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[s.l.]: Rita Haag, c1994

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If You Look Back, It's Not That Far

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Memories of Mary Stella Sutter Haag
Recorded at age 103
Transcribed and written by granddaughter, Rita Haag

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Happy 105th birthday, Grandma Haag,
and thank you
for sharing these stories of your life.

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PART 1: GROWING UP IN PERRY

The Farmhouse

Mary Stella Sutter was born August 24, 1889, on a farm on Sutter Rd in Perry, Wisconsin. She was the third child of Joseph Sutter and Theresa Schmidt,Joseph and Theresa had six other children: Adolph, Rose, Joseph, Albert (Ap), Leo and Herman. Albert took over the farm when Joseph and Theresa moved to Mt. Horeb. The house is still there, although it's been remodeled many times over the years.

The original building had a kitchen, living room, and two bedrooms--one for the parents and one for the children--on the second floor. But after the family grew they built on an addition that included a new kitchen and a first floor bedroom for the parents. The addition was designed so that the new kitchen opened onto the living room of the old house. Mary was especially fond of one part of the addition: "...we had a big porch all the way along on the new house with high steps. We sat out on the porch a lot."

The farmhouse had an oak floor. "Oh ya, we had a nice floor. That time they said oak was cheaper than other wood. It was stronger than pine wood. Pine wood, even if you painted it and varnished it, it always chipped. In the old house, part of that floor was good and they even took a (sander) and they said you could make them just as nice, you could keep on going and going, because the floors were (several inches) thick."

There was no furnace, only the stove in the kitchen. As Mary remembers it, the kitchen was about 12'x12' with a stove in one corner. "We had a nice big stove with a water heater on it. It was just a reservoir, built right in the stove. Then we always had hot water. As long as you had a fire in the stove, the water was hot. Ya, bathing, that wasn't like it is now. We had a big tub and we had to wash ourselves in that."

In the corner opposite the stove were cupboards and the dining table. Along the wall between them was a doorway leading to the living room. Dishes and food were stored on open shelves around the room. The table, made of boards, was always covered

with an oilcloth, a heavy piece of cloth soaked in oil to make it waterproof. "Sometimes they'd cut a hole in there (by accident) and that'd leak, you know, then it wasn't so good anymore, but we didn't always get a new one."

In another corner was a simple closet where the everyday clothes were hung. Mary says the living room was plain; there was no wallpaper, but the walls were painted.

Cooking was simple so most kitchens didn't need a lot of fancy cookware and utensils. "We had all that heavy iron. One with a wire handle (stew pot) and an iron cover on top. That was what Ma used when she made sauerkraut and soup. We had other kettles, too, and frying pans. We only had one pan that fit the cover that belonged to the kettle, then afterwards we bought tin covers that fit anything."

House furnishings were plain. "When I was home we had a davenport. But we didn't use the living room too much because we only had heat (in the kitchen) and in the winter it was too cold. The houses weren't built warm. Not like they are now." She remembers the time her mother got pneumonia and a bed had to be made up in the kitchen for her so she could stay warm. "It was shortly after Herman was born. After that Mother had to be so careful when she got sick so she wouldn't get pneumonia. We had a doctor, but what could they do?"

Perhaps the phrase "nature calls" had something to do with where the bathrooms were located. Some of us remember just enough about outhouses to feel fortunate we didn't have to use them often.

"Well, that was hard, some of them had them far away, and some were pretty close to the house. But was it ever cold in winter. But then we had what they called the chamber pails--with the big cover on--that's what we had for nights. We couldn't go out at night. Well it was snowy you know, and in the morning my dad used to have to make a road, shovel snow you know, so you could get there." Young children and the sick were also allowed use of the chamber pot during the day.

After the addition was put on, Mary and her sister Rose shared one of the upstairs bedrooms and her brothers shared the other in which there were two beds along the wall. "There was plenty of room. They were big enough rooms but we didn't each have our own bed. Two in a bed..sometimes three. We had no closets, so dad...took boards (about a foot wide) and put shelves in. So we laid our clothes in there. We had hooks along the wall. Then we'd usually put a curtain over it...to keep the dust out. We had some dressers then too. But that was just plain."

The bed frames were purchased. Mary recalls that such things weren't expensive and for three or four dollars you could buy a bed. "We had no mattresses, we just had boards across, then we had a big bag and we filled that with straw, either straw or corn husks. The last years we had corn husks.

"In the winter we used to have flannel blankets instead of sheets. Then we got featherbeds to cover up. Everybody had ducks--we pulled the feathers out and mother washed them. They made pillows and featherbeds. It took quite a few feathers. I know we had two of them. The boys had one at our place and the girls. Featherbeds were warm. That's all you'd need, you didn't need half a dozen spreads or anything--soft, they weren't heavy."

Today down pillows are considered a luxury but years ago, even poor families with geese in the yard rested their heads on them. "We had geese and we took the fine feathers and the long feathers and we pulled the down off. Oh it was lotta work."

Mary's father worked on the addition and remodeling, but hired most of it done. "Well he helped, but he had different builders. He wasn't a carpenter, he was just a farmer at that time...we didn't have the tools. My dad didn't have a workshop but he had a barn and then there was a lean-to put on later and that's where he had all his tools. He done a lot of things, what he needed for fencing and all that stuff."

Time was a big factor too, since every farm chore had to be done by hand or with horses. A farmer didn't have the luxury of free time to work on a building project. By the same token, a builder who learned the trade spent most of his time building because that also took a lot longer. When they started something, often they had to work quite awhile on it.

Although her dad didn't have a lot of tools, he was able to build some of the equipment they needed on the farm. "He built all his wagon boxes and such, hay racks and wagons to haul the hay. That was cheaper than buying it. You could buy them ready-made too, but that cost a lot of money."

Life on the Farm

"Oh, our farm was a big farm, we had about 14 milk cows. When I was about 12 I had to go out and help milk." Mary liked to be outdoors working with the cows, or in the garden. But of her sister Rose, two years older, Mary says, "she was more in the house. Well, really, I always helped Dad a lot. And in the garden and such. But Rose she done more baking, she wasn't too much to go around the barn."

Women didn't help much in the field then. Most of the work was done by implements pulled by horses and it required a strong back and strong arms to guide the heavy equipment as the horses pulled it through the fields. But there were a few times when their help was needed.

At the turn of the century, when so many people earned their livelihoods farming, life wasn't divided up the way it is now. We have our home life, our time in school or at work, our recreation time, time spent traveling to vacation or visit friends or relatives. Back then, almost all of the time was spent at home. Families didn't think so much about teaching their children how to do things--the children watched and learned as they worked. A good example is sewing.

When asked if Mary learned these skills from her mother she said: "Oh ya, well we always had to help with it, so when she did that, we saw (how it was done). I can remember we had a treadle sewing machine. (Treadle machines had a foot-operated pedal that supplied the power to run the machine.) We made all our own clothes, so that's how we learned how. She did most of the sewing and we helped a lot outside, in the gardens and stuff."

Shopping was unheard of. When someone had a birthday, it was a quiet occasion celebrated at home. When asked if she ever bought presents for her mother, Mary said, "Well we didn't have any money. The only money we got was from our parents. Maybe ten cents once in awhile." She said she doesn't remember even knowing what money was and that probably they had no idea what it was used for. "You have no idea, it was just necessities, what the people had to have. Ya , I often think--them kids, what they get, $25 for a present. Some $50, some $60. But you know, the money's here."

But there were other things they could do for their mother, sometimes whether she wanted them to or not. "We used to fix mother's hair. We didn't like it just the way she had it. She had a big bun on top, so we used to kinda fix her up. She didn't like it. We'd braid it, but nobody wore it that way. They always had the buns on top. There was no permanents you know. Those that had curly hair were lucky. And Rose was one of them. She had curly hair. Her hair was always fixed nice."

Planting a garden has been as much a part of the seasons in Mary's life as falling leaves in autumn and blizzards in winter. "I used to help plant the garden. Dad plowed it and dragged it and Mother and I or else the boys helped. We made the lines with string, so far apart and then we'd plant things. We had lotta stuff in the garden. Lettuce and beans, and sweet corn in the field and potatoes in the field. Once we had a wagon box in the field and we all went out one day and we filled it." A wagon box full of potatoes may have seemed like a lot, but Mary said none of them were sold. The family needed all of them.

Unlike today, most dairy farm families didn't milk in the winter. They'd put the bull with the cows, so all births would occur in late spring when they'd begin milking for the year. Part of the reason was that each farmer had to haul their milk to the cheese factory every day. "That was about two miles, the factory was. In the evening (Dad) milked the cows, hauled it in the evening, hauled it in the morning. That time we had about 140-150 pounds, 200 pounds maybe was the highest."

Of course, changes in feeding, medicine and especially breeding have made modern cows superior. Every farm had a bull then and stories were often told of the problems they caused. Bulls were notorious for their bad tempers and many a bull-owning farmer was injured or lost his life. At the very least, bulls with horns were dangerous to the cows. "Oh, they gored em; they usually had horns. My dad used to cut the horns off when they were small."

She remembers growing up in a happy home where her mother and father got along quite well. "Oh ya, there was some times, not just that they'd argue, but they didn't agree. It didn't happen too often. Dad went thrashing a lot with the boys when the boys were older, and it was a lot of work. Mother didn't like that, she often said."

When farm work was done by hand, grain was cut and left in piles to dry, then it was beaten by hand to loosen the grain from the hull--the process called threshing. Her father enjoyed it and looked forward to it. He (and his sons, when they got older) would join the thrashing teams going from farm to farm. Mary said he especially enjoyed it when he was working with his brothers on their farms.

"But it was a lot more work for mother because she had to watch over (the farm while he was gone) and the boys weren't just old enough (to take care of) everything like that.

"One year we had such a drought, it didn't hardly rain. Dad was gone thrashing and we had to haul the water. Our well was 200 feet deep, and we couldn't pump it."

Normally the windmill brought the water up and filled the cattle tanks, but Mary remembers that, "for three days there was no wind and then the water was gone, what we had in the tank. It was so hot and dry and no wind. We have it this way too now, but we turn the faucets--we couldn't do it at that time. And of course we was out of water. We had milk cans and we went over to the neighbors--they had a spring there--and we went over and got the water.

"Well it was our next neighbors, it was a far ways to go, but there was just a fence between. So then we went through the fence and drove down to the spring and filled them cans. And

brought them up and then the cows, they followed us. We called them, and they knew, after they got water once, they followed us. We done that for two days. We had to haul water for that whole bunch. We had a wash tub, and we filled it with the pails, and they were just standing around and one pushed the other, and we put so much, enough water so they all had enough. And ma thought often if only dad were home. He always had to come home in the evening, but at night you know you couldn't do that, you had to do that in the day, that work."

Mary remembers that her parents worked especially hard, but every once in awhile, something made them laugh. "Sometimes things happened at the dinner table--they had fun, you know. One time they had a bunch eating at the dinner table (during thrashing--when neighboring farmers were helping). And as they unloaded the wagons, they ate and the rest of them went out again (ate in shifts). They were all sitting at the table and one of them had put gravy on his potatoes and set it down on the next plate, (since at the time) there was nobody sitting there. All at once a guy came in, saw that gravy on his plate and started eating the gravy. He thought it was soup. The rest looked at each other. Nobody said anything. The ladies they didn't even say nothing. They were going to bring the warm stuff in as each group came."

Mary says that afterwards they talked about it and decided he must have thought it was soup. "Maybe he thought there wasn't much in there--no vegetables. Ya, we used to laugh about that. They all got a big kick out of it. He was a foreigner. He was from Norway. He was a hired man. We didn't know much of him, but he was a foreigner." Mary says this with tongue in cheek, apparently amused that as the first- and second-generation Americans born in this country, they already felt established enough to refer to this Norwegian as a foreigner.

Because farm horses needed their rest on the weekends, trips to town were few and far between. However, the day their father went to town to get the feed ground was a special day for Mary and her brothers and sisters. "We was glad when we used to go to Mt. Horeb when we was kids, I know that...that was a treat. Dad just took one along when he'd go. Mother used to dress us

up...and we had a spring seat, a big high spring seat. We had the lumber wagon with high wheels and we sat in there. Eight miles to town you know. It was great."

Although it was a wonderful treat to have your turn taking the trip to town, it was a frightening experience to be in such an unfamiliar place with strangers everywhere.

"When we went into town we were kinda scared you know, of everything. " And Mary remembers they stayed pretty close to their Dad. "Ya we stayed. Then we had to wait 'til that feed was ground--some days a long time because there was lotta people bringing (feed). If Dad wasn't early in the morning he had to wait."

Although the wait was long and the fear of losing their dad kept them on edge a bit, there was another big reward for accompanying him to the feed mill. "He usually went to a restaurant. That was a treat. That was, 25 cents we'd have a big dinner. Just think of it, 25 cents. Ya, candy...well we didn't stop; Dad never had much time for that. He usually stayed there until his stuff was ground. He had to stay there for a long time." When Mary was asked if there were other children around to play with and help pass the time she answered: "No, I can't remember much, but, we would have been afraid of them."

Imagine life without a telephone. Mary remembers when phones first came to Perry. The first phone she knew of was at the home of the Lawrence Post family. "You had to put it in your ears. He said listen to this now, and he put it in our ears. And you could just hear someone far away talking. And he said pretty soon people will get together now and they'll talk. Soon we'll have phones and we can talk to each other."

Mary remembers when her family got their first phone. "Oh yah we had that on our farm. We had that when Adolph and Rose were (living and working) down on another farm, and that was 7 miles. We thought that was nice. We could take the phone and talk and once Rose said I should come down and stay there a couple of days. Dad took me down, but when it was time to go home nobody could take me. So I walked home, that was, well around the road it was 7 miles, but I went across, but I said I'd never do that again. I was tired. I had to walk through the pastures, and there was cattle in there and that was dangerous.

