



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **Centennial history, Township of Springdale, Dane County, Wisconsin : souvenir booklet, 1848-1948. 1948?**

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1948?

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/3BEM3U55OUC2V8K>

This material may be protected by copyright law (Title 17, US Code).

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

Mt. Horeb Public Library  
105 N. Grove St.  
Mt. Horeb, WI 53572

# Centennial History

TOWNSHIP OF

# SPRINGDALE

DANE COUNTY, WISCONSIN



1848

1948

5  
[Handwritten scribble]



977.5

161421

MT. HOREB PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9078 02049 0497

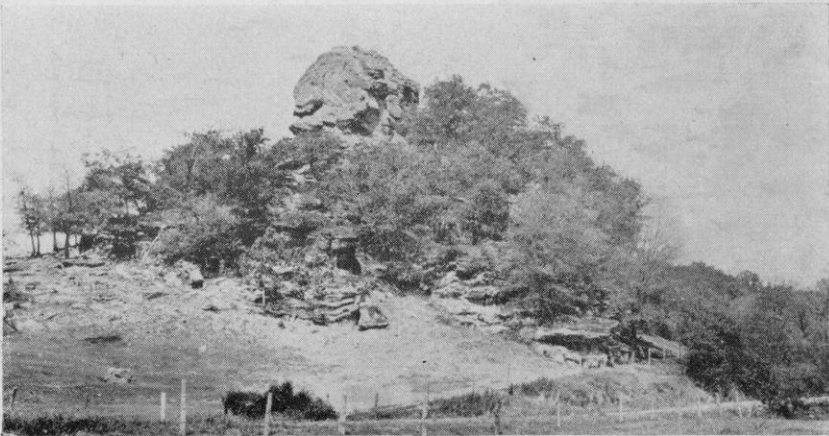


# Centennial History

TOWNSHIP OF

# SPRINGDALE

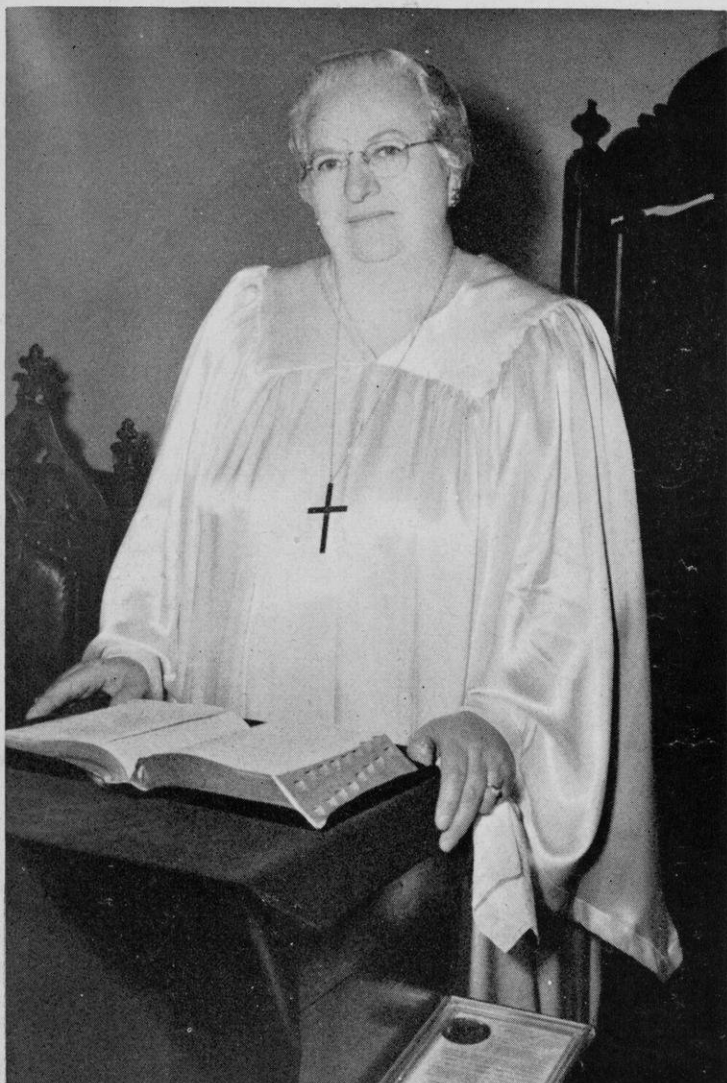
DANE COUNTY, WISCONSIN



The McCord Rock on the Donald farm

1848      Souvenir Booklet      1948

161421



**Rev. Amelia Irene Johnson Pope, Compiler-Editor**

I wish to thank all those who were so kind as to furnish information and pictures for this Springdale History.

# FORWARD

**I**N THESE PAGES I have endeavored to record interesting incidents, anecdotes, and reminiscences of the older citizens of Springdale as well as some of the colorful history that should be recorded and kept for our children.

In August of 1946 Mr. Thore S. Spannem, Mr. Gilbert Gilbertson, and Mr. Albert Barton called on me as a committee and asked me to write the history of Springdale. Of this I can truthfully say I felt greatly honored and I have tried to collect history of interest to the present and coming generation. And, due to the help of many, the readers will find many interesting stories of our pioneer men and women of the town of Springdale.

You will learn of the trials and suffering and the hardships our forefathers endured. The early settlers did not realize how very valuable at this date would have been the history they made, and very little of the past records were saved. The Springdale township line begins about 15 miles southwest of the city of Madison, Wis., our state capitol. It, no doubt, received its name from the many beautiful springs and the rich fertile dales found throughout the township. Springdale's slogan is "SPRINGDALE—a hospitable rural community composed of progressive dairy farmers."

Rev. Amelia I. J. Pope, 438 W. Mifflin

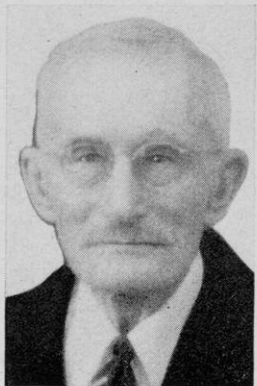
---

## Introduction

Following is a story of Springdale township, a unit of Dane County, one of the seventy-one counties of Wisconsin, admitted as the thirtieth State of the Union on May 29, 1848. It is a record of the life and experiences of the pioneers and early settlers of Springdale.

Therefore, coincident with the celebration of the Wisconsin State Centennial and the publication of the History of Springdale, I wish to commend this book and extend greetings from the Dane County Centennial Committee.

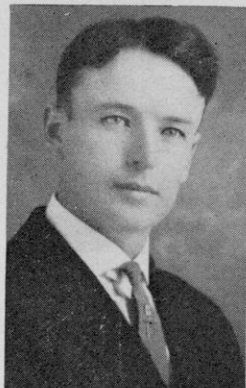
Cornelius A. Sorenson, Chairman



Thore T. Spaanum  
President



Gilbert Gilbertson  
Vice-President



Arthur R. Sorenson  
Secretary



Herman C. Erfurth  
Treasurer



Cornelius A. Sorenson  
Director

**Springdale Township History Committee**

# Springdale 1848 - 1948

## ORGANIZE GROUP TO COMPLETE TOWN HISTORY

ON JULY 25, 1942, a meeting was called to order by T. S. Spaanem at the Mount Horeb village hall for the purpose of making up a history of the Town of Springdale. Rev. Hector Gunderson acted as temporary chairman, assisted by Albert Barton, Register of Deeds for Dane County. Those present were:

T. S. Spaanem	Gilbert Gilbertson	Hector Gunderson
Albert Barton	Lewis Rue	Clarence Lunde
Harvey Fargo	C. A. Sorenson	Ed Lohff
Miss Carrie Eggum	Miss Susie Eggum	

The matter of getting the necessary facts and data for the history was then discussed. The history would have to begin with the first settlers in the township.

Committees were appointed in different parts of the township in order to gather all available information about the early settlers. A number of people in the township were to be notified and requested to help get information in their particular neighborhood, and report to the committee. The following were to be contacted: Ed Lohff, Martin Skinrud, John Deneen, John Riley, Clarence Henderson, George McCaughey, Alfred Thorson, Charles Himsel, Robert Beat, Oscar Oimoen, Halvor Bakken, C. A. Sorenson, Tollef Lee, Clarence Lunde, Carl Messersmith, Ervin Lust, Herman Erfurth, Arthur Moore, Herman Hankel, Sidney Foye, H. B. Fargo, Lewis Rue, Otto Shutvet, Martin Martinson, Andrew Lee.

The following officers were elected:

T. S. Spaanem, President; Gilbert Gilbertson, vice president; Arthur R. Sorenson, secretary; Herman C. Erfurth, treasurer; Cornelius A. Sorenson, Director.

Discussion was then in order to determine procedure in securing information concerning the earliest settlers of Springdale who have all passed away and an appeal is hereby made to members of second and third generations of pioneer families who may have records or items pertaining to the year and place of the immigration of their ancestors, as well as incidents relating to their life and experiences are desired in order to preserve information of historical interest for future generations. Photographs of early pioneers will also be appreciated.

Therefore, an appeal was made to relatives and friends for whatever material was available, and the liberty was taken at the meeting of appointing and publishing the names of persons selected to assist in gathering information throughout the different sections of Springdale Township as follows: E. C. Lohff, M. E. Skindrud, H.



O. Bakken, John Deneen, John Riley, Clarence Henderson, George McCaughey, Alfred Thorson, Charles Himself, Robert E. Beat, Oscar Oimoen, C. A. Sorenson, Clarence J. Lunde, Carl H. Messerschmidt, Ervin Lust, Herman Erfurth, Arthur Moore, Herman Hankel, Sidney Foye, H. B. Fargo, Lewis J. Rue, Otto Shutvet, Mrtin Martinson, Lewis Eggum, H. J. Bang, William Kahl, Tollef P. Lee, A. M. Johnson.

Pending reports from committees and assembling of data another meeting will be held at a future date.

A. R. Sorenson, secretary.

(This article was published in the Mount Horeb paper in order to give every one a chance to contribute to the history. A notice was also published in The Capital Times and the Wisconsin State Journal, both Madison papers.)

---

ON JANUARY 28, 1947, I had the pleasure of having a long talk with my uncle, Mr. John Nimmo, now a resident of Mt. Horeb, and with the aid of my brother, H. C. Erfurth, asking the questions, we were able to obtain a lot of valuable information. Mr. Nimmo is now 93 years old. He has a very keen mind and gave us the names of many of the first settlers in Springdale. Mr. Nimmo has one living brother, David, 87, of Long Prayer, Minnesota, and two living sisters, Mrs. Maggie Henderson of Mt. Horeb, and Miss Lizzie Nimmo of Verona. Mr. Nimmo told us how his father and mother, Mrs. and Mrs. Henry Nimmo, came to Springdale in the early part of 18- They settled on the farm that is now best known as the Mike Jennie Farm in Section 36. They pioneered there for several years. Coming here from Scotland, Mr. Nimmo told us a very interesting story about his father, who was drafted in October, 1865, for the Civil War. He said his father started to build a stone house with the help of a mason named Don Stewart. They had the basement completed when he was drafted. Mr. Nimmo knew his wife would be left with four small children and one unborn and it was his desire to leave his family in a comfortable home, but he was drafted much sooner than he had expected and the house was not completed until his return from the Army. Mr. Nimmo's father and Stephen Foye were drafted at the same time and had to leave their families. They hid themselves. After Mr. Nimmo knew that his wife was safely through childbirth and the baby was one week old he went to Madison and gave himself up to the authorities and served his time in the Civil war. Mr. J. P. McPherson was the man Mr. Nimmo surrendered to. He was left on January 1st and returned some time in April the same year.

"It is probable that among the first white men to set foot on Springdale soil were two who were later to become famous. General Zachery Taylor, afterward president of the United States, and his son-in-law, Jefferson Davis, later president of the southern confederacy. According to tradition, if not actual record, Jeff Davis laid out the military road from Prairie du Chien to Blue Mounds, which touches a portion of Springdale. General Taylor went over this route in the '30's. Ebenezer Brigham used to point out the place on the dividing moraine west of Madison where he and the general slept one night.

"Springdale history is not so concentrated in regard to area as that of Primrose. The first settler was apparently William Harlow, who settled in the northeast corner of the town, section 1, in 1844, on what was later known as the Patrick Casey farm. In 1846 John Harlow settled on adjoining land."

(Since this was written Mrs. M. H. Henderson passed away at the home of her son, Forrest, in Mt. Horeb, Wis.)

