

### Neighbors, Babies, and Diversions

Our nearest neighbors were the Tabors, Hiram Tabor, his wife, his mother, and their son, Nelson. We called him "Nelt" for short. Grandma Tabor seemed to me an old, old woman, but since Nelt was about Charlie's age, it is not likely his grandmother was more than sixty, if indeed that old. My recollection of the grandmother is, however, clearer than of Mrs. Hiram herself. Perhaps that was because she was the only woman I ever saw smoke tobacco until within the last twenty-five years. Grandma Tabor used to visit mother quite frequently. It was less than half a mile to walk, and she would come with her clay pipe and bag of fine-cut tobacco. She would sit near the hearth, fill her little old clay pipe, and then with the "lifter" separate a live coal from the embers out into the ashes in the hearth. Then she would lift it over the edge of the bowl (it was a fine art, I'm telling you) and onto the tobacco; then with a few quick draws her pipe would be lighted, and the news agency of the neighborhood was ready for publication. In the greatest of satisfaction and comfort, she would dispense the news, good or bad, and predict with all modern satisfaction that the "hull generation of young-'uns was hell bound."

Somehow, maybe better lay it to my shyness, I never did know Hiram or his wife very well; and since Nelt was at least eight years my senior, I didn't get much from him except what I had better never have had.

The next house beyond – I feel sure it was not much over a mile, probably much less – was the Bunker home. Mrs. Bunker was a sister, I believe, of Hiram Tabor. Both Tabors and Bunkers were about the age of my parents – in their late thirties. The Bunkers had a son, Arthur, who was about George's age. The three of us were playmates. About all we had to do to communicate was to go to the west fence, not over five hundred feet away, climb upon it and "holler," and Arthur would be likely to hear, and in like manner respond. We never went over there to play without mother's permission, and the time of our returning was strict-set. If she said an hour, it meant just that, not a quarter or a half added. One day, and it was so unusual it has left its mark upon my memory unto this day, she sent us away to spend the afternoon with Arthur and said we could stay four hours! And when we got home there wasn't a new baby in the house either!

And maybe it would be just as well to tell of that here. On such occasions George and I were sent to Bunkers' to spend the night, and the older ones, Alice, Lella, and Charlie were sent to Uncle Frank's at Valton. Sometime during the next day we were all informed and went back home to find a new brother; they were all brothers within the period of my recollection. The last time was when Dennie was born and it was in the winter. The weather must have been mild for the time of year, since I remember nothing of discomfort in the walking of possibly three-fourths of a mile to the home of our intimate friend, Arthur; west, and possibly a bit south of our house.

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Two years before, in March 1878, we had made the same trip; and as we were starting out this time I remember George said to me, "Do you know why we are going over to Arthur's?" I said, "No." "Don't you remember what we found when we got home the last time they sent us away for the night? Babies!" he said, "A baby." "Yes," he continued, "and that's what we'll find when we get home tomorrow." George was just past eleven at that time and very worldly wise. And that's what we did find, Dennie, named for Dennis Overman, mother's nephew, the son of her sister, Anna and her husband, Joseph Overman.

And this is as good a place as any for me to tell about Ora. I think George and I heard the gossip started, probably by Grandma Tabor. "Eunice Satterlee has another boy and his head is larger than his body." Maybe it did not come to us on our way home; and it may well be that it was the gossip as it was repeated by our own mother a week or more after the occasion. At any rate, that was the verdict going the rounds that morning of March 2, 1878. When Herbert was born, as in the case of both the other boys, I remember mother to have said, "It's hard to find a new name for a boy which can't be nicknamed. Now if only it had been a girl." It seems mother had two or three names stored away for that next baby each time, and it was the name Hazel. And that's the way Hazel Satterlee Sigafos got her name. And it did please Mother. And of course a word, which is not an afterthought by any means, about Herbert Bird comes in here. Again Mother wanted a name which could not be nicknamed; but she "reckoned without her host," for Bird became "Birdie" before he was old enough to count his days by months; and in later years when we switched to Herbert, it very readily became "Herb." Finally, when we got the measure of his stature, it became "Hard Boiled." What's in a name? My word!

But I find these names in the Satterlee genealogy: Julia, Susan Alice (Susan Washburn, Grandmother Satterlee); Herbert L., famous for his connection with the J. P. Morgan family, and close associate of his father-in-law in the panic of 1907; Herbert Bird, son of Milton, grandfather's brother; Ora, son of Elisha, brother of Ossian; another Herbert, son of Doctor Franklin, etc. Herbert Bird is a family name, and this "Bird" has no reference to winged or feathered fools.

I find no other Elbert, and no Elroy, the names given me. In fact, I know only of one town by that latter name, and I neither have nor expect any material wealth from that source. I am wondering if our progenitors were thinking in Hebrew terms and meant to spell the name El-roi, meaning "God of seeing," just simply dropping the hyphen.; Anyway, for the last nearly forty years I have used that spelling where I have used the name. Why not? The girls do it. Mary becomes Marie, and Katherine becomes Kathryn, etc.

Then there was the family of Charley Jordan who lived on south and a bit west of the Bunkers; and to the southeast the Winkers. I never knew any of the latter family but Joe and Albert. Joe had a reputation for exaggeration. One day he stopped at our house

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while out digging ginseng. He was showing off. He took out nigh onto a dozen roots and claimed they were all on one stalk. Janie was there listening. When he finished she said, "Joe Winker, you know that's a lie!" It took the wind out of his sails for one day. Albert was a quiet good boy, something like me. And Joe lorded it over him scandalously.

And the Bill Gibbons family on the road to Valton, a place where Uncle Frank lived in later years, was a quarter-mile neighbor. Bill let his cows run the woods and forage, and he had one cow, which had the reputation of being an ugly brute. Coming home from school one day, Alice, Lella, George and I, we had to pass the place of one of her habitats. We were especially careful not to agitate her, but we somehow thought she looked ugly and belligerent. We sometimes transferred to her manifestations of malevolence quite foreign to the *genus bos*. On this occasion I heard the others talking after we had safely passed her, trying, I presume, to excuse themselves for their fear. Saving face, maybe. One said, "Why, she fairly shook her head and showed her teeth at us." That sounded good to me; and with the life-long instinct of the first newsbearer, I ran on ahead. When I got to the door I lisped out, "Mother, Mother; we saw Bill Gibbontheth old cow down the valley, and thee jutht thook her head and thowed her teeth at uth!" I can still see her convulsed with laughter; but somehow she made me feel safe. Of course, when it was told, the others denied having said anything of the kind, and I never heard the last of it.

The Bill Gibbons farm was part of the time the home of a family by the name of "Good." There were two small boys, Johnny and Sammy, both of them in school. The Good boys, failing to live up to their name, developed the habit of shooting spitballs. They would chew up a piece of paper to the right size and consistency and then, pursing their lips, put all the blow power they had back of the missile. Johnny became so adept as to almost always menace, at least, his mark. One day Sammy aimed one at the teacher, who turned and looked just as he "pulled the trigger." The missile hit her squarely in the face. She said, "Sammy, why did you do that?" Sammy replied, "I dunno, teacher." Then, after a pause, "Johnny 'menced it 'n' then I got at it."

There was a day when Mother was worried. She was doing the washing and it was large. Probably she was overwrought in spirit as well as in body. It is one of the most vivid scenes of my childhood; and long afterwards, one day thinking about it, I wrote:

I saw her cry.  
How hard the way had been, how great the load  
I never guessed until the day, as man,  
I knew the goad of heavy care. 'Twas just this once.  
The path ran  
To the spring. I was six; maybe seven, or eight.  
'Twas not like her to cry.

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She asked for water;  
Said I need not take the heavy pail we used  
When 'plenishing the family needs. Strong hands  
With labor bruised  
Only, were suited to such a strain.  
A timid child was I,  
Had seen strange things of life,  
Animated sticks, in water.  
Said I was afraid.