I had to go across the creek once. I knew the way but it was quite a distance."

Horses and Other Animals

When Mary was growing up, all the horsepower on the farm was literally horse power. She remembers that her father usually just had one team--two horses. They took their horses to the blacksmith in Forward to be shod, and sometimes they'd have to go to Mt. Horeb. But if the shoes only needed a few nails, her father could handle it.

After pulling heavy machinery all week, the horses had earned their day of rest and were usually not worked or ridden on Sundays. Good farmers gave them their well-earned day off, sometimes grudgingly, since that meant the family stayed home, unless visits could be made by walking. Most farmers in the Perry area were so dependent on their horses they tried to use them as transportation only in an emergency.

"When you had to drive ten miles to town with the horses, and they were working and they were tired, we didn't use the horses any more than we had to. Usually when they took off the harness and let them out Sunday morning, they went for the field. They rolled themselves and were happy."

But there were special times when the horses weren't working so hard and they offered a bit of fun. "Oh ya--Rose and I, we used to like to go horseback riding. We had a couple of horses at home. They were farm horses and they were always tired. We always liked horses when they're tired. They're not perked up like riding horses." Mary and Rose didn't need to use saddles: "They were quiet. We could ride around with them in the yard. We sat there like the boys, a leg on each side, when we rode around the yard."

But it was difficult to be properly modest while straddling a horse with skirts on, "so when they took a picture we took it the right way. Ladies always sat on the side. But then you had kind of a saddle that you could hang on to." Mary recalls: "Our neighbor, (Edwin Johnson) had a camera. Not many had cameras at

that time, but he had a camera. The first people that got the cameras they went around and took pictures. It was something." Mary remembers that he came and took a picture of she and Rose, sitting sidesaddle on the horses one day--the picture on the cover of the book.

Not only horses, but all the other animals on the farm had to earn their keep. No animals were purchased just for fun. "We had just a farm dog. Nobody had pets at that time. I can only remember one dog. He was a pretty good dog. He knew to get the horses or the cows when we told him. He knew the difference."

Of course, there were also wild animals and Mary remembers seeing wolves around the farm. "Well we had a corn field along the woods. And when we were husking corn we'd see them." Mary doesn't ever remember being bothered by them, although she said, "I suppose maybe if we'd be out alone, but there was always the men around, Dad and them were always husking corn (at the same time she was). People didn't pay too much attention. But we were afraid of them, because we knew they attacked."

She remembered a time when they were butchering and her uncle and his family had been helping. When it was time to go, they piled his share of meat on the wagon and headed out. Later their uncle told them that on the way home, a pack of wolves started following them, lured by the smell of the meat.

As the wolves got closer, they'd throw pieces of meat to them. Then the wolves would all jump for the meat and tangle over it, letting the wagon get on ahead. When they had eaten that piece and started chasing the wagon again, they'd throw another hunk of meat. All the way home the wolves followed them and they had to toss a considerable amount of their meat to keep the wolves away from the wagon.

Cooking and Food

Scientists say that the sense most capable of bringing back memories is our sense of smell. When Mary was asked about her favorite smells from childhood, she said: "Oh ya pies, they used

to bake pies--that was a good smell. You could tell apple pies. And Grandma made so much of that mincemeat. She made it herself, she had a recipe: ground-up beef, apples, vinegar, sugar. Some put in dark syrup, too. It's mostly beef. She made a big batch always in the winter. When we butchered beef, we could make such stuff. We canned it and then we had mincemeat pie in the summer and the winter.

"Or they'd bake bread or cinnamon rolls. Ma always used to make them; she made lotta cinnamon rolls. Her own recipe. No (frosting, but) she'd put cinnamon and butter inside. Sometimes raisins. Raisins that time was a common thing. You know when we'd buy a loaf of bread, those years when I was at home, that was dessert, especially cinnamon rolls and such stuff. Course we didn't buy too much of that; that was too high priced. My mother made them. She always made them cinnamon rolls and Christmas she made braids." Mary described how her mother took four sticks of dough and braided them together, circled them in a pan and put sugar on top. "That was good. We called them Christmas wreaths. We always had that for Christmas."

They had their own rhubarb and apple trees and later on strawberries. "We just used strawberries for pie during the season. We couldn't freeze them and we didn't even can them. Other berries we canned. We'd pick blackberries and dewberries and also huckleberries. Cooked 'em and put sugar in--we never used them for pie, (but for) sauce. We used to pick lot a berries, out in the woods.

"I remember once my mother and I went to the neighbor's farm one forenoon and picked a lot of huckleberries, about a ten quart pail. There's no more around. There used to be lot of bushes but now there's too much livestock around. They eat them (apparently in grazing and trampling they eventually destroy the berry bushes.) You find some of them around yet. We made pie too, but mostly canned them. We canned everything because there were no regrigerators .

"(In) winter we had pumpkins for as long as we could keep them, and sometimes we could keep them pretty near all winter--

that was nice fresh pumpkin. We had cold cellars you know. They were all cold, nothing warm. Saturdays we made pie, that was our treat. We always had pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving and Christmas when I was growing up." But all the pumpkins they raised didn't end up in pies.

"Sometimes they smashed them and the cows ate them. The cows like pumpkins, but you have to smash them, because the cows can't chew the big pieces, so we used to cut them up. They would eat it like corn. We usually took the smaller ones for pumpkin pies. Then afterwards they had pie pumpkins. Some of them we didn't have to run through a sieve, but the others we had to run through a sieve to make them smooth. We had colanders.

"Oh we had chicken and sometimes we just butchered a beef. Dad used to butcher, then we had fresh beef, or he'd butcher a pig so we had sausage. That was always a treat."

"My mother made lots of cookies. She made brown (molasses) cookies. We didn't have chocolate. Dad didn't buy much candy. He bought horehound candy, and...stick candy. We didn't get to the store ourselves, so we didn't know what they had. That candy we had that was good; that horehound candy was good for a sore throat. Ya, there was a lot of things we had there that we don't have now."

What about that all-American favorite--ice cream? When Mary was a child: "No, we didn't make ice cream. We didn't know what ice cream was. No at that time, I don't think they even made ice cream. They might have had it but we didn't get to town."

Though she was born and raised with dairy animals and married a dairyman, milk was not Mary's favorite. "We'd drink coffee and a lot of tea. I never drank milk. I never liked milk. I put a little bit in my cereal. I like it in my coffee. I don't like strong coffee."

Although they ate well, like most farm families, their meals were plain. "Carrots, sometimes we made a sauce on them. We just pickled the beets. Oh yah, we had lots to eat. It was always plain. But we always had good mashed potatoes--my mother made. Sometimes when we had cream--we didn't always have--but when she had sweet cream, she'd put sweet cream in and whipped them, just with a spoon. Now they got the whippers you know. Ya that was old days you know."

Mary remembers when her mother made pickles in big crocks. "She put in a layer of pickles, then a layer of dill until the crock was full, then covered it all with a salt brine. On the top they put cabbage leaves."

Back then, sugar was expensive, so most families used sorghum as a sweetener. "We used to make sorghum, sweet, oh and that was so good. We (usually) had 20 gallons, a barrel, that's all the sorghum we made. A neighbor over by grandpa, he made the sorghum. We grew the sugar cane and then we hauled it out there and he pressed it.

(It ran) through a press, (and then) that juice went down and he put it in a big vat. When he made that he had to throw in mud--nice clean ground. He had to dig that out and throw that in, and it took out all what they should have taken out (filtered it). See, the mud went to the bottom and then that juice that came on top, they put it in a vat and they cooked it. They had to thicken it that way. They could tell when it was thick enough and then they took it out. We had a barrel--we had 20 gallons, and such a faucet on (a spigot)."

Sorghum was used sparingly and never wasted--or almost never. Mary remembers a time when: "Dad went out one evening and was gonna get some. We had it outside in the granary, just to keep it not too cold. It was kinda cold--it was in the winter. So he turned it on and he sat there and 'Oh,' he says, 'I can't wait for that thing.' So he left it run, and he says 'I'll go and do the chores.' Afterwards, when he come back, the sorghum was all over the floor in there, all wasted. He felt bad enough. We did, too. It was such good sorghum.

"That and cream bread. We used to have that. Of course that cream wasn't as good, what we bought; the sorghum was good what we bought, but ours was good, too. Dad, he says, 'from now on I'll watch.' You know, it took a long time to do his chores. He had just a little jar."

The sorghum stalks provided not only a sweetener, but cattle feed as well. "We always stripped ours. Then we used the strippings for the cattle to eat. That's just like eating corn stalks, and then of course you made better sorghum if you strip it. It didn't make it bitter but it was a lot more work if you

didn't take the leaves off. This (way it) was cleaner, too. Now they don't make it anymore. It tastes like molasses. Oh, I said if we could get that sorghum. You could chew on (the canes), that was sweet. We used that for pumpkin pie, that's good for pumpkin pie. We made our own when we lived out on our farm (after she married) yet."

They never made or bought maple syrup, but Mary recalls: "We used to buy honey and other syrup. We bought cane syrup. Whatever we could we made at home. My dad made apple cider. He even made vinegar. He put it in the barrels and left it, and let it work."

Homemade Wine

It was common for families to have a little homemade wine on hand to share with visitors and Mary's father made his own. "Ya, grape, and we had a cherry tree too. He made cherry wine. Ya, once I remember, Dr. (Creming?) was in Daleyville at that time, and I had pneumonia, so Dad called him over. It was in the winter and he was cold, you know, and Dad give him a glass of wine. He knew him well--he was a young doctor and he always ran with the kids, with the young people. (The doctor) gave me the medicine, the stuff I had to take, and (Dad) gave him a glass of wine.

"Afterwards he told Dad, 'I was glad that I got home.' He was dizzy that night from that wine. Oh, it was strong--he asked dad for a sample--he said, 'I want to test it, (and see) how strong that wine was.' And I don't know what they meant by that, but it was so much grams, it was very strong. So (the doctor) said to him be careful, when you give it to people. Just don't give 'em much. Then dad never did; he was careful then.

"We never tasted the wine (not the kids). I still have to taste my first dram of beer. I know, we was to a dance one night and they says, 'you're gonna drink a beer tonight,' and no, I says, 'I don't care for beer', and they held on to me and they gave me a swallow--that was after we were married. (It was) a bunch that was to the dance. I don't know just who it was.

"I says, 'I don't want anymore.' So that's the only beer I ever had. I never cared for it. Well, my mother always said, when we were growing up, 'Beer is not for children, that's for old people.' That's why all the boys never learned to drink much, my brothers. They never cared much for beer. Well, I don't know if they cared (for wine). Of course, they didn't get much of that either, dad didn't have much of it, he just made--that was the time when nobody would go to saloons, you know."

Although she never had any, she remembers how he used to make it. "Oh yah, he ground it good, then put it in the press. The juice would go down there, then he'd put it in a barrel, left it. Oh, the older it got the stronger it got. They covered it up 'til it was cured, then they drank it." When the wine was ready, her father would pound a spigot into the side of the barrel and pour it out as he needed it.

Homemade Soap

As Mary said, they didn't buy anything they could make. "We made soap, my dad made soap. He had them big black kettles. Lard and lye, mix that together and he stood and boiled and boiled and boiled it, mixing it. Sometimes it'd get real nice and strong and sometimes it wasn't too strong, but that was good soap."

Her dad made the soap into bars and it was used for the laundry. "We never bought any laundry soap--we'd use lye soap. It was hard on your hands if you used too much. We had to rub overalls on the washboard, and you put the soap on it and rub awhile. Lye--it was a strong smell but it was a clean smell."

Lye soap wasn't used for bathing. "Toilet soap we bought and that was big black bars. That was pretty strong soap too. For toothpaste, we just brushed, some used soda. Soda's still the best."

Clothing and Laundry

Mary remembers dressing on cold winter mornings. "We wore long underwear to the knees and then mother knitted stockings. We wore flannel underwear, flannel petticoats. We never had sweaters; we had heavy coats."

They didn't have their own sheep, so they bought raw wool. "Mother had a spinning wheel. First we had to get the sheep wool, then she washed it. Then she laid it out and dried it. (She took) a piece of wool and sat there and held it and worked on it (as she spun it). Then we kids had to roll it in balls. And then she'd knit it. Usually in the evenings she'd knit, until she went to bed. 'Course after they knew once, how to, it went fast. They had four needles to work with. Now they usually make with two. But they had four."

Mary explained that they used four needles in a stationary manner, and a fifth one to start the row, hold the place and start the next one. Then they'd pull that out. "I learned how, I used to do some knitting. When we knitted the stockings, we used to try and catch it always where the loop was. We had to do that, otherwise you could pull the whole thing apart."

Many evening hours were passed with fancy needlework and Mary learned some of these crafts. "Not tatting. I did some embroidery and pillowcases and such. Rosina (Albert's sister) did some tatting. It was lotta work and they had such fine thread. They just tatted the lace and then sewed it on. The pillowcases wore out before the tattting. This way they sewed it on and then they could take it off. A lot of people, they crocheted on the pillowcases though.

"The only time I wore slippers (dressy shoes) was when we got married, otherwise we always had shoes. Many years we had button shoes, then we went to laces. We went to Mt. Horeb or sent for them. When we had our size once we could send for them." Mary explained that sometimes children would say they didn't fit quite right, and the parents would say, 'ya, that's alright.' "We didn't know any different."

It's difficult to imagine today's woman without at least one pair of slacks or jeans in her wardrobe. When Mary was growing up, pants for women were unheard of. When asked if she wore skirts all the time, Mary said: "Oh yah, nobody wore them things like nowadays."