\* \* \*

One of the early settlers that came to Springdale was Levor Anderson Lien. With him came his wife and five children. They arrived from Norway in 1849, where they had a small piece of land up near a high mountain. There the sun went down so low it was not seen from November until February. Living conditions were bad. The father was a shoemaker by trade, and travelled from township to township making shoes at the homes. In 1848, just after New Years, father was going on his shoemaking journey, but before he left home he had to provide his family with fuel. He took his sled, axes and ax and went up into some timber he had in the high mountain. He cut a load of wood, put it on his sled and went out on the edge of the rocks but slipped and went with the load down the mountainside. Fortunately he escaped with minor bruises. This kind of struggle to provide for his family offered a very dark future. He had heard of this wonderful country, America, so made preparations to move. He sold out all his belongings and had everything ready to leave in the spring. They were the first ones from that neighborhood to leave for America. Others, hearing of this new world, also got the fever and prepared to leave. A new sailing vessel was built and completed on which we planned passage.

As we were travelling down through the valley, people bid us farewell. The last time. There were sad partings and a lot of prophecy being the gossip of the day as we were travelling down the road. One elderly lady called out in a loud voice: "There goes the funeral procession!" A man by the name of Nels Ranum made the statement to my Ole Dokken: "They will never get to America any more than I will get to Heaven!"

When we were ready to leave the city of Drammen on boat there quite a number of immigrants ready to go on board, namely Arne Hoff and wife, Guldbrand Tronrud and lady friend Ellen Dolve, Amund and Andrew Lindelien, both single, Knute Syvrude and family. It took nine weeks to cross the ocean, so the food got very scant. We finally landed in Troy, N. Y., where we saw the first railroad train. We then continued on to Buffalo and over the Great Lakes to Milwaukee where Levor Anderson made arrangements with an American that had horses and wagon to take Mother and children to East Koshkonong for the sum of eleven dollars. Father and Gulbrand Tronrud walked all the way and stopped with Halvor Kruvig. Father walked to Nels Field in the town of Blooming Grove and hired his son, Rier Field, with ox team and wagon to go and get the rest of the family and bring them to Madison as there was no railroad to travel on.

Then we hired another man with ox team and wagon and in the evening we arrived at Aslak O. Lee, our intended destination in Sec. 4, near a little village now called Klevenville, in the Town of Springdale, arriving on Sept. 6, 1848. Uncle Alsak O. Lee and his brother lived in a dugout, so there was no room for us. However, we got room with a man by the name of Knute Hermanson (Ness). Father then obtained work from Ole Sorenson Kvistrud to build a new log-house, and Father and family then had a chance to live in the old house. This was in the S.W. of the N.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 9. Father had \$50 left when he came here, and as he was very anxious to obtain some land he walked to Mineral Point and bought 40 acres in Sec. 10, N.E. of S.W., at \$1.25 per acre. This was the only way to get land at that time. The homestead law did not come into effect until 1865.

Through the winter of 1850, Father cut timber for a log-house, and Ole Sorenson (Kvestrud) hauled it together, and in the spring he had it built. Father then got Iver Thoresen, a neighbor, to break up two acres of land. Wheat was then 50c per bushel, and hogs from two to three dollars per hundred.

Coffee and sugar were luxuries only for Christmas. Everyday coffee consisted of burnt bread and barley. In 1865-54 speculators came from the eastern states who had money, and they bought up all the land that was not taken up. They put such a high price on the land that few dared to buy, but in 1854 the railroad came through to Madison, and that brought wheat to \$1.50 per bushel and caused a land boom for the benefit of the speculators as land sold as high as ten and twelve dollars per acre. The following year wheat went down to 37c per bushel.

This caused a serious shortage of money as payments came due, but finally some lawyers from New York came to Madison with a lot of money to loan out at 11% commission and 12% interest twice a year in advance. Then it cost \$5 to have the abstract examined, and quite a number of farmers lost their farms.

In the spring of 1851, Andrew (Knudson) Lunda came with his family consisting of wife and three children, and we all lived in the same house, only 14x16, for a year until Lunda could build on the land he bought in the same section.

Our first crop of wheat had to be laid in bundles in circular form on frozen ground, and the oxen were driven round and round until the grain was shelled out. The nearest flour mill was at Moscow, 30 miles to the south. There were no bridges across the streams, and it often took several days to make the trip.

Peter Brager came to America from Norway in 1850, landing in Manitowoc. He remained there for 2 years, then left for the township of Vermont where he took up land. He lived there for nine years, then sold his farm to Rev. John Field in 1861 and moved to the Township of Springdale where he purchased the farm of Guldbrand Tronrud in Sec. 18. Peter Brager was married to Guri Skrinrud, and they had five children. One son, Ole, took over the farm and it still remains in the same name. Ole was born in 1866, and married Mary Thompson (Brenden). Olina, widow of Tom Thoreson, Serina, wife of Ole Lukken, Maria, widow of Andrew Anderson (Skindingsrud).

\* \* \*

A letter written by a distant relative, almost one hundred years later, by K. E. Morrein, of Albert Lea, Minn., reads as follows:

May 30, 1942

Mr. Tore Spaanum,  
Mount Horeb, Wis.

I received your letter some time ago, but due to press of other things I have neglected to answer same. Now it appears I may have an opportunity to see you personally as I plan to drive to Madison to meet my son who arrives there on Tuesday P. M., June 2nd.

From your letter, and other sources, I believe you and I are distant relatives. My father was born in Tin Telemarken, not far from the Rynken famous waterfall in Norway. He was about ten years old when he left Norway with his Father, Mother and three sisters (Aslaug, Margit and Taarand) three brothers (Tore, Knute and Ole). This was in 1842. I forgot to mention that two of his grandparents were also along. They came to Muskego where, I have been told, my grandfather had a brother named Tore Spaanum if I remember correctly. What Father told me then was that the Tore Spaanum already in Muskego was a carpenter by trade. My grandfather's name was Gunhild Maarem. He, as I understood it, inherited the Maarem gaard in Norway when they moved on that place my grandfather, according to the custom in Norway, changed his name to the name of the farm which was Maarem. They later

sold the farm and went towards Bergen. They came back to the old place in Tin and lived on a smaller place on the old gaard.

Evidently they did not fare so well on their trip to Bergen. My father was the oldest of the children. His name was Thorsten. The trip from Norway to Muskego took over three months. The entire trip was made on water except the twenty or so miles from Milwaukee to Muskego. From Tin they traveled over Tinnelake and down the river to Skien. At Skien they took a sailboat to LaHavre, France, and there they embarked on a larger ship called the Argo. They finally arrived on this slow sailship to New York, went up the Hudson River and by canalboat to Buffalo, N. Y., and from there by boat on the Great Lakes to Milwaukee.

The trip got to be too much for the little three-year-old girl, Aslaug, and she died on the canal-boat, and her body was left to be buried by strangers somewhere in New York along the banks of the old Erie Canal. When the family arrived in Muskego they settled on a farm near there, the Fox River running through their farm. Six months after coming to Muskego, during the first winter, the two grandparents, my grandfather, and Uncle Tore, died inside of two weeks. Grandfather and Tore died in the same room on the same night. Three weeks later another son was born, so he also was named Knute after his Father who had just passed away. That made two full brothers named Knute. Later on, grandmother remarried to a man named Ole Knudson Train. After some years he died. In the second marriage there was also a boy born. His father insisted that he also should be named Knute after his grandfather, so that made three brothers named Knute in the same family. The last Knute was a half-brother to the first two. The oldest one was "Big Knute," the next was referred to as "Middle Knute," and the last one as "Little Knute." When talking about the father of the first Knute he was referred to as "Old Knute." Some mixup!

Father stayed in Muskego until he was 23 years old or so. At that time, 1854, his brother Ole, a friend named Hans Olso Kjonaas, and father started out to seek their fortunes in the territory of Minnesota. They were single men. They left Muskego with five yoke of oxen, one large and one small covered wagon, and one cow tied behind one of the wagons. Pa used to say that the cow saved their lives for when grub ran low they always had milk to drink.

They traveled by way of Koshkonong, Blue mounds to La-Crosse. There was no bridge at LaCrosse so they ferried across and then traveled leisurely along Root River Valley into Minnesota, then through Chatfield to the small village of Rochester, up the Zumbro River valley to what is now Zumbrota in Goodhue County. There they took out claims. When they arrived in 1855, Mr. Olson's claim was a part of Zumbrota. The town was started later. The young fellows were restless and adventurous, so in a year's time they sold their claims and improvements, also the cow and oxen and the large covered wagon. They bought a gray mare and hitched her to the small covered wagon and so came to Freeborn County,

seven miles northwest of Albert Lea. They traveled in great style for those days.

They took out claims here, and a year later Father walked to Red Wing and took a steamboat to LaCross and stage coach to Portage, train from Madison to Waukesha, and walked the rest of the way to Muskego. In glorious terms he told his Mother and the rest of the family about Minnesota, and soon he and all the family, cattle and belongings, were headed for the west. So my Father came to Minnesota twice in a covered wagon drawn by oxen. He lived to be nearly 96 years old. He died in 1928 on the old homestead which I now own. Uncle "Big Knute" was killed in the Civil War at Shiloh near Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn. On Easter Sunday, 1862, "Middle Knute" and "Little Knute" died on the same farm near here. My Father was the last of the family to die, and he was the oldest child. I have a sister, Gunhild, who is past 80 years, also three other sisters and one brother. I am a railway postal clerk on the M. & St. S. Ry. My run is from Albert Lea to Albia, Iowa.

I must apologize for this lengthy and rambling letter. If nothing prevents, I will see you on Tuesday, June 2nd, if you are at home. We are to meet our son at the Loraine Hotel in Madison that evening. My wife and I will stop on our way there for a brief visit with you.

Sincerely yours  
K. E. Morreim

---

### SPRINGDALE PIONEERS

(From Wis. State Journal—by A. O. Barton)

Because of the interesting historical material contained in a recent letter from Arthur R. Sorenson, this column takes the liberty of quoting certain portions of Mr. Sorenson's letter. The letter refers particularly to the "Old Days" story of March 2, and the work of the late A. K. Sorenson in connection with the preservation of the first Norwegian cemetery in Springdale and the erection of a notable local memorial there. It also fixes the year of the coming of the first Norwegian pioneers to Springdale as 1846. Mr. Sorenson says:

"Had this action to mark this early burial ground not been taken while some of those with immediate relatives buried there still lived (it is doubtful if anyone would have taken sufficient interest to commemorate this sacred spot, or would have been able to determine the location of this pioneer resting place.

"Referring to the pioneer Norwegian settlement of Springdale in 1846, you may be interested to know that my grandfather, Knud K. Sorenson (Kvistrud) was among the very first immigrants that settled in this township.

"My grandmother was a sister of John I. Berge. She died at an early age and lies buried in this pioneer Springdale cemetery, together with two sons, whose names were Soren and Gustave. My grandmother's name was Carrie Berge Sorenson. My grandfather's second marriage was to Kjersti Berg, who incidentally was a niece to 'Snowshoe Thompson,' while my grandmother was a cousin to him.

\* \* \*

### Were Democrats

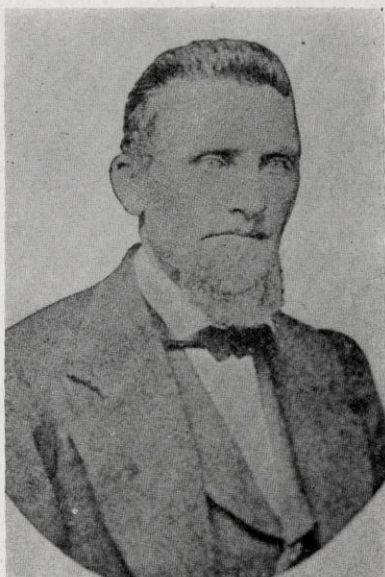
"Politically, many of these early Norwegian immigrants, including my grandfather, affiliated with the Democratic party, and our family has always adhered to this political philosophy until the present time. My father was always active in the affairs of his party and was for many years a member of the Dane county Democratic committee from Springdale. He invariably attended all town and county caucuses and was a delegate to a number of state conventions. For nine or ten years he represented Springdale on the county board, and was designated as a Democrat, in accordance with the practice at that time of observing party control or responsibility in county affairs.

An interesting history of the Thosten Thompsen family, that came to America in 1837 from Telemarken, Norway, with their widowed Mother, a strong and resolute pioneer woman who dared to venture to the new world alone with young children. The family lived in northern Illinois where the mother joined the Mormon converts going to Salt Lake City where she lived until her death.

