaving. Joe Doll went down to Minneapolis and got a rooming house there that he operated. Just as luck had it for George, the lumber yard had several fires, and they put a new man in there, a young man by the name of Ed Robinson. He was an Iowa boy, and he was a real wiz on the trumpet. So he held his orchestra pretty well intact.

Everything kept going pretty well until World War I started and George was drafted into the army. They kind of broke up at that time.

He had a time trying to hold his orchestra together, keeping enough musicians. A family moved in from Iowa, the Roth family. Roy was a whiz on the piano and the xylophone, and the snare drum and the bass and all the gadgets that go with the drum. So he really hit the jackpot when Roy came into this area.

Finally my sister Mary got married and started raising a family, so she wasn't going out any more. Then Joe Doll left. But my sister Clara took over the piano. Then Clara got married and moved down towards the Cities. George later got married himself, and that broke up the Schmitz orchestra.

It reminds me of that song, "Those wedding bells have broken up that old gang of mine." That's about what happened with my brother George's orchestra.

The old Eldorado dance hall was torn down when cars came into the picture. The cars would let people go anywhere they wanted to. It made a change in the crowds at dances, too.

After the cars came in and everybody could go where they wanted, one group would go one way and another the other. And the orchestra down in Dumont went out of business. Then the barn dances got to be quite a fad. Many of the farmers going heavier into livestock were building big barns, and usually before the haying season, when the weather was nice, and again in the spring, they were holding barn dances. There was one right out of Collis a mile or so. This fellow didn't have any livestock and he was holding a dance pretty near every week. He was doing pretty well on them, too.

Anybody who put up a new barn would generally have a barn dance right after the building was up. Most of the labor in those days was donated by neighbors. Before very little time expired they'd have a large barn thrown up, and the people would generally throw a dance and everybody would come.

With the barn dances, the hall in Dumont wasn't drawing anymore, so they made apartments in the dance hall.

Barn dances finally came to a sudden stop, too. The crowds got smaller so that was discontinued. Fire iunsurance companies didn't like the idea of those barn dances too much either. Anyone holding a barn dance would not be covered by insurance. Whenever they held a dance, they'd have to sign a paper saying that if a fire developed within 24 or 48 hours, the insurance company wouldn't be held liable for that fire.

Muskrats and mink were always so plentiful around Lake Traverse. There would be hundreds and hundreds of muskrat piles where muskrats would build their homes. Lots of times when we had more hunters than we had boats, some of us would go out and sit on top of a muskrat pile and the boat would go back to get to another load. We'd haul them somewhere else or go in the rushes. We always had an ideal spot to hunt that way. The dam has its advantages, but as far as this becoming the land of ducks about the only one you see right now is the one that's sitting out outside of town as you drive in. There are a few the first day of hunting season then you have to wait for a few stray northerns to come down. There are ducks yet, but they don't come our way any more. They come down in their southern flight over South Dakota, to the west of us. Canada reports that their duck crop is almost as big as it ever has been and the North Dakota farmers have trouble sometimes. There are so many ducks up there that they're eating up their fall crops. But we see

very few of them around here any more.

The dam did help to hold up the waters in Traverse Lake. I remember when we used to go out there fishing. The river was so low about the only place to fish was in those ponds between where the river was flowing. The river was never full like it is now on the south side of the dam. It just seems like a lot of those engineering projects that they've got around the country were meant to be an advantage, but with a lot of money spent I think that they really didn't do anything much for the country. Now this water stands out here in Mud Lake and gets so dirty. One man made a remark the other day and I thought it was kind of funny. Maybe I shouldn't mention this, but he said he used to read where people used to walk on the water. He figures possibly that was Traverse Lake they were talking about.

For a month or two in the spring it's fairly clear, but otherwise there's so much growth. When a wind comes up it banks it up on the side of the lake one day and the wind turns the next day it's on the opposite side. It isn't the nice clean lake I remember. We used to get dunked in it once in awhile when we were out hunting. When the boat would go over on us we always had a solid sand bottom to land on. We never were in the deeper part of the lake. We were in the channel a few times and that had a real solid sand bottom in it. That's a mud hole now.

The Benson family moved here in 1874. They came from Boston in 1870 and came as far as Sauk Centre. They stayed there for awhile and then came west to look over this area that later became Traverse county. Mr. Whitely and Mr. Benson came together from the Sauk Centre area. Whitely had some money and bought a team of horses to drive out here. Whitely used to own a homestead around this piece of ground where Shady Dell is right now.

Andrew Benson came to Traverse County and settled on that farm near Shady Dell in 1877. He farmed until he died. Then his son Edward remained on the home farm and continued to operate that farm until the time of his death in 1947. Edward Benson's wife is still living and she lived with her son. She is still alive today. His wife Clara used to be Clara Johnson, the daughter of Albert Johnson.

Leland Benson was one of the children. He's the one who is living on the farm with his mother at the present time. One of the surviving children of the pioneer is Mrs. Squire Renolds from Wheaton.

A couple days ago I made a drive through White Rock. White Rock used to be a booming little town back when the early settlers came and it supplied the farm community around there with everything that they could need. They had a good blacksmith shop and a wheelright. He's build their wagons, every part of it, and sleds and anything that they needed they could have. They had a big department store there, a three story building. They carried everything in there, anything that you needed was available. They had other stores, and at one time they had a population of over 1350 people. The streets were paved, they had a good bank, a lumber yard, everything that went with a good progressive town.

