

When I was eight years old, the spring of 1924, we moved from Owen Wisconsin to our ^{groceries.} farm eight miles west of the small town. Wilderness surrounded our new home, which was more or less a framed skeleton of a home. The rough two by four outlined the ~~inside~~, in winter we watched the mice run up the rafters and two by four. My sister and I would make a game, who could see the most mice or pick the smallest or fatest. Dad set traps for our little friends. In summer, we had two choices, to roast on hot nights or open the doors and windows, let the misquitos swarm in, as there were no screens on the doors and windows. Mother used the curtains to protection us from the misquitos at nite. Winter we had frost on the feathered blankets, which were very warm, made out of soft goose or duck-down.

Mother would strip each feather from its rib. Many times when Mother and Granny would be working with the feather, we (kids) deliberately run past them and give out a soft blow directed toward the feathers, causing the soft down to float into the air. The crowded around the parlor stove to undress for the cold winter nights, and raced upstairs to bed, to ~~see~~ ^{of the} one room, which was divided with blankets into two rooms. One room was my sister and my room, other was the hired man's ^{the only privacy we had those days} whenever Dad needed help. In morning my sister & I would raced downstairs to dress.

There always was enough food to eat. Mother baked a lot and canned. Large garden supplied vegetables for the table. The wild blackberries and raspberries, were eaten fresh, canned and made jelly and jam for winter supply. Dad supplied the fish and meat.

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Venison was the chief meat. During the summer, a deep pit was dug on the north side of the house, lined with straw, a huge barrel with ropes could be lowered and raised. Mother washed the venison, placed in the barrel and a ^{brine} brine of salt, vinegar, water and spices was poured over the meat and lowered into the pit. Covered with a wash tub and straw, weighted down with three or four large stones. About twice a week, my dad and uncle removed the stones, straw and wash tub and raised the barrel, enough so mother could cut the meat needed for ~~for meals and suppers.~~ ^{for meals} ~~suppers.~~ ^{dinner}. Meat was soaked in cold water overnight and cooked until tender. Fried with lots of onions. Unused portion would be placed in a bucket and lowered into the well.

The well was dug by hand and all the sand, stones, dirt was raised by the bucket and scattered in low area of the yard. The top of the well was covered with heavy planks. The (youngsters) were warned of the danger about removing the planks. ^{in the summer} The well served two purpose, kept the butter, milk, meat etc cold and the water was always clear and very cold, remove boards + drop containers by rope with butter milk etc to cool.

Milk from the two or three cows supplied our butter, cheese and milk for table use. Cream was skimmed ^{the top} off the milk, put in a gallon jar, we take turns shaking the jar, until butter separated from the buttermilk, carefully the buttermilk was pour off the butter, ^{Butter} ~~was~~ was placed in large wooden bowl with cold water, she began working the butter with a wooden paddle, with change of water, ^{until} ~~the~~ buttermilk ^{contents} would taken out of the butter. When the water was clear, the butter removed to a

large mold or dish. How sweet that butter tasted, very little salt was added. Buttermilk pancakes or just a glass of cold buttermilk. Simmed milk would ~~boil~~ and thicken, placed on back of the stove until the whey appeared, gently stirred twice; Never to the boiling temperature, the curds & whey poured in V-shaped cloth bag made out white cloth ^{salt added}. Drain for couple of hours. ^{ried,} Placed between two ^{flat} ~~the~~ ^{wide} boards, (especially made) to be pressed. Large stone weighted down the board for 2 or 3 days. ^{then} Removed from the bag, the ^{white} cheese could be sliced for sandwiches or crumbled for Cottage Cheese ^{with} ^{sweet cream} ^{added.} Many times would have thick green mold on the outside, the mold would trim off the white & firm cheese to be used again.

Sourkraut and pickle was made in barrels or large crock. Remember how good the fresh bread and jelly tasted, with a large dill pickle, that we get out of the crock in the basement. Am sure we dive ^{with} our unwashed hand to get that pickle.

Few chickens provided the eggs needed for baking and breakfast. Out the small plot of cleared land, mostly was used for a large garden and ~~about~~ ^{about} $\frac{1}{2}$ acre or more of potatoes.

Being the oldest, my chores were to make the meals, take care of my sister and little brothers, while Mother help Dad to clear the land. Very small plots of land could be cleared each season, huge large pine stumps was left remnants of the company logging days. Lot of dynamite was used, whenever they could afford it. Many times the parts of charred pine stump would piled on a huge stone and burned at night. Next day the charred remains would be removed and couple of pails

of cold water thrown on the rock, cause it to crack in ^{small} pieces that a team could handle to haul to the perpetual pile, which grew very rapidly. After the huge pine stumps were cleared, the rocks had to be picked. Often I recall how hard my parents worked, it seem as they peck a wagon, ^{load} ~~one~~ ^{from} ~~stone~~ ^{boat} small area. Stone Boat was used for the large stones, this method was easier for them to roll on and off the larger stones. ^{many stones,} Believe they had to look for soil.