She took the pail;  
All through the years I've trudged that path in dreams  
Beside her, wondering why; for she was brave;  
At least it seems  
It must have been that way, for she had cared  
By skimp and save  
For her small brood of four; her man away  
With Sherman at the front.

They were pioneers.  
The family now increased to nine or ten  
And I among the youngest, was, that day –  
That day when  
I saw her cry, when I refused to go –  
Afraid? Reluctant to leave my play?  
We never spoke of it again; and I forgot.

Lately remembered, regret still grips my heart  
That I  
Ne'er thought to ask her why.  
My lot  
Seems just to dream and wonder  
Why my mother cried.

Our diversions were few and simple. We played our games together and seemed content with such as we had in our limitations. Hide and seek; ante-over; flip-stick; one-old-cat. Father played with us at times, especially ante-over. I cannot remember in whose fertile mind the phrase "pig-tail" was conceived; it was used when the ball did not make the ridgepole over, after tossing the ball and calling "ante-over," so that those on the other side of the house would know the ball was not coming. Father taught us to say, on such a failure, "Back again." But the other warning grew in favor, and we scarcely ever used his

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phrase, even when Father was playing with us; and, good sport that he was, he adopted it with a chuckle.

We went to the wildwood for berries, for squirrels, for ginseng. I recall one occasion when Mother and one or two of the older girls were chased by a panther following them on their way home, leaping from tree to tree above them. Fortunately no harm befell them.

One day we were nutting, I believe, or maybe just wandering in the woods for the fun of it. Charley and George were climbing small trees and doing stunts, like going to the very top and then shifting their weight so the tree bent over with them toward the ground. Five to ten feet up, they would let go and drop to the ground, and the tree would straighten up with a swish. I had to have my try. I climbed a small tree and essayed to go hand over hand out a dead branch. Of course, the branch broke with me, and I fell maybe six or eight feet and landed somehow on my back. A doctor examining it lately said that I had evidently, at some time in early life, fractured a vertebra. I told him this story, and he said that was undoubtedly when it happened. I recall that I suffered and cried, and that my back was sore for some time. I have always walked more or less stooped, and the place has been prominent all through my manhood.

We went fishing too. It was only half a mile to the Baraboo River, two branches of it, designated as "big" and "little." There were trout in those streams, and we had caught small ones in our "spring branch." Our fishing tackle was a pole of hickory cut from the forest, homemade line of wrapping twine, and for a hook a bent pin. I do not recall that we boys ever caught more than one or two on a trip, but Father, at least once, brought home a nice string. Probably we boys were not patient enough to catch the trout. After a short trial, we would head for the "sucker hole," where we would sit and fish by the hour for black suckers. My last fishing trip with Charley at Forestville, Minnesota was for black suckers, and we got 'em!

Always a music-loving family, many of our winter evenings brought company. Nelt Tabor and Elza Hutchins, one or the other, sometimes both, would come and bring their "fiddles." They could play without the music; and sometimes, I doubt not, without music. Their repertory comprised "Turkey in the Straw," "Irish Washer Woman," "Arkansas Traveler," "The Devil's Dream," "The Campbells are Coming," "Pop Goes the Weasel." Then out of respect for the old people, "Marching Through Georgia," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Think of the Home Over There." There were others, but why be voluble?

One is reminded of a quatrain in Gray's "Elegy":

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

### School and Religion

About a mile and nearly straight north from our house was the little log schoolhouse where the Satterlee children, down to and including me, got the first rudiments of education. We learned our letters and our numbers; how to do simple sums, read our primers, spell simple words, and write a bit. It is not likely I saw more than two terms of school there, and I recall very little about it. Perhaps the thing remembered most clearly was the hard trudge, barefoot, over a road noted for its stones and hard chunks of clay. When the weather was rough or cold, I went very little. There were no compulsory education laws, at least not in Sauk County, and no school buses. Only for part of a year, as I remember it, did Father own a team. When we went anywhere we walked.

I do remember my first educational triumph. The teacher had asked my brother George to spell the word "both." He said, "Both; b-o-a-t-h, both." When the teacher pronounced him incorrect, she passed the word to me. It was obvious to my budding mentality that, if b-o-a-t-h was wrong, the next best guess was to leave out the "a." I piped up, "Both; b-o-t-h, both." What a triumph that was! Of course, the others told Mother. Personally, I didn't think too much of my ability; my brother had helped me by making the mistake I should likely have made had the word been first assigned to me. And so Mother wanted me to spell "both" just as I had done the day before. I did it. And I also got my first dose of "superiority complex" which lasted until the day George was appointed to Central Park Church, St. Paul, Minnesota. I got the brute by the throat and thought I had him conquered until he was awarded the honorary degree of "Doctor of Divinity." Then I began saying that Fort Worth University was just a little "hick" school. But the rub came when I recalled that the men most responsible for this honor were Dr. Robert Forbes, who had been his district superintendent, and the President of the school, both of whom knew him intimately and judged him worthy; and I responded with really hearty congratulations.

The older children, of course, having more years and going more regularly, got a very good common school education, fitting them for reading, using fairly correct English, and such number work as the head of a household would need. I continued my schooling later.

We were brought up on the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. We learned the Lord's Prayer and other bits of Scripture. We went to church or Sunday school rarely. Not that our parents were not interested; they were, deeply; and they tried to teach us the way of life. But having no means of transportation, and the nearest church being in

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Valton two and a half miles away, we often spent the whole Sunday at home; or perhaps Father and some of the older children did go more than I seem to remember.

Being Quakers, we did not say grace at table; but we were each taught to be thankful by bowing our heads for a moment in a personal gesture of giving thanks. We had family worship "by fits and starts," neither of which lasted long. Sometimes Father would read a chapter from the Bible while we were all quiet; and other times he would both read and lead us in prayer. I could nearly always tell when Father was going to finish with prayer, for at such times he would read, it seemed to me, a much longer chapter.

We were taught at home a high standard of morals. With Father, right was right, and wrong was definitely wrong. Swearing, lying, working on the Sabbath, cheating in a trade, or refusing to pay one's debts were capital sins. I do not remember much about loving one's enemies that far back; but doubtless it had its place. Sex was taboo. We had absolutely no instructions as to personal habits or as to how babies came, except that which came via the grapevine, which was always contaminated with lust; and when we talked about such things it was always in the terminology of sexual looseness. Maybe I did no better by our children; but as they know by this time, it is not an easy matter to deal with.

I guess I must have had an early dose of perverseness. The only cuss-words I knew were "confound it," "condemn it," "consarn it," and, rarely "darn it." I used, on occasions, to get out by myself, and for no reason I can assign, go over the whole list two or three times just, it seems, to blow off steam. I did not have to have a grievance; and so possibly it was just pent-up perverseness. I never heard anyone take the name of God or Jesus Christ irreverently until I was more than nine years old; and I have never heard others do it without recoil. My father told me once that his father had told him he had never taken the name of God in vain, and he hoped he hadn't. Then he said, "I hadn't, and I hope you never will." I replied, "I haven't, and I never will." I have never been tempted to do it.

An intense hatred of all alcoholic drinks and of drunkenness was almost inbred. I can never thank my parents enough for that. The town of Valton never had a saloon; but we read "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," and were taught that "Wine is a mocker," which all my observation had confirmed. Politically, my father was a Republican up to 1880. Then he voted the Prohibition ticket, which he always did until his death. He was also a champion of Woman Suffrage, and was deeply interested in the work of such organizations as "Father Matthews Temperance Society," "The W.C.T.U.," "The Independent Order of Good Templars," and "The Sons of Temperance."

## Reverses

It seems that it must needs be that “reverses” come, and they did in our case. In the winter of 1878-79 (possibly 1879-80), Father was taken with a bad cold and did not get out of the house again until mild weather. The doctor called it “consumption,” the common term for tuberculosis in those days. Charley, in his fourteenth year, was our next able breadwinner, and what little money we had was his earnings. One of those winters he worked for Charley Jordan, husking corn and helping with other fall work for 25 cents a day. But this may have been the winter he spent a great deal of his time getting out the logs for the addition to the house. At any rate, we were “hard up.”