The sons, Thosten and John, came to Wisconsin in 1846 and settled on the well-known Thompson farm in Sec. 5, township of Springdale, east of Mount Horeb. One brother became noted as "Snowshoe Thompson" when he joined in the gold rush to California. As there were then no railroads across the mountains, and as California was rapidly filling up with settlers, the problem of transporting mail across the mountains in winter became an acute one. In 1855 the Government advertised for bids for carrying mail over the Sierra Nevada mountains from Placerville, Cal., to Carson Valley, Idaho, a distance of 90 miles. Only one bidder appeared, John Thompson, who offered to carry the mail on snowshoes. Equipped with a powerful pair of Skis, weighing nearly 25 pounds, he began in January, 1856, and continued this service nearly 20 years. He was almost a Superman in physical strength, courage and daring. He usually made the trip of 90 miles in two or three days and nights, carrying mailbags of sometimes 100 pounds across his shoulders. At night he frequently burrowed into a snow-drift to sleep. When caught in a blizzard he made for a certain exposed cliff where he danced to keep warm until the storm permitted resumption of his journey. Wolves were his greatest menace. Strangely enough, he appears to have been unarmed. He had learned, however, that wolves respect one who shows no fear of



**Thosten Thompson**



**John (Snowshoe) Thompson**

them, so he boldly went through their line on his way. They turned and watched him for some time but did not attack him. They undoubtedly would have done so had he shown any fear.

In his capacity as mail carrier, "Snowshoe" Thompson frequently rescued other travelers from death by exposure. As his pay had been small, Thompson resolved in 1874 to go to Washington and present additional claim for his services. His train became snow-bound in the mountains of Wyoming, so again he set out on foot and walked to Laramie, a distance of 35 miles. Here, also, the trains were snowbound, so he walked on to Cheyenne, a distance of 65 miles more, or 100 miles altogether.

By doing this he achieved additional notoriety as one who had beaten the railroads in getting through the mountains. While on his trip to Washington in 1874 he visited his old home and his brother in Springdale for the last time. Going with his brother to the town election in Springdale and meeting old friends there.

His trip to Washington was not very fruitful of results and he returned west and settled on a small farm where he soon afterwards died, following the death of a young son.

Some years ago the pioneer society of Los Angeles unveiled a memorial fountain erected in honor of "Snowshoe" Thompson, the early Springdale pioneer and heroic mail carrier who for a time was the only agency of communication between California and the States east of the Rockies. So ended this early pioneer's life's history.



Thosten Thompson Rue was the son of Torstein Tovson Rue and Gro Jonsdatter Rue, born in Upper Tinns, Prestijeld, Norway, in the year 1819. He came to America with his widowed mother and his brother John, (Snowshoe Thompson) in the year 1836, and remained one year in Walworth County, Wisconsin. They then settled in the Fox River Valley in Illinois. In the year 1838, Thosten went to Shelby County, Missouri. Two years later he went to Sugar Creek in Lee County, Iowa, where a Norwegian settlement was formed, and in the spring of 1846 he came to Springdale township, Dane County, Wisconsin, where he purchased a farm.

On March 3, 1851, he was married to Julia Thorson Gaarden, who came from her native country, Norway, in 1848. The ceremony was performed by John Berge, a cousin of Mr. Thompson.

They had a family of ten children as follows: Alena, born Nov. 25, 1851; Thosten, Feb. 27, 1853; Kari, Feb. 15, 1855; Ole, Dec. 16, 1856; Aslaug, Oct. 4, 1858; Gurina, Jan. 27, 1861; Annie, Jan. 27, 1861; John, March 1, 1863; Henry, Dec. 1, 1864; Christinia, Jan. 27, 1867.

Their farm of 250 acres was located in Sec. 5 along the old Mineral Point road west of Madison, where hundreds of tired land-seekers were given a welcome on their way out west. The family belonged to the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church of Springdale. In politics Mr. Thompson was a Democrat.

He was always identified with the improvements of the township, and was the first to start the school in his district, known as the Berge school and his oldest daughter, Alena, was the first teacher. He was a constable for two years, and supervisor for a three-year term.

His beautiful farm with the best of improvements, all of which Mr. Thompson made by hard work, is considered to be one of the best in the township. He died on Nov. 20, 1880, at the age of 65. His wife, Julia, passed away on Jan. 21, 1900, at the age of 75. They are buried in the Springdale Lutheran cemetery.

His farm was bought by his youngest son, Henry, who, with his family, lived there until March 10, 1913, then they moved to their farm near Mount Horeb, Wis. At the time this was written in 1944, Mr. Thompson is survived by one daughter, 31 grandchildren, 50 great-grandchildren, and 20 great-great-grandchildren.

\* \* \*

Eric O. Skinrud of Klevenville, died on Feb. 19, 1903, at the age of 83 years and 2 months. His continuous residence was near Klevenville, Wis., and he was at the time of his death one of the oldest settlers of the Springdale township, having resided on the same farm for 54 years. He was one of the founders of the Springdale Norwegian Lutheran congregation, and personally staked out the site for the present church. He was born in Valdres, Norway, Dec. 22, 1820, and came to America in 1850.

He was married twice. His first wife, to whom he was married in Norway, died in 1856. To this union three children were born. In 1858 he married Mrs. Dordei Lee. Seven children were born to them. Mr. Skinrud is buried in the Springdale Lutheran cemetery. He is survived by 28 grandchildren, 41 great-grandchildren, and 6 great-great-grandchildren.

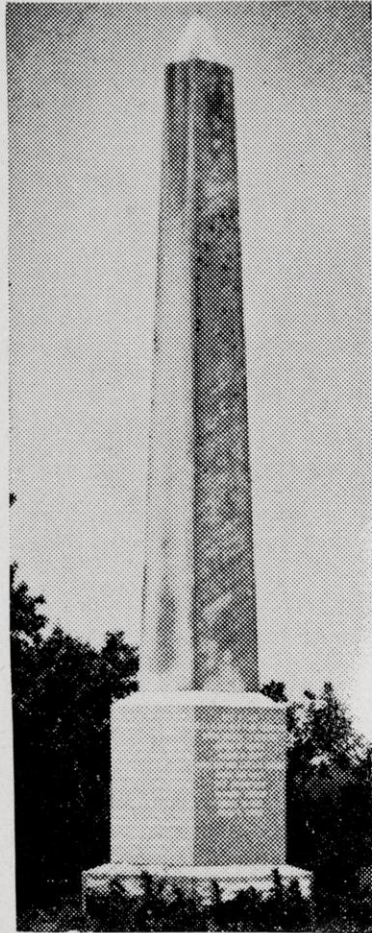
Dordei Guttenborg, daughter of Ole Gulbranson Guttenborg and Maria Lund, was born in Valdres, Norway, on Feb. 4, 1828, and reached the age of 86 years, 11 months and 6 days. She passed away on Jan. 10, 1915, at her home near Klevenville where she had lived for over 55 years.

She came to this country in 1853, and was married to Ole Lee in 1885. Mr. Lee passed away the same year. They had one son, Ole Andres Lee. Later she was married to Eric Skinrud. They had seven children, the first two having died in infancy. She leaves 29 grandchildren, 40 great-grandchildren, and 5 great-great-grandchildren.

It is interesting to note how eager the older settlers were to give their children an education. The first thing that came to mind was the lack of a spiritual adviser, so in 1850 Rev. J. W. C. Dietrickson preached his first sermon at the Thore Spaanum farm home in a log building which had just been built. Plans were then discussed regarding a burial lot, and it was decided that it should be located on the Halvor Halvorson (Grasdalen) land in Sec. 6, N.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of N.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$ . Fifty bodies were buried there, and later a new burial ground was started near the present Lutheran church in the corner of the S.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the S.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 8. This was in 1855, and the first burial lot was then discontinued. However, in 1898 a freewill subscription was started by A. K. Sorenson to erect a large granite monument to contain the inscription of all those buried there. The land was donated by Ole Gilbertson, the owner, and it was the first of its kind in Springdale. The cemetery was established in 1847, a year after the first Norwegian settlement had been started. It is not known who the first person was who was buried there. The first interment record is that of Ingebret Berge, who died Sept. 7, 1849. There are fifty or more members of pioneer families who are buried in this cemetery.

The location of many of the graves was originally marked by simple wooden markers which contained hand-carved inscriptions in masterly style by Aslak Lee. However, being made of wood, they soon decayed and gradually disappeared, and with the later tilling of the soil the exact location of many graves is unknown.

The burial lot continued to be in use until 1863 when a cemetery was established adjoining the Springdale Lutheran church, which has been in use up to the present time.



The above-mentioned historic monument contains the names of fifty or more of the early settlers, among them being Kari Berge Sorenson, Soren and Gustav Sorenson, Ingebret and John Berge, Johanna and John Urdahl, Kari, Marie and Anna Bingham, Ole O. Sjutvet, John Nelson, Knut, Ole, and Aslaug Spaanem, Margit and Halvor Grasdalen, Harald Brager, Kari Lunde, Anton S. Lunde, and Tore Grasdalen. This monument still stands on its original location one mile northwest from the present Springdale church. It is a twenty-foot granite shaft which can be seen from a considerable distance.

The first public schoolhouse, Dist. No. 1, was built in 1856, on the Nels Halvorsen farm in Sec. 7, NE of NE. Later it was moved a few rods up on a hill where the present building now stands. The first teacher was Alena Thompson. In 1881 the Northwestern Railway was built, entering the township in Sec. 7, running East, and passed on to Sec. 12. With the coming of the railroad two villages sprang up. Pine Bluff established in 1881. Name changed by Ever Kleven, to Klevenville in 1891. The other village was Riley established in 1881.

Iver Kleven, was a carpenter and contractor by trade. He later entered into partnership with his two sons, Knute and Gilbert, and together they conducted a lumber business. Later they added a planing mill which was eventually moved to Mount Horeb, where the Kleven Bros. added the manufacturing of silos to their other activities. The first blacksmith was Martin Jensvold. A building was erected by A. K. Sorenson, who entered the mercantile business. A shoemaker shop was operated by Ole Lukken, who is still living at the ripe old age of 82. The R. R. Co. built a stockyard, and William Scott and Levor Thompson were the first stockbuyers.

Politically, this little village became a heated place between the Republicans and the Democrats, and, probably, the weather had some effect on the people in this community. It became an everyday expression: "Is it hot enough for you?" We kept track of an even hundred greetings from our neighbors, and sixty asked the above question. Twenty-five people varied the above question by asking: "Is it warm enough for you?" Of the remaining number, fifteen asked: "Can you keep warm to-day?"

One man only did not mention the weather, but mopped his sweaty brow in silence. We have since learned that he was from Texas. But it really was hot. One day a butcher from Mount Horeb was out with his meat wagon, and when he opened his meat box to serve his patrons, the steak and roast were done to a turn. He didn't charge extra for that, however.

It is said that Ole Haugen had to pull up his well and run it through the wringer to get enough water to make his bachelor cup of coffee, but he said: "I'll fix 'em plenty."

Notice: Lost, strayed or stolen, the zero mark from the village thermometer. When last seen it was chasing the mercury out of the tube. Anyone finding the same please return it. A suitable reward is offered. Please don't complain again as it will soon cool off.

In 1868 a schoolhouse was built in District No. 4, Sec. 11, and its first teacher was Mary Frawley, followed by Nora Callahan. A general store also was built and operated by Patrick Carr, a blacksmith shop by John Lindelien began operating. This little trading post was in operation until the coming of the railroad in 1881 when a depot was built on the Wm. Riley farm in Sec. 2, and became known as the Riley Station and Postoffice. A general store was built and operated by John Brown, and a blacksmith shop by Zep Ireland.

We still have one of the early-born settlers by the name of Gardner White, who is now eighty-seven years of age. He knew the first settler and saw him operate his sawmill.

The first white man to own land in this township was John Harlow, who settled in Sec. 1 in 1844, and later Perry Munger and Harlow purchased a lumber-saw so as to make lumber for the neighborhood to build farm buildings.

In 1846, we find that a colony of Norwegians had come from Telemarken, Norway, in the year 1839, by sailboat. It took them eight weeks to cross the ocean. They landed in Muskego, Wisconsin. Malaria fever was very bad there and so many of the settlers died that the survivors decided to go west and look for a new place. In the spring of 1846, a few families started for a higher elevation. They had heard of Blue Mounds, so they formed a caravan of covered wagons drawn by oxen and came by the way of Madison, driving west on the military road through the township of Cross Plains into the north-west corner of Springdale, where they turned off the highway to the left one mile in Sec. 7, one and one-half miles east of the present village of Mount Horeb. They settled in the N.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 7, near a spring, in the year 1846. They lived in covered wagons until they had a loghouse built. One of the company, Halvor Halvorson (Grasdalen) and family remained on said land. Thore Spaanem moved into another valley southeast near a spring in the center of Sec. 17, where he located with a family of five children, T. S. Spaanem's mother being one of them. She was eight years old at the time. She related many a happening, remembering there were quite a few Indians who were friendly. She saw them roasting snakes and frogs for food, although deer were plentiful, and wild pigeons so abundant and easy to trap. One of their hardships was to get to market as Milwaukee was their nearest trading place. It took them a week to make the trip with oxen and home-made wagons.