As time changes everything it seems, they also noticed the changes coming on gradually. The high school they had built, a nice big brick, three story building, still stands there today. Of course it looks like all the other buildings, the windows are all knocked out, but it was a well built building, all brick. It was kind of disheartening to see just what happens when time moves on, but that's the way things seem to go. The grades in that school went from first up to 12th grade. Lester Murray of Wheaton graduated from the White Rock school with a lot of his schoolmates who were going to White Rock school at that time.

Driving through there the other day, I noticed that they had everything curb and gutter. They had cement sidewalks leading throughout all the residential areas of the town. Old foundations are there from many of the homes that had been torn down or moved out of town. Quite a few are in very good shape and they've a few families living in some of those homes. They have their church. That was one of the first buildings that was put up in that community when the first pioneers moved out into that area. That is being used yet today. They have their services there and neighbors get together to congregate, get a chance to visit with each other.

What seemed to be the time when things started turning fast was when the automobile came out and people could drive longer distances. Before that when they used to drive horses, some of them oxen, you didn't didn't get very far from home and you traded in your hometown. But now it's different. You jump in a car and you can go 50 or 60 miles and the big warehouses in other towns buy in such big lots that they can undersell our local merchants. It's hurting our business in all our towns.

Another thing that seemed to be quite depressing was when the railroad was taken out. The rails were pretty well hauled out right away but up at White Rock there were thousands and thousands of railroad ties piled up. The good ties are all piled up and eventually some will be sold to some other company that might want to build, but I guess there won't be many new lines built because everytime you listen to the radio or television you hear about where one railroad is planning on tearing out a piece of road here and another there. They'll have to take these ties out and use them for other purposes, if they're going to keep on ripping up the rails and ties the way it has been going through this area. It seems almost unbelievable that a town of that size, 1350, could drop to eight people. That's right in the heart of a good agricultural area.

White Rock had served many of the people from South Dakota and also from the Minnesota side in Traverse County. It was the closest town. The people who lived north of there could go to Breckenridge, but that was quite a distance to drive, too. It served it's purpose over the years when it was badly needed, but the way it looks today, it's used up it's usefulness. Most of the brick buildings have fallen down. Sometimes we wonder whether it's for the good or for the

bad. Either way it's kind of depressing to see what used to be a nice, flourishing town go to pieces as that town has done.

Wheaton seems to be moving on pretty well yet, but our population has dropped in the area of around two hundred in the last years. The children at our schools have dropped from where we used to at one time have over a thousand children coming to our schools to where our enrollment now is down to about two-thirds of that figure. The next generation will see lots of changes, as we have seen in our lifetime. I hope they'll all be for the better.

There just doesn't seem to be the need anymore for as many towns as we used to have. When the farmers were growing up from the first homesteaders into this county they had two and three schools in every township. None of the children usually had to go more than two miles to school. When the weather was bad their folks would haul them. That has all been changed now since we have consolidation.

I was reading in the paper where they want to cut down on the money being spent on sports and recreation for the young folks. Back in those days when we were growing up out in the country schools, we didn't have that. But we didn't need it. We were living out on the farm where we had plenty to do. There was work for everyone of us; we all had our jobs. But here in town it's a different thing. We just can't expect children to sit home after they get home from school and not have anything else to do. I think the sports program is one of the most necessary things in this school. If we have to cut down on something there must be some other place to cut rather than take this money that's being spent for the children's recreation.

I'll never forget a remark my brother George made when he was sheriff. He mentioned it to Bill Weaver, a sports announcer at WDAY broadcasting station. He said he had been sheriff for almost 30 years and had never taken one child to an institution who was interested in sports.

They always say idleness is a breeder of discontent. I don't think there are words truer than that. You have to keep the minds of the young people active. They just can't stand around.

Some of my fondest memories are when my father used to take us out to the lake to shoot ducks and go hunting prairie chickens. I think parents today are too busy with recreation for themselves and are forgetting their children.

There's no need for cutting down on some of the necessary programs like sports. Maybe you can cut down on some of the higher wages that are paid for some of the hired help. But as far as needing as many teachers, out there where I went to school we had one teacher and thirty children. And she taught every grade. The kids in those days didn't have all the sports connected with our school activities, but we had teachers who were interested in the children, enough so that they would sit down and help them. We had a little homework to do once in awhile, but most of our work was done in school. We didn't have as many school days then as we have now. Very few of us went through high school. Most of us had to go home and help with the farm work after we got through the eighth grade. It didn't take anything more than an eighth grade education, they figured, to be a farmer. But we had subjects in our school that they are teaching in second year high here in Wheaton today.

At that time the teachers we had didn't have to go to school quite as long as they do now. After they got out of the eighth grade, they went through high school and then got a "normal" course after that. They went out and worked with some other teacher for about six weeks toward the end of the school term. They learned how to arrange their classes and so forth. We had all good teachers in those days. I noticed when my boys were going to high school they were bringing home the same work that we had in the eighth grade out in the country school.

I think the state is messing around too much with looking at the degrees the teachers have. When we got stuck with something at home our older sisters would show us how to do things in our homework. I think that someone with an eighth grade education could help along the younger ones.

I don't want anyone to think that I'm against education. That's not my point. I think that education is great for those who can have it, but the most important thing in life is to learn to work. Anyone who is willing to go out and work, to do his job and do it well, will have no problems.

I realize it's harder for young people today than it was when we were growing up. The police system is different. I'm not trying to criticize our local police. But the police system as a whole is different. They don't tighten down enough on this dope to report the pushers for fear they will come back and do them bodily harm.