Although it seems that it would have been difficult to do all the work they had to do while wearing skirts, Mary and women in her day knew no other way. "Well our skirts were always full, with ruffles on, you know." She said the full skirts made it easier to move around. "You have no idea how that was, that was so different. Oh I remember when they come with the slacks. When the women wore slacks, my dad thought that was awful, that the women started to dress like the men.

"If he'd see now, they don't dress hardly anything...like you go bathing (swimming) and all that in. They had bathing suits in those years too, but they were all covered up."

Mary remembers that her mother made most of their everyday clothes, but the good clothes, like suits, were ordered from the catalog.

Laundry time, as Mary remembers it, was a real chore. "Once a week we did the laundry. First at home (we just had a) washboard." They filled up a big wash kettle with water and put it on the stove, and badly soiled clothes were scrubbed with lye on a washboard. Clothes they needed for the next day were hung by the stove, since they didn't have that many dresses, just two or three. Other clothes were hung on the line.

They had to iron pillow cases and other things. The iron was literally a large, heavy piece of flat iron that was put on the stove to heat, so ironing was done with a potholder. Mary remembers: "Sometimes they'd get burned but they were careful."

Washing machines were a great time and labor saver, although the early ones were not at all like the automatic wonders we have today. "My dad got a washing machine. And there was a big wheel on it and there was a little handle on it and you turned that. There was a wringer on there. We used that and that was great. By hand, to wring, we didn't get it dry. Overalls and all that stuff took a long time to dry. When we put it through the wringer, in a day we could dry everything.

"Mother had 12 diapers, that's all she had, but she used to wash them out by hand. She had a pail where she washed them out. Then she put them in the machine, but sometimes during the week she washed them out by hand."

It was also common practice to simply hang the slightly wet diapers until they dried, and reuse them. "Ya, that (happened) lotta times. Everybody (did)it that way." It seems that would have been hard on the babies' tender bottoms but Mary said, "Well we always had cornstarch, instead of powder. I don't think they had much trouble then."

School

When Mary was a young girl, school was not a requirement. Some children went, others didn't. "We had a far ways to go to school. We went across (the fields) always, we didn't follow the road. It would be four miles (by the road). Ya, we went to Spring Valley School. That was sometimes so cold, we'd have to walk over the hill and when we got there we was almost froze. We'd set our dinner pails along the pot belly stoves; some of them was kinda froze. I only went through fourth grade, and arithmetic was my hard one. I learned lot of that afterwards, and my writing too and all that."

She remembers that although German was spoken at home, "Of course when we went to school, we had to read English. That's where I learned the most reading. We had library books from the school. There was a library in Mt. Horeb but we never went to that. I tell you, when you had to drive ten miles to town with the horses, and they were working and they were tired, we didn't use the horses any more than we had to."

The primary school was intended only to teach children how to read and write. Most of them knew they would not be going to high school or beyond. They expected to be farmers like their parents. Mary never really thought about becoming a teacher or nurse or such, but she does remember, "when my aunt came home from the convent, my Dad's sister, she wondered if we thought about being nuns. When the sister came with her habit, we thought it would be kind of nice to have a habit."

Holidays and Special Events

When Mary was asked if she had any memories of Christmas when she was a child she said: "I remember that one time when we were little, when Christchild was our Santa Claus. That night we all had to say some extra prayers. And the next morning we couldn't get up (until they were called). Of course, that was different then, we just had one stove downstairs and no heat upstairs, so we had to stay in bed until 6:00. And then mother had started a fire so it was warm, so then, I know one morning we sat on the steps for maybe 15 minutes before we could go down. And it was cold, but we were so happy when we saw what we got.

It was just little things--a little doll or something. We got a little plate that had our candy in it--that was a nice Christmas. Then when you got older it wasn't so much fun anymore. But that's all we could afford at the time. Nobody could afford big things like they do now. We had one or two. Now they got a roomful, they get tired of it and then they want someting else.

"I remember when Eastertime come, we all had to make nests outside for the Easter Rabbit. Each one got about five eggs in the nest, all brown, every year, the same. Mother used onion skins (to color them). No candy, just Easter eggs."

Children didn't dress up on Halloween, but adults put on costumes and visited houses between Christmas and New Year's according to a custom called Yore Bucking (this may be spelled differently, i.e., Yule). "We dressed up some in the later years. One time we all dressed up and they had to guess who it was, or we wouldn't take our wraps off, so some took a long time before they guessed us. Lot of stick candy we got.

"One night we went to the neighbors. That was when our friends were there from Madison (part of the costumed group) and they (the neighbors) weren't going to let us in--it was Joe Goebels. They said they were afraid, so the six of us went in and we walked around awhile and they couldn't guess who we were, so finally we took our wraps off. Oh, they were so surprised, and we got coffee then."

One very special event for Mary was her First Holy Communion. "There were five of us, three boys and two girls. One was Mamie Ripon from Mt. Horeb. I think I was about 12 or

13. We had a nice mass in church, then after church my godparents and family were there, Dad's folks. It was a nice day. I had a white dress. I wore Rose's. At the time she wore it, it was new, but then it was washed and it didn't wash up as good. It wasn't as nice. It was in June, right after parochial school let out. Ma made the dress. Nobody bought any dresses, everybody made it."

Mary remembers that her mother bought material by the yard and it was all stacked up on shelves at the store. "You could buy nice white material for 10-15 cents a yard, and that was high already."

She remembers that birthdays weren't celebrated to the extent they are now, although, "We kids, we usually got something t at we liked. Mine was always an apple pie, that was in August, and Dad's was in the winter." She said his favorite pie was mincemeat.

Fun Times

As children, their toys and pleasures were simple. They had to make their own fun. There were no televisions or stereos to entertain them, but they found ways to enjoy their free time. When Mary was asked if she learned to ski, she said no. Neither she nor Rose skied that she can remember, although she thought her brothers all learned.

"We had nice places to ski with the hill on the side. There was a long hill there, they went to school on (skis). And we had sleds. Dad used to make sleds. It was just a board and he'd cut it out and put runners on below. We'd set on it down the hill. And in school we had sleds. At noon. And the teacher always said we should be careful because the highway was at the bottom of the hill. It was dangerous there."

There weren't a lot of board games but playing cards was a popular pasttime. Mary remembers a game called Black Peter. "That was a dumb one you know. Every time that you lose a game, they'd give you a black spot on your face. When the game was over you should have seen all these faces. It was funny. But that was the game."

Although money was scarce and travel difficult, there were special times when an extra effort was made--like when the circus came to town. "I was about 12 years old when my dad took us to the circus in Mt. Horeb--to the Gomer Brothers circus. It was a small circus, but they had animals and all that." She recalled seeing the Gomer Brothers circus years later when her date, Albert Haag, took her.

She remembers her first trip to Madison when her whole family went: "We went to Vilas Zoo to see the monkeys and elephants and that. That's the first I can remember that I was in Madison. The whole family went. It was an all-day trip. We had the milk rig and we could put four seats on there. We ate there. I suppose we could buy something there."

When kids growing up in the 1980's and 1990's look back on their childhoods, most of them will think of travel as a way of life. They probably won't remember the short trips they took, and may not even remember all the long family vacations out west or out east, etc. But in Mary's day, any trip more than 10 miles long was a special event. "The first time I remember, Adolph (her brother) and I went to Baraboo--Devil's Lake. We had the excursion train to Devil's Lake so our neighbors and us, we went together then.

They weren't Catholics, but we always was together and everything. They had a boy and a girl (Ed and Christine Johnson) so we went together. Then when we got to Devil's Lake...they didn't have too much to eat there, so the boys says, 'let's go up to Baraboo.' It was about 2 1/2 miles, so we walked on the railroad track. The road went like this (motions to show winding roads) a whole lot further, so we went up there (by walking the railroad tracks). Well, first the boys wanted to go and have a drink, but the women couldn't go in the saloon. Christine and I we had to stay out on the porch until the boys came out of the saloon. I was about 18. Then we had dinner there, lunch." Mary described how they went to a restaurant and ate, but then they had to hurry back that mile and a half along the train track to get back to Devil's Lake before the train left. She said it was difficult walking and that her feet were pretty sore. But there was only one train. "7:00 in the evening we went back again. We wouldn't want to miss it."

Mary thinks back to some of the happiest times she had. "Oh ya, when we used to go out on dates we used to have a lot of fun." When asked if her dad told her to watch out for the boys she said, with a grin, "No, he just kept us at home."

She can't remember her first date: "I don't know when I went out for the first time. But it wasn't Grandpa (Albert). Oh sometimes we thought..well we wanted to go to dances and he (her dad) was awful strict. (He'd say) no you're too young, you're too young, and then I often wished I was 21. But dad was strict, awful strict. In a way I suppose he was right.

"When we used to go to dances they'd go along. All the parents used to go along. We always had them (the parties) in our barns and our houses. They played cards and we danced, it was nice. Well there was house dances and they all went along and then we had a big lunch at night. Relatives and neighbors. Most were relatives, but Norwegians who were neighbors could come too. I remember one family--their parents were more strict than ours were.

"One night I felt awful bad. One of the neighbor's boys, he came there and he was going to pick me up to go to a dance. He knew where a dance was and Ma and Dad they wouldn't let me go. That was hard for him. He had to turn around and go home. He drove there with the buggy. He was killed in a mower accident--Albert Johnson.

"You couldn't go much before 21 without the parents. Oh I think we went some before we were 21, once in a while. It depended on who we went with. We used to go to barn dances. Bill Sutter, we could go to those. They'd have it often, sometimes twice a year. People would go--they'd give a quarter to pay for the music, and took a cake or something along and had lunch. We usually had a violin. They hired him--if they'd get $5 they'd be tickled. Ya, we had lot of that but we never went to any other dances at that time. It was mostly just the tavern and a restaurant, no dances there at that time."

Other things that we take for granted were seldom thought of. Most children learn to swim these days, but Mary never went. "We were all afraid of water; everybody was. Well, nobody went then, there were very few people went swimming. People went to where the water was and learned swimming, but not too many."

Music

At that time, if people wanted to listen to music, they had to make it themselves. When Mary was at home, she played music with her brother Joe, who played the violin. She remembers: "There was another one who played guitar. We'd play at dances in the neighborhood. Rose (her sister) played the organ quite a bit and Joe played the violin." Mary said that her brother Joe taught himself to play.

Mary explained how Rose took organ lessons and she learned the chords from her. "I knew all the chords, majors and everything. I played some notes, not much though. Uncle August had an organ and then we had it for awhile. We played church songs."

They learned about music the same way they learned about everything else, mostly by watching, listening, then doing. "I didn't even think about it. I don't know (how to play) anymore now. I suppose if I practiced awhile (I'd remember).

"Aunt Grace and Aunt Mary, they played. There were very few pianos around, then, but there were organs. Oh, ya. Those days, nobody played music (meaning on record players). Aunt Grace, she played in church, you know. She sang in the choir, she was a good singer." Mary was also in the choir.

Brothers and Sisters

Mary speaks of her brothers and sisters with fond memories. One of her favorite stories is about how babies came to the farm.

"Ya, I remember when that old lady always brought them. Ya, I remember that she brought Herman. (Mary has a gleam in her eye as she tells how the subject of where babies come from was handled). And we was kinda wondering--when she brought Herman. Dad went and got her--Catherine Holz was her name--and Dad got her and on the way home we had to open the gate and shut the gate for them. When we opened the gate I was wondering where she had that baby. Well that was things you had to keep quiet."

Although they may have been tempted to look through the lady's basket and see just where that baby was hidden, they didn't dare. But they were happy to see her come through the gate. "Oh ya we liked it, we liked kids like that."

She remembers they had to help each other and that they played together a lot. While they got along well for the most part, a few pranks were played. Mary remembers that one time she and her sister Rose, were coming home from a party or some event and as they got to the barn, they noticed something big and black crawling on the ground.

It was almost dark and they could just barely make out the big furry creature. It came out from the trees and started coming toward them. They were by the barn and it was between them and the house. At first they walked and it kept coming after them. Finally they got so frightenend they started screaming and running for the house. They ran as fast as they could and were both scared out of their minds. Their mother looked out to see what it was. There stood their brother Joe, wearing a fur coat, laughing so hard he could barely stand up. Their mother scolded him and said she understood that it was fun to play tricks but he shouldn't have scared them that much.

Eventually, four of the siblings married four Haag siblings: Mary wed Albert, Rose married Bill, Joe married Rosena and Albert married Bertha. By way of explanation, Mary says: "Well we went to the same church every Sunday. We lived about five miles apart."

Of her brother Adolph, Mary remembers: "He had to work pretty hard to start out. Then after a while, those times you know, when anybody needed help in the family they had to go. They had to help out. Very seldom that you got paid for it. Nobody was paid for it. If it'd be that way nowadays there wouldn't be so many poor people."

Adolph married Salome Zeier and they had six children. When the youngest was only four weeks old, Salome died of pneumonia. The children went to stay with Mary's mother, Grandma Theresa Sutter. After six weeks Christina Haag (Albert's mother) took the baby and kept her until Adolph remarried. His bride, Barbara Bower, came from Germany to help Mary and Albert on their farm

after the children came and they couldn't find anyone in the neighborhood to help them.

Mary remembers that there was a lady in the cheese factory where they sent their milk who had a friend who wanted to come to the United States but she didn't have the money. Albert wrote and told her he would send her the money for the trip, if she came and worked it off. So Barbara Bowar came and stayed and worked with them, for almost two years. She and Adolph married and then took all six children back to live with them. Later on they had a son. Mary remembers that Barbara Bowar picked up the language quickly by asking the kids who were learning it in school what the different words were in English.

Of course she was especially close to Rose, although she remembers a Christmas that brought on a little jealousy. When it came time to open presents, Rose received an album (to be used as a scrapbook or for photos) and Mary thought that was a much better gift than the handkerchief that was given to her.