It was during these hard times that Father’s application for a pension, made some time before, was rejected; no doubt this added disappointment to an already heavy burden. We had fattened no hogs for that winter; but someone was kind and gave us, for a small amount, two pretty good-sized porkers. This meat and an occasional check from Uncle Wilson carried us through the winter. These checks were payments on a loan made from Mother’s legacy, presumably from her father, which was only a few hundred dollars. I never knew the particulars, but Uncle Wilson borrowed it from her and returned it to us as he could. Probably there was no note and no interest, but I know that final settlement was made by the transfer of two or three city lots in Hutchinson, Minnesota, the value of which was “x.” Father and Mother were evidently talked into believing it a good investment. Hutchinson was a “Temperance City,” founded by the Hutchinsons and Uncle Wilson. Saloons were “forever prohibited” on any property contained in the original plat of the town. I seem to remember that Father tried to sell these lots but failed, and later allowed the taxes to lapse. How much of her legacy Mother got back I do not know, but I know there was no bitterness over the deal.

What Uncle Wilson sent us from time to time over that winter helped tremendously. Rather than burden the neighbor, we ground wheat in the coffee mill, and Mother made porridge from the product, a coarse cracked wheat (with emphasis on the cracked). The porridge took the place of bread, but did not last many days. A way must have been found to get the wheat to the mill at Valton, where it was ground between stone burrs (as was all our flour) and crudely bolted. I do not know how good it was in the baker’s esteem (and the baker was Mother), but I can well guess it was not very. Then we had cornmeal. I do not know where it came from, but I do know that we had corn bread so much of the time that I have never recovered from a sense of disgust whenever I see any of it. But I fairly doted on mush and milk and like it yet when the cook knows how.

During those hard times I recall that my meals were frequently “bread and coffee.” I think we must have killed off all our chickens, but we boys got squirrels when we could. I recall one Sunday morning when there was nothing in sight for our dinner but bread, until about ten o’clock in the morning a couple of gray squirrels came into the maple

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trees at our very door. This was so very rare that Father believed God had sent them especially for our need, and instructed Charley to get his gun. That was all that was needed, as Charley got both of them.

Father grew better in the spring and was so he could get about again. He laid his recovery to "Allen's Lung Balsam," and maybe it was that patent medicine. That we had a growing crop of wheat that spring was probably due to the fact that some of the neighbors did the sowing for Father; perhaps he was well enough by seeding time to do it himself. But he was never again strong enough to do the work of a woodsman.

Uncle Wilson came to see us in the spring. He strongly urged Father to give up the hard work of the woods and go out to Minneapolis, where Uncle would get him something to do to match his ability. This was not an easy decision and was not finally made until toward the spring of 1880. Uncle Wilson took Janie home with him, where they insisted on calling her Jennie, the name that stuck with her the rest of her life.

It was also during these later years in Wisconsin that Father finally got a team, a black mare and a bay gelding. Coaley and Jim, they were; and neither of them very much. Cheap as horses were in those days, Father paid too much if he gave \$25 for them. I have a mental picture of Father and Mother starting off for church in Valton in a lumber wagon with a spring seat, behind Coaley and Jim. On the way home old Jim got tired of his job and lay down in the road to take a rest. They had a most difficult time getting him up and on home, and I do not believe Mother ever repeated the experience.

There is a sense of satisfaction I get out of telling the remainder of Jim's story; it takes all possible element of the sin of perverseness out of his church-going behavior. Old Jim had a series of experiences of getting down in the stable, and each time Father had to get the help of neighbors to get him up again. Finally one day, he just lay down and died. And Coaley? I don't know what happened to her. But I remember someone with a horse or team pulled old Jim's body out into the "east valley," "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and I can easily believe that Coaley was never much good after that. In fact, she wasn't before; nor am I ungrateful. If she died on Father's hands, I do not know it. Maybe he sold her; for \$5. Sometimes I hope not; my father was, in everything else, a good man. But maybe I am underrating Coaley!

Added to everything else in the year or two of reverses was the fire. Probably that was in the early spring of '79 before the addition was built. The weather was wet and cold. The stovepipe ran straight up from the stove and out through the roof, and there was no damper in the pipe. We never knew exactly what happened, but it is likely a burning ember was carried up and out through the roof, which that morning was dry. The first we knew about it, we heard someone calling, and then Mother heard a noise near the west window, which she thought was our old rooster flapping his wings prior to his "shrill clarion." The voice and the flapping wings came simultaneously, and Mother went to the

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window. There was grass burning up near the house, short grass, not long enough to set a fire. The fire was on the roof, and the voice was Nelt Tabor's. He seems to have come that way without any specific mission, and his presence was welcome.

Father went into the loft, and Mother and the girls passed up water to him. When it seemed necessary for someone to be on the roof, he called to that effect. There was no ladder, but the logs crossed one another at the corner. Nelt pulled off his jacket, and in the spirit of Jack at the bean-stalk with his "hitchety-hatchet, my little red jacket, and up I go," he scaled the corner, pulled himself up over the eaves, and hitched up to where he could get hold of the singles (shakes) which were afire. He began pulling them off and throwing them clear of the building. Father passed water out to him, and he soon had the fire out. What a good neighbor he was!

The only flood I remember coming down the valley was later in that spring. I can almost hear the roar of the water as it came down from Richland County and under our fence. I think the fence must have been anchored, because the water covered the whole flat just south of the house and must have been several feet deep, whereas usually it was just a trickle from springs on up the valley. We were shut in for several hours, and when the water was low enough to get to the spring, Mother cautioned us to dip up the water where "it boiled up." Not that we knew anything about germs; just that she wanted the water clear and clean.

So ends this part of my story, but it has lost none of its psychological effect on my life. First, the wildness of it abides. I always feel more at home in a country where God planted the shade trees, and where the hills forgot to "run away" to the sea; where many birds nested and wild bees worked on the clover, the buckwheat, the goldenrod, and basswood. The robin and the whippoorwill, the bluebird and the jay and the wren and the thrush dwelt together in a city of contentment; the squirrels barked their lovemaking and the timber owls scolded one another in the middle of the night.

Then the small of dying leaves of a freshly-felled tree in summer, and the reverberations of a mighty giant of the forest going down "with a shout among the hills," and leaving "an empty place against the sky." The smell of burning logs and brush in a new-made clearing, or the slow burning of the charcoal pit. And maple trees on the green:

I remember, I remember the maples great and high;  
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky.

To this day, when I hear "Home, Sweet Home" played or sung, or when I just think of it, my heart goes a-journeying to that dear old spot of my childhood.

But the day of departure came. Maybe Mother cried a bit, I shouldn't wonder. It was humble, but it was home; and she never had another one she could call her very own. It

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was a hard decision, and my sympathy goes out to my father, broken in health because of war, who knew how deep the hurt would be. Yet the decision had to be made, and the decades that have followed, well-nigh seven of them as this is written, have attested the wisdom of the choice. When I saw the place last, in 1935, no one seemed to be interested in it save as a place to pasture cows. The house had burned years ago, before 1886 I am sure. Because I loved it so, I picked up a half-dozen rocks peculiar to the area, and they are a constant reminder of the place that once was home.

### Into New Scenes

It was the morning of June 2, 1880. Our few possessions, simple yet cherished, were packed into boxes. The neighbors furnished the teams and wagons to take us and our household effects to Wonewoc where, that evening, we would board our train. The Chicago and North Western Railway was to take us to the rapidly-growing young metropolis of the northwest, Minneapolis.

Until that morning I don't believe I had ever been more than three miles from the place where I was born. I had been to Valton, a distance of two and a half miles, on a number of occasions. There were ten of us, Mother and nine children. Elza and Julia Hutchins had moved to Iowa and had taken a claim; Janie and Father were in Minneapolis.