Sometimes when I drive by a courthouse and see those big letters stamped out in concrete, "Court of Justice", I hope someday that all the courts will do exactly what that says. I heard cases tried while I was bailiff in the courthouse, and I can truthfully say that sometimes it was a court of "injustice".

Back in those days when dancing was so popular they had what they called the boweries. They were using a lot of the old tunes common in those days, like "My Ole Kentucky Home" and "Red Wing" — well "Red Wing", that one they really murdered, and that got played quite often. And there was "Down on the Swanee River" and some of the old songs popular in the day. Everyone had his way of enjoying himself. The Fords were coming out about that time and people were coming from quite a distance to enjoy those dances.

Lynch was selling the Ford and Vernon Fleischer up in Wheaton was selling Plymouths. They were selling them just about like storekeepers did bananas for awhile. They were going so fast. Everyone had to got himself a car bacause you couldn't keep a team of horses on the road. When they saw one of those contraptions coming down the road they'd take you out in the field and run away on you. And prices were

reasonable at that time. You could buy a nice Plymouth or Ford car at one time for $360. They held up for quite a few years, too. You'd run 'em three or four years and then you'd trade them in for another one, and take the running gear and go and make a trailer out of it to haul grain with, put a wagon box on. They were pretty handy gadgets.

Tractors were beginning to replace horses, too, so people didn't have so many horses around the place which they ordinarily had before when their farming was all done with horses.

I remember one night up at Mert Lynch's dance hall when they had a dance going. He had a hardware store and his Ford agency down below the dance hall until he built the building on the corner in Wheaton where the Corner Drug is located today. There was a hallway leading from the south stairway into the dance hall. There were three people living in the apartment on the west side. They had the telephone switchboard on the east side, and then living quarters there for the girls who were working in the telephone office.

I was dancing with Mary Tritz and there was a pretty good breeze coming in from that window on the south, and just as we got by the door where the draft came into the dance hall, I had a pretty good cut of gum in my mouth and I guess I was kind of monopolizing most of the conversation. I happened to have my mouth open just when we went by that door and a breeze caught her hair and a cluster of that blew into my mouth and got tangled up with my cut. We had some fun there for awhile as we stood trying to pull my gum out of her hair.

So many crazy things happened during those times when we had those dances. It's just fun to think about the fun people had. Folks were coming from all over after we got Lynch's hall and our own orchestra in town. That's when we were getting these minstrel shows coming in, and Bert Hyatt and Otto Hamann and those guys were putting on wrestling matches. We had our amusements back in those days, quite different from what they are today. Everyone was just one big clan at that time. When newcomers came to town they'd know everybody in the hall before they went home. Today there are more-or-less different groups. One bunch will go one way, one bunch will go someplace else. You don't get those big crowds together anymore like we used to at that time.

We didn't need so much for recreation in those times either. We'd have the New Year's dance and then about the next time we had a big one would be Easter Monday. Once in awhile they'd throw one in on a Saturday night in between. And there was the 4th of July. There'd be about five or six big deals where we would have a couple hundred couples there, but most of the time people weren't going out like they do today. But you look forward to the times when they did have something doing so you could get away from the place for a little while, and have a little change.

I believe I mentioned earlier when my dad built a barn back in 1904 and told the boys they could put on a dance in his hay loft, and then with the proceeds they could buy themselves some baseball uniforms. Johnny Doll wanted the honor of measuring up the boys for their suits. They let him take a tape line and while he was doing this he got the tape line turned around once in awhile. Instead of having like a 32 inch waist line, he probably get a 28. About half of the suits had to be sent back to the tailor who made them and he had to do them over.

At the ball games in those days, the winning team would get a new baseball. Each one of the players would kick in 15 cents and that would leave about a ten cent overrun, because you could buy a new baseball at that time for about $1.25. We had some real hitters in those days. Those balls were rolling around the field like a marble. Later on when there was a demand for more homeruns, they put a cork inside and then they were rewound. Nowadays they have rubber in them. People want homeruns so they have what they call the "live ball", and when they hit it, the ball will take over and go.

I was telling about the muddy roads we had years ago when the top soil all blew off and the rains on top of the dirt roads made the gumbo stick to the wagon wheels. We'd go down the roads in those wagons and it'd gum up so on the wheels that it would wedge between the spokes and rim of the wheel and wagon box. You'd back up and think some of it would come out. But it wouldn't come out. You'd have to get down and dig it out with your hands before you could go ahead again. Plenty of times we pulled off the road and went into the field. It was better traveling there than it was on the road.

In the spring of the year when we'd get the dry seasons, we'd have those gumbo spots out in the field and it would get so hard we couldn't get the seed into the ground. My dad was a blacksmith and he'd sharpen his plow shears right on the farm. He kept the plow shears sharp and in good shape so they'd dig, but when they'd hit those gumbo spots, they'd come right up and go out over the top. So when spring came lots of times in those spots that wouldn't plow in the fall we'd go up and drag back and forth on those spots and scratch them up a little to get enough loose dirt so that when the old shoot rail came along when we started seeding. It wouldn't go down far enough so that you'd think it would ever sprout, but if we got a rain at the right time, it would. After we had the field sowed once, we always went over it with the drag again unless a rain came too soon. Then the grain would be sprouting before you could get back in there with the drag. We'd work it in there. Of course, wheat does all right on gumbo ground if you can get it to get some roots and get it down into the soil. Most of the farmers at that time, if they had about 600 acres, would have about 300 acres of wheat. So we'd generally get some pretty fair crops.