Because Rose was older, she passed on much of her clothing and shoes. Mary remembers that as they got older, the shoes that Rose handed down became less and less comfortable, although she wore them. Her parents told her not to complain, but to wear them and she would get used to them. No one realized that Mary's feet were bigger than Rose's and the hand-me-downs probably should have been going in the other direction. She says, "I wore Rose's shoes after she was through with them. I got them, but they were too small for me, but that's why I got corns now." She didn't realize until she was much older and went out to buy her own shoes that her feet were bigger than Rose's.

Mary remembers that Rose worked off the home farm a lot once she was older. "She was pretty good at working places. I didn't work out much. She got to big places in town where she worked. Rose worked for Tommy Johnson--in the upper hall where they had the restaurant. She worked there for a long time--did the cooking and baking. She had a room in Johnson's home when she worked there."

Mary explained that many times when young women were hired to help out other families or to work in restaurants or other public places, they often stayed with the families because travel was so difficult. It was easier to simply move in with the

family, or the owner of the shop or restaurant and live with them, than to try to get back and forth to work each day.

Mary says: "Then when I'd go to town I used to stop in and she said I could help her when she was busy--do this or that. A lot of times when I went up there I helped her with the dishes and everything. That time it was 25 cents for a meal. They put in a meat ball and mashed potatoes and gravy and a vegetable for 25 cents. Rose baked the pies."

When Rose and Bill Haag got married, Mary's parents were still on the farm so they held the wedding at home. "Ya, she had all the aunts and uncles. We fixed our house over." Mary said they remodeled the house and put in a furnace. With the changes they had a big living room and the dining room which handled the crowd easily. Mary remembers: "We had everything there, even the dance. But Rose didn't get a honeymoon. They had to go right away on the farm."

Mary remembered some bad luck that came Rose's and Bill's way: "They had a nice big house and one night they went to midnight mass and when they came home the house was gone. The neighbors saw it burning and they got the fire department there, but it was too late to save anything. They didn't say anything to Rose and Bill 'til after the mass. All they had (left) was what they had on. Some of the neigbors got a few things (out). The neighbors tried to get in but they couldn't go in very far. They were married about three years (at that time).

(They) stayed with the neighbors about a quarter mile away from them. They had built a big granary and there was no grain in it yet, so they fixed it up and put a stove in and a bedroom and stayed there until the (new) house was built. Brother Herman went out and he had a lot of work there (helping to build the new house. They had to buy everything (new). They had insurance on the house, (but) it wasn't enough."

The Mt. Horeb Times gave the following account in an article published in January, 1918:

> The William Haags had the misfortune to lose their dwelling house by fire, Christmas morning. Haags accompanied their neighbors to Lancaster (Christmas Eve) to remain all night with friends and attend early services Christmas morning. About 5:00 a.m. they were

notified that their dwelling was burning and on arriving home found the building in ashes. The fire was not discovered by neighbors until the building was down and nothing saved. Only $1800 insurance was carried.

Later on Rose and Bill moved to Dubuque, Iowa where they purchased the Iowa Hotel, an old, run down business. Mary said they had a huge pile of coal lying right next to the building and before they could begin work they had to get the pile hauled away. Rose and Bill worked hard to put the hotel back into shape, then opened it up again with a restaurant and barbershop. Mary said that a week's stay came to $7.00 although meals were extra.

Bill earned quite a reputation as a barber, but would quit for lunch everyday at 11:00 when he would help Rose prepare the noon meal for the boarders and others who came there to eat. Mary remembers that when a new bridge was being built on the east side of Dubuque near the hotel, Rose prepared lunches and took them out to the bridge-building crew--there were about 15--at noon everyday. Many of the workers then came to the hotel for their evening meal. It was hard work and Mary recalled that Rose would sometimes take a few hours off to go to a movie in the afternoon, and would sleep through the whole thing.

Mary remembered going down to Iowa to visit Rose. Sometimes when there was a Holy Day in the middle of the week, Albert drove her down, and then went back to pick her up on the weekend. Mary remembers learning her way around the area and that she especially liked walking around in the dime store that was near the hotel. On one of her visits, she took her youngest son, Fritz, with her. She remembers there was an open cupboard under the refrigerator that he liked to crawl into.

She recalled that her brother Joe bought Johnny Haag's farm. "And (brother) Albert, he took the home farm. Mary laughs softly and says, "I have to tell about my brother Albert. He was so scared of strangers when he was a little guy. When somebody

came that he didn't know, he'd crawl in--we had a corner table in the pantry--and he'd crawl in under that and sat under there. Ya, he was a little shy. Oh after he got started in school he was alright. It was just when he was small."

Her brother Leo married Esther Hefty. He had a furniture store and a hardware store.

Mary says that "Herman had his own name, they couldn't nickname him. When Ap got married, Mother and Dad moved to town right away. Herman went with them and became a painter in Madison." He worked for Paddington Paints on Monroe Street. Herman married Eleanore Lehr.

Miscellaneous Memories of Parents, Grandparents

"My dad often worried about the children and then the world wasn't what it is now. He also said they'll be a time coming when we go in the air, when people go in the air and I said for goodness sake how can that happen--not be on the ground. And it's here. He did a lot of reading."

Mary thought her grandfather, Ludwig Sutter, worked for Judge Vilas for awhile, but she didn't know what he did. She wondered if he might not have been a tinsmith.

"Dad used to talk about Madison. He had lot of friends back in Madison and he used to go back sometimes a whole week he stayed in there. When the kids could handle the chores.

"Grandma Sutter said they had hard times in Madison, when they first started there. She worked too, for other people (cleaning houses and such). I think most of their children were born in Madison."

Her parents never saw Indians, but when they worked the farms, they'd see the burial mounds. Her dad said it was a shame the way they were driven out and the whites took over and that was wrong. She said he heard more about those times from his parents.

"I know Grandpa and Grandma Sutter came to our house. Grandpa Schmidt couldn't hear good--he didn't go away very much, and Grandma, her mind was bad, so she sat at home all the time. She stayed with Julia and George Schmidt.

"I used to work for Aunt Julia and Uncle George when their kids were small, I went and helped. Rose and Adolph were home, so I went to help. I had to help with the milking and all that. Whatever I could do since Aunt Julia had Grandpa and Grandma there too. Julia moved into their house. It sold to Herman Hefty, Loretta's son, who tore the old house down and built a small house. The old one was a big two-story house with an attic. Uncle George done most of the building."

PART II: COURTSHIP AND WEDDING

Courtship

Although Albert Haag wasn't the first young man Mary dated, he was the one she married. Her first memories of him were from school, especially German school, which the Catholic children attended for three months each year, usually beginning in April, when public school instruction was over. Since there were only about 20 to 30 children in German school, the children knew each other quite well.

The first time Mary remembers getting particular attention from Albert was a day when he came over to her house and asked her to go for a walk with him. They went on dates together after that. Most "dates" meant an evening spent together at a simple event held in people's homes. These small dances and parties, along with summer baseball games and picnics made up most of the young people's entertainment and offered the best opportunities for courting. Although Mary remembers: "We went to the movies a couple of times; at that time people didn't go a lot. We had no place to go."

The big attraction in Mt. Horeb was The Parkway, an opera house. When Mary was asked if she and Albert ever went there she said no, there was nothing in there that she liked or knew about, but "they had movies across the street--they just had one movie house in Mt. Horeb."

Rarely, a young man could arrange transportation for a special outing. Mary remembers that one place Albert took her was to the Gomer Brothers circus, the same circus she attended with her family when she was 12.

Eventually they got more serious and when Christmas came, Mary wanted to buy something for Albert: "Ya I remember the first year we were together." She pauses and laughs a bit. "I didn't know what to buy him. We were just going together for a short while. So I bought him a nice handkerchief. When Rose saw that she said, 'Can't you buy him anything bigger than that? Kinda

cheap.' she said. I didn't know what to get, you know. But he was tickled with it."

Although Mary and Albert never double-dated with Bill and Rose, they often were together as a group at parties or outings. As Mary says: "Well Bill didn't go with Rose then yet, but sometimes we did go and Rose would go and Bill, too."

When Albert and Mary first began dating, he walked the five miles or so to see her. "It was different at that time. When we'd go a far ways we'd have to drive, otherwise, around home, we'd walk. Dad walked many times before he had his buggy."

No matter how serious Albert was about Mary, those walks wore him out. Not only did he have to walk over to see her, and then walk back at the end of the night, but as Mary remembers, "sometimes we went to a party three miles from our place, and then he'd have to walk there, too. He spent his whole night walking." Mary smiles and says: "He bought himself a buggy then because it was too far to walk."

Eventually he proposed. Mary remembers he asked her to marry him one evening after they had seen a movie. She didn't tell her mother--he did. Then the wedding plans began.

Mary remembers: "I was the first one that had a white dress in our church for a wedding." White dresses were just coming into style for weddings. Records from that time indicate that wedding dresses were made in a variety of colors and some women even wore black. They often wore the best dress in their closet or purchased something that could be worn again.

Mary says: "I can't remember many weddings. Josephine Haag, she got married two years before we did and she had a light blue dress. I remember Ambrose Haag, he married Tillie. She had a blue dress too. They mostly wore blue, a light blue." Most of them were made by the bride or someone in her family. Mary remembers that for Tillie's wedding: "Ya, well Mamie, her sister, was a sewer. She did the sewing, so she made her dress. Then after they got married, they moved to South Dakota. We didn't see them much. We saw them on our wedding trip."

The reason Mary got her white dress is that at the time, she was helping Father Rohner's housekeeper in Mt. Horeb. For some

reason--it had something to do with salt burns as she remembers--the housekeeper couldn't put her hands in water. Since Mary was planning her wedding, it was natural to discuss progress with her.

"She told me, 'You've got to have a white dress.' Well, I thought, it's something new for Perry. So we had to go get the material. And it was white satin. It was just a plain dress, it had pearl buttons. It was pretty.

"We didn't have a big wedding. Well we were the oldest ones. Rosena (Albert's sister) was only 12 and we were going to have her as a bridesmaid but they didn't take them that young." Her sister Rose and her mother made Mary's wedding dress and Rose made her own dress, too. Mary said, "I had a two-piece dress. We had mostly two-piece dresses at that time."

The Wedding

Mary and Albert were married in Holy Redeemer Church in Perry in 1913. They chose April 2, which had special meaning for Mary because her mother and father were married on that day 30 years earlier. The bridal party included William Haag, Rose Sutter, Joseph Sutter and Catherine Kalscheur.

It rained the day of their wedding. Mary remembers that while the ceremony was taking place there was a thunderstorm and at a loud crack, "Rose hollered: 'Ooh!'"

But they had some good luck, too. Mary had ordered her flowers from Madison. They were supposed to come out on the train the day before. "The flowers..those were natural. We ordered them in Madison, carnations, and (she couldn't remember). They called out and said that they missed the afternoon train. They were supposed to be in at 6:00.

"So they called Father Rohner's housekeeper and she said she'd see what she could do. So she called the millinery in Mt. Horeb and they made some and she picked them up. And then all at once they called and said someone was going to send the flowers

out on the Cannonball in the evening. She (the housekeeper) said you've got to have the natural flowers. Then we had to go to Mt. Horeb and get them, there. The lady at the millinery said she'd take the artificial flowers back. She said she could always use them."

It had rained especially hard during the wedding and Mary said when they came out of church, it was very muddy. Mary remembers: "Then we went home, and we had just a few there, just our family. The next day we had to get the pictures taken."

This was her chance to go the Parkway opera house where the wedding photographer, Mr. Gramm, had his studio. She said, "We had to get all that stuff ready again--all the flowers--and put the dresses on again. And that afternoon we were supposed to take the train out (for their honeymoon). We went to Aunt Francis and Uncle Caspar's for dinner and then we got ready."

They took the train to Madison and got in at 3:00. "We did a little shopping. It was kind of early so we went down to the stores and we walked around, and then we got in the dimestores and all the pretty things they had for ten cents. We didn't have much room, we had all our suitcases. I went in there and they had a pretty red flower vase and I said I'm gonna take that. Once (in later years) a lady came to our place to sell stuff and she saw that and she said what a beautiful vase, that's an antique--that red glass. I gave it to one of the girls."

After the shopping trip they went to a restaurant for supper then returned to the depot and as Mary recalls: "We sat in the depot and around 6:00 they got a notice there that the streets were so soft because of the heavy rain, so the train was late.

So we sat for three hours and when it came in it was kinda slow--it was just going. We rode all night and all the next day. The next night at 10:00 we got to Mitchell. That night we stayed with my cousin, that was closer, then the next night, we went up to Dad's (Albert's) uncle."

His uncle picked them up and took them around to see a few sights and visit all the relatives in that area. They weren't gone long: "Just a week, we stayed, that's about all we could afford to." His brothers ran the farm while they were gone, and Mary remembers they needed to get back because it was a lot of work to do their own chores and have to take care of another farm as well.

When they arrived in Madison, they were in time for the Cannonball back to Mt. Horeb. The trip took about an hour, fast for those days, which is why they called it "The Cannonball". But it wasn't just the impressive speed that made it a memorable trip.

"That night when we came home from the honeymoon, a guy got on in Madison and he had too much to drink. When they got to Mt. Horeb, people were waiting for him (to get off the train) and when he didn't show up they asked the conductor (where he was). Then he remembered that the man did get on, but they couldn't find him. So they backed the train up and a conductor stood on the platform on each side of the train looking for him.

"Finally, when they got back to Klevenville, they found him laying alongside the tracks." Mary said that apparently when he heard the call for Klevenville, he got out by mistake, but fell and just laid there. When they found him, they picked him up and took him to Mt. Horeb. She remembered: "It took us a long time to get home that night."

Mary still remembers some of the wedding gifts she received. "We got a rug from my dad and mother, 9x12. From aunt Katie we got a china closet. Grandpa Haag gave us money, then we bought furniture." Rose and her brothers also gave them money for their wedding and told them to buy what they wanted.