That day I saw my first evergreen tree, a pine, and it seemed to me to be growing out of the top of a great pile of rocks. I also saw my first railroad and train of cars. The first was a freight train, which came along about five in the afternoon and probably took our household goods with it. I was curious to go over and see it more critically, but Mother had warned us not to get out of her sight. No, we did not go to a restaurant for a meal. Mother had prepared our supper, which we ate either at the store or the depot, and I do not remember anything about it. Our train arrived about seven in the evening. It was all very wonderful; but if you could see it as it was, you would wonder how we ever stood that trip of 205 miles. It took us all night and until mid-forenoon of the next day. Father met us in St. Paul, and Uncle Wilson was with him. We had to change cars there, for that was the end of the C. & N.W. We got a train about ten o'clock on the St. P. M. & M. (St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba), forerunner of the Great Northern. The census had just been taken, and since there was great rivalry between St. Paul and Minneapolis to be the recognized metropolis, there had doubtless been some padding. According to the final count, St. Paul had about 41,000 souls, and Minneapolis 46,000.

I have never taken another trip so full of thrills as this one. I had heard the whistle and the exhaust of the locomotives as they echoed up and down our valleys, but I had never been close to one of them before. Then the tattoo of the wheels over the rail joints, and the specially wide joints at switches, which I thought at first was somebody slapping the

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window somewhere with the flat of his hand. The engine was a wood-burner, and I was interested in the sparks that flew past the window until there was a thunderstorm in the night. It seemed to me a terrific storm, but it was probably one of those usual late-spring showers common in that country. The calling of the names of the stations also attracted my attention. As we rolled into one and the brakeman announced, "Camp Douglas," I went to Mother and said, "We're clear to Camp Duglar a'ready." Of course I had heard someone else, probably Dennie and Nate Overman the winter they were with us on the old place, discourse of the wonders of rapid transit. I didn't know how far it was until, as I am writing this, I have stopped to look it up. Probably about 35 miles, and it took two hours to cover that distance. It had taken more than twelve hours to make the 205 miles from Wonewoc to St. Paul.

The city was bewildering to me. There were so many things I had never seen before. Sidewalks, for example; horse-cars drawn on rails along the streets; gas streetlights; the first of less than a half-dozen suspension bridges I have seen in my lifetime. Indeed, the only other ones I can recall are the one that replaced the first one, and the one across the Niagara River just below the falls, the "honeymoon bridge."

It was either Marion or Eugene who took us boys out that first night we spent in Minneapolis. I had slept very little since boarding the train at Wonewoc. Mother used to say that I didn't sleep a wink during the night; I seem never to have thought to ask her how she knew! That night in Minneapolis I was introduced to peanuts and bananas; I liked the former but was never too fond of the latter. We walked across the suspension bridge to the island. Every time we stopped I felt that I was still moving, a holdover from the night before on the train. At times, I think, I almost went to sleep on my feet.

The next day, with Father, I visited the Wales Bookstore. It seems that Wales was a sort of head of the Quaker church in Minneapolis and was the responsible go-between for Uncle Wilson and the Quakers of Howard Lake. It was only a day or two we stayed in Minneapolis. I saw Grandfather Satterlee and our step-grandmother, to whom I have already referred. In Frank I found a friend interested in his "country cousins."

We boarded the train for Howard Lake on a beautiful June morning, and I really saw things that day. The lakes, the woods, the little towns, and the telegraph poles and wires were the center of my interest. The details of our arrival have faded from memory, but not the first friends I made in our new environment: Carl and Elwood Worrall. We boys stayed at the Worralls' a few days. I know nothing about how the numerous others of the family were taken care of, but suspect they were farmed out like George and me. Charlie did not continue with us but stayed in Minneapolis for a time and worked in the mattress factory of Salisbury and Satterlee, the Satterlee in the firm being Eugene. Alice, Lella, George, I, Gertrude, Herbert, Ora and Dennie – that made eight of us and our parents.

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We were not many days finding ourselves at home, but in the meantime we boys met Zebbie DeWeese, who proved to be a good friend and good company for us. Then came a trip on the lake with Father and Mr. Zebulon Worrall. George and I were admitted to the fishing trip, and we saw our first pickerel. They said it weighed about five pounds, and Father caught it on a trolling line. It would have taken a dozen or more of the largest trout or black suckers I had ever seen to measure up to that one.

Father worked during the week in the A. B. Cutts general store, and on Sundays we were all in our places in the Quaker church and Sunday school. Sometimes Father had the sermon, and sometimes one of the McPhersons. They were radical second-blessing holiness people, and it seems they tried to get Father converted. But he had a way of thinking for himself, and the situation was inharmonious.

With the opening of the fall term in September, we children began school. It was graded according to readers, which were numbered one to six. I was in the First Reader, the lowest room. I suppose that room housed the first two grades (readers). I have no way of knowing how well I did, and maybe they bragged on me and thus added to that "superiority complex" which started some time before.

The house we moved into was, of course, a great improvement over what we had known before. There was a well from which we drew water in a bucket. By this time Charley had come home from Minneapolis, and he had thought up and made some improvements in the drawing method. Malon Hoag was over one day, and it seems we had just had a Sunday school lesson on the Creation. We were all struck with wonder at what God had made and were talking about various things, when Herbert piped up, "G-God m-m-made the w-w-well, only Ch-Ch-Charley fixed p-p-part of it." We all laughed (I am speaking now for the aged and wise brothers and sisters; I am sure we boys were too serious to see the funny side of it), and I can imagine your Uncle Herbert reading this and saying, "W-w-will I never hear the last of that?"

My religious inclinations as far as relating to human conduct had received many additions since that day when I promised Mother I never would use "swear words," and I had felt something like what John Wesley described when he said, "I felt my heart strangely warmed." There have been many lapses, but I have felt that tie held over the years, and has been renewed from time to time even to this year of 1950.

I started to say something about the house. I have a picture of it taken in 1932, fifty-two years later. It had been remodeled and was much nicer looking than when we lived there, but it was the same in frame and shape. It was here that we had our first window shades, and we used kerosene altogether for lighting. We still used straw ticks for mattresses. Bed springs, for us children at least, were an unheard-of luxury. But I think this was where we had our first rag carpet made.

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We moved into our second house, a large square building which, I believe, belonged to Mr. Cutts and probably rented for less than \$10.00 a month. It was farther to the schoolhouse but nearer to Father's work. We spent the winter in that house. We were less than a block from the DeWeeses, and Zebbie and his sister Lily were frequent visitors. Early the next summer we moved into a smaller house on the south edge of town. On vacant land across the street from us I remember seeing harvest operations with a reaping machine; and a little later on a farm just out of town, I saw my first self-binder. The sheaves were bound with wire. But on still another place that summer they were still using a cradle.

Charley and Jennie had both been home, the latter to stay. Jennie came before we had been many months in Howard Lake, and somehow she met John Marshall. A friendship resulted which ripened into a love affair, and they were married July 2, 1881. John was a good man, not brilliant, to be sure, but steady, temperate and industrious, and whose interests centered in his family. Considering everything, it would have been difficult for sister Jennie to have found a better man. Charley, as I remember it, was at home during the summer of 1881, and during harvest season worked for some nearby farmer. George and I went swimming and fishing together and thoroughly enjoyed our new-found friends and associates.

One day we wanted to go swimming in the lake, but Mother said "No." We had a way of coaxing her out of a decision, and finally upon our promise not to go into the lake, she gave her consent to our going to fish. There it was, beautiful, with little more than a ripple on the surface. Barefoot as we were, it was only minutes before we were in up to our knees, having rolled up our trousers. Soon the pants, just naturally, came off. For the life of me I cannot tell just how it happened. Probably for fear of getting our shirt-tails wet, off came the shirts. We were into it all over.