On 600 acres, if a farmer had 10,000 or 12,000 bushels of grain in the fall, he'd have a fairly big crop. We didn't have the good hybred varieties in those days. About 40 bushels on oats is about all you could expect. A bumper crop was about 30 bushels of wheat. The black rust would take most of it all the time. So about 10,000 or 12,000 bushels a year — if a farmer got that much, he was satisfied.

One year my dad sent off for some clover and timothy

mixed. He was going to seed down 20 acres of pasture. He sowed that with the grain. We had a nice stand that fall. The next year we fenced it and had a heck of a good pasture. He let it stand for five or six years, then plowed it down. And all that false seed, that mustard, that laid in the ground all those years, sprouted the following year. Those 20 acres looked just like a flower garden. Of course, that's when we got mustard all over the place. That's the way that stuff got imported into this country, was through the seed companies. They're a little more strict with their seed laws now. Each state has to have grain pretty well inspected.

We kids didn't mind too much. The rest of the farm, where it wasn't too thick, we pulled it all out. That one field we couldn't work, though. There was too much in there. He had a terrific crop of oats off of it after it was pastured. That was 70 bushels an acre that time. Nobody ever heard of a crop of oats that big in those days. We kids didn't mind it. We got a little mustard here, a little mustard there. That's the way we earned our 4th of July money. He gave us three cents for every hundred plants we pulled out. So we were making sure we wouldn't leave anything stand, but then a week or ten days later you had to back over it again because there was always some that bloomed late.

And then we had what they called kahil. That was a white leaf of some kind, but that's disappeared. There's none of that in the country anymore. Then we had cockle. That's about the same thickness as a kernel of wheat and once it got into the wheat it was just about impossible to get out. You'd run it through the fanning mill because it was the same thickness as wheat, so it would come right along with the good wheat.

My dad ordered out what they called a cockle mill. That had round, small holes in it and most of the cockle would fall through those holes while you were running it. It was built like a big drum, a couple of barrels, one stuck inside the other, and full of holes. We'd clean all our grain with that outfit. You'd get three grades. The big odd shaped stuff would fall out on the top row, the good seed would go out the middle, and the small seed would go out the bottom. That we'd load up and haul to town and take whatever we could get for it after they'd dock you about 20 to 30 percent or more. Sometimes you'd just throw it in with the oats and feed it to the horses, but that wasn't a good idea either because a lot of that foul seed would grow again after it went through the animal.

Back in the early 30's things were really pretty rough when we had all those crop failures for three straight years. But people never seemed to lose their sense of humor. If you didn't have more than a nickel in your pocket you'd throw a nail in your pocket and you could make a jingle that would sound pretty good to somebody else and impress them that you had a little dough in your pocket.

I've never forgotten how I used to have to haul the water for drinking from Dumont. Our well was one of those open holes. That water was so hard it wasn't fit to drink. The reason for that, according to our well driller, was that over the centuries there was some sort of shift in the earth's surface. When they were digging for wells at one time the rust would be showing up in the gravel, when they hit those veins, but there was no water coming. That was in an area of about a half mile in every direction from where we lived.

We got Cal Davis — Mr. Warner owned the farm at the time; I was renting from him — that's Julius Warner. Anyway we got this Cal Davis from up north of Wheaton to come down and drill an open well. He dug it four feet wide. Wayne Williams was helping him with the project. They went down about 50 feet, but nothing more ever came into that well than the water that would seep in from the surface, and it wasn't fit to drink. The livestock used to drink it when they couldn't find anything else. But when we got rain in the later years and water in the ditches and ponds, they'd always drink out of there rather than drink the home water.

Anyhow, what I was telling about was back in those lean years what a lot of boys did over the winter to kill time. My brother Paul was selling Langs products, similar to what the Watkins man has. He was also writing a little insurance for Tara Mutual and the Farmers Home Insurance Company as a sideline. But in the winter time there wasn't much of anything doing, so most of the guys were fishermen. They loved to fish.

Paul had a car, an old Model T, that he used when he was making the rounds around the county with his products. One morning a bunch of boys had brought their children into school in Dumont and they dicided they'd like to go out to Bill Hall's fishing. None of them had any amount of money on them. So they decided to pool the few dollars they had between them for gas. They threw in a little better than a dollar's worth of gas, enough to take them out to Bill Hall's and back. Harry Zabel was running the bulk station for the Dumont Oil Company at the time. He checked their oil and saw they were down better than a quart of oil, too. It just happened that a few days earlier somebody had made an oil change and the oil looked pretty good yet, so Harry caught that in a container and set it off to one side. The boys didn't have any more money after they went over to Tony Fridgen's and bought a pound of minced ham for 30 cents and stopped into Burke's to get a loaf of bread for lunch — that was 16 cents. They ran out of their resources. Harry took some of the used oil and brought the oil up to the safe level in the car again.

They'd go out there fishing, and Paul was kind of an ingenious sort of guy. He was always looking for the most comfortable and easiest way to do a thing. The old Fords at that time didn't have those metal floorboards like we have in the cars today. They were just good slats put across, some rough wood of the same material about like you could get out of boxcars. They were removable. So when Paul went out to Bill Hall's fishing, he would take the floor boards out and after he had the hole chopped, drive over the top of the hole and then sit in the car and let the line down and fish through the bottom of the car. He'd be dragging in those bullheads. which were quite plentiful in those days. They'd get some bait from Tony Fridgen. He'd cut off some old tough chunk of steak that he had over in his butcher shop that wouldn't sell.