PART III--LIFE AS MRS. ALBERT HAAG

Beginning Married Life on the Farm in Perry

After their honeymoon in South Dakota, Mary and Albert came back to the farm, which he had purchased on March 1, 1913. Mary remembers: "We had horses, no buggies or anything, just horses. When we bought the farm we got a few cows with it and then the rest we bought, here and there. We had 18 the first year, and we milked them all by hand. Dad was not a good milker--he always said he was not a good milker." (Note: In Part III, when Mary says "Dad" she is referring to Albert.)

Apparently Albert's insistence that he was not a good milker had more to do with preference than patience or ability. Mary said: "Ya, he had the patience, but I done most of the milking. It took us about an hour, and then he had to take the milk about two miles to the factory with the milk rig. It was just a light thing. It held about six cans and the horses pulled it."

There were only dirt roads leading to the farm then and Albert and Mary hauled all their supplies, produce and livestock to and from Mt. Horeb on wagons pulled with horses.

"We had a team of horses. There were no singles; we had a double. While he took the milk to the factory, I'd do the chores, then when he came home we had breakfast. Afterwards he went in the fields and I did my work and we worked that way for quite a while. Then the second year we had more cows so we needed help and his brother came and helped us--Gregor--and then all at once the war broke out. They took Gregor, and then Joe came to help us and finally they took Joe. He (Albert) was lucky he was on the farm or they'd have taken him too. They needed the food so bad.

"Gregor, he had a bad time. He was in the trenches, sometimes a couple of days he laid in the trenches. But Joe was lucky. (Joe had double pneumonia which temporarily put off his assignment overseas.) The war was over by the time he was supposed to go across. When they got home of course, we got a little help then again. And by that time we had the kids who could help a little bit. Not with the field work, but we had a hired girl and she stayed in the house with the kids, then I'd have to help with the chores."

Mary didn't mind chores. Working outside suited her fine. "Oh ya, I liked it. He had to go thrashing lot a times and (he) hitched up the horses and went out and he didn't get home 'til milking time. And he'd have to go for the corn for the hogs you know. They had to have feed in the evening. We just went on like that.

"It was hard work and everything, but these little spats came up and you'd just get over that. Nowadays they don't do that..anything that turns up.. they can't take it. It wasn't right for (us--to leave or give up) and we knew that. We were together, we stayed together. That's what I don't like about now. It's different. Now they got their movie or something after school. And when our kids grew up, too, there was lot of times we didn't have a car. Sometimes they'd go, but when we'd tell them they had to be home about midnight, they were home.

"We had chickens and they had clucks, you know. They'd lay so long and then they'd get in a brood. They'd sit in the nest--you couldn't hardly move them. So we'd put about 12, 13 eggs under them if it was a big hen. And of course, some of them, they took care of them and some of them, they broke half of the eggs. Some of them had 12 chicks. We'd put them in a box and leave them for about four or five days. Then we'd (let) them out of the box, and she'd teach them to go out and come back in.

"We had about 80 or 90. Just enough so we had eggs. The roosters, we'd raise and kill them and eat them. We'd sell the eggs but sometimes you'd only get ten cents a dozen. We took them to the store in Forward. We only lived a mile from the store. We usually got our groceries there. We went to Mt. Horeb too, but that was about ten miles.

"We had hogs, too and when the children got older we'd butcher about six at a time for the winter, then we'd cure the hams. We'd put them in salt water for about six weeks. Warm salt water that carries an egg. You know when it's real strong it carries an egg. When that was cured we'd smoke them and pack them.

"The first years we'd pack them in oats to keep the air off of them. Then if it got too moldy we'd have to cut that off and there was too much waste. (Later) we'd put them in plastic bags. Sometimes we'd can some of it. We'd can beef and pork and venison. We started canning when Art was a baby. Mrs. Disrud

came and she showed me how. One year we put up almost 100 jars of beef.

"We had as many as five horses. When they had the drag they'd put three on, because it was heavy. They put three on the binder, two on the mower. We paid a lot for horses. We had tough luck with one. She ran into the fence, tore open her hide and we had to get rid of her. We had one blind one; we called her Blind Bertie. She'd go as part of a team, but sometimes if there was heavy pulling, she wouldn't go. One guy told us to put sand or dirt in her ears. We tried that once and she shook her ears and kind of forgot about it and started pulling.

"The only time we visited was on Sunday afternoon. We'd go to Haag's or Sutter's. Then we had to go on the milk rigs mostly the first years, before we got a car. And Dad often said we have to let the horses rest. They worked hard all week in the fields and they were tired. They used to stand there and hang their heads and sleep."

Before Albert married, he spent some time out west farming with his uncles. He learned how to operate a steam-powered thrashing machine, thereby earning the title of "engineer". The old thrashers were stationary wooden machines that separated the grain from the straw. The grain was cut and stacked in bundles to dry, then taken to the thrasher.

Mary remembers that Albert came home late sometimes during thrashing season. "You know years ago they stacked the grain. They could thrash in the evening almost as long as they could see." They'd throw it from the stacks right into the thrasher and they could keep on as long as the grain was dry. Once the dew fell, they had to quit."

The thrashing machines were hauled from one farm to another, and generally all the farmers in one area would follow it, helping each other until the thrashing was done. Mary remembers that when she was a child, her dad and a few other farmers went together to buy a thrashing machine, but "after we were married, Fred Schwoerer--he was the neighbor--he had a machine, an engine and everything. He'd go from one to the other."

She said he kept a stockpile of coal to power the steam engine, and Albert was usually the engineer. She remembers: "He

went with (Fred Schwoerer) then, and thrashed all the time. He'd be gone for awhile then--he'd come home every night--but he drove sometimes pretty far for thrashing. They had a big steam engine so he had to get up pretty early and go and fire up. They had to use wood or coal, and they'd have to fire it so they had steam, then when the rest of them come they could start thrashing."

The farmers exchanged labor and usually weren't paid, however, the engineer earned money for his work. "Oh ya, he got paid, the engineer got paid. Wasn't much pay at that time, three, four dollars, five dollars a day or something like that, but it was money."

Generally there were around 12 farmers who would follow the thrasher, spending a day or two at each farm. They'd finish their chores at home then gather to begin thrashing. It was customary for the host farm to supply daytime meals, which Mary remembers was no easy task.

"When the thrashers would all get together, ladies from about three, four places would get together and cook. At (8:00), they come ready to thrash. They thrashed awhile, about an hour or so, and then, about 9:00 they had lunch. We had to make a lunch--we had to serve it. It would be laid out wherever they was...big long tablecloth and they sat around it and ate on the ground.

"We usually had just cupcakes or bread, cheese or something--not much--and coffee. Just a snack and then we had to hurry like sam hill (she laughs) to get dinner ready at 12:00, so it took quite a few. And when you cook for 12 that takes quite a bit you know, to get dinner in a hurry, and then at 3:00 we had lunch again, but for supper they went home. If we had a lot of thrashing to do, sometimes, we had them for two days, so that was quite a lot of work.

"In the dining room we had a table and chairs. That was all we had. I don't think we had one for a long time, we had some the later years. It was a good table..we had it spread out, we could put twelve people on it when we had to. When we had thrashers, that's usually about as many as we had."

Mary said that people depended on each other a lot more then and help among friends and neighbors was given freely. "Ya, it

was that way all over. There were lotta cases on our farm where our boys helped on (another) farm and they worked hard too. Afterwards they needed help, they had to pay for it. Ya, I remember the same family that we helped out, we had to pay to get their help. That's too bad. Live and let live, they'd always say. That's the way. Help together."

In the early years Mary and Albert were farming, they milked only from April until November. "When we first got married we went to the factory--the milk we hauled twice a day. And sometimes it was pretty hot, and you'd have to cool the milk. If you soured milk they didn't want it."

Of course, they'd keep some for their own use. "In the morning we got the milk in and we strained it and we cooled it in cold water and set it in the basement on the floor. Then at supper, we took some for breakfast the next morning. That's the way we had to do it."

At one point, their twice daily hauling wasn't necessary because: "We had a cheesemaker and he boarded at our house for awhile--he was alone. He took the milk in the morning and then in the evening he brought the truck back with the whey."

Eventually they got a cooler which was a series of tubes set in cold water. The milk would run through the tubes and cool down. World War II helped to modernize the farm, because when their sons left for service, milking by hand was too much for Albert and Mary and they got a milking machine.

When it was time to milk, they'd get the lead cow. They always put a bell on her so she'd be easy to find. "We'd start her when we went for home and the rest would follow her." The farm dogs helped too. "The cows didn't like the dog either. Our dog, he would sometimes pinch them in the leg."

In the winter they'd keep a cow or two, just enough to supply milk for the family. "They just let the cows dry." They'd separate the cream and make butter then. Leftover cream was kept a few days and when enough was stored to make the trip worthwhile, it was sent to the Mt. Horeb Creamery.

They also kept sows during the colder months and tried to breed them so that they'd have their young in the spring. With no milk at that time of year they gave them water instead of whey. "We fed them good corn and oats, it was lotta work. And

when the little pigs came, around March, then Dad (Albert) had to go sometime, when it was cold, and put them in a little basket and bring them up in the house and set them by the stove. Some of the pigs would kill the babies so we'd take them away."

Farmers today work hundreds of acres, but Albert and Mary had their hands full with their small farm. "In the spring, Dad had just one plow, and then he used to plow all day long with two horses and that didn't show too much. Eight acres of corn up on the hill, and it took a long time to get those eight acres plowed with the horses, disked then dragged.

"I used to drag then, with horses. Oh ya, I helped in the field. I helped with the mowing. I mowed some grass, but that was kind of dangerous with the (sickle). I tried it. It wasn't so bad when we had the one team, but the other team was really fast. We used to say 'Whoa!' and sometimes they'd stay and sometimes they didn't. One team was really gentle.

"Because there was no machinery, we had to pitch up the hay. And in the fall when there was corn I used to run the corn binder, then Dad shocked it up." When the corn was ripe they had to "sit down and husk the corn in the fall until our hands were almost froze."

Gardens were a must and every farm had a big one. Mary remembers they got some of their seed, "in the stores...the lettuce seed we always used to save, and the carrots we used to save too. We'd save a carrot in the fall and the next spring we'd plant it and then it grows up with high bushes, and the second year we'd get seed. For potatoes, we'd just cut the potatoes up, we usually left three eyes for the potatoes. They said some leave more, but you don't get as many potatoes. Sometimes when we'd dig potatoes out in the fall, we'd see the old potatoes laying in there.

"One year I remember we had such nice heads of cabbage and some kids come at night with slingshots and shot holes in the cabbage, when we lived on the farm. Ya it was lotta waste.

Mary said they grew lettuce, beets, carrots, potatoes, rutabaga, broccoli and cauliflower. "Ya, I never had much luck with cauliflower. Loretta used to give me some heads. She always had nice cauliflower, but mine used to go to seed. Loretta said

she didn't reset it 'til about July. I guess I always had mine (out) too early.

"We had onions, not from seed, we always got the sets. Seed was so slow and when the seed came up you had to weed it, and sometimes you pull the onions with it. We used to buy two pounds of sets. And sometimes we (harvested) almost a bushel. We hung them up until they were dried then we kept them outside until there was frost then we took them in the basement.

"Dad had grubbed out some stumps and then we plowed that up and there we put our potatoes in and our garden. That was quite a ways to walk you know from our place at home, up back in the woods where they dug it out. That used to be a lot of stuff to carry home then. There we put all our beets, not the tomatoes, we kept them at home because they had to be picked everyday. We raised lot a stuff there.

"Albert made a storm cellar. Well, at our new house, we made a cellar, because it was warmer at the new house. When we had our old house we didn't need one, our old house was cold, with the wall in the side of the hill. We used to have that almost filled up. We used to have just a little door in front and everything was stone. Even the top, all he had was a little vent pipe otherwise things would rot. So we put everything in the basement. When we needed it we'd go down and get a pail full of potatoes or carrots for a couple of days, 'cuz we didn't go down there everyday.

"We had apples down there. We had plums at our place. Not when I was growing up, but we had wild plums, oh, the nicest wild plums. They used to grow out in the fence rows. I guess they were sprayed. We used to have a lot of that stuff. We used to go out and pick wild (berries). There was lot of wild strawberries. They were good. The people didn't have much cattle, (then). After the cattle got going,, they'd go in the woods and if there was anything to eat, they'd eat it. That's why the huckleberries went down. Oh there's still some yet in some places, in the hills and ditches."

Despite the long hours and hard work, Mary enjoyed farming. When asked if she ever wanted to do anything else she responded, "Well, I used to think how nice they had it in the cities, but I always liked it on the farm. I hated to leave the farm. I liked to milk, I was a good milker.

"Oh we had some that used to kick. You had to be careful when you started milking. Well, if we had one that was a little bit bad that way, Dad used to take care of her. We used to tie them--you could tie them under the hind legs with a rope, but very seldom. We had one awful hard milker and we always left that one 'til last. Oh she used to kick, but then she was such a good milker. She gave so much milk we hated to sell her.

"I never had trouble with milking cows. When Barbara (Bowar) came from Germany, she had the teat in here (Mary made a fist with her thumb inside.) I tried it a couple of times. I couldn't do it. I gotta have this. (With her thumb up she made a squeezing motion tightening her fingers from top to bottom.)

"Calves that we raised, we never let them suck on the cows because they're hard to train afterwards, but the others we'd always let the cow take care of them, and I think then the cows, are tamer, they're better then. I always thought--when the calves were sold--the cows would stand in the barn and bellar and bellar 'cause the calves, they were gone."

When they kept the calves, they trained them soon after birth to drink out of a pail. This is harder than it sounds since these animals are used to lifting their heads up and bucking against their mothers to get them to let down their milk. Convincing them to drop their heads into a pail and hold them still while they drank took some time.