Now it so happened that those shirts just slipped over the head after opening two buttons on the shoulder and one at the neck. George never could remember which shoulder, the right or the left. Being left-handed, of course I knew it was the left shoulder, or was it the right? Anyway, George got his shirt on backwards and buttoned on the wrong shoulder. Our hair was dry before we started home. We had no fish, but we had a problem. Being the older, George had coached me; but oh dear, that shirt!

Mother looked us over quizzically and then said, "George, you've been in the lake." George told only a half lie; he admitted we had been in wading. Then Mother faced him squarely with it, and before he could deny with a bare-faced lie, she said, "George, which shoulder does your shirt button on?" There must have been something about his looks when he discovered he was caught that was exceedingly funny, for Mother laughed until her face was wet with tears. Then she took us both and gave us a good lecture on telling the truth and keeping our word when we made promises. This, I am persuaded, did us

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more permanent good than a dozen whippings. Good, patient Mother! God reward you for your fidelity to truth and to the best interests of your boys.

While we were living in this last and least of the three houses in Howard Lake, we enjoyed a brief visit from Barclay (Bart) Overman of Marion, Indiana. Bart was Mother's nephew, a first cousin. We also became acquainted with a Jones family, related to Mother's father, who lived about ten miles north of us on the Crow River. Henley Jones, a son, came to see us; thus twice in the eighteen months of our residence there, both our physical and social horizons were pushed back.

In the fall of 1881, Father attended his first Methodist annual conference. If there was any talk of a change before he went, I either did not hear it or it failed to register with me. But I shall never forget his announcement as he greeted Mother on his return. He said, "I am a Quaker no longer," and he said it with emphasis. Then he went on to tell her that he had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, been licensed to preach, and been appointed to the Blooming Prairie, Lansing and Brownsdale circuit. If anything was said about the "salary" he was to receive, I did not hear it. I recall feeling a sense of regret at leaving the friends we had made; the Worralls, the DeWeeses, the Hoags and others. Nor shall I ever forget the day of our departure. How many people of Father's and Mother's age were at the station to see us off, I do not remember; but I know there was a group of boys; and for me, the only saving element in it was another "train ride."

### New Adjustments

Father was forty-one when he pioneered in preaching and pasturing. He had often spoken in public, and I believe he had a regular "hour" on the program of the Quaker meetings at Howard Lake; but this was something different. He was now in charge of three churches, and they were Methodist. It was a decidedly different situation, and the church was responsible for the cash to support his family.

On our way we had stopped a day or two in Minneapolis, possibly waiting for our household goods to catch up with us. It was here for the last time I saw my Grandfather Satterlee. The impression that has followed me over the years is that he was a very old man and bedfast. I remember his book of hymns, with the places of his favorites marked with small strips of cotton, evidently from a worn bedspread. I do not remember the house where Uncle Wilson and his family lived (and Grandfather with them), but I think it was somewhere on the east side. The Pyes lived on the Island and their first son, William Satterlee Pye (later an admiral in the U.S. Navy) was a baby.

After about four hours en route, we arrived at Blooming Prairie, about ninety miles south of Minneapolis, in time for dinner. It was a typical fall day with clouds and drizzle. We were met at the train by the landlord of "The Petty House," and I had my first meal in a

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hotel. I also saw my first saloon, which I think was a sort of ancillary to a boarding house owned and operated by a family named O'Toole. The Petty children had a parody about it on "Happy Land," which went as follows:

There is a boarding house just across the way,  
Where they have ham and eggs three times a day.  
O, how the boarders yell  
When they hear the dinner bell;  
O, how those eggs do smell  
Three times a day.<sup>1</sup>

Howard Lake had had no saloons, having voted the out by local option, and if I had seen one during our stay in Minneapolis, I did not recognize it. But Blooming Prairie, a village of three hundred souls, had three of them. Father was an avowed enemy of the business, and during the second year of his ministry a local option vote was held in hopes of getting rid of them. Although it did not succeed, the vote was close; and I believe Father had the feeling that if his church men had stood by him, the outcome would have been different. He was quoted by the local paper as saying, "We scared 'em anyhow!" Our aversion to saloons did not, however, prevent our forming a close friendship with Tommy O'Toole, and in later years I was acquainted with him as a fellow telegraph operator on the same line of railroad.

Father must have made a hit with the people, because I remember that his congregations crowded the capacity of the church; and he was re-appointed to a fourth year at Blooming Prairie, in spite of the three-year limit for any pastorate. At the end of the second year, the outlying appointments had been regrouped, with Brownsdale and Lansing becoming a separate pastorate, and Geneva, a little town to the west, being added to Blooming Prairie. The Presiding Elder used this change to justify returning Father to Blooming Prairie for a fourth year, but later the Bishop overruled him and insisted that a readjustment be made.

I, too, was a pioneer as a preacher's son, and it was not long before most of the boys were calling me "preacher." At first I was inclined to resentment, but Father's popularity softened the blow, and I began to think of it as a distinction. But the boys were not nice to me. I was small and light and perhaps afraid. Also, I was clean-mouthed; I did not swear. Maybe at the root of it was a bit of what psychiatry would now identify as inferiority feelings. From childhood, as far back as I can remember, I gathered from their actions and conversation that my parents were doubtful that I would live to manhood.

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<sup>1</sup> I remember this parody well, and I don't think it was Grampie who sang it, and I never knew where it originated. I think I learned it from my father (Lorenz Misbach), who thought it was hilarious, being a parody on a well-known hymn tune. When we asked my dad what he wanted for Christmas, he would always say "a cross-eyed bear," from the common Mondegreen on "Gladly the Cross I'd Bear." And he loved to point up and down while singing, "When the roll is called up yonder (pointing up), I'll be there (pointing down). I'm afraid the Rev. E. E. Satterlee despaired of his irreverent son-in-law.

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The attitude of most of the boys in Blooming Prairie, led by a banker's son, George Brainerd, confirmed in me the idea of being unequal to competition either in school or society. I have never held this against anyone. People did not know, and many still do not, the extra handicaps they place in the way of children who enter life with the "undersize" physical handicap. In later years George Brainerd served a term in the state penitentiary at Stillwater. Still later, George sometimes attended a church at Waltham, which I served as part of the Brownsdale charge. He had recovered sufficient confidence to be entrusted with the supervision of a small branch bank there, not more than ten miles from Blooming Prairie.

In 1882 or 1883 the Hitchcock family moved from Medford to our town, and their son Walter became the center of things for me. He took my part and was a companion on whom I could rely. We found by exchanging notes that we were born on the same day of the same month of the same year – twins in everything but name, since "God made of one blood every nation of men." And there were other close friends of the Satterlee boys: The Bray boys, Albert and Alvin, twins about George's age, and Richard, closer to mine. We also knew Frank "Crip" Fuller and his brother Fred. "Crip" was a cripple indeed, and from his mother's womb. He knew all there is to know about sex, and he filled our young minds with it. Mother took pity on this poor unfortunate boy and encouraged us, George especially, to help him as he walked up town and back. It was fortunate that we had a background sufficiently strong to throw off the evil this boy pumped into our thinking. Fred was also about my age and a decent lad. He had a half sister, Emma Webster, who was one of Gertrude's chief friends. But you will be interested in these personalities only as they had to do with my life and I with theirs.

Besides seeing my first saloon, I also saw my first drunks. One day when going home from a trip downtown, I was frightened on seeing a man lying face down in an alley; a little later I saw another in the alley at the opposite end of our block. Then one Sunday, I remember seeing Asa Mayo and his pal, Swen Embricksen, making the rounds of the saloons, which were open in defiance of the law; they were just drunk enough to be hilarious. I also saw my first fist fight on the two-block business section of that little town, just across from the Petty Hotel. They had evidently had more than "ham and eggs."

One of those fighters was reputed to be the one who, later the same day, accosted my father. Father had taken on a job in harvest, helping one of his farmer members stack some wheat. He was to meet his friend downtown. He got into his working clothes, and I set out with him. As we walked along the sidewalk on a street paralleling the railroad, we met this man who, taking father for a "fellow traveler" (common parlance for a tramp), said, "Hello, pard. Struck a job?" Father replied, "Oh, I always have a job." One of Father's friends who loved to have a joke on the preacher spread this story. Some of the men who knew Father best and were not too much afraid of "the cloth" dared to greet him, not blatantly but decently: "Struck a job?"