He'd hack off a chunk of that and they'd divide it up between themselves for bait. Ben Doll ran out of bait one day and he didn't know what to do, but he wanted to keep on fishing. He had a red handkerchief. He sent that down into the water and was catching just as many fish on that as the rest were on the steak they were using. They'd get a perch once in awhile, too, but mostly it was bullheads.

That's the way the boys who were unemployed spent winters. In the summer months they could go out and do a job of painting here and there, but the wages were small and the money didn't seem to reach. But they always found a way of amusing themselves.

When they were fishing, lots of times there would be a pretty crisp wind from one direction or the other out there on the lake and Paul seemed to be able to figure out the most comfortable way of doing a thing. He always carried blankets in the car and he'd go and snap one end of it underneath the hood of the old Model T and he'd wedge the other one into the front door — it was a two-door car — and that would break the wind from coming into the car while he'd be sitting in there comfortably catching bullheads and a few other varieties that would stray in once awhile.

The old Model T took the place of some of those fish houses you see out on the lake today. When Paul started fishing through the bottom of his car, many others adopted the same principle. Later on when the fish houses came they put little stoves in there and had some heat.

The lake wasn't as high back in those days as it is now. It was only in the wet years that the water was high enough to use the barges for hauling grain down to the elevators on the branch line over in the area where Ike's Chicken Shack is now. They had an elevator there and the grain was taken from the barges into the elevator and then into the boxcars. The railroad went from Morris to the Browns Valley area.

During the depression our resources were much like a guy remarked one day, "The spirit was willing, but the pocketbook was weak." We found that to be the case many times. Nobody wanted to let on that they were that hard up, but many is the time that I walked to town with a two-gallon can to buy two gallons of gasoline. My excuse was that I was buying it for the washing machine. But I put it in the car and would drive to Wheaton and bring the girls home over the weekend after they had completed their week's work. That's after they got out of school. Only one of the older girls got through high school. The rest quit when they finished the eighth or ninth grade and took jobs.

If you worked for someone on the farm the wages would be $1.50 a week. And that didn't include just the house work either. You went out and helped with the canning. At one place where Valaria worked the farmer was getting his garden ready for spring planting. He hauled a couple of loads of manure out to the garden and after supper he had her go out and spread it around for him out in the garden. And then they would be up again at five o'clock the next morning.

A few days ago I went down to Graceville to the Home down there to visit with one of my school teachers who I had gone to when I was in grade school out in District 25 in Dollymount. That was Nellie King. She was one of the very best of all the good teachers we had in those days. She would act pretty stern at times when things went wrong, but before she got through talking, she'd break out and laugh with the kids. They all had a high respect for her. She's 97 years old now. Her mind is just as clear today as it was at the time she was a young girl teaching school. She was a daughter of Joe King. They were one of the earlier homesteaders who came over with the group that Bishop Ireland brought over in 1868.

We had a couple of pupils who tried to give her a bad time. She sent them home from school during the school hours. When one got back home, his parents wanted to know what was the matter. His mother knew that he must not have been obeying the teacher or roughing her up a little, so his mother loaded him up in the buggy and brought him back to school. After that incident he was one of our better pupils. He never caused any more problems. His problems would be at home if he didn't mind himself and do what the teacher told him. There was no getting up and running around during school hours or getting up and running across the top of the desk when he wanted to go up to the front to ask the teacher a question.

In those days when kids came home from school complaining about their teachers, they didn't get any support from their parents. The parents didn't go back and chew out the teachers, which does happen occasionally today. The kids knew they either had to mind or stay home entirely. In those days the father and mother were boss of the house. They told the kids what they were going to do and the kids generally did as they were told.

The years I'm talking about when Nellie King was teaching out in our school, the highest enrollment she had was 40. She taught school all the time until she got married to Fred Neal. They farmed until he died and then she stayed at home and helped her son operate the place. And he died at an early age, so she pretty much was on her own from the time she was teaching school up to the present time.

The King family homesteaded in Parnell or Croke township, just southwest of Dumont. Nellie King boarded with my parents while she was teaching school, which was several years.

At that time they were coming up on their wages a little bit. Teachers were getting as high as $35 a month. My folks got $8.00 a month for giving her board and room.

John Phalen sold his farm to Tom Peyton for $175 an acre. That was the first "land boom" that I can remember in my lifetime. The O'Brian Land Company was operating out of Graceville and they were selling farms like bananas at that price. Tom Peyton bought that whole section, which turned out to be his downfall, because later on land went down to $10 and $15 an acrea after the big depression after World War I.

Back in those days folks had their home places pretty well cleared up, and they'd borrow money on those places to

buy more. Then when the depression hit, there wasn't anyplace more to borrow money, and there wasn't any money to pay off the loans you had, so the mortgage companies took the farms back. They later sold them again. They didn't think too much of the idea of not being able to get their interest, but when they owned the farms and had to pay the taxes instead of collecting interest, they were happy to sell them again for whatever they could get. I think the loan companies took a whipping as well as the farmers.

There were quite a few fires around the time when the farmers were losing their farms with only a $5,000 or $6,000 mortgage on them. They would have quite a few houses burning down when it came close to the time of foreclosure. Most of the farmers had insurance on their houses, enough to pay off the loan. So a lot of them went up in smoke. They didn't have a house to live in. They'd buy something else and move it back on the land after the loan was paid off. Some saved their land, all right, through that sort of operation. They raised a little heck with the insurance companies. And of course, in order to avoid any more of such things going on, the mutual insurance companies and the old line companies all put rebuilding clauses in their policies which they didn't have before. Instead of paying out the cash they would put up a building in the amount that the cash would have cost them. And that stopped the fires.