One son by the name of Sven Spaanem became of age and married Miss Anna Throndrud in May, 1861. They bought 160 acres of the old homestead, which is still in the family after 100 years, owned by Thore Spaanem, a grandson, and whose Mother reached the ripe old age of 91 years. She had always been a strong and industrious woman. Her son, T. S. Spaanem, related one incident that happened to her. She was a cloth weaver most of her life, and one day as she was weaving some goods for a young man by the name of Robert Beat, who is still living and past 80 years of age, two Indians came in to beg for something to eat. They saw this wonderful cloth in the loom and grabbed a scissor to cut a piece out. Meantime her young son, Thore, ran to his Uncle, Thore Spaanem, a neighbor, quite frightened and calling for help, but when they returned the Indians had left.

## A BEAR STORY

An event that took place in 1856, and told by one of the early settlers who took part, might be of interest. This man's name was George Sweet, and the event was a bear hunt. Sweet was accompanied by Henderson Dryden, Joel Britt, Axel Malone. They started out on horseback on what was then known as the Ole Dahl farm in Sec. 20. They trailed the tracks in the snow in a southwesterly direction through heavy timber and brush. The trail led them to a cave in Sec. 19, where Axel Malone was thrown off his horse and received some broken ribs and other injuries. The others, however followed the trail with dogs and guns south into the township of Primrose a short distance from Mount Vernon.

The next day a number of men on horseback, accompanied by dogs, finally treed the bear in a black oak tree in the pasture of N. N. Byrge. The bear was shot by Jim Dudley and Ed Britt. There was one other man in the hunting party by the name of Thomas Bently, the first settler in Sec. 30.

A hundred years or more ago a wilderness was here. A man with powder in his gun went out to hunt the deer. But now the times has somewhat changed, along a different plan. The deer with powder on her nose goes out to hunt the man.

This Bently farm had been sold two years previously to Horation N. Fargo in 1854 who, with his sons John, Harvey and Ralph, opened a lime kiln and people drove there from miles around to get their lime for building purposes.

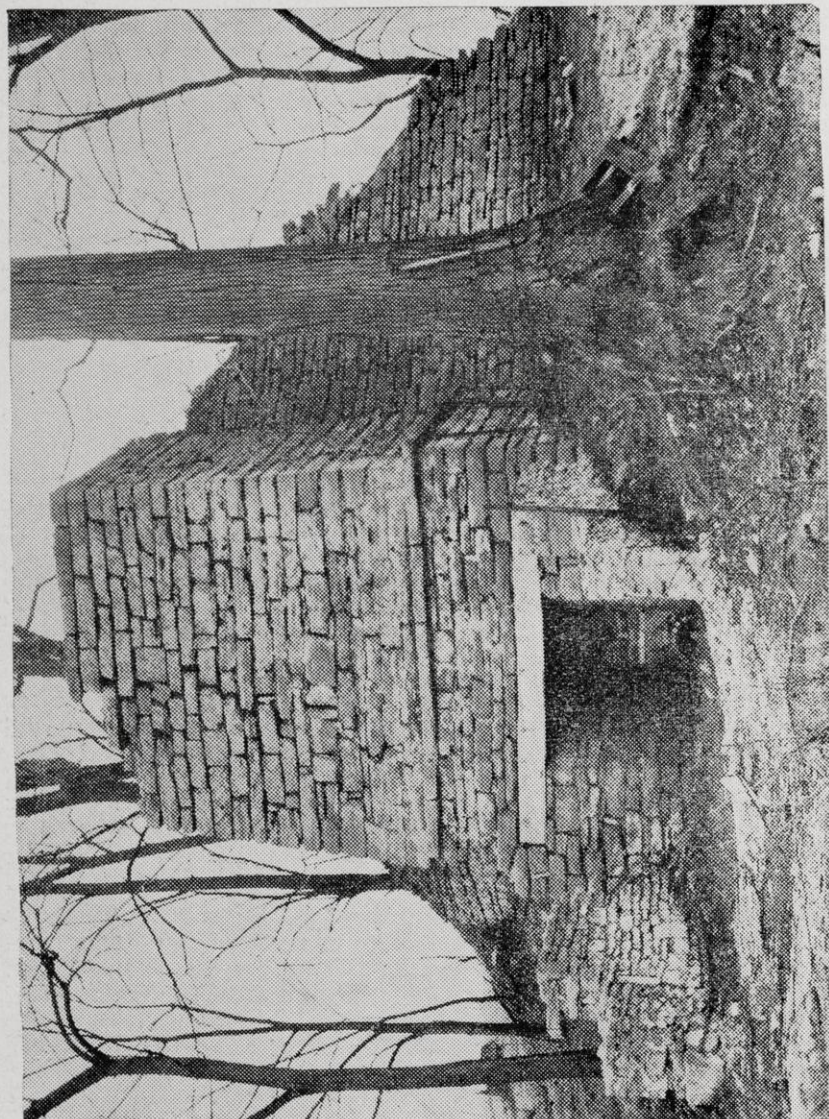
\* \* \*

At one time this farm had the most beautiful walnut timber to be found around this section, and a great deal of it was cut and sold for the manufacturing of furniture. Harvey B. Fargo has been one of the township's most progressive leaders, and was elected chairman for a number of years. He also promoted farm organizations. He passed away.

In 1879 a robbery and murder was committed on the old settler, Ole Lee, near Klevenville. A man by the name of Ole Andrew Hoverson, and two companions, robbed and shot this old settler for a few dollars that he had saved up and stored away in a Norwegian chest that had a double compartment to store money in. However, the desperadoes did not understand the combination of this chest and got only some small change. The chest and the bulk of the money was found in what was known as Steward Grove in Sec. 15.

The great change in farming that has taken place must not be forgotten. We find that the settlers here, as elsewhere, were poor. The best they could do was to get a piece of land and build a dugout in the hillside, or a log cabin by a spring or a brook. They at once began to grub and break up a piece of land for raising crops so as to sustain life. They procured a yoke of oxen, a cow and some crude implements to break the ground with. Large plows were drawn by four or five yoke of oxen.

We find on the records an early settler by the name of Iver



### Fargo Lime Kiln

An important factor in the building development of Springdale and environs was the production of good quality lime in the quarry and kiln operated for many years by Fargo Brothers on their farm containing extensive limestone deposits.

Don Every Photos, Courtesy Wisconsin State Journal

Thoreson that had settled in the N.W. of S.E. Sec No. 10. He had become known by the nickname of "Brekke Iver," as he did some custom work for his neighbors by plowing grubland, a very strenuous job for both man and beast.

They sowed the wheat by hand and scratched it in the ground with crude, home-made V-shaped harrows with wooden teeth, or limbs from trees tied together and pulled across the land. The soil was very fertile from ages of rotted vegetation, and the crops were good. They cut the grain with hand cradles, raked and bound it into sheaves. Women often performed the latter work. The threshing was done mostly by the flail, and at times the grain was tramped out by oxen until a machine was invented that simply threshed out the grain and the grain had to be shaken out of the straw and sifted through a screen, which was a slow process. Harvesting and threshing the grain was improved from time to time by new inventions, but the big problem was how to get the crop to market. Milwaukee was then the nearest shipping market, and it took one week to make the trip with oxen.

In 1870 the chinch bug began to destroy the wheat crop. Then came the real hard times for the farmers as the chinch bug completely ruined wheat raising. The farmers were compelled to go into cattle-raising as a substitute, and to build up the land again.

Another problem which confronted the farmers was fencing. Rails had to be made from timbers, and when one thinks back to what an immense amount of material and labor were required in building such fences it certainly seems a wonder how they were able to keep them up. A great portion of the land had to be grubbed and cleared by hand, and this, too, added greatly to the toil and hardship of the early settlers. Later, when barbed wire was invented, fencing problem was solved, and no single invention has been of more or greater benefit to the farmer than barbed wire.

In the early eighties came the Swiss cheese factories which became of great importance to the farming industry. From the advent of the Swiss cheese industry dates the beginning of Sprindale's prosperity. It has become the most progressive township in the county. It formed its own co-operative sales organization on the terminal markets, organized live stock shipping associations, elected its own manager, and shipped more than one hundred thousand dollars worth per year. Gilbert Gilbertson was manager for more than twenty years.

We find that great changes have taken place in the township. From time to time our villages have dwindled because of the great improvement in highways, the modern invention of automobiles and trucks, which has taken away a great deal of the income from smaller villages and the railroads. Also, the modernization of farm homes by the installation of telephones, electricity and other modern equipment, as well as improvement in farm machinery, has added greatly to the comfort and pleasure of farm life in the country. Farmers' children are now transported to public schools in heated buses during the winter months, and another vexing problem of the farmer has been solved.



In the early eighties there seems to have been a gang of horse and cattle thieves in the southern part of Springdale, extending down into Primrose. It became so annoying to the farmers that they took the law into their own hands. One man near the "big rock" had connections with his brother in Illinois to dispose of stolen horses and cattle, where one farmer by the name of Erick Kobbervig found one of his horses. The neighbors got together and ordered this man to leave the township or they would use the Old Club Law. He skipped out in the night.

Later in the eighties one farmer by the name of Ellif Severson, living in Sec. 17, had a team of horses stolen, so he and another man set out on horseback to trail the thieves into Iowa County, following them for two days. They finally found the horses in a large grove of timber, tied to some trees, but no trace of the thieves was found so they took the horses home with them.

In 1881, one farmer near Klevenville by the name of Ole Haugrud had one horse stolen. Two years later a friend of his located the horse in Iowa on a farm, and Mr. Haugrud went out there and saw the horse, but the law required that he had to bring two witnesses there to identify the animal. However, that would prove too costly for him, so he had to drop the case.

### **MAIL CARRIER ADVENTURES**

"Snowshoe" Thompson, famous mailcarrier of the Sierras in the '59's and '60's, of whom an earlier notice was given in this history, had many adventures in the course of his duties. Some of these have come down, although Thompson died comparatively early in life and was not given to dwelling in a boastful way on his hardships and adventures.

At one certain place were some abandoned huts and at times he would spend the night there. At times the snow was so deep that these huts were covered with snow and he would have to use his rod to locate the roof and then try and make his way in. At one time he undertook to enter through the chimney of one of these huts and got wedged in so he could not get either up or down.

He admitted that when he was in this helpless position he really began to despair. But somehow he managed to extricate himself. He had thrown dry limbs down the chimney first and with these he built his fire and spent, as usual, a pleasant night.

To avoid unnecessary weight his food was dried beef, toast (caevinger) etc. He would eat while traveling so as to save time. The snow usually constituted his drink. He said he never carried any liquor of any kind.

### **No Definite Route**

He did not have any definite route or course, but he was well acquainted with stars and with the formation of rocks and in various other ways was always sure of himself so far as directions was concerned.

So far as wild beasts were concerned he was very fortunate. While he encountered plenty of evidence that there were wild

beasts along his path yet he did not see much of them. Just once did he have an experience which he said gave him a peculiar feeling in the roots of his hair. Six large wolves were discovered some distance ahead of him. He had no firearms with him. He carried a revolver at first but since he did not seem to have use for it, he discarded it as unnecessary luggage. When the wolves discovered him they set up a howl and single file came toward him. He had been told as a boy that to flee from a wild beast was sure death to the flier, so relying on this he continued his course apparently unafraid. Soon the wolves stopped. He continued in his direction which led in a slightly different direction and he was allowed to pass unmolested.