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The first summer of our stay in Blooming Prairie (1882 – I was eleven), I was farmed out to the Washburn home, about four miles down the railroad track, which I walked after Sunday dinner, following church services and Sunday school. No wages were paid, but I suppose one less mouth to feed meant something financially to my family. Sanford Washburn, a bachelor, was running the place; the rest of the family, about whom I remember little, were his mother and two old-maid sisters, all fine people. Sanford was a good man. I liked him and turned to and did my best at anything to which he set me. It was here I met Francis Sprout, about my age, with whom I slept and worked. His influence on me was about as mine on him, which was not too bad from either side. Every Sunday morning we would hitch the team to the lumber wagon, and the adult members of the family would occupy the spring seats. I do not remember Francis' going to church with us, so I suppose his stay was short. Church was at 10:30 a.m. and was followed by Sunday school at twelve. Then the Washburns would drive home, and I would follow by a walk down the track four miles to my summer home.

That fall I made my first real money. Maybe I had been paid a nickel or a dime for something I had done, but there was a "dollar-a-day" job. It was on the Gleason farm just at the edge of town. There were two teen-age young people, Fred and Belle. Belle played the organ well and was our church organist. Fred took to mechanics. Both attended the same school "upstairs" in the four-room schoolhouse. At twelve, I drove a team and loaded bundles, and later cut bands during threshing. I must have made quite a lot for a boy of my age, and under Mother's direction I spent it for winter clothes. This was perhaps the first winter I wore real underclothes. Fred Gleason later became a jeweler at Austin, and it was from him I bought my first watch, a nine-jewel Rockford. I think I paid about ten dollars for it. Later on Belle married George A. Hormel of Austin. At the time I recall hearing someone who knew Belle and thought they knew Hormel, remark that it was "too bad that a fine, talented young woman like Belle Gleason should marry a common butcher like George Hormel." But they lacked vision, for the brand "Hormel" on packing-house products now stands for excellence of the highest order. A few years later, while I was pastor at Fairmont, it was my pleasure to visit my former "girlfriend" (she was six or seven years my senior) in her luxurious home in Austin.

It was also in 1882 that my grandfather, Ossian Satterlee, died. He seems to have been in poor health most of the two years he lived with Uncle Wilson. Years later, when applying for life insurance, I gave 85 as the probable age at death of my Grandfather Satterlee; actually he died on his 68<sup>th</sup> birthday anniversary. I have in my possession an old hymn book, in which are still small particles of cotton evidently taken from a worn bed cover and used to mark the places of his most beloved hymns. I am persuaded thereby that he loved to sing so long as he had a voice, and maybe after, singing in his soul.

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In the spring of '82 or '83 Father went back to Valton to get copies of several important papers, chiefly the record of his and Mother's marriage. His unsuccessful search and his disappointment are recalled by this excerpt from a letter received by me from the Register of Deeds, Mr. Platt, of Baraboo: "I have checked our indexes for their (Father's and Mother's) marriage and your birth record, but neither is on file in this office." Before his return Father obtained affidavits from several persons who were present at the marriage, which was by a Justice of the Peace at Ironton. I recall both Father and Mother regretted not having had a minister. It seems the aforesaid J.P. knew little about either justice or domestic peace! These affidavits were forwarded to Washington with Father's second application for a pension. If copies of these papers were kept, I know not where. All of which emphasizes the importance of what I am trying to do here.

It was in the same year, in the winter, that I had my first illness. They called it "lung fever," better known as pneumonia. I do not know how long I was ill; but I remember someone "sat up" with me, and I believe a good woman, Mrs. Branning by name, was one of them. The disease was not considered communicable, and my young friends came and went without hindrance.

In that year also, Dennie, who was still a baby, had scarlet fever. Asa Mayo's sister, Jennie, came to see him, contracted the disease, and was left hopelessly deaf. Father was away at the time, so that Mother had to meet alone the crisis of this first dangerous illness among their children. She must have been pretty despondent, as one day I heard her say, "I fear his father will never see him again." But he recovered and is, at this time (June 1950) one of the three boys remaining of the original family. I have not heard from Dennie since October, 1948, although I have written several times and the letters have been delivered.

I must have done well in school. I was in the second room upstairs when, about Christmas time of 1884, we moved to Minneapolis. I took a qualifying examination given to country-school pupils for admission to the St. Paul schools. My marks indicated I had passed in all subjects and could be admitted to high school.

In the fall of 1883 Father, who had completed the course of study for local preachers, was elected to Deacon's orders and ordained by Bishop Simpson. This event took place at the annual Conference, which took place that year at Rochester. At that time Bishop Simpson was rated as one of the greatest preachers in America. It was something devoutly to be wished to have the hands of a man like him laid upon your head as a sign of your authority to go forth and preach the everlasting Gospel of the Son of God! Only a year later the tragedy of a technicality, hereinbefore mentioned, closed the doors of the active ministry in his face for almost two years. It is evidence that something more than a form of words or gesture or of Constitution guides in the destinies of men. It reminds one of the words:

There is a power that shapes our ends  
Rough hew them how we will.

I spent the summer of 1884 on the Sloan farm near Geneva. The Sloans, mother and one son, were members of Father's church. I do not remember the names of the boys' but I do recall that one of them was decidedly different from the other and their mother. I recall that we had family prayers after breakfast, and one phrase of this good woman's prayer was for "the sick, the suffering, and the dying." Walter Hitchcock was with me for that summer. One of the events for us boys was a trip to Owatonna. I had been through the town on the way from Howard Lake to Blooming Prairie. We had our dinner at the Peachy House, for which I suspect the Sloan boys paid the outlandishly high price of 25 cents each.

(insert: Shall write Walter about the names, etc. A word about music, organ, singing school – Leslie and Randall – new hotel with benefit opening for Father – oysters, ice cream)

Late that year we moved to Minneapolis, where Father went in quest of work. We shipped our household goods by freight, and planned to stay with the W. W. Satterlees there until the house we were to live in was furnished with such as we had. And so, Father and Mother, Gertrude, Herbert, Ora and Dennie went, as I remember it, about the 20<sup>th</sup> of December. The rest of us, Alice, Lella, George, and I, waited until the 24<sup>th</sup>. One of those shortest of winter days, we arrived after dark. Uncle Wilson met us at the station and we walked to their home, about thirteen blocks. On the way I saw the first electric lights I had ever seen – Christmas eve, 1884. On what was termed "bridge square," on a triangular piece of land where Hennepin and Nicollet avenues merge just east of the City Hall, there was a mast reputed to be more than 250 feet tall. To its top, elevated by a counter-balance arrangement, was a circle of twelve arc lamps. The whole of that land east of Washington Avenue is now known as "Gateway Park," fronting the new Nicollet Hotel. The name is fitting since on the west bank of the river is the Union Station, which for years had indeed been the gateway to the rapidly growing and developing Northwest. And it is still "bridge square," since the new steel bridge, which was erected in the late 1880's, takes the place of the suspension bridge that I saw and used as a child.

And Minneapolis was pioneering. The census taken by the state in 1885 gave Minneapolis 129,200 souls. The house we occupied was just at the south edge of the city, 2929 First Avenue South. The next street was Thirtieth, later called Lake Street. There were a few scattered houses south of that street on Nicollet Avenue. The horse-car line ended at the southeast corner of our block, and the steam motor trains ended their run at Nicollet and 31<sup>st</sup> Street. There would be an occasional train to Minnehaha Falls, which turned off Nicollet at 37<sup>th</sup> Street, east to Minnehaha Avenue, and then on the company's right-of-way, paralleling the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific railway. Then

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there were other trains which ended their runs at Lake Calhoun or Lake Harriet, and about four or five trains each way a day, which proceeded to Excelsior and Lake Minnetonka. I saw the coming in of the "soda motor," which proved a failure, and the first electric cars, before we left the city in the fall of 1886.