We had those kerosene lamps with reflectors on them. If you wanted to shoot the light in a certain direction in one of the rooms all you did was move the reflector. But before kerosene lamps came into production, every house had only one fastened on the wall, usually in the kitchen. If they had two, one would usually be in the living room. My folks had one of these candle outfits to make candles with. You could turn out about a dozen at a time. They were kind of a chute with a diameter about the size of an ordinary candle. Then there was a spout there possibly a foot long. They'd fasten a cord down in the bottom of the stand where the wax was supposed to be poured. Of course, it wasn't really wax we were using in those days. We were using tallow. We had plenty of that on hand whenever we did some butchering of fat livestock.

After we had a bunch of those candles made up we'd sometimes come to a store and get a little receptable that you could carry a candle around in. It was about the size of a saucer with a little piece of pipe welded into the middle about the size of a standard size candle. You'd take one of those candles about a foot long and cut it in two and stick half of it into that little pipe. So when we kids would get up in the morning we'd bring our candle downstairs with us and light it up, and then we'd find our way back to our rooms upstairs in the dark. That was a great improvement over walking up there in the dark. It made a little light so you could find your way to where you wanted to go.

I often wanted to keep that candle making machine for a souvenir, but when the big house burned down on the homestead that went along with a lot of other of the early keepsakes that we had, like the spinning wheel and the old hand coffee grinder. A lot of those things that would have been antiques today went along with the fire back in the 1920's.

As improvements came along later on we got the gas lanterns and the gas lamps. Those mantles with lamps were put out by the Aladin people. They had a little rag you'd tie on the end of a pump and then you'd pump the lamp up and pump the bowl up with gasoline, and it would light up the house much better than the candles did earlier.

And finally the REA came in during the Roosevelt administration, and that made a world of difference. There were appliances — electric refrigerators were coming on the market. But you'd have to sign your name for one and sometimes you'd have to wait six to eight months before you could get them.

The war was on shortly before that and they had a contract for practically all the refrigerators that those few companies that were building them could produce.

My oldest son was telling me that after he had been in different invasions of islands out in the South Pacific, when he got to New Caledonia there were shiploads of refrigerators standing there that had been loaded off the ships and were about half buried under the sand. These countries didn't have any electricity, but our government was sending them refrigerators.

My sons said they saw the same thing over in Italy where those things were standing there going to waste and rusting, when we could have used them back here.

The farm where Ed Crandall lives today was at one time known as the Jim Roen place. He was one of the early settlers out there. A good many of the second generation will remember Tom Roen. After Jim, his father, died, Tom took over and ran it for awhile, but he didn't really care much about farming. He was more of a politician than a farmer. So after a few years he held a sale and from then on he rented out the farm.

I mentioned my visit with my old school teacher down in Graceville, Nellie Neal. One of her sisters was married to Art Neal and her sister Margaret was married to this Thomas Roen. They were killed in a car accident right west of Hoffman.

Earlier I mentioned this Benson that owned the farm north of Shady Dell. His name was Andrew Benson. He settled out there in 1874. He had owned a ship where he used to haul people between Boston and the Scandanavian countries. His health got kind of bad, and the doctors recommended that he go west. But the main reason he quit and moved away from there, back in the 1860's, was the slave traders up in the northern part of the United States were going over to Africa and bringing negroes back to America and auctioning them off to the farmers down in the cotton belt. They wanted him to start hauling slaves from Africa over to the United States. He didn't believe in that. Rather than go into the slave business, he decided to sell his ship, and that's when he decided to move westward. He tried farming in Crystal Lake and different places, had a couple of crop

failures, and when he did get a crop the grasshoppers ate up everything. That's when he decided to come to Traverse County.

There were four Burkes who homesteaded out here around 1878 or 1877. There was Tom and Bill and Ed and Mike. Bill lived on the farm later owned by Del Forciers. When Bill left this country he went out to Montana. He died from self-inflicted wounds.

I remember this so plainly, although it happened when I was a young boy. He was shipped back to Graceville and brought to the Catholic Church at Collis. My father took me along down to the funeral. Bill was buried out in the Collis cemetery.

The Al Sauer farm, now owned by the Heidelberger family, was owned by one of the Burkes. And the place where Hugo Miller lives now was also a Burke farm. The farm that Walt Armbrust and his son own east of Millers was also one of the Burke farms.

Back in about 1913 there was a tornado that went through Clinton. I have some memories of that.

When my first son was born back in 1918, there was a young lady working in the Graceville hospital. She was one of the survivors of that cyclone. Her mother got killed. It completely tore their house apart. They had a newborn baby just a few months old. They didn't have a cradle in the house. They had the baby in a wash basket. She said she wasn't at home so she didn't get killed. But the tornado carried this basket out in the lake right east of Clinton. When they were hunting around for survivors they came to a patch of rushes. The cradle was sitting upright in those rushes with the baby perfectly safe in the basket.

Out in Parnell township, some of the early settlers whose names come to mind are the Strombergs, the Lundquists, the Johnsons and then there was Dehlins. Mr. Dehlin was quite a musician. He had a four-piece band that he used to play all alone. He lived northeast of Dumont. I purchased the farm that was homesteaded by the Jenson family, another of the early settlers in Croke township.

There was also this Nelson who had a 32-piece band and he used to go all around the country playing. He was at the Chicago World's Fair. It was a headliner in one of their news items in the paper. His wife Jenny ran a photo studio in Wheaton.