In the earlier years, the small clear plots did not provide enough winter's feed for the 3 or 4 cows and team of horses. Dad would go into a swamp area and cut ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} reed grass and carry out by hand to higher ground to dry, and loaded on wagon, hauled home on to a hay stack near the barn. In the winter, regardless the weather, the hay and water was carry in for the livestock.

Winter Dad + mother made fire wood, logs, etc. Once or twice a week Dad loaded the sleigh with fire or logs, the day before, the load would be pulled near the house, onto four small poles, preventing the sleigh runners freezing to the snow. Pulling a full load from woods, make the sleigh runners hot, if ~~the~~ load remained on the snow, cause to melt and freeze over nite. Then team could not loosen the load in the morning. So they ^{used the} method of preparing the load ^{poles} to be moved early in morning. Dad would start his journey with the load ~~to town~~, eight miles. Whenever he get cold, he walk behind and team followed the tracks, on the unplowed roads. Returning in evening, we listen for the sleigh bells, or jangling of chains. Over the crisp cold air, we could hear the team + sleigh

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over a mile and half. The help Dad with groceries, consisted of bags of flour, salt, coffee, yeast, sugar, baking powder + soap. Always the store keeper gave us a large bag of Candy. Dad take the team to the barn and unharness the team, mother had hay + oats filled in manger. Dad would freeze from ~~the~~ his ^{sixteen} ~~eight~~ mile journey in the below temperature, Mother had a hot supper and hot coffee ready. Never remembered that mother ever going to town during the winter. We had a car, but in winter months, it be sitting up on blocks, tires taken off + hung. The unplowed roads, no anti-freeze, there was no need for a car.

^{the} Days went changed. ^{whole flour sacks to prints} These days, flour sacks were made of out percale + print. Mother would give Dad strict instruction to pick same design flour sacks, so she have at least 2 or 3 alike to make a dress for us or herself.

From age of eight to fourteen, I missed lot of school days, as I was needed at home. My education was very limited, when I started school, could not speak or understand English. When we moved on the farm, needed at home, graduated from the eight grade with just passing marks. My sister + three brothers were A. students. My sister continued her education and became a teacher. When I graduated from eight grade. Parents were required to pay the child's tuition, so very few children got to go to High School. Three years later, the township paid the tuition, but my sister as many others had to stay in town + work for room + board, weather permitting come home for week-ends. It was easier for my bothers in later

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years. They had good jobs. My older brother was called to service and ~~was killed~~ died of wounds receiving in Battle in Bougainville. Education was hard for me. But my love for the outdoors life, and my father as teacher, to take care of myself in the wilderness. My job was to get the cows in evening for milking, without fences, the cows traveled far, so I had to depend on the cowbells. Spend lot of my free time, outdoors, tramping through the wood. Carried lunches to my father, in wintertime, wherever he was logging or making wood. My father was an excellent teacher, knowing the trails and taught me how to avoid getting lost, & what to do if I did get lost. Summer time, I start out for getting the cows, about 4 o'clock & tramped each day a new area. This was a treat for me, getting away from changing diapers or cooking.

Whenever farmers & family have their get together doings, in winter time. Coats & babies would be piled onto a bed or beds & old grandpas would be sitting around & watching the babies. Dining room cleared from the few furniture, dancing would begin, with a old timer play a fiddle & accordion. Grandads in kitchen, tending to the old cook stove, water boiling for coffee & smoking their old pipes, telling the pioneer stories of their life. When I was younger, ~~that was where~~ I found myself in corner listening to their stories, which I knew & told as I grew up. The corner of kitchen I choose to sit, because the grandads' stories was of days were old times, and I feared sitting

by a window, I might be attack by a Indian.

By 1926 winter, we were able to see our neighbor's light, which was only $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away. What a joy for both families. Those living two or 3 miles away, were considered as our neighbor & helped each other. Wood cutting was a neighborhood gather, even going to Church, ~~once~~ ^{once} a month, in those early days. Everyone brought food & after Mass we had our lunch on church grounds, if it rained then we all huddle inside the church had our lunch & visited. Children played quietly when I use the the word quietly, the children knew the word very well, not like children of today.

(My parents were buried from this church & I was married June 25 1936) the church no longer is there, but the five acre Cemetery remains.

Fall, neighbor women gathered at one of farm homes with their small bag of scrap materials from old skirts, pants dresses etc.