Telephones were few, but they were proving themselves practical, and anyone with vision could see that eventually they would be common. At the Minneapolis Exposition in 1885, I also listened to the first "talking machine." You had to use earphones to get it, but the message was reasonably clear. There may have been some homes equipped with electric lights by 1886, but they also were comparatively few. Houses were not modern except close in. The little house out on the alley and the old wash-tub in the kitchen on Saturday nights took care of our toilet necessities.

The house we first lived in on First Avenue South belonged to a bachelor named Marcus Hall, and he rented it to us that winter for his room and board. He was a Quaker, hence was willing to "entertain strangers." I think two of them (our parents) would stand the test of angels, but I doubt of any of the rest of us could qualify; and I think he knew that he was not "entertaining angels unawares." Anyhow, the spring found us moving into a home at 2510 Second Avenue South, which was owned by the Rev. George Galpin, a retired minister.

After the Christmas holidays I went to see the principal of the Webster school and told her about taking the examination admitting me to St. Paul High School. That was probably my first mistake, for after giving me another examination, she assigned me to the sixth grade. She explained that I fell down on my "process statements," which had to go with each arithmetic problem. Because I did not say, "Since 6 and 7 added together always make 13, it follows that 7 and 6 always add up to 13," or some such other inanely self-evident fact, I was down-graded. I solved my problems, but I could not state the process in the language of the city!

It gave me a bad jolt. My father was not strong for higher education, and while I can see now that he was wrong, I own it did make the whole education procedure seem, even to my young mind, of questionable value. I went to school; but the plan of teaching was so different from that to which I was accustomed, that I lost all enthusiasm for it. At the end of the school year I passed to the seventh grade. Had we stayed in Minneapolis for the school year 1886-87, I should have completed the eighth grade. But there is more to the story.

In the early summer at the close of the school year, I hired out to a sidewalk contractor. I believe I was to have one dollar per day. I was a boy of thirteen. After having worked at that business several weeks, I launched into business on my own as a newspaper broker – in common parlance, a newsboy. My capital stock was twenty-five cents which I borrowed from my father, and which I invested in twenty-five copies of the Minneapolis

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Daily Journal. I believe I earned back my original capital the first day, but I am not so sure I ever paid it back to my father. Maybe the quarter was left over from my sidewalk money. I never became famously wealthy from selling papers, although I took it up again the following spring. This was after I had paid several months' rent by laying a sidewalk in front of the Galpin house, as well as in front of two lots on the other side of the street that Mr. Galpin also owned.

IN the late winter of 1885-86 Father was notified that his pension had been allowed, and that there would be "back pay" to the date of his application, a sum of about \$600.00. this came in the nick of time. When we first went to Minneapolis, Father got in with a saw-filer on North Second Street, and together they made pretty good money for those times, probably nearly \$2 a day apiece. But carpentry was his trade, and he went back to work at it in the spring of 1885. Some time during that summer he fell, breaking several ribs, and was laid up most of the summer. At this time I made my first telephone call, to a Dr. Foster in East Minneapolis, asking him to come and see Father. Alice and Lella were dressmakers and made pretty well at it, and they took over support of the family. I do not remember ever to have written a single word of appreciation to them; maybe I didn't realize it at the time, but I do now and record it here. I shall never forget the look of relief on Lella's face as Mother told her of the granting of Father's pension.

Mother had often wanted to go back to her birthplace in Indiana; and while Father was in some debt, they figured out that they could make the Indiana trip. Alice was on the verge of a nervous break, and it was planned that she should go along. And the rest of us? I got a summer's job on a fruit farm in Richfield with Will Wiley, a truck gardener and dairyman. Gertrude was sent to stay with Jennie. They paid half fare for Herbert, and the two smaller boys went along, surely not as "excess baggage" nor yet as ballast. Maybe it was just the gladness in their hearts. I think it was probably late in the spring, near the last of June, when they left. Lella took an apartment by herself in a house on Stevens Avenue in the same block where we had been living. George was with a family on a farm at Richfield. Prior to this, during the summer of 1885 he had been with John Harrington at Brownsdale, a family Father had known while pastor there.

Uncle Wilson was at that time pastor of the Richfield Methodist Church. I found myself temporarily out of a job, for reasons not now recalled – maybe I was fired – and turned again to Uncle Wilson. My cousin, Harry Satterlee, was then about six years old, and along with him I was again a parsonage family boy. Uncle soon found me a place to work. He told me he did not know much about the family, but if it wasn't all right, I should quit and come home. This man has always been an enigma to me. He impressed me as a nice man fallen into unfortunate circumstances. But it could be the other way about. We had fried potatoes for supper that night, and after I had eaten a bit I ran onto something black. Turning it over and upside down, I concluded from the evidence that it was a roasted fly. I had observed that the kitchen swarmed with these pests, and no attempt was made to keep them out. Then I saw mine host fishing out the dark things on

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his own plate and carefully separating them from the potatoes. The matter was settled then and there; I was going back to Uncle Wilson's in the morning. I decided that I would rather eat where they served their fried potatoes on one dish and, if roast flies must be part of the meal, that tasty viand on another, and I allowed to mix them to suit myself. I have always felt that way about it, and they had fried eggs and fried potatoes for breakfast. I ate because I was hungry but excused myself after breakfast, saying that I did not care to stay.

I wondered what Uncle Wilson would say, but I was more concerned to know what he would think. I do not remember how the approach was made; but when the facts gradually came out, I noticed the amusement on his face. Then he assured me I had done as he would have me do, and we set off for another place where I had a good job until well on toward fall.

George was working on a farm where he had been employed the year before. Through the winter he had stayed with Uncle Wilson's and attended school, taking high-school subjects in Richfield. He had been church janitor, and had been deeply interested in church services. One day when we were together on a Sunday, he told me that he had decided to be a real Christian and was going to put his life into it. His statement had a profound effect on me, as always since that first experience before we left Wisconsin I had felt the Divine Presence without really knowing what it was. George had attended a revival meeting in Howard Lake the winter of 1880-81, and had gone forward with a group of about his age and professed conversion. After those meetings, a young people's prayer meeting had been started, meeting from home to home of the members of the group. Leaving that atmosphere for that of early teenagers in Blooming Prairie, George had evidently experienced what was called "backsliding," which had continued until he was about seventeen years old. Then there was this very happy incident of living with our uncle. Not that there was any discount on our father's work. Sometimes an outside personality enjoying the esteem of another puts that other into the scene more effectively than a planned association could possibly do. That had happened to George, and along with it something of a forecast of future events. I do not suppose George ever knew how much that step of his, and his telling me of it, meant to me.

By midsummer our visiting family had left Indiana and had gone to Julia's, near Valton, intending to stay a month or more. The Minnesota Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was to meet about the last week in September. Jennie had written that Gertrude was homesick, so Gertrude had come back to Minneapolis to stay with Lella, who was living in an upstairs apartment at 2525 Stevens Avenue. That created a situation. Finally, Lella decided she would pay one fare if George would pay the other, so Gertrude and I were packed off to Valton to meet the rest of the family. Around September 1, Uncle Wilson took us to the train and we were off for our first trip "on our own." It was 205 miles through the night to the town where, six years before, we had boarded a train going the other way, to our new Gopher State home. Father and Elza, I

believe, met us at Wonewoc, and we took the "lumber wagon route" to Valton and vicinity.

It was my first visit back to the old home place since our leaving there in June, 1880. While there, it fell to my lot to keep the family supplied with drinking and cooking water. That was a daily task, since the water had to be carried a half-mile from Elza's brother Will's place. Once a week I had to carry all the wash water over the same route, an even heavier chore. I suspect I wasn't always nice about it, and I truly repent now of every complaint I registered.