### **Found Frozen Trader**

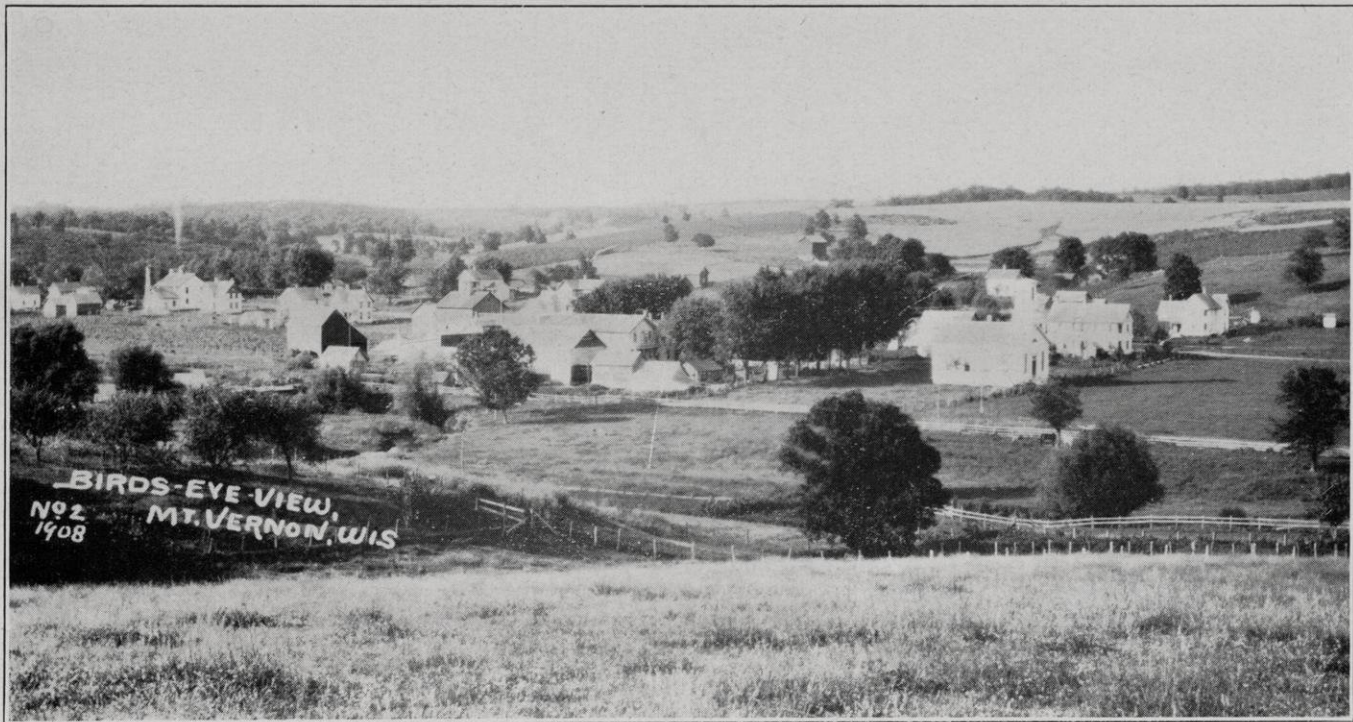
One winter when he was carrying mail over a certain course, he came to a hut that had been used by some traders in the summer time. Here he found a man with his limbs frozen. This man, James Sisson, had lived on some raw meat that he found there. Gangrene was setting in and this man Sisson had decided to amputate his limbs the next day as a means of prolonging his life. "Snowshoe" Thompson prevailed on him to postpone this major operation and he would bring him help, which he did. He traveled all night to a place called Genoa where help and a sled were provided and Sisson was brought to this place where an operation saved his life. Thompson also made the trip to Sacramento after chloroform to be used at this operation.

It seems that Thompson had no definite arrangement about pay but was simply assured that the government would pay him. After all these years of service carrying the mail and other packages, he made various efforts to have Congress provide compensation but failed even though he himself visited Washington, D. C., for this purpose.

### **In Indian War**

Thompson also participated in the so-called Indian war that the settlers of Nevada engaged in with the Indian tribe there in 1860. He partook in the battle on May 12th of that year where the Indians killed 76 whites out of a total number of 105. He was by the side of Maj. Ormsby when he fell. His horse was shot down from under him and he had to face several Indians alone on one occasion. He was obliged to flee for his life with others and he remarked later about this, that he wished the valley was covered with deep snow and that he had his snow shoes. As he was fleeing, a horse came running after him as if seeking protection, the owner evidently having been shot. He mounted this animal and made his escape.

Thompson was married to an English woman and had one child, a son. Thompson died at the age of 49 years and is buried at Genoa, California. It was shortly before his death, and while on a trip to Washington that "Snowshoe" Thompson visited his brother in Springdale.



Birds-eye view of Mt. Vernon, Wisconsin, taken in 1908

## MT. VERNON

There was a character in Mount Vernon, a harness maker by the name of C. J. Agrelius, who became notorious for stealing horses. The last that was heard of him was an item in a Janesville paper to the effect that C. J. Agrelius, eighty-five years of age, was being taken to states prison the fifth time for stealing horses. It was so bad at one time that a state law was passed giving a horse thief fifteen years in prison, but a murderer got only ten.

We have had some men of prominence in Springdale township, such as J. R. Henderson, who was born in Scotland and came to this country with his parents in 1852, at the age of six. The family settled in Sec. 14, and the homestead still retains the family name. Mr. Henderson became a prosperous farmer, and in 1890 he was elected Assemblyman for a two-year term. He was also elected township chairman for a number of years.

For more than twenty years there was rivalry between J. R. Henderson and Gilbert Gilbertson for the office of Assessor, and the voters of the township often became quite excited about who should be elected. At one election there were eleven tickets in the field. Mr. Henderson became quite noted as a writer of poems. To distinguish him from the other Hendersons in the township he was affectionately called "Uncle Joe" Henderson.

There are in the township several mounds which are supposed to contain the remains of an ancient people who inhabited this section of the country before the Indians came. There are three mounds especially that arouse the most interest. They are situated near a schoolhouse on Sec. 15. These mounds are nearly forty feet in diameter, and formerly rose about six feet above the surface of the adjacent land, but after years of cultivation this height has been greatly reduced.

In 1870 one of these mounds was opened and partially explored by Charles H. Lewis. He found well-preserved human skeletons, together with stone implements, knives and pipes. It was judged from the skeletons taken from this mound that the inhabitants of that age must have been of large size, being about six feet and ten inches in height.

Unfortunately, these signs of a long since departed people are fast disappearing due to the never-ceasing destruction of the elements that is destroying the evidences of a bygone race of people. Whence came the inhabitants who left these evidences to succeeding generations? In other words, who were these Mound Builders? Did they come from the Old World? Was this race finally swept from the New World to make place for the Red Men, or was it the ancestor of the Indians? The latter were quite numerous in the township when the white settlers came to this locality.

There are but three churches in the township, namely (1) the Norwegian Lutheran situated in the northwestern part of the township in Sec. 8; (2) the Baptist Church in Mount Vernon, and (3) the Swiss Reformed Church, also in Mount Vernon. The first postoffice was established in 1850. In 1849 George Britts operated

the first and only saw-mill in the township, but later we also had the Fargo Bros. operating a saw-mill on their own farm, where people brought their logs to have them sawed into lumber for building purposes.

Mount Vernon, the oldest village in the township, is located on the southern border. The greater portion of the township lies on the east side of the river. On the west side, high rocks and picturesque hills add to the beauty of the scenery.

George Britts laid out the first plat of the township, and Dr. Byam laid out the addition. Philander Byam was the proprietor of the plat surveyed by J. T. Berger, recorded Oct. 9, 1852. The plat is located in Sec. 34.

Clark H. Lewis, a carpenter by trade, came in 1850. Hall C. Chandler started the first general store. John Jones, Sr., kept the first hotel in 1860. There were also in the village two blacksmith shops and two general stores, and a schoolhouse which was built in 1852. At this time there were only twelve families in the village. A hotel was built by C. C. Allen, who died in 1880. At that time, there was one general store owned by O. B. Dahle & Son, two shoe shops, and three blacksmith shops. O. B. Dahle was also the postmaster. A grist mill was built by Philander Byam in 1852, and was operated by John Jones, Sr. Later it was sold to William Koch, a Civil War veteran. It was operated for many years by his sons, Fred and Ferdinand Koch. The mill is now owned by Herbert Hankle.

### **STORIES TOLD BY ALBERT O. BARTON**

"I well remember an incident that occurred one evening as a little company of us younger fry composed of the McGregor and Beard boys with several other neighborhood boys, myself among the rest, were all feeling the joy that usually comes to young fellows when they get out of a night, and away from home influences and restrictions. We had walked down to Mt. Vernon where protracted meetings were being held in the little White Church in the vale. Elder Martin was in the pulpit conducting the meeting. We all conducted ourselves in a very respectful and orderly manner while the meeting was in progress, but after we were out on the front steps one of the young Mt. Vernon "gang," Tom by name, commenced to jostle and buffet young Raymond (we called him Don for short.) He kept it up until we had walked around by the Brader store and Don, not having been out and away from home much before, did not seem inclined to resent the treatment which he was receiving from Tom, who by this time had quite a crowd of his friends and backers around him.

"We went aside and held a council of war and told Don that we felt humiliated and disgraced by his cowardly conduct and wound up by assuring him that he would either have to fight Tom or one of us and he agreed to fight Tom. We went back with him and no sooner had we arrived in front of the store when Tom began to get gay again and Don jumped him and both being green at the business, they quickly came to a clinch, when Tom's feet seemed to slip

and down they went with Don on top of him. After trying to dislodge Don and failing to do so Don asked him if he was licked and he said no, then Don thinking to choke him into submission, accidentally got his finger in Tom's mouth and he promptly closed down on them and commenced chewing them. Suddenly we saw our man duck his head and heard Tom yell licked, lustily and earnestly. Don had seized him by the ear and commenced chewing it and the battle was all over but the shouting. I never heard of Tom fighting afterwards; he was completely subdued.

"Another episode in which the late Bob La Follette figured quite conspicuously comes to my mind. Not far to the westward of Mt. Vernon in early days lived a family, I think the name was Olson and their old farm name was something like Kobbervig. They were of Scandinavian descent, possibly Norwegian. In this family were two young ladies, Marie and Anna, both fine looking girls and swell dancers; in fact, no dance in Mt. Vernon, or elsewhere in that neighborhood, seemed to be worth while without their presence. Two young fellows about eighteen or twenty years of age became enamored of the younger girl, and bad blood, as the saying goes, existed between them. Everybody, of course, knew about it, and so one night at some community gathering in the village, Bob and myself, thinking that the time was opportune for a little excitement, managed to enveigle these two rivals from the smiles of this fair young lady out on the mill dam along about the midnight hour, to settle their differences, not with sword or pistol, but with bare knuckles.

We drew a line in the dirt and having gotten them stripped of their coats and vests, had them facing one another, toeing the mark in a proper manner. So far everything had gone along in very fine shape, but when the command was given for them to begin operations, we could get no action out of either one of them, they were both very evenly matched for weight and stature, and were evidently very much afraid of one another. We pleaded and exhorted and said everything we could think of that might induce them to open the battle and finally Bob searched for and found a chip which he placed on one of their shoulders and we dared the other fellow to knock it off, but to no avail; they just stood there in the cold frosty air, without coat or vest and glared at one another and finally Bob and I loosed our horses from the railing of the bridge over the flume, mounted them and rode off leaving our two young chaps to go their own way, and as I rode swiftly through the village I could hear the hoof-beats of the good gray mare as she carried the future statesman to his farm home in Primrose."

---

### STORY TOLD BY MRS. SUSAN MARTY

Mrs. Marty says she and her husband lived in the old house by the big spring at the time it burned down. Mrs. Marty says they had worked so hard in the field that day planting corn by hand.

Their chores were done and Mrs. Marty had put the three oldest children to bed in the loft of the cabin and the hired man had also gone up there to sleep. His name was Albert Swefel. Mrs. Marty says he smoked a pipe and with the house banked with straw for the winter it was awful dry and as Mr. Swefel emptied his pipe out of the window the hot ashes set fire to the straw. The whole side of the house was on fire when she noticed it. The stairway was on that side of the house so she ran up the steps to get the children, their bed was already on fire and burning but she grabbed the three children and ran down the burning stairs. Mr. Marty had carried the baby outside and laid her on the mattress under a tree. Mrs. Marty says the hired man was only interested in saving his own belongings but found to his disappointment that he had saved a pair of Mr. Marty's shoes instead of his own. The Marty family was taken in by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Foye who kept them for two weeks. Mrs. Marty says they were well fed and cared for and was never charged a cent. During that time the granary was fixed up and the family lived in it until the log house was built. Rose Marty was born in the granary and Mrs. Marty says she milked fourteen cows the night Rose was born. Mrs. Marty says she endured many hardships. She is still hale and hearty after bringing thirteen children into the world (all of whom she is very proud). She loaded eighty loads of hay one summer. There were twenty-one of her descendants serving in World War 2 and there are one-hundred and eight kin folks in the immediate family.