"We just gave them a pail and pushed their heads down and sometimes they'd knock the pail over." She described how, when they had one that was harder to train, they'd dip their hands in the milk, then let the calves suck on their fingers, all the while lowering their hands until the calf's head was in the bucket. She remembers that, "once they got the taste of it they were okay."

Animal sickness was never a serious problem: "Well sometimes they'd hang their heads and we had to get the vet. When they had calves, sometimes they'd have a little trouble but Dad would help along with that. Now they get the vet right away.

"We had a couple of cows that we lost from bloating. They'd get out in the pasture and they'd get too much alfalfa. And they were dead when we found them. It was too bad, but we didn't know

it--before we noticed they were dead. That time it was $40 or $50 for a cow, now sometimes it's $400."

Of course, they didn't earn the kind of money farmers earn now either. "No, the milk checks weren't like they are now. Lotta times we had to borrow money on the farm. When we went through the depression, that was hard. We had what we raised on the farm, (but) we had to buy sugar and flour. Well we had a big family--we got more rations."

Reliving some of her experiences on the farm makes her think back to those times. "I always say farms were the best thing for the young people. It was the best thing. When evening come, well they always had ball games, hunting, fishing, card playing at home and everything. Now you got movies and all that. Ya it was easier to raise kids on the farm."

It's hard to imagine Mary and Albert farming anywhere but Perry. When Mary was asked if Albert ever had thoughts of leaving the area, she told of a time when memories of working with his uncles in South Dakota made him think about moving west. He probably remembered the wide, flat plains and how easy it was to raise grain.

"Dad (Albert) wanted to move to South Dakota. We were married maybe three years or so, and he said they had such nice (crops)...he had been there before you know and he liked it. Something happened out there that was so great, I guess they had a good crop or something...we just had a good crop too, because we had three stacks of grain, and they thrashed early in the morning and late at night, as long as it was in stacks you know they could thrash it.

"I says 'No!' and Aunt Katy says, 'Oh, what you want to drive out there, you got all those nice stacks of grain.' (He said) "for one thing, it's nice level country.' 'Well,' I says, 'we'd better stay where we are.'

"He wasn't so bound to go. He thought it would be nice to go out there, but we'd have to buy a farm out there and sell our farm here. Of course, he had his brother Joe out there. He had lotta family out there. I only had a cousin out there.

"He was a good man. He always helped me wherever he could. Well, I helped him too, you know. Sometimes he'd go at night to haul the milk to the factory and he'd get home after dark, so I'd go out and clean out (the barrels for the hogs) so he could put the whey in when he got home. And when he got in he'd help me with the dishes or something. And in the winter he always hung the clothes out for me when it was cold. That was nice."

Life and Work

Through the years, gradually the luxuries have become necessities so that now we feel that phones, cars, and hot water are things we can't live without. When Albert and Mary started making a home, they had very few of the items we now consider necessities.

"We didn't have running water when we were married. We had two cream cans...ten gallons, we had them and the well was, I'd say from here to that house there (about 50 yards) In the evening dad went out and filled the cans, took 'em up and set 'em by the range, so we had water in the house for the next day."

Because there was no running water, no piping to bring water in or carry it out, they used dry sinks. To do dishes, the water was heated and poured into basins. Dishes were washed, then rinsed and the rinse water, along with all other water used for cleaning, bathing and washing hands, had to be carried back out.

"Then we had a pail there when we had to carry it out--we couldn't put it in the sink. Afterwards we found--the log house where we lived in--when they remodeled the kitchen (when they tore the old house down) we found that there was a cistern in below the floor, but we didn't know that. (Several years earlier) they had remodeled the house and they covered the whole thing." Mary said she thought it had probably leaked so they covered it.

When asked if the well ever froze she said, "Very seldom, because that was so deep." Although it seemed that in very cold

weather any water standing in the pipes would freeze, Mary said, "Well, no, you had to leave the water down. You had to raise the handle so the water went down so far so it wouldn't freeze--maybe five feet below the ground it didn't freeze, Ya, you had to do it, everybody was used to that. We had good water at our place.

"Afterwards we built the new house, we had to build a new well." Mary said they put running water in the new house and it would have been too far to pump it from the old well. "No it was too much piping, to run the water. We had the pump then. Every time we'd use the water the pump would start.

"Ya, that's why we didn't use the cellar anymore--the outside cellar--it was too far away, but we had a good cellar there, too. Well we did use the old cellar in the new house, but it was so far away. We used to get things up in the morning, for what we needed that day. But after awhile we didn't use it anymore. We got the refrigerator and the freezer. Ya, it was lotta work. The lawn wasn't mowed like it is now. We left the calves go in the yard. We didn't have much flowers at the old house, there was no place for them.

"It was nice--we had a summer kitchen. It was built away from the house, the porch was in between. In the summer we'd eat there. We didn't have to carry so much..well in the winter we moved the stove into the house." Most families moved their cookstove back and forth from the main house to the summer kitchen. Because they had to burn wood in the stove to heat the water, they used a summer kitchen so all the cooking, canning, etc, wouldn't heat up the house and make it uncomfortable to sleep in during the hottest months.

"Ya we couldn't afford two cookstoves. They were heavy. It took three or four men to move it (with the reservoirs they were quite big). Usually around November when it got too cold..."

Mary's son Alban (Butch) joined the conversation then and he reminisced about the summer kitchen: "Ya I remember the summer kitchen..the fly haven. Mother used to get a piece of bread and cut a little hole in it and put soap water down in a jar. (She'd) put honey on the bottom of that bread. The flies would fly around and get in that water and they'd be that thick (measuring an inch or so with his fingers.)

"Remember, Mother, on the screen in the morning, how they'd be against the screen door? You'd take something with a little heat--what did we take then?--a little heat on a rag or something, a little gasoline, then their wings would burn and we'd sweep them up, half a dustpan full, you'd get. They'd sit on the door."

Mary added, "In the fall, it'd be cold outside and they'd want to get in to that heat. They'd get so stiff they couldn't move."

Farm Food--Plain But Plentiful

Just as when she was growing up, homemade bread was an important part of each meal. "We made white bread and rye bread. We always had good rye bread when we made it ourselves. We had a good recipe for that. I used yeast and then I used again as much white as I used rye. It wasn't so strong and then it would raise nice. It was good rye bread that we made.

"The first years we bought yeast--it was in cakes--then later on, they came out with Spookies and that was really a good kind of yeast. It was a starter and then you took the potato water and two tablespoons of sugar and stirred that up and when that was cooled you mixed it together and shook it. The next morning it was strong (ready to use).

"Lotta people, (like bread) when it comes out of the oven--I can't eat it then, it kind of balls up. I like it fresh, (but) I like it cold. The last years we separated milk, and we got nice fresh cream and we'd put it on bread, and sorghum on and jam or something.

"I used to make four big pans and I used to put two loaves in there. I made sometimes almost fifty loaves of bread a week, when they were all home. They weren't all that big. Used up a whole sack of flour. We had lot of bread. I used lard and water and yeast and flour. I never put sugar in the bread.

"I put sugar in when we made breakfast rolls. We made them a lot. Put sugar and cinnamon and they'd raise up high. We had

woodstoves at that time with big ovens in there. When we baked we had to have the stoves pretty hot. But after they got hot once, they stayed hot for quite awhile.

"We always made all our pancakes from scratch. We had lot a pancakes. We made butter, so we had our own buttermilk. Not in the summer--it was hot--but in the fall we made butter. We used to make fried potatoes with buttermilk too, that was good.

"And we had our own lard. We baked everything with lard, cookies and cakes and everything. It was great for fried potatoes--all that fat stuff we ate and people didn't think nothing of it. We must have worked it all off.

"One year I had twenty gallons, and I don't know how we could keep it. Twenty gallons of lard--it seems that would get rancid. We kept it in the cellar, and just took out so much in a jar and kept it in the pantry. I don't know how it kept without getting rancid, but they said they feed the pigs different now--too much corn--and they have different feed.

"We used to make one cake that Dad always used to like, buttermilk and lard, raisins. No nuts, we didn't have time to pick nuts then and we never bought much of that stuff. It was always expensive and we didn't always have the money."

Did she ever have ice cream? "At home we did; that's the only time we had ice cream--when we made it. We took cream and then we made like a pudding and turned it in (an ice cream bucket). We had to go and buy ice for that. It wasn't too cheap to make, but it was good. We all sat there and turned it until it got just ready to eat, and closed it up and left it and it stayed in the ice. We kept the ice around it. We used to make it when we had parties or we'd get it on Sundays."

Mary's children may remember, with mixed feelings, another delicacy: stink cheese. She says they soured the milk by letting it stand in a warm place, like on the back of the stove, until it curdled. Next it was strained to get the whey off and then put it in a jar to let it stand. After four or five days, when it got slimy, it was cured.

The ability to appreciate stink cheese depended on getting past the smell. Mary said she remembered that whenever Albert's mother made a batch, she'd save some for Fred Schwoerer, a neighbor, one of those rare individuals who really appreciated it. At times, it was also made at the cheese factory and she

remembered when one of Albert's jobs was hauling it to New Glarus.

He had a load of stink cheese on his wagon one day, and as usual, a huge swarm of flies followed him along. He met a hitchhiker on the way and picked him up. After several miles of sniffing and glancing around the man finally asked Albert if he too, hadn't noticed an awful smell that seemed to be following them. Albert laughed and said that yes, he'd noticed it, too, then told him what was in the wagon.

Another strong, but more tolerable smell is sauerkraut, one of Mary's favorite foods. Cabbage in many forms was a staple through the years since it kept through the winter. "Cabbage we made different ways. My mother, she liked it just with vinegar and a little sugar, cooked. She ran it through the chopper and it was real fine."

Fresh homemade pickles were another delicacy that rounded out many meals. "I remember the first years when we didn't can yet, we made them in big five-gallon jars. (We) put the pickles in, then put dill in them and covered them with grape leaves. Then we'd eat pickles and pickles until they were gone. They were all dill pickles, didn't have no other kind, then afterwards when they started canning, they came out with recipes (for other kinds). But still the most people go for the dill.

"We never grew herbs except for dill because we never had seed. I suppose we could have raised things like that but people didn't know so much about it. And we'd buy cinnamon and nutmeg. Nutmeg especially, we liked that in a lot of things, pumpkin pies."

Cows, chickens and pigs provided most of the meat for the family, but Albert enjoyed hunting, especially for squirrel, rabbit and deer, which added to the variety of food the family could enjoy.

Mary remembers some of the other animals that were plentiful in Perry at that time: "We had foxes and wolves, no bears, they had them up north. The wolves were black.. Coyotes, ya we had those. Coyotes and foxes and skunks they trapped for their fur." She remembered one time when "Dad had seven of them hanging.

They sold them. That time they got three and a half dollars and they thought that was a big price. There were skunks but they knew how to handle them. They trapped and skinned raccoons too."

Hunting wasn't confined to wild animals, however. There is a plant called ginseng that the Chinese use to make a health tonic. Wild ginseng is preferable for that purpose and southwestern Wisconsin is one of the few places in this country it grows naturally. Many of Mary's children and grandchildren have hunted for the plant, but as Mary remembers, "Dad was the one that started ginseng (in his family). He got $3 a pound for the first ones he sold. It was advertised in the papers. He went out and dug them."

Raising a Family

Mary and Albert had 12 children: Leonore Saloma (Lee), born June 22, 1914; Arthur Joseph (Art), born October 4, 1916; Alban Lawrence (Butch), born January 16, 1918; Roman Joseph (Romie), born August 23, 1919; Clement Joseph (Clem), born August 29, 1921; William Jerome, born June 16, 1923; Wallace Albert, September 12, 1925; Gladys Mary, born December 10, 1927; Frederick Lawrence (Fritz), born, November 21, 1929; Theresa Loretta, (Terri), born January 12, 1932; Christine Josephine (Kris), born August 4, 1933, Monica Mary (Heartsy), born May 27, 1936.

As of this writing in early 1994, 11 are still sharing their memories of growing up in Perry. Wallace, physically and mentally handicapped from birth, died after a severe case of mumps on June 4, 1944.

Mary remembers when Lee was born. Was she frightened? "No. The first time you don't know what's coming. She was born at 11:00 in the morning. I noticed in the morning when I got up I had pain, you know, and the doctor said when I have pain I should let him know, because he had to ride from town with the buggy--from Mt. Horeb. So we called him and he came and he was there awhile.

"It come slowly. She was born and he took care of me and then he went home. And then in a week he came back and checked me over. We had to lay nine days in bed. On the seventh and eighth day you could be up but on the ninth day you had to be back in bed. It's so that everything goes back in place they said."

At that time, they thought new mothers needed a long rest, but when it was time to get up, Mary wasn't sure it had been such a good idea. "After the ninth day when I got up I used to be so weak I could hardly walk. That's an honest fact. For two days or so I could hardly walk. I couldn't move my leg and my heels, they used to get so sore. So they'd rub my leg and heels to get the circulation back.

"If they had let me up a day or two after, maybe it would have been ok, like they do now. Of course, they have more attention now. They go to the doctor before (for pre-natal care). About six weeks before the baby came, we'd get a doctor."

Albert was there when the babies were born: "Oh ya, they was usually there, (but) they were not much help." She remembers that he was concerned about her, "but it was one of those things--everyone went through it."

Was there any celebration? "We didn't have that--a person was always glad when it was over. I had a helper and she stayed there. She done the work and washed the clothes, and Grandma (her mom) used to come over and help and so did Grandma Haag."

"Some of the boys (his brothers) came over and helped. And then when it was time to baptize the babies, Grandma Haag, she took them to church. One time I remember, they took Butch to get baptized and it was a cold, cold winter. She wrapped him up and they got in the sleigh and they had to drive across the fields, because the road was closed up. And Grandma said she was so scared, 'Oh, so we don't tip over,' she said."