After the first settlers began settling in the Dumont area and the railroad finally came through back in the 80's, we had years that we had terrific floods, as well as those dry years. Mike Doll lived on a farm just a half mile southeast of Dumont. The mail used to come in on the railroad. The depot was put on the west end of main street. The next building to the depot was a small house owned by a fellow by the name of Nick Hultz. They had the post office in their house. One spring after the snow thawed, the water got so high that Mike Doll got in his boat out on the farm southeast of Dumont and rowed all the way up to the post office to get his mail. The railroad hadn't washed out so the mail was still coming in.

Nick Hultz also ran the grain elevator in Dumont. There were two other elevators, one run by John Fridgen and the other one by Herman Frisch.

But the first elevator we had in town — really not an elevator, but just a flat building where farmers brought their grain to in bags — was built level with the boxcars. Grain was all weighed up and carried into the cars in sacks.

I'll give a description the best I can of main street in Dumont at that time. Since the new highway went in, Highway 75, several buildings got torn down. There was a large brick building towards the south where the Co-op Oil Station is now. That's where Andrew Doll used to live, a big three story building. The first building on west main street was a livery barn owned by Art Merchant. That was taken down years and years ago. Then the next building was Jim Lynch's butcher shop. This is on the south side of main street. Next was a small confectionary store owned by a man by the name of Oliver Johnson. He ran that for many years and then when Ed Burke got married to my sister, Mary, he was running a small grocery store in that building. When they tore down the old Hultz building when the highway came through, the post office was in the rear of Ed Burke's grocery store. Next to the grocery store was the First State Bank, run by Bill Sires, and his brother Walter also worked in the bank. That bank had been robbed and pretty well burned down when they blew the safe years later. Then they put up a brick building there and that was used for a bank until 1928 when the directors voted to close the bank.

On that spot is where Frisch now has his grocery business. After the bank closed, Tony Fridgen took over the butcher shop.

Along the highway I forgot to mention that there was a gas station started up between where the old post office used to be and where the livery barn was.

As you went further east down the main street, the building is still standing, probably one of the oldest buildings in Dumont — John Blockert owned that and it was a rooming house and hotel. In later years a doctor came to Dumont and set up business. His name was Johnson, Dr. Johnson. He got a few rooms in the Blockert building, and stayed there for a few years. He had a pretty fair practice and was a good doctor. Then the Rochester Clinic got in touch with him and he went down there and worked with the Mayo Brothers for awhile, and later on he moved to Minneapolis and set up a business of his own, carrying on his practice in Minneapolis until he retired.

The next building east, on the south side of the street, is where Martin Lynch built a large brick building, still standing there today. It's owned by the Legion in Dumont at the present time. A family lives upstairs now where there used to be our dance hall in Dumont.

Then as you went further east there was an implement business, first just a hardware store and then they carried the Minnesota line of implements. Jennings Schafferud ran

that in later years. The implement business no longer is continued, but one of the Wieser boys runs a hardware store there now.

East of that was a building my father built in 1913 for my brothers George and Paul. The cars started coming into the country pretty heavily. He had sent them off to the cities to take up a mechanical course for one winter, and they came back and opened up a garage in the spring and they stayed in that business until the war broke out and they were both inducted into the service.

That was the end of the line until you get to the corner where the water tower used to be. Pete Hauschild had built a livery barn there and this was operated by a brother-in-law of his by the name of John Hinch. When the Hauschild families and the Hinch families came up from the Lake City area, Pete Hauschild bought the farm east of Dumont that was owned by the grandfather of Verdi Johnson. When the tornado came through Dumont that leveled the livery barn, along with the water tower and the Lutheran church and Mrs. Doll's home. That was the end of main street on the south side.

There were quite a few homes built in different parts of town. As you started back on the other side of the street again, there was a blacksmith shop, owned by Kermit Larson. Then there was quite a vacancy for about a half a block or more. Where the fire hall is now there was a building that A. J. Cook bought and moved out to the farm east of town. That used to be an implement shop owned by Mike Jacoby. He came up from around Benson. He handled a complete line of International machinery. My father used to buy anything that he needed in equipment from Mike. He was married to Gertrude Peickert. He stayed in the implement business a good many years. After he moved out, the business place was used as a residence for a short time. That's where the new fire hall is in Dumont today.

Right on the corner as you cross into the next block going west there was a store known as Melvin's. A man by the name of Melvin was running a grocery store. That was a complete merchandise store. Anything that was on the market he had in there. Almost anything in the line of groceries or clothing.

Then to the west was the first store that was ever built in Dumont. It was built by my uncle, Peter Schmitz. As his family was growing up, he lived just three miles east of Dumont. He went into the grocery and dry goods business. There were apartments upstairs. Then there was another small building to the west of that, a barber shop.

After Dr. Johnson moved out of Dumont, Dr. McCarthy came to Dumont. He set up an office upstairs in the Pete Schmitz building, and stayed there for quite a few years. His family was pretty well grown up when he came to town. When he went away we were without a doctor.

The next building down the line was one that Martin Lynch had used for a hardware store. Later on, when Martin Lynch built that large hardware store on the corner, then Al Fridgen, a young man who came to Dumont from the farm, started a cream buying station there.