During this visit, while talking with Ansel Jones, it finally came out that I had not really finished my enterprise of becoming a Christian by confessing Christ to my own parents. It was a difficult thing for me to do, in the nature of burning my bridges. But I finally screwed up my courage and told Father. I shall never forget his hearty "Amen," when I told him of my purpose to be whole-heartedly a Christian. His attitude did much to fortify me. I do not recall having told anyone else.

News of the outcome of the Annual Conference reached us around October 1 via a letter from Uncle Wilson. Father was appointed to Beaver Falls and Morton, about 95 miles west of Minneapolis on the M. & St. L. RR. The head of the circuit was the county seat of Renville County, and it was really out on the prairie.

I remember little about the trip back to Minneapolis or how long we stayed there before moving to Morton. It was probably not long, but presumably our household goods, wherever they had been during our long absence, had to be packed. Between Valton and Minneapolis we changed cars at Elroy. There we were met by Father's Uncle Milton, a traveling salesman. We also ate supper at Elroy, and I believe Uncle Milton paid for all of us. I remember him as about forty years old at the time. The family who moved to Morton included our parents, Gertrude, Ora, Dennie, and me. I was the eldest, just turned fifteen. We were met by Dr. Vining, a representative of the church at Morton, where our household goods were loaded into a couple of wagons. Then we all drove the six or seven miles to Beaver Falls, a county seat without a railroad and almost without people: population 300.

### Pioneers of the Prairies

The skies were gray on the day we left Minneapolis for our new home. I think the sun shone little on us, and maybe the warm welcome we received at Morton and Beaver Falls was happily on contrast. Morton was truly a frontier town, the main industry of which was its granite quarries. I still have a mental picture of cranes, operated with steam, which moved the great blocks of blasted or sawed granite. While I am not sufficiently

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acquainted with geology to know, I believe these great piles of granite in the valley of the Minnesota River are out-croppings of what is known as the St. Cloud Ledge, extending well down toward the center of the United States in northern Kansas and, indeed, it may be still farther.

Here was a new town built on a new enterprise. Today one may see from a downtown street in that little city the great granite shaft which makes the battlefield of Birch Coulie. Built on the hills where the battle took place, about two miles to the north, the shaft stands as a memorial to one of the outstanding episodes of the Indian outburst following the Civil War.

We left the site of the battlefield on our right as we climbed the hills laboriously, until we were finally out on a high smooth prairie. The road we traveled was, for the most part, a mere track, reminding one of the unfinished character of the education of a man who prates of being "self-made." After five miles or so, the road dips down again into a valley, this one the valley of Beaver Creek.

As we looked down on the little town from the high road, three or four monuments of man's determination not only to conquer a wilderness of fertile fields, but also to provide for those four outstanding essentials of civilization, fixed our attention. Immediately fronting us was a neat of not large house; I wondered if that could be the parsonage, and it was, much to my delight. Let that stand for the home. A city block to the south, on a little hill, was a rectangular building no one would fail to recognize. Its plain, straight four walls enclosed a room perhaps half again as long as wide and was surmounted by a half-pitch roof and a little cupola housing a bell – that was the school. Still farther south on the same street, if one could call it that – there was hardly even a road – was a white building of much the same architectural design as the school, but with a vestibule and a steeple instead of the rather low cupola of the schoolhouse. This we recognized without difficulty as the church. Then on a hill to the east, probably at least a hundred feet above the town itself, was a great, frowning native-stone pile known as the County Court House. We had some questions about that, thinking it must be the remains of an Indian war fort, which it was not. The Home; the School; the Church; the Court of Justice – how shall a civilization fare with even one of these left out?

Beyond the possibly fifty buildings comprising Beaver Falls was a narrow, meandering line of trees from north to west, evidence of its source of life, a stream of water. Somewhere along its course must be a cataract known as Beaver Falls. Again, to my delight, this proved to be true. It was Beaver Creek, and in season that meant crappies, sunfish, pickerel, and suckers. There was also an old neglected building, which showed by its very mis-architecture, its purpose. It was "Anderson's Mill." A crude dam thrown across the creek produced a mill-pond from which power was derived to drive the burrs, together with the cleaning, bolting, and elevating machinery necessary to care for the farmers' grists, which were brought in due season. If it had ever been used for making

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flour, that part of the industry had passed; it had deteriorated from that high aristocracy to the plebeian feed-mill.

On the hill across the mill-pond, up possibly a hundred feet to the northwest of the little was the last sleeping place of the dear dead; and boy that I was, these lines from Gray's "Elegy" crossed my mind:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
    Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
    Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;  
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
    Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
    And froze the genial current of the soul.

### New Friends

The nine Satterlees comprising the temporary parsonage family at Beaver Falls included Father, in his forty-seventh year; Mother, two years older; and seven children ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-three: Alice, Eulalia (Lella), Elbert, Gertrude, Herbert, Ora, and Dennie. Charlie spent some months with us, including most of the first winter; and George, who was employed in the Richardson store at Richfield, made short visits home at intervals. Alice and Lella also came and went from their employment at a dressmaking establishment, but Alice was at home the more.

A short block to the west of us, halfway from the parsonage to the creek, lived the Ericson family; indeed we went through their pasture land to get to the falls. Mr. Eric Ericson was County Superintendent of Schools for Renville County. Mrs. Ericson, a patient, retiring little lady, fought her husband's periodic drunkenness (when drunk he was a tyrant), and brought up a family of boys and girls who were a credit to the community. The only bitter word I ever heard from Spencer, my chum, against his family was after his father's death in Minneapolis about 1909. He unburdened his heart to me after the funeral, which I conducted, telling me how hard it was for him to keep from "beating his father up" in defense of his mother. She was one of God's noble women who guard our society against those human weaknesses run riot in others by producing a social segment of worthy citizens. These are the names of the Ericson children as I remember them: Laura, Spencer, Llewellyn, Alice, Edward, and Bert. I may have forgotten one or two. Laura was our church organist. She served in the same capacity, a year earlier, for what was called a "Musical Convention," in other words, a

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singing school. The leader of that enterprise had taught her to transpose from one key to another. You could ask, for example, for a song written in the key of G to be played in F or A. She would play it readily without having seen the music before. When in her later teens, God claimed her in death, He chose indeed a shining mark.

Spencer, as I have suggested, was my pal and constant companion. We went hunting, fishing, swimming, and skating together, were in the same classes in school, and sang in a young people's choir in church. We were both boys of rather high principles, although at times we scarcely acted the part, and the friendship persisted until his death about twenty years ago. Llewellyn and his family still live in Minneapolis, his son being "Director of Alcoholic Beverages" for the State of Minnesota. Edward was manager, fifteen years ago, of a cabin camp and service station at Willmar, Minnesota; and Alice is a business woman who might have been my wife, had we both been older, especially she. That "might have been" is without a shadow of regret on my part, and we have a Christmas card from her each year. From alcoholic beverages, which well-nigh wrecked their childhood, these young people were total abstainers.

We had many other friends; the McGowans, Montie and Myrtle; the Colson girls, Edith and Ida; the Kipps, Joe and Jim; and the Durrells. Frank Gronerude was another favorite, with a musical personality expressed mostly in martial music, which he played well on the organ. In school, that winter of 1887-88, our boy-girl relationships were those of friendly affection, nothing deeper.

### The Team

Soon after our arrival in Beaver Falls it became apparent that Father would have to have a horse or team to drive the circuit with Morton. So it came about that Father borrowed from the bank at Beaver Falls \$150.00, and a good friend and church member, Jabez Durrell, signed the note with him. How we learned about it I do not recall, but a man in Redwood Falls had a team of ponies for sale. So we walked the seven miles to Redwood Falls, bought the team, harness, and a light spring wagon, and left the \$150.00. And we did not walk home!

That was some team. Cub, the gelding, was a fractious fellow, always looking for something to shy at. Dolly, good sensible mare that she was, served as a good balance wheel. She was never wanting to run when Cub had a yen for undirected play-ground ...

(the manuscript ends here)