Mary didn't go along to the baptism. "Oh no, they wouldn't let me go out. It was too cold. Well, sometimes it would be three weeks before I went to church or out. People didn't go out." It seemed unusual that they'd let a tiny baby out, but Mary said, "Ya, well they wrapped him up. I said, 'Be careful you don't cover up his face too much.'"

Nowadays, many afternoons or evenings of reminiscing are accompanied by photos, but Mary has very few of her family when they were young. She said it was difficult to get pictures when it meant a long trip to Mt. Horeb. She remembered it took two hours to get there and by then the kids were tired and not in the best of moods. "One would move and the others would be still, then that one would be still and one of the others moved." And they still had a two-hour ride home afterwards.

With the birth of three children and another (Roman) on the way, Albert and Mary decided they needed a better to way to haul their growing family around. In 1919, they bought their first car for $650. It was a 1916 Maxwell Touring car with side curtains. Mary remembers that they were quite excited to get the car: "Alban was a baby. It was pretty nice. It was easier to go to church and all over, otherwise we couldn't have done it with just the milk rig." Shortly after they bought the new car, they found a good use for it. Albert's mother had been eager to see a famous church--Holy Hill--near Milwaukee.

Mary recalls, "We went with Dad's car. Butch was five months old at that time. It was for a short visit. At that time they had the stations. The church was way up on a hill and they started stations below. It was pretty. Of course everybody wanted to see that. Well, to tell the truth, Grandma (Haag) wanted Joe (Albert's brother) to go there. Joe had to go to service. And she said, 'Lets go to Holy Hill once before you go.'

So we went up there. Then some people came and they sang all night. They didn't even go to bed. They prayed and sang all night. And Aunt Bertha, (Dad's sister) she was along too, and she was about 10 years old. The people sang all night and she couldn't sleep. It was just too much noise. We stayed at a hotel. We had just one room. She said during the night, 'I can't sleep. I wish they'd go to bed.'"

Albert and Mary didn't have the first car in the neighborhood. Mary remembers: "Uncle George Schmidt, he was the first. He had a Buick. And when Sunday came we always went over to his place--we took the kids to church and in the afternoon we went over and he took us--he had a place up in his pasture, a

nice flat place, and he'd give us each a ride. It was an open car.

"I was a bit frightened at first when we got ours. I didn't know if Dad could handle it but he was pretty good at driving. Dad drove many cars and he never had an accident. Once somebody parked too far out in the road and he bumped that a little bit.

The last time he drove was in Madison. He was driving around and kept going and all at once a (police officer) behind him had his lights on and wanted him to stop. Then we pulled over and noticed it was a funeral. But we didn't notice the lights. The (officer) asked to see Dad's license and Dad took it out and showed it to him and Dad asked what happened. And he said, 'Well there's a funeral there. Didn't you notice that?" And Dad said no he didn't and I hadn't noticed either. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll let you go this time. You've never had any accidents--(Albert was in his 80's at the time) but remember after this, you be careful.'"

Did Mary ever drive? "No never. I often wish that I did. All my kids drive it but I never did."

While cars made it possible to get around easier, Mary thought they had their drawbacks too. Once the cars came, "they started then to go out more. When Sundays come, and the nights too, they started to go out more to dances and to parties further away." She talked about how close the first few generations were in this country but in the 1990's, her grandchildren are spread out all over the United States.

In 1920 women earned the right to vote. Mary remembers it as a responsibility she took seriously. "They said the women can vote too now, so we had to go pack up and I didn't know which was which and what I should do or nothing, so I had to have Dad tell me what to do." Mary was more nervous than excited about this new chance to vote. "I just wanted to do it right."

Clem was born in 1921, a few days before Lee began first grade at Spring Valley School, the same wooden schoolhouse that Albert and Mary had attended. Although Mary remembers they didn't get to school everyday: "At first we didn't have a way of transporting them. There was no one to board them up there. My

mother was there but she couldn't handle them anymore. But they all went to the parochial school.

"Clem was the first one that went to high school. We had the car then that time. He learned to drive the car. Then the rest of them went to high school. And the girls they had to stand up by the road sometimes half an hour if the bus was late or there was a storm or something. Sometimes they'd stand up there and they'd get too cold and they'd come home and then all at once the bus comes. Sometimes they missed it. You can't do much when you're far away."

Mary remembered one time during a particularly bad storm that Albert took the car to Spring Valley to pick up the kids. Since he arrived quite early he stopped at the cheese factory to visit. After awhile he went to the school but no one was there. Because of the bad storm, the teacher had let the kids out early and they had walked home and Mary was relieved they made it home okay since the storm was so bad.

The family grew with the addition of Bill, Wallace and Glady. Mary and Albert were fortunate because "Josephine (Bleifus--Albert's sister) had lots of clothes that she got in Madison." Josephine worked for some families who, as Mary said, didn't wear out their clothes, so Josephine passed them on. "In town they'd just get new ones. Butch got a nice coat from her once, a light one. That fit him so nice. He wore it a long time. Then I cut it up--the lining was wool and the outer part was wool--so I cut it up in blocks and I made a nice little quilt for a crib. We made use of that for a long time on the small beds. It was always, 'save here' and 'save there' what you could.

"We got a lot of clothes from other people, those that didn't need 'em anymore. We always took them because they always fit either one or the other. Sometimes the kids didn't like them. Sometimes I got some coats and stuff and then I made (other clothes from them) Chris wore some of them, too. That time they was satisfied with it. When they got a little older, then...(the old clothes weren't so acceptable anymore). But you know there's lot a people had nice clothes in Madison where Josephine worked, of course they give 'em away, and she always brought 'em out."

When they had to buy something, it was often purchased from a catalog. "Oh ya, we'd do that on the farm, we always done that. It was easier. I know after we were married I bought a nice set of dishes. It was a whole set for 12 and when we got it, that was a big box, there was nothing broke. We got a (Sear's) catalog. People done lot more (catalog shopping back then). We didn't have a store in Madison--that was in Chicago. Now they got Sear's stores in Madison.

"We bought lotta stuff. Sometimes we had to send it back. That was the worst of it, because we had to wait 'til we could go to town, because the mailman lotta times didn't take the packages. After they got older we took them to town. We went to New Glarus, for Art, that time, he got a new suit. Sometimes they didn't like it, they wanted more the stylish stuff. Art wore it then Alban wore it." Alban was about a foot taller then Art, but Mary said that didn't matter. They made do.

Mary remembers "Our kids hated that when they had to go in the tub." She said that Art in particular did not enjoy bath time. Mary shook her head as she recalled it was no easy chore to get Art in that tub. "We had a hired girl. She was pretty strict that way. Then we had homemade soap (which was pretty harsh on the skin), and she made them sit in that tub. She was pretty strong and she held them down and made them wash-- that was Lucy."

The big family was outgrowing their house, and Mary and Albert began thinking about building a new one. In late summer of 1929, Albert began quarrying stones for the basement of the new house. The family's first tractor, a Titan, was bought to help haul them. In November of that year, measles hit the family and almost everyone was sick, including Albert. In the middle of the sickness, Fritz was born and the family needed help.

Grandma Haag and Mrs. Frank Koenig came to the rescue, caring for the family and helping Mary after childbirth. Despite extra blankets and a constant fire in the stove, the severe cold made it difficult to keep the house warm and care for the sick family.

The experience made the thought of a warm, tight house especially attractive and in the spring of 1930 work began in

earnest. In late August 1930, they moved into their new home. Thanks to a 32-volt electrical system, they had electric lights.

Mary remembers: "The first time we really bought furniture was when we moved into the new house. Then we got a davenport and a bed, a spring and a mattress and a china cabinet with the mirror on top. I think that was around $20--we bought it at a second-hand store. I think Aunt Josephine knew the people and they had a sale and she told us about it. And then material was ten cents a yard, that nice curtain material, so we made our own drapes for the living room."

Shortly after moving into their new house, they bought a radio from Mary's brother, Leo. "Ya, Frank Goebel lived up on the farm next to us. And he came when we got that and he used to come down 'cuz he didn't have a radio and he used to come down and listen to Father Coughlin. That was at our new house."

The program they listened to was called "Social Justice." Mary remembers: He said people should be careful about who they vote for. I guess they didn't vote right because it's been worse ever since."

Terri was the first baby born in the new house, in 1932, and Kris was born the following year. These were the Depression years and times were hard, although many said that farms were the best places to be, because those families always had food.

Purchases were kept to a minimum however, since money was scarce. Records from the Spring Valley School showed that in 1935 Albert was contracted to clean the grounds and trim the trees for the humble sum of $2.00. Two years later he received the contracts for repairing the swings and the porch, work he was happy to have even though it paid only $.40 an hour.

But the family was growing and Albert and Mary decided an electric washing machine would save considerable time. They paid for it with a load of hogs, a cow and a few cents besides. Though times were difficult, they managed to continue building on to the farm and upgrading their farm implements.

In 1935, Mary remembers, "We went to Rapid City--Marcella's (Albert's sister) wedding trip. It was a month after they got married, but they made up their mind to go out. It wasn't so busy at home. Marcella, Ray (Wiest, her husband) and Grandma

(Haag--Albert's mother) and I. The kids were pretty much grown and Lee came home for a couple of days." (To watch over the family so Mary could go). They stopped at Mitchell the first night then drove on to Rapid City.

"That was a nice place there we had. I remember we had our room and our breakfast for $7 a piece. It was not a hotel, it was those homes. We went through a tunnel and went to Mt. Rushmore. The roads were just one (lane) around the hill. If you had to pass somebody, there was just a ways where you had to stop and let them go by. Then you look down and down and down, no fence, no guardrails. Grandma (Haag) says, 'My goodness!'"

In May 1936, the last child, Heartsy, was born. Mary remembers: "When Heartsy was born, Ida came to see me and she says, 'how can you have that many children?' I don't know how you can do it?'

"Well, I says, you have to do it. They come and you have to take care of them."

The winter of 1936-37 was one of the worst on record. Mary recalls: "That's when the boys had to go to Forward to get the flour, on skis, to get a sack of flour--25 pounds. They couldn't get 50 pounds--it was too heavy. Then when we had to go to town--that time we had cream--and we used to have the can there nearly a week before we could get out. I said, 'Did they take that cream?'

"It was kind of old. They didn't ask or anything. They said they took it. It was churned up. I suppose it was so cold it stayed good. Butch said: "Remember 1936, Mother, when the school was closed for six weeks? You could walk across the fences. It would drift in places and get so hard it would carry you." Mary remembered, "On the way to Mt. Horeb they could reach the telephone wires."

Butch talked about he and Art riding their skis for flour and groceries. "Ya, that was about a mile and a quarter through the woods, straight across to Forward. We went down there on snowshoes and brought home flour for us and Frank Goebel. You couldn't go with horses. Dad was going to go with horses--remember--he started out that morning and the horses went from maybe here out to the road (50 yards or so). They'd step on (the snow), cut a hole (in it) and they'd break through. Pretty soon they had blood on their legs."

Mary said it was like ice, it had frozen so hard. Butch continued--"It was just enough to carry them 'til they got their full weight on it then they'd break through. No way they could have gotten out of there. 'Course with skis, you went right across the fences and everything." He said they brought home a 25 pound sack of flour and other groceries too. They didn't have a sleigh--they just carried everything in sacks on their backs. "We were on skis. It was just as handy as walking. I think it was 25 pound bags--we only brought one bag of flour, and I think (they) shared it or something.

"Then the caterpillar cut through. It was gonna open the road. You had to shovel on each side and if you were 20 feet ahead of it when it hit that snow, you could feel it. That snow was frozen that hard. It was so cold and as the wind blew that snow in there, it froze."

In the early 40's, they bought their first refrigerator. Mary remembers, "That was a second-hand. The people that (we bought it from), he had to go to the service so they had to sell it. We paid $34 for it."

Mary's own sons soon were called into the service. Romie left first in November, 1941 and served in the Pacific Arena four years. Mary remembers that at one time they hadn't heard from him for two months. She was worried that he may have tried to write something unacceptable in one of his letters and then they wouldn't let him write home anymore. The priest told her not to worry about that--they knew what they could say. He thought it was more likely that Romie was moving to a new spot.

"Then one day we got a letter. He was out in Hawaii, guarding the mustard gas. When he come home we asked him what that was and he says, "We were in rubber suits, and he said one guy had a gas mask on and it leaked and both his eyes burned, just from that little leak. Seven hours they were watching, was on guard, then they went back again, then they went out again. And sometimes he said his shoes were so wet he could feel everything wet. I think it was two months they were on that. Then they had another group come in."

Butch and Art entered the army together in January 1942 and were assigned to the same medical unit. They were stationed in

England for two and a half years. Mary especially remembers when Butch and Art came home. "When the boys came home from the service that time, that was a really..really happy day. I remember when the war was over, it came on the radio that the war ended. Dad came home from the field. 'Good,' Dad said. 'The men didn't know when to stop, but God stopped it.' "I know he (Butch) come the 15th of August. He and Art came home; they was always together. They called in the morning. They was in Madison by Aunt Josephine's."

Albert and Mary had mixed feelings about the war. Although Hitler was a terrible man, they felt that Roosevelt went back on a promise. "Well, what did Roosevelt do? He promised when our boys went to war, he said they'll never leave our country. And Albert's cousin, she had a boy who went and felt worried. And I said just think of it--we've got four boys in there. Think what's gonna happen. She said, 'No, he promised they'll never leave our country.' Of course, Hitler was terrible."

Did that bother her at that time, that she was German and it was one of her country's leaders doing these things? "No, we didn't think too much about it. We were here and they were in Germany. We just thought it was bad that he would do that. Then when World War II came I said, well, we've had wars before and they all came back (Albert's brothers). Let's hope they all come back.