### **THE SADDEST TRAGEDY OF SPRINGDALE**

One of the most tragic happenings that Mt. Vernon ever experienced was the drowning of Ida Van Norman and Alex Osborne. This story was told to me by Grandma Dell Korner Erfurth, who witnessed the tragedy. On May 7th, 1878, seven of the young folks of the school hurriedly ate their noon lunch, some of them sitting in the deep windows of the old school building. Teacher, George Martin, had gone home for dinner. When they had finished their lunch, they decided to go to the mill pond for a boat ride. The boat was flat bottomed, old and dilapidated; but none of them realized the danger even though they had been forbidden to use the boat. Carrie McCord, Ida Van Norman, Lottie Way, Charley Allen Jr. and Dell Foye (Mrs. Erfurth) went out leaving Alta McCord and Alex Osborne watching from the shore. When the boys began to rock the boat, Dell became frightened and asked to be taken to the shore. Alex helped her out of the boat and she in turn helped him into her place. She stood beside Alta and watched the rest of the young folks row out to the deepest part of the pond. It seemed that without warning the boat tipped, spilling its occupants into the water. The children on the shore ran to the Allen Hotel screaming for help. Charley Allen Sr. had just returned from the post office. He was sitting on the Hotel steps looking at the saloon license that he had just received. He ran to the water's edge and jumped into the water unmindful of the heavy boots he was wearing. The children were all clinging

to the overturned boat; but when Mr. Allen reached them they all turned to him and their grasping hands carried him under the water with them. Ida was clinging to his leg and it was necessary for him to push her away with his foot. The mark of his boot was left on her face. Help began to arrive. Mr. Peterson and Mr. Erickson attempted to wade from the North side of the pond but were forced to turn back as neither could swim. Dr. Donald arrived and revived the first one to be brought in, which was Carrie McCord. Charley Allen Jr. managed to right the boat and rescued himself and Lottie Way; but Alex and Ida had gone down and their bodies could not be found. The girl's sunbonnets were floating on the surface of the water. It took one-half hour before the body of Alex was recovered and longer to recover that of Ida. The bodies were carried to the hotel and wrapped in blankets and everything done to revive them, but to no avail. Ida's father offered Dr. Donald his farm and all his possessions if only he could save her. Ida was buried in a pink silk dress that she had been wanting, and was laid to rest in the Mt. Vernon Cemetery. Alex was buried in Oregon. Ida was sixteen years of age and Alex was fourteen.

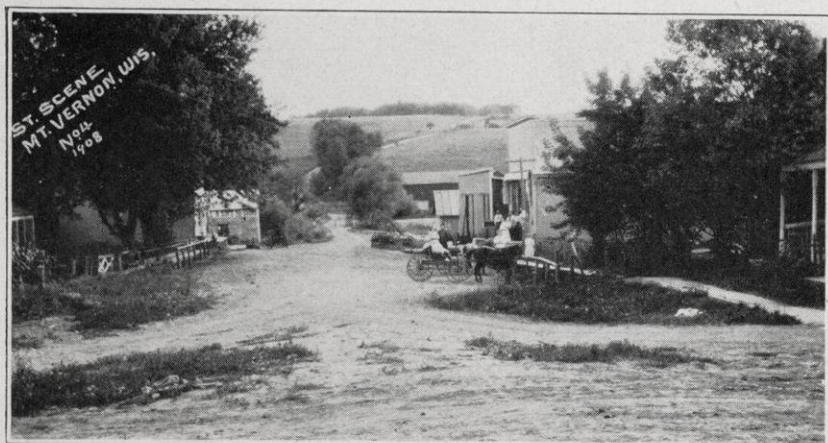
The news of the tragedy was carried to the family and friends by men on horseback. The Van Normans lived across the road from where the Edwin Oimoens now live. The Osbornes lived on what is now the farm owned by John Eichelkraut. This was not the end of trouble for the Osbornes for just sixteen days later a tornado passed through Primrose and Mrs. Osborne had one leg broken in two places and the knee of the other seriously injured. Another daughter so badly injured she was not able to walk for three months. Mr. Osborne was also slightly injured.

### A HUMOROUS TRAGEDY

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Lewis had a prize dairy cow. This cow had given birth to a fine calf which they decided to raise to take the place of the mother for which they had been offered a handsome price. When the calf had reached the age so it could eat grass, they sold the mother cow for forty dollars. Mrs. Lewis had the forty dollars tied up in a handkerchief in her apron pocket. She had pulled some grass for the calf to eat and while the calf was eating the grass out of her apron it swallowed the handkerchief, money and all. This was indeed a tragedy as Mr. Allen the butcher, had to be called to kill the calf. This he did and he really recovered the hankie with the forty dollars in it but poor Mr. and Mrs. Lewis had neither cow nor calf.—Told by Mrs. D. K. Erfurth.

The story of the Byam family has gone down through history told and retold from one generation to another. The Byam brothers were known as being tricky and dishonest. They were called land sharks and outlaws. After obtaining possession of the land around here they went to Brockland, N. Y., and sold property there at an enormous price. They took pictures with them showing a beautiful





Mt. Vernon street scenes of earlier times

river running through the village of Mt. Vernon with a large steamboat on it. The noted Tilton Family, millionaires from N. Y., bought one block and part of another of city property for \$1200.00 without ever seeing it. This same property was sold later to an Eastern woman for \$500.00. The dishonest practices of the Byams irritated the people of Mt. Vernon and surrounding farmers to the extent that the people decided to get rid of them. They got together about fifty in number with Dick Chandler as their chosen leader. On the evening agreed upon they went to Dr. Byam's home armed with axes, crowbars and other weapons. Mr. Chandler knocked at the door and was confronted by Mrs. Byam, who informed them that the Dr. was not at home, but the group of men were not easily bluffed and began tearing down the house. The Dr. opened an upstairs window and called out "if it weren't for the infant in the cradle here a half dozen of you would be lying down there dead." When the Dr. saw he could not frighten the men he came down and gave himself up. They took him across the road to the grist mill. Here he was tried and found guilty of his dishonest transactions. Colonel Kelley pronounced the sentence, which was that Dr. Byam with his two brothers were to leave town in 24 hours. One of the brothers was tarred and feathered when he refused to leave town. This incident occurred on October 24th, 1859. Several days after this two of the brothers came back to get a load of hay. They went to the Tasher farm, loaded their hay, and were coming down the mill hill when some of the boys set fire to the hay. They wanted the Byams to know they meant business when they told them to leave town and never to return. The team ran away and was badly burned and the men ran, too, as fast as they could and as far as is known they never returned. Of course, the Byam brothers brought suit against the men, a few of whom are as follows. There was Colonel Kelly, R. B. Chandler, Hall C. Chandler, J. T. Chandler, H. M. LaFollette, Wm. LaFollette, Joseph A. Bell, Peter Bell, Joseph A. Britts, Wm. W. Minor, David Ash, George H. Orr, Dean Eastman, Eliphail Thomas and many more whose names don't seem to be recorded. J. C. Hopkins was acting attorney for the Byams and Johnson, Rollins, Smith, Keyes and Gay were attorneys for the defendants. The case ended in complete acquittal for the defendants, but they had to pay the court costs which amounted to \$78.26.

The Byams also defrauded many people by means of selling patent rights on churns and buggy springs.

George Britts built the first house in the village of Mt. Vernon. It was a log house and was built on the Brader farm now owned by Jens Shelstad. This log building was used until 1880 when Mr. Brader built the house that stands there now. The old log building was used as a wood shed for many years.

I found a very interesting story in history told by Mr. George Patchin on cabin building. He tells of how when a new settler arrived they would all get together and help him build his cabin. He said it only took four good men to lay up the logs. One man

stood on each corner of the building with an axe to flatten and fit the ends of the logs. A cabin could be built in one day. He said after the raising they had considerable fun in one way or another and if circumstances were favorable they would have a lunch, which usually consisted of corn bread and venison.

Ox teams were used to break the land as few of the early settlers owned horses, usually 7 yoke of oxen would be hitched on an immense breaking plow which would turn under all stumps and underbrush except the very largest. At times the plow would become so firmly wedged in a stump that the oxen would have to be taken back and hitched on to draw the plow out. At night the oxen were turned loose to feed at large, if any of the animals were considered too wild, they would be yoked together in twos. In those times professional sod breakers would take a team of oxen and break them for the farmers. The oxen breakers secured the services of the oxen for the season to pay for breaking them.

Then came the pioneer methods of farming. The grain was first sown by scattering the seed by hand, then at harvest time it was cut with a heavy cradle and bound by hand. Then oxen were used to prepare a hard, smooth, circular tract. Two rows of bundles would be layed top to top on this hard track, then oxen would be hitched to poles fastened at the center and driven round and round until the grain was treaded out, the straw would then be forked away, the grain, chaff and dirt gathered up and the process repeated, this was usually done on a windy day and as the grain was tossed up much of the chaff and dirt would blow away. Later on came the most curious machine—the old fanning mill. My what an improvement that was in cleaning the grain. W. W. Patchen says he used to help bind the grain behind the cradle. Mr. Patchen says (quote) "David Thomas was a good binder but I followed the cradle like Peter followed his Lord—a good way off." Another method of thrashing the grain came with the flaile. My brother, Mr. H. C. Erfurth, has in his possession my father's cradle and flaile. Grain was thrashed then by placing the grain bundles on the floor and hammering the grain with the flaile. I also remember my father's fanning mill. Frank Moore told me how he and his brother Will Moore thrashed for the farmers with horse power; then came the steam engine. Mr. Moore says the longest thrashing season he remembers was 92 days. Many hardships were endured even in those days as the men had to stay where ever they were thrashing among the farmers, and had to sleep in barns and sheds with their overcoats on in order to keep warm.

Mt. Vernon became a rapidly growing little village. In 1852 there were only 12 families. In 1880 there were 100 inhabitants. In 1948 George Britts built the first and only saw mill. Lumber was sawed at this mill to build most of the first houses in this community. Frank Moore says his father built the house on the old homestead from one large log sawed at Britts Mill. Hall C.

Chandler built the first general store. John Jones Sr., the first Hotel. It stood where the Kollith garage now stands. John Dick had the first shoe makers shop. It stood where Rodney Kollith house stands.

Major Abbott had the first Blacksmith shop, it stood where Herman Erfurth's slaughter house now stands. At one time Mt. Vernon had four taverns. Dr. Donald was the first practicing physician. Mose Way had the first restaurant. Then there has always been the grist mill. At one time a cheese factory, a creamery, a lime kiln and a brick yard.

P. E. Call had a harness shop and also made saddles. Clark Lewis and John Korner were carpenters in Mt. Vernon and surrounding country. Stephen Foye and sons, Carl Neihus, and Carl Erfurth did the mason work. Carl Bieri made Swiss cow bells.

Ray Morris at one time had a store where Andy Nelson now has a business.

Litheuser had a general store on the corner where Rodney Kollith lives.

Otto Sundquist was also a carpenter. His favorite expression was, "Have a good time while you live boys, for when you die you are a long time dead."

Frank Coward had a shoe shop in the house that stood where Rodney Kollith's home now stands. He could make shoes almost as fine as the "boughten" ones.

Gust Huebbe had a harness making shop in the lowest flat of the three story building known as the Erickson home. Mr. Erickson operated a shoe makers shop in the same place years ago. Jim Smith once had a store in part of the building now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hankel. Jim Smith's son has a store in Jintown.

Warren Chandler was a stock buyer.

Doctors who have served Mt. Vernon in years past are, Dr. Donald, Kelly, McPeak, Dr. Lewis (who had one arm amputated). The first Dr. Sharpe, Dr. Osborne, who came from the west. He did not like the steepness of the hills and declared that it was necessary to hang to the back of the buggy to prevent it from tipping over onto the horses' backs when traveling down the hills. He lived and had his office with Mr. and Mrs. John Korner.

Dr. Sweat and Dr. Sowle lived in the house now owned by Arthur Moore.

Dr. and Mrs. Stebbins came here as a bride and groom. Dr. H. A. Sharpe came here as a graduate to begin his practice. He lived in the Minor house and had his office there. He boarded for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Erfurth. Then he took a wife, a young bride from the city of Chicago. Coming to a country home where she had to cook on a wood stove and carry water in a pail was a great hardship for Mrs. Sharpe because she had been used to having gas and running water. But we all think of her as a capable, courageous, and a wonderful help mate and companion. Mrs. Sharpe now resides in Verona. The passing of Dr. Sharpe on

January 20, 1940 was a shock to the people for many miles around as he had served us long and well. To me, as well as to all he served, he was considered a wonderful doctor.

Dr. Evans also administered to the families in this area in true country doctor tradition as did all of Mt. Vernon doctors.

In 1891, Tom Everill printed a newspaper called the Mt. Vernon Enterprise.



Mr. Carl Erfurth, father of the writer of this book, standing beside the open well he built on the Erfurth homestead. This well was built when Mr. Erfurth was 84 years old and it was the last stone mason work he did. The farm is now owned by his son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Erfurth. It stands as a memorial to the mason work Mr. Erfurth did in the Township of Springdale and surrounding country. It draws the attention of many passersby who stop to inquire as to whether they may have a refreshing drink from the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well.

The Mt. Vernon Telephone Company was organized in 1900.

Mr. John Shettler Sr. was the first to sign a petition drawn up by the town chairman John Bang in about 1890. John Bang was the father of the Bang brothers of Mt. Horeb. Mr. Bang's daughter worked in the hotel and disliked the old saloons. She told her father if he didn't do something about ridding the village of its saloons he was not worthy of the title father. So Mr. Bang circulated a petition and at the spring election Mt. Vernon was voted dry.

The first grist mill was built by Ed Britts and Charley Smith in 1858. The first mill had ponderous wooden wheels and was a resort in its day. In the early eighties the wooden wheels were replaced with a turbine water wheel. When C. W. Karn took over the mill he added many improvements. In 1887 while in possession of Nick Hentgen the mill was burned to the ground. At one time the mill was a political and social center where all exchanged their ideas while waiting for their grists. At times as many as twenty teams and wagons would be there waiting for their grist. In 1887 Mr. Hentgen, then the miller, called all the farmers together to clean out the mill race. In the evening a dance was held in the mill. Liquor flowed freely, this resulted in a fight. A husky fellow called Big Holvor threw several of his contestants into the mill race. George Orr built the mill as it now stands. It has changed hands many times, the Koch brothers having it for many years. The last transaction was from Fred and Ferdinand Koch to Herbert Hankel.

Millers of the past: John Pones, Isaac Brader, C. W. Karn, Wm. Koch and sons bought the mill in 1897.

John Swenson opened the first meat market in Mt. Vernon. He also peddled meat to the surrounding farmers. As he drove up to the farmers house he would ring a hand bell, the farmers wives would come to the wagon with a platter or pan and the meat would be weighed on a scale hanging from the back of the wagon. Sometimes the meat would be tenderized from the heat but Mr. Swenson never charged extra for that.

\* \* \*

Otto Hacker opened the first barber shop. He worked for Koch brothers in the general store and barbered one day and one night a week. His shop was in the building where Eli Kobber-vick now has his tavern.

\* \* \*

At one time Mr. Vernon had a brick yard. Arthur Byrge's house was built from bricks made in this brick yard. It is thought that Hall Chandler also built a house from these Mt. Vernon bricks.

\* \* \*

Dr. Donald built the house where Mr. and Mrs. Godfred Urban live and many will remember the old bell that hung in the cupola on the back part of the house. Mrs. Frank Moore says that bell was rung the last time on November 11, 1918 when the

Armistice was signed in World War I. Mrs. Moore's mother who had lived in the house for many years rang the bell. I well remember that day, too, as I had the key to the Baptist Church in my possession and when the Armistice was signed I went to the church and rang the bell until my hands were blistered. Mrs. Corella Nadler finally came to help me. We were indeed all happy that the war was over.

\* \* \*

Frank Moore told a story about Mr. Alex. Clow, from way back when. He said Alex's mother sent him to town with three dozen eggs and was to return with tea in exchange. Tea cost twenty-five cents a pound and eggs were worth three cents a dozen, so when Master Clow was told he didn't have enough eggs for a pound of tea, he said, "Well, give me two pounds then." Mrs. John Baker says she can remember when three rings of bologna could be brought for twenty-five cents and flour for seventy-five cents a sack (50 lbs.).

\* \* \*

On May 23, 1884 Ringling Brothers & Yankee Robinson pitched their tents on the Mt. Vernon Park grounds. The big wagons became stuck in the mud and the farmers had to use their teams to pull them out.

\* \* \*

The band was organized in September 16, 1891. The instruments were received October 9, 1891. It was voted that each member pay sixteen dollars and fifty cents into the treasury to pay for the instruments and the other expenses. The following were the members responsible for the organization: H. B. Fargo, J. F. Weltzin, E. F. Burmester, P. N. Mason, K. K. Boe, C. A. Brader, H. Hankle, T. A. Everill, R. Lust, J. S. McPherson, John Korner, D. J. Smith, W. Kollith, F. Allen and J. S. Donald.

According to the minutes of the first meeting the money was to be paid to the treasure before purchasing the instruments. The first officers were E. F. Burmester, President, H. B. Fargo, Vice-President, J. F. Weltzin, Secretary, and R. Lust, Treasurer. It was named and known as the Mt. Vernon Cornet Band. One of the by-laws read that any member being late for the meetings was to be fined one cent a minute unless he could give a very good reason for his being late. More names were added to the list later as follows: F. G. Moore, E. C. Pierce, Alvah Webber, Henry Mitchell, and Fred Allen.

Tom Jones was known as a real estate dealer in Mt. Vernon and owner of a large amount of property. It is said at one time that he paid the highest taxes in the community.

The George Patchin family were the first settlers in this community. As wood and water were necessary for the existence of all pioneers, they built their homes where these were available. Therefore, they selected a spot near the "Big Spring" for their cabin. They had come from Ohio in 1846, driving all

the way in a lumber wagon. The first white child born in Mt. Vernon, December 22, 1846 was David Patchin, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Patchin.

In 1851 George Britts and his nephew, Joel Britts, bought the first plot of land in Mt. Vernon. They came here from Mt. Vernon, Virginia, and it was the Britts who named Mt. Vernon.

\* \* \*

Sometimes you run onto the most interesting places quite by accident, often finding them in out-of-the-way spots, practically hidden and known to few. Such was the case on a recent Sunday when "The Forest of Fame" at Mt. Vernon, Wis., came unexpectedly to view.

"The Forest of Fame" was started in 1916 by the late John S. Donald, former Wisconsin secretary of state and professor of agriculture at the University of Wisconsin. Snuggled down in those hills off the beaten track it stands — a bit of the outside world transplanted in Wisconsin by one of its outstanding citizens, to whose memory it will flourish as a lasting and fitting monument.

This little forest represents places near and far on two continents. The trees are ranged on the sides of an open square which once was part of a beautiful forest and later a productive field. It is now a tiny well-kept park, the pride of the village of Mt. Vernon. The trees came from the birthplaces or homes of former presidents of the United States, famous generals and personages at the top of the scientific, religious, commercial, musical and agricultural worlds.



**Home Coming at Mt. Vernon**



As was fitting, the first trees planted there were elms from George Washington's estate at Mt. Vernon. They were set out with impressive services on Arbor Day, May 6, 1916. The marker reads: "George Washington Elms—From Mt. Vernon, Va., to Mt. Vernon, Wis.—Planted May 6, 1916." The next year elms from Lincoln's birthplace at Hodgenville, Ky., took a place in "The Forest of Fame."

Probably the handsomest tree in the forest is the blue spruce from Gen. John J. Pershing's AEF headquarters at Chaumont, France. It was planted in 1919. The next tree was set out in 1924—an elm from the birthplace of Pres. Rutherford B. Hayes at Fremont, Ohio.

In 1925 another famous foreigner joined the little company of forest trees. It was named "Robin Hood Oak" and was grown from an acorn from Robin Hood's own forest fastness—Sherwood Forest—in England.

From other presidential homes the following year came several trees to the forest—a Norway spruce from the Woodrow Wilson home in Washington, D. C.; a maple from the home of William McKinley at Niles, O.; an elm from the U. S. Grant home in Galena, Ill.

From homes of former Wisconsin governors are the following: a maple from Jeremiah Rusk's home at Viroqua; an elm from the Lucius Fairchild home which stood on the site now occupied by the state office building; an elm from the W. D. Hoard home in Ft. Atkinson. These were planted in 1926. The following year elms from the old Madison homes of Govs. Washburn and Farrel were set out.

The year 1928 added trees from other historic spots—an ash from the Gen. Robt. E. Lee home at Lexington, Va., and another ash from the Virginia home of Henry Clay. There was a mountain ash from the Luther Burbank experimental farm in California, but it died and none has been put in its place. There's a linden from the Frances E. Willard home in Janesville and an elm from the J. Sterling Morton estate at Nebraska City, Neb. In 1931 came trees from the homes of Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) at Cody, Wyo.; from Eben E. Rexford's home at Shiocton, Wis.; and an elm from Ethan Allen's home at Burlington, Vt.

In 1933 Mr. Donald brought a tree from the birthplace of Charles E. Lindbergh at Little Falls, Minn. The dogwood tree from Theodore Roosevelt's estate, Sagamore Hill, Long Island, N. Y., is one of the loveliest in the forest. The date on the Stephen M. Babcock elm is entirely obliterated.

\* \* \*

The Sugar river rises in the southwest corner of the town, on Section 32, and passes through Sections 33, 34 and 35, in an eastern direction into the town of Springdale, in the northeast corner. There is a branch or spring that rises on Section 27 and unites on Section 35.

"Near where it enters the town of Springdale is the Mormon baptismal pond. In the early history of the town several Mormons settled here, and the whole neighborhood for years were kept in a fevered state of excitement by the Sunday carnivals they often held.

"George P. Thompson, T. S. Lloyd and George Harlow were some of the leaders among them. George was a son of old Isaiah Harlow, whose grave is in the beautiful burying ground on the hill that is overshadowed with the grove of trees, on Jeremiah Murphy's farm, Section 31.

"There are several of this family buried here, as seen by the neat gray slabs of headstones that mark their last resting place. These graves are designated by some of the neighbors—(but by mistake) as those of the Mormons. \* \* \* Near this same spot is the grave of Mrs. Odell whose sudden and mysterious death filled the neighborhood with amazement."

"According to Mrs. Sam Britts, her father, Hall Chandler, had the first store and was the first postmaster in Mt. Vernon. Isaac G. Brader, Sr., was appointed postmaster in 1856 and held the office over 20 years.

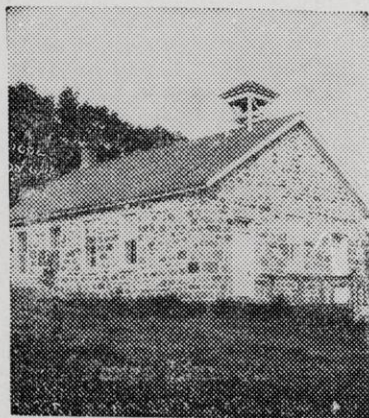
"Time permits touching only here and there on the history of the village. According to a writeup of the town in 1877, the following were in business here: I. G. Brader, Sr., storekeeper and postmaster; John Jones, mill owner; Charles C. Allen, hotelkeeper; C. W. Karn, miller; Dr. W. J. Donald, physician; W. W. Abbott, Andrew Peterson, blacksmiths; W. W. Miner, boots and shoes; Foye and Rea, masons; Erick Erickson, shoemaker; P. E. Call, saddler; Frank A. Fix, hotel and saloon; George Wade, butcher; Clarke J. Lewis, carpenter; M. F. Van Norman, livestock buyer; A. C. Brader, clerk.

## MT. VERNON'S SCHOOLS

The first school house was built in 1851. It was a frame building and when the stone school house was built in 1866 the first school house was used as a wood shed. When I went to school in the stone building, I well remember helping to carry cord wood from this wood shed into a huge wood box that stood in the entry of the old school house. The school was heated at that time by a large round stove that was nearly as tall as the school room. I said nearly and it held a full length cord wood stick. At a meeting held in 1887 a new school house was discussed. A motion was made to build a new school house but the motion was lost. In July 18, 1910 a motion was again made to build, this time thirty-eight votes were cast, twenty-four in favor and fourteen against. The question of changing from a district school to a graded school was brought up, thirty-two votes were cast, twenty-three in favor of making the change and nine against it. They also voted on raising five thousand dollars as a building fund, thirty-four votes were cast, twenty-eight in favor and six against. Dr. H. A. Sharpe

and S. E. Foye were appointed as a building committee to act with the school board. Ed Pierce was clerk and was instructed to procure building plans from the state superintendent. The mason work was left to Charles Erfurth and Mr. S. E. Foye. The contract for the building was let to Kleven Bros.

The well at the school was drilled in 1898. In 1872 wood was bought from Joseph Pierce for one dollar and sixty cents a cord delivered. Twenty-eight dollars was raised to pay for the wood. In 1873 Byron Pierce got the bid for wood at a dollar seventy-five cents a cord delivered. In 1921 it was voted to plant four shade trees on the school grounds. In 1913 two odd votes were cast at the school meeting, one for George Washington and one for Abraham Lincoln. The oldest records I could find for teachers' wages was in 1871, one hundred and fifty dollars was paid for the nine months of school. From that time until 1946, just 75 years later, wages have increased considerably. The teacher that has been hired for the 1947 school term will be paid two thousand and twenty-five dollars for the nine-month period. In 1887 a motion was made to fence in the entire school grounds but this motion was lost. In 1895 a broom was bought for twenty-five cents. One dollar was paid for cleaning the school house. The flag pole was raised in 1890 at the cost of one dollar and a half, the flag cost two dollars. Five gallons of mixed paint was bought in 1890 to paint the school house and the wood shed at the cost of seven dollars. In 1875 a motion was made to have ten months of school, this motion was also lost. In 1890 two bids were put in to shingle the school house, John Korner's bid was fifty-six dollars and Clark Lewis's bid was sixty dollars. The contract was let to Mr. Korner.



The second school house built in Mt. Vernon is pictured above. The stone structure replaced a frame building in 1866. The original school was built in 1851. The photograph was made in 1908. The building here was replaced with a new frame building in 1910.

Mable Davis says her first recollections of Mt. Vernon was Tom Jones' braying mules.

Unique distinctions lent interest to other families of the area. There was the Webber family, for instance. Marlin Cleveland Webber was a first cousin of President Grover Cleveland, but the hard-headed M. C. was wont to say: "That's no credit to either one of us." In the Webber family, grandfather, father and two sons served in the Civil war. George Webber was the youngest Wisconsin soldier in the war, his fine physique enabling him to get by under 14. And once when Truman Webber was carrying a wounded comrade off the field the southern soldiers ceased firing and applauded his courage.

E. C. Pierce, was a man well known in this community. He was clerk of the Mt. Vernon school for many years and always showed a deep interest in the welfare of the teachers and pupils. He was also town clerk of Primrose for 24 year. On Sept. 20, 1927, several hundred people from Primrose, Springdale, Madison and surrounding country gathered at his farm in the town of Primrose near Mt. Vernon to pay their respects to Mr. Pierce. He passed away Dec. 18, 1931.

Mr. John Kollath also bought land from the Government. A team of oxen was used to break this land. This farm has always stayed in the Kollath family and is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kollath, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kollath of Mt. Vernon.

Billings Lewis lived across the river from our now forest of fame and his daughter taught school in the Harker district. She walked from Mt. Vernon to the John Harker farm now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Laverne Johnson. School was held in the Harker home and it is said you could trail her in the dust from her home to the school. They really wore long skirts in those days.

\* \* \*

Jim Smith was the first man to bring mail to Mt. Vernon. He would leave Madison on one day, stopping off at Verona, and would return the next day to Madison. Mail was delivered three times a week. Mr. Smith usually made the trip on horse back but sometimes on week-ends he would travel in a two-wheeled cart so his sweetheart could ride with him.

\* \* \*

In 1906 Mt. Vernon had a famous baseball team consisting of Johnny Wilson, Andrew Brink, Earl Fritz, George Brader, Dr. Deno O'Conner (deceased) Garhardt Stamm, Tom Wilson, Isaac Spaanum, and Grover Wilson better known as "Dugan". M. R. V. was the lettering on their shirts, meaning the Mt. Vernon Red Valley team. These boys were hard hitters and were known as a team hard to beat. All the boys except Dr. Deno O'Conner are still living.

A court trial held in Alva Stewart's office in Mt. Vernon in 1882. Taken from court records. This was the trial of W. W. Minor and the town board in regards to the road running down past the old Minor place now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Moore. W. W. Minor came to Mt. Vernon in 1857 after he had served through the Civil war and was badly wounded. In 1866 he bought block eight from Sanford Shumway. In 1877 he built a barn near the creek and in 1878 he built the house. The argument was that of the location of the road.

Many old testimonies were given. Evan Jones testified that he had lived near Mt. Vernon for thirty-five years and that he had traveled over the road in 1844. I. G. Brader said he was born in England in 1819 and came to Mt. Vernon in 1855. He had hauled wood over the road in early days. John L. Malone said he had lived in Springdale thirty-six years. George Moore said he was born in York state and came to Mt. Vernon in 1853. He worked in the old saw mill. Stephen Foye said he came to Mt. Vernon in 1856 and that the road was then where the Minor porch was. William Lust testified that he came here thirty years ago at the age of eight years and that in 1868 he graded the road below the Minor house. He said the road run below the school house. Clark Lewis said he came here thirty years ago and that when the Minor's built their house, the stone and lumber pushed the road down the hill. Charles Lewis said at one time the road run above the Minor house. John T. Chandler said he had moved a barn for Minor from the village. Byron Minor, age thirty-two said until the survey of 1867 the road had been above the Minor house.

The hill behind the school house was known as "Stony Point". It is said in wet weather they traveled above the school house and in dry weather below the school house. Much of the stone used to build the Minor house was taken from the hill back of the house. Earlier settlers say that at one time the school house door opened on the upper hill side and the pupils went out that way to the main road. After the I. G. Brader house was built travel was below the school as it is now.

Mr. Wm. Minor even sought to fence off the road. Claiming it had not legal existence.

James P. McPherson, famous justice of the peace of western Dane county who lived on the Verona road, gave the most interesting testimony.

\* \* \*

An ancient land mark is the Mt. Vernon rocks. They have always added distinction to the village. When the first settlers came to the village there was a beautiful pine tree growing on top of one of the rocks. It was a noted object of interest to the visitors because of its marked distinction from all of its surroundings. It was blown down by a wind storm on New Years Night, 1876.

In times past most every farmer, had a dinner bell, if these bells were rung any time except at meal time the neighbors knew it was a call for help. It meant fire, sickness, or death. Frank Moore says he rang the dinner bell for help when his father passed away very suddenly. Johnny Harker was the first neighbor to arrive.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ernest Karn told me her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Foye, came to Mt. Vernon in a covered wagon and oxen all the way from Canada. They lived in the old house by the big spring.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Susan Marty says we even had a dentist in Mt. Vernon at one time. He was C. J. Weltzin and owned the general store and only pulled teeth as a side line. She walked from the big spring down to his store one day and was suffering with a terrible toothache. She asked him to pull her tooth but she said he told her he only pulled teeth for men. She was very angry and went back home and pulled the tooth herself.

\* \* \*

When the false alarm was sounded that the war was over on November 8, 1918, Mary Lazars, teacher in the Mt. Vernon school, Mable Korner Davis, and myself with several of the school children all so happy, gathered with tin pans, cow bells, and other noisy instruments and marched through Mt. Vernon to the rocks. We climbed to the top of the Mt. Vernon rocks and placed a large flag on a pole and the flag was there for many years.

\* \* \*

In 1880 Mt. Vernon was then in the heyday of its importance as an inland trading center, due to the great country business the late Congressman Herman B. Dahle had built up there as a merchant. It had three stores, a hotel, two saloons, two shoemaker shops, a harness shop, a wagon shop, a grist mill and four blacksmith shops — now the anvil no longer resounds there. Great quantities of butter, eggs and poultry were handled by the Dahle firm.

But already Mt. Vernon's decline was foreshadowed by the extension that year of the railroad through Mt. Horeb, and but 10 days later, on July 15, the first carload of merchandise to come over the new line to Mt. Horeb was a carload of salt for the Mt. Vernon store, and Mr. Dahle sent the car back loaded with butter.

### THREE-DAY CELEBRATION

The fourth of July, 1880, fell on Sunday and celebrations were variously spread over a three-day period. However, it was not until June 30 that Herman Dahle and Ike Brader decided that Mt. Vernon should celebrate that year, Bob La Follette, their now famous former neighbor boy, was to be the orator. He was invited, but was already scheduled to speak at Reedsburg Saturday, July 3, so the Mt. Vernon celebration was set for Monday, July 5.

It was to be in Way's grove on top of the Mt. Vernon hill on the town line road between Springdale and Primrose. People from these two towns were invited. A speaker's platform was set up on the Springdale side of the road.

When Bob La Follette heard of this, his local patriotism was stirred, and no doubt his sense of the dramatic as well. He insisted on the platform being extended square across the road that he might speak from his beloved native soil of Primrose. So the law was obligingly set aside and the highway blocked in deference to this sentimental whim, as no doubt many thought it—but Bob La Follette could have what he wanted—even then.

A great country crowd was present, come to hear their own "Bob", now district attorney, and famed as an orator. The musical features of the celebration were also notable. One B. F. Rogers, a local character, large and amiable, and famed in his day as a seller of organs, had a choir of singers—and a Kimbal organ. More interesting, however, was the appearance of Old John Rea, with his bagpipe from Scotland. It was perhaps the last time that "wild and high the Cameron's Gathering rose" in Mt. Vernon and from one of old Scotia's own pipes.

There was also a dancing platform and a merry-go-round and an old-timer says that Dean Eastman of the Primrose town board who was married to Bob La Follette's older half-sister, was urged by the youngsters to join in riding the ponies. For some time he held up in deference to his dignity and piety, but finally gave in and climbed on with them to their great merriment.

La Follette's speech that day was afterwards described by those who heard it as of the kind that "haunted." The farmers drove home feeling that they had listened to a rare spirit — as indeed they had. The spell was long upon them. Again he had won their hearts. What a wonderful boy, they thought! The subject of his oration has not come down, but as he spoke for some years at this period of his life on "The home as the foundation of the state," this probably was his subject then. An Illinois man who was present as a boy writes characteristically: "I remember that he walked about the platform a great deal while speaking and that he often referred to the Revolution."

It is said that Mrs. La Follette, then Miss Belle Case, was at the Mt. Vernon celebration to hear Bob and that later she and Bob went on to her home at Baraboo, by way of Mt. Horeb. Such is the recollection of a local resident.

Many other celebrations were held in Mt. Vernon, or near by, and there are legends of Bob's earlier participation in one or more of them some ten years before. W. A. Housel of Spokane, former resident, writes of one, and of a spirited horse race in which Bob is said to have driven his favorite mare against Ike Brader's prize stepper in a run from the Tom Jones place to the Minor house — a thrilling spectacle, and one race which Bob lost, but which he was willing to help stage for the entertainment of the crowd.

## THE MT. VERNON CEMETERY

A group of Mt. Vernon people met at the school house on July 19, 1858 for the purpose of talking over the possibilities of buying land for a cemetery. An association was formed and named the Mt. Vernon Cemetery Association. Stephen Fairbanks was chosen chairman, Henry Allen, secretary, and three trustees were chosen by ballot. They were John Jones for the term of three years, Henry Allen, two years, and Stephen Fairbanks for one year. On September 26, 1859 the association met and moved to circulate a subscription paper. Money was raised by subscription and land was purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, they received fifteen dollars for the northern part and the southern part was bought from Mr. and Mrs. John Jones Sr. for the same amount. The land was cleared and fenced with a good substantial board fence, which stood until the fall of 1878 when the new fence was built. The price of the lots were as follows. The first tier of the lots on each side of the main alley was to be sold for three dollars. The second tier for the amount of two and one half dollars and the third tier for two dollars, the fourth tier, one and a half, and the fifth one dollar, also giving the board power to donate to poor persons or strangers such lot or lots as would be necessary. In 1878 a new fence was built, flat pickets were used for the front of the fence, boards for the other sides. All who could were to furnish cedar posts, a bee was held and the old fence torn down, and the new one was built. Mr. John Korner was hired to make the gates. Mable Korner Davis and myself went through the cemetery taking dates from the old tombstones, the bodies of many of our loved ones have been layed away to rest there. The oldest marked stone was that of Francis Curtis, age one year, son of M. L. and T. A. Curtis, the date read 1849. We found the graves of twin sons of James Smith. One had passed away in September 1871 at the age of one year. The other passed away in October 1872 age of two years. We found this inscription on an old stone:

Remember friends as you pass by  
As you are now so once was I.  
As I am now you soon shall be  
So all prepare to follow me.

The arch over the gateway of the cemetery as it now stands was bought by the Willing Workers Society of Mt. Vernon whose members were as follows: Alpha Brader, Ella and Amelia Karn, Nelly, Mable, and Viola Beard, Gyda Burkue, Marion Colby, Ethel Chandler, Hazel and Lola Harker, Elsie Koch, Mable, Corrella and Geneva Moore, Ella Spaanum, and Mary and Amelia Erfurth. Members who have since passed away were Retta Foye, Clara Olson, Clara Kittleson and Clara Koch.

(If any names have been omitted, I hope I will be forgiven as it was not done intentionally.)

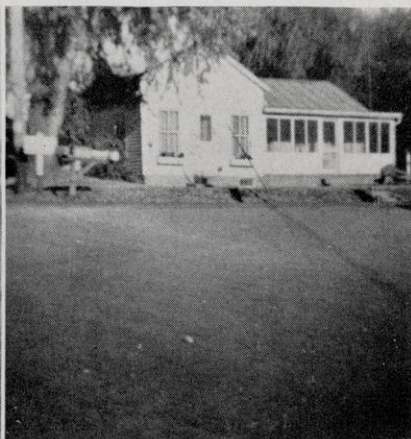
The fence that is now standing was donated by the