Then the next building west from there was a millnery shop owned by the Maeter girls, the Maeter twins. The next building was Servous Doll's saloon. And further west was the Andrew Doll saloon. Further to the end of the block Con Worm ran a saloon. But when Dr. Johnson came to town and prohibition closed up all the saloons, Charlie Worm, that was Con Worm's son, opened up a drug store in the building that used to be Con Worm's saloon building. As the doctors left town Ed Burke moved over to this larger building with his grocery business, and later on he moved back to the south side of the street where he had the post office and carried a complete line of groceries.

Right where the Elephant Brand fertilizer plant is today, next to the railroad, there used to be a loading platform.

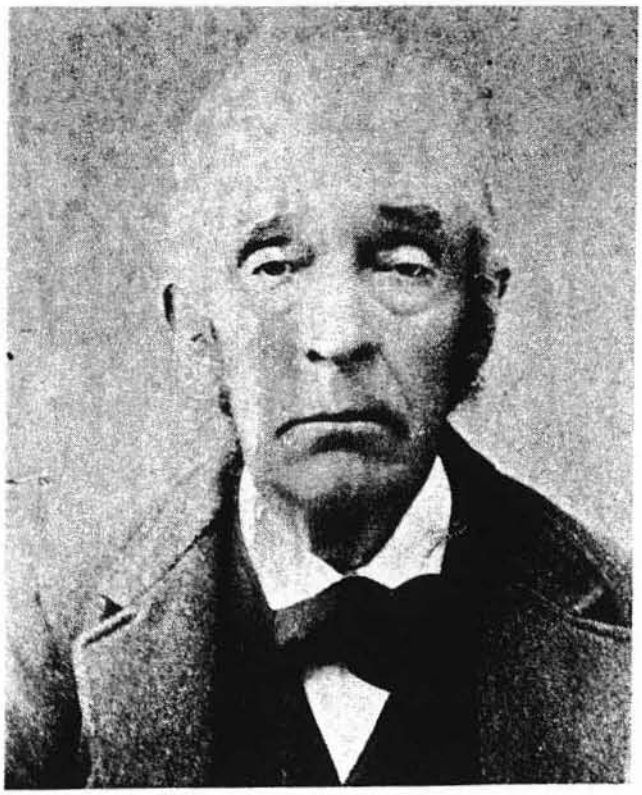
There was one other building. On the north side of the street just east of the Andrew Doll saloon was what they called the shoe and harness shop. That was run by a man by the name of Mr. Briedy.

I've been thinking about some of the changes that have come during my lifetime. Back when I was a boy there would occasionally be a farm come up for rent. If you grew up on a farm and wanted to go farming you could go to a local bank, and they'd generally loan you enough money to get a small setup going.

I was thinking what a problem it is today for a young farmer to get started farming if he loves the farm. There is no way possible unless it is through inheritance or else he's fortunate enough to marry a daughter of a large farmer who is willing to help him get started. With the price of land today, practically all owned by big corporations and large farmers, there is no other way that he can get going in farming without the help of this rich man's daughter.

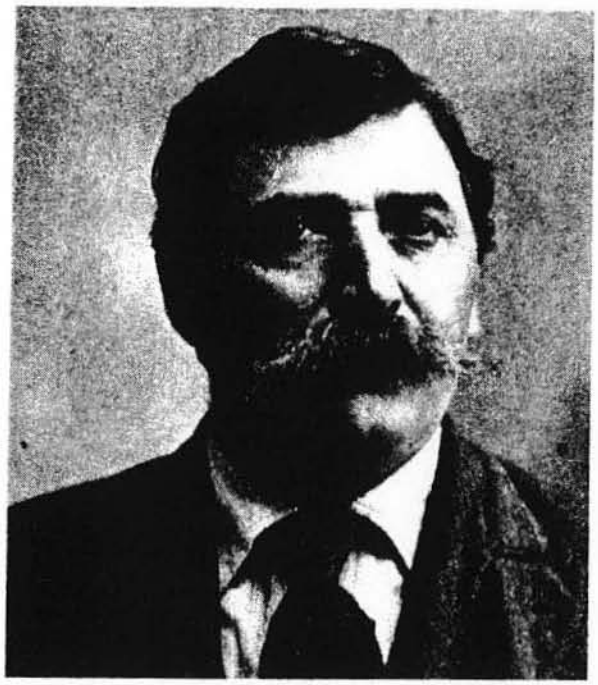
During my long lifetime I've seen so many changes come and go and when you stop and think about what's coming next. It's almost imcomprehensible to think about the changes when you see what's happened in the past.

Baptism day, 1909, for Ed and William Zimmerman. Herman and Minnie Zimmerman are on the left, holding Ed; Ernest and Albertina Witte are on the right, holding William. The Zimmermans farmed in Clifton Township.



THOMAS PEYTON SR.
Homesteader in Walls Township.

MINNIE DOLAN
One of the earliest teachers in Traverse County schools and in the Wheaton school.



JOHN DEAL
Born in 1854, came to Traverse Co. in 1894.

IDA DEAL
Born in 1862, wife of John Deal.

Children in the John Deal family pictured in 1900. Sitting from left to right: Rose Deal Cunningham, Philip Deal, Barbara Deal Hallett. Standing from left: Anthony Deal, Joseph Deal. The Deal family farmed in Clifton Township.

Stylish young ladies of 1900 wore their finest when bicycling. Pictured are Lillie Johnson on the left, and Edna Fey McLain.

James Dennison, father of Mrs. Joe Deal, homesteaded in Clifton Township.

Arthur Cordes, a carpenter in Wheaton for many years. Photo taken in about 1915.

Seated are brother and sister Willard and Daisy Dennison. Daisy was later to become Mrs. Joe Deal. The girl standing is unidentified.