"Well, my dad always said, you figure every 20 years there would be a war. They say as long as people don't get together--they should all have the same intentions and go together. At first, years ago when we grew up, we weren't supposed to get together with the Lutherans, we (had) to stay with our own company. But after we grew up we mixed in with them quite a bit. We always got along with them, but there was a time when some kids in school, they didn't want nothing to do with the Catholics--the Norwegians. Because we were Catholic, they (the Norwegians) didn't like that religion."

Mary recalls, "When the boys was all in the service, we had to take the milk up to the main road. Fritz was 12 or 13. We had to milk the cows and put the milk into the milk cans and take them out on the truck and haul it up. And Fritz drove the truck,

and Terri could drive it too. They had a good system set up then where they'd take the truck in the morning and drop off the milk, then walk on to school. When they returned in the evening, they'd bring the truck back with the milk cans.

One day when Terri was driving, she came down the hill, turned the truck around and backed up to the milkhouse but hit the brakes a little too late and hit the milkhouse. Mary remembers that when Albert got to the house and saw the damage he calmly said, "Ya, that's something to fix again."

Although Terri was spared a scolding from her father, Mary recalls, "Did they ever tease her about that." But it didn't discourage Terri. "Terri was one that would take a chance at anything."

She remembers another incident when Terri was quite young. "She had to get the cows and she was going to ride the horse back to get (them). It was pretty near two miles to the pasture. On the way home, when the horse went down a hill, she slid off and she said 'Whoa!' and the horse stopped. She just pulled the horse home then. She was lucky."

Mary remembers another incident when Terri was about 12. "Dad said, 'Today we have to take the calves out to pasture,' (because)it was spring. So they got them out but they had an awful stubborn one. (Terri put a rope on it and) pulled awhile and when she couldn't pull any more, then she put the rope around her waist. All at once the calf started to run and it pulled her down. She was laying on her back when she fell. And I tried to run after her, but the calf went just that far (beyond her so she couldn't catch up) and then finally she got to a place where there was a tree.

"The calf got back of that tree and that kind of slowed her down. Terri wasn't hurt too bad, she had (enough padding because of her) clothes. But I wouldn't have got her if (that calf had made it) up to that pasture. She couldn't have taken that too (much longer). Mary said that some were afraid of the cows, "But Terri, she went right out like the hired men."

Although milking cows for a living meant a lot of hard work, Mary said they found ways to have fun. Depending on who was in the barn milking, they might get together for a song and serenade the animals. Mary thought they enjoyed that--she sensed that it

calmed them--but one of her sons had a different opinion. Mary remembers the day, "Fritz walked into the barn and said we should quit singing or the cows were going to give sour milk."

Most farms kept bulls back then and Mary remembers they commanded much respect. She recalled: "One day when Kris was walking (home from) school, she had to climb a tree because the bull was after her and she had to stay in the trees until the cows went to the barn for milking."

Bulls caused their share of problems on the farms, but for Mary, it was her children who often kept her on her toes. One day "I told them to go out and pick me some apples and I'd make a pie for dinner. So they went out and all of a sudden Art came back crying, 'Romie fell out of the tree.'" Albert wasn't home and Mary couldn't leave the rest of the children, so they went to the neighbor's house and Rose Goebel took Romie to Mt. Horeb to the doctor. His arm was broken and the doctor set it.

But there was another time when it looked much worse. Apparently, Art thought life was a bit dull one day. He arranged himself on the floor of the hay barn so that it looked as though he had fallen. He lay perfectly still and when Butch saw him he assumed the worst. Butch ran out of the barn and tore up to the house screaming "Art's a goner, Art's a goner." Mary just couldn't get there fast enough. She was so afraid to come upon the worst, but says, "I went over there in the barn and Art sat there and laughed. No, I didn't punish him. I was glad. I said you mustn't do such things."

Mary remembered another "cow incident" that involved her nephew in some daredevil antics. "That was Rose's Don. They used to come on vacation. (One day) he went into the pasture, went along with the boys when they got the cows. He told them he was gonna ride home. So he jumped on one of them heifers and (it jumped up and down) and he hung on and all at once down he went. But he wasn't hurt. None of our kids ever would have tried it, but he was from town and he didn't know how dangerous that was. Ya that used to scare us, lot a things used to scare us."

Mary remembers that Albert suffered from severe headaches. "Oh ya, he got sick a lot. He had such headaches. Sometimes he

had headaches in the morning and he couldn't get up. I got up and got the cows home and then when I got home we'd milk. We had the milk machine and Fritz could help. He wasn't in the service yet. (But) in the last years he didn't (have headaches) like that."

Mary doesn't remember having aspirin back then. "Well I suppose they had it, but we didn't know what to take. Alpenkrider--that was the one medicine we'd take. That was a German medicine and that's what the people used. Everybody used that, that was stomach medicine and headache medicine, but you know it didn't help (Dad's headaches)." Mary said alpenkrider meant herbs from the mountains.

She remembers the time "Art had pneumonia pretty bad--he was about 14. (It was) in the winter. The doctor told us to open the doors, keep your sweaters and jackets on, but keep cold air until you got rid of the fever. That was Dr. Evans. He had medicine, too, but he said that cold air helps take the fever down." She said it was awfully cold and remembers, "we shivered sometimes when we sat there."

When it was time for socializing, those activities centered around church and dances and parties in people's homes. "There used to be lot a card games at church. Mostly older people played that. The younger people played their own games. They played 500. Black Peter was just a game for younger people." It was similar to Old Maid, but the person who was left with the odd card got a black mark on his or her face. "The older people they sat and watched it and laughed at who got blacked up. We were pretty careful. We tried not to get it."

Mary says they also played euchre or bridge and she talked about another very serious card game called Scott where two people played against another person. It was based on bidding and Jacks were highest, worth 12 points. Mary remembers: "Dad knew that and the boys, they learned that. They were always in the house (after chores were done in winter) and they couldn't get out, so they learned it. It was all in your head, and it was quiet. It was hard to learn--I never knew how they played. Nobody could talk because, they got to study it out."

The parties and dances Mary talked about when she was a child continued to be popular in Perry, although once people started driving cars, they could go further from home.

In 1949, Mary and Albert built a new brick home at 204 S. 7th St. in Mt. Horeb. They lived there until October 30, 1989 when they moved to their daughter Lee's home in Columbus. Two years later, they moved to a group nursing home in Barneveld. Albert passed away June 23, 1992.

Mary remembers that his last few years were difficult. she said that when they were in Barneveld: "I was homesick there a lot and Dad didn't feel good. He was sick and he wanted to go home. He wanted that belt off."

Because he fell easily, he was restrained in a wheelchair with a belt. "Sometimes when the boys come and they talked, then he was alright. But there was days, you know, when he couldn't talk. You'd talk but he didn't care to pay attention. He didn't feel good I guess. Lot a times he says, 'Oh I wish I could die.' Well, I says, 'Dad, we have to wait 'til the time comes. But,' I says, 'don't you like it here? We got it pretty nice. You got a nice place to sleep. They feed you good.'

"'Ya,' he said, 'but still, it's not home,' he said. He was so busy at home. As long as he could work he was always going, always doing something. Ya, I can often see him, walk. Carry one pail of pickles on this side, beans on the other. He'd come up to the house and I thought, now we'll have some work again. But at the end he couldn't do that. We just had a little garden--just a few things. The last I remember, we didn't have any more cabbage I think, just the lettuce and that stuff. We used to have about 40 heads of cabbage down there. And after they was good and ripe, they just looked white on top."

Mary says she wouldn't want to raise kids these days. If she had young children growing up in the late 20th Century her advice would be: "Well, for one thing, I say, stay with your religion and do what you learn in church with your catechism and stay with your religion. Be good to your neighbor. Say your prayers. I think if they keep on saying their prayers they stay with it. I feel sorry for the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren. I think they'll see hard times."

Religion was always an important part of life for Mary and Albert. "Church and taxes came first. Each paid the priest so much every month." Whenever possible they attended church, although she remembers that: "Years ago that wasn't like it is now. If you missed a Sunday once in awhile that wasn't so bad."

Looking over her life of 104 years, Mary thought about Lee being born in 1914. 80 years have passed and though it seems like such a short period of time, 80 years into the future seems far away. Mary said, "If you look back, it's not that far, but if you look ahead, it's a long time."

Part IV: MARY SUTTER'S ANCESTORS

Thanks to Nancy Zwetter Sutter and her son Tom of Mt. Horeb, for sharing the genealogy materials from which the following information is taken.

LUDWIG SUTTER (Mary's paternal grandfather)

Ludwig Sutter was born November 9, 1825 in Leinheim, the Granduchy of Baden, Germany. His father, Franz Joseph was a tailor. His mother's maiden name was Agatha Scheible. His parents were married July 25, 1821 in the parish church at Leinheim in Baden, Germany. His paternal grandparents were Xavier Sutter and Verena Scheible. His maternal grandparents were Johan Scheible and Elisabeth Schneider.

He enlisted and served as a soldier in the revolution of 1848. One source says that when the war ended, he went to Switzerland where he stayed until he emigrated to America. He arrived at the port of La Havre in New York on May 27, 1850 aboard the ship Bavaria. He was 24. He worked his way across the country, spending time in New York, New Jersey and Illinois before settling in Madison in 1854. There he applied for citizenship September 25, 1857.

On April 12, 1958, he married Kreszentia Heller at Holy Redeemer Church in Madison. The priest was Father Michael Haider and the witnesses were Leopole Eichmann and Mathian Moehmer, both of Madison. Ludwig and Crescentia had 10 children: Joseph, Julia, August, Frank, Ludwig Jr., Mary, Frances, Leo, Grace and William.

They continued to live in Madison for 13 more years. He was involved in various occupations over the years, working at one time for Judge Vilas. He also became acquainted with many farmers throughout the area later on when he worked as a wheat dealer.

He moved to Perry in 1871 where he bought a farm. In the winter "he augmented his meager income by hauling loads of sawed wood (for fuel) to Madison. When the sleighing was good, more frequent trips were made with teams of horses, sometimes daily.

He had good horses and alternated two teams for the daily trips. If he left at three o'clock in the morning, under good conditions he would be back by 6:00 at night."

Ludwig was an ardent Democrat. On election day, he traveled around the settlement with his team to take voters to the polls, so as not to be outdone by friend and neighbor Lawrence Post, a staunch Republican who did the same.

He moved back to Mt. Horeb in 1900 or 1901 where he lived for three more years until his death May 28, 1904. He died of intestinal cancer from which he had suffered for about a year.

Ludwig died at his home in Mt. Horeb May 28, 1904. At that time his estate was appraised and found to be worth $12,811 in real property and $1,163 in personal property.

An auction was held Feb. 12, 1907 at the homestead. A newspaper clipping in the Mount Horeb Times listed the following property for sale: 19 head of cattle, 6 brood sows, 110 chickens, binder, 2 mowers, hay rake seeder, reaper, corn cultivator, sulky corn plow, corn sheller, 4 horsepower saw rig, 2 bob sleighs, truck wagon, milk rig, 2 stubble plows, breaking plow, fanning mill, drag, platform scales, 2 fur robes, 5 milk cans, hog rack, hay rack, grindstone, 80 bushels of corn, 75 bushels of oats, 8 tons of hay, some household goods and other articles.

The above paragraphs include information from an interview with Roman Sutter of Mt. Horeb on April 4, 1961, as reported in the book, 100 Years, by (Father) Andrew R. Breines.

CRESZENTIA HELLER (Mary's paternal grandmother)

Creszentia Heller was born February 15, 1836 in Assamstadt in Baden, Germany. On her marriage record, the town is listed as Armstadt. Her parents were Christian Heller and Julia Goble. She died of old age and bronchitis March 18, 1913 in Perry at the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Julia and George Schmidt. Her father died when she was an infant. She came to this country with her mother, brothers and sisters as a young girl. Her mother, Julia Goble Heller was born in 1802. After her husband's death, she came to America in 1854 with her children Grace (Crescentia), Mary, Peter, August and Philomena. She lived in Perry for 16 years, then moved near Pleasantville, Iowa with her sons around 1870.

Shortly before Christmas in 1883, she moved back to Perry and planned to spend the rest of her days with Mary (Mrs. Lawrence Post) and Grace (Mrs. Ludwig Sutter). However, according to an article in the June 6, 1884 issue of the Blue Mounds Weekly News, she had become homesick for her Iowa home and returned accompanied by her grand-daughter Julia Sutter.

The following year, at the beginning of March, Mary and Grace received a telegram announcing that their mother was severely ill with heart disease. They left immediately for Iowa to be with her. They returned later, thinking their mother had improved, but she died the day after they left, March 19, 1885.

GEORGE SCHMIDT (maternal grandfather)

George Schmidt was born in Germany, February 2, 1821. He came to America and settled in Perry in the early 1850's. He died Sept. 28, 1905 on the farm which he settled. He and Frances Konle had five children: George Jr., Albert, August, Theresa and Katherine. Infant twins, apparently died in childbirth or shortly thereafter.

FRANCES KONLE (maternal grandmother) Born in 1826, died in 1907.

JOSEPH SUTTER (father)

Joseph Sutter was born May 9, 1859, died August 7, 1931. He married Theresa Schmidt April 2, 1883. Various newspaper items on Joseph Sutter from the Mt. Horeb Times include the following:

December 23, 1909--"Joe Sutter was connected upon the telephone line #82 yesterday. His ring is #16. A Christmas joy to the family."

August 31, 1931 (obituary)--"Joe Sutter was born in Madison where he lived until his parents moved to a farm near Perry in 1876. In 1924 he retired from active farming and moved to Mt. Horeb. He suffered a stroke in 1929.

THERESA SCHMIDT (mother)

Born March 14, 1860, died November 4, 1936, following a short illness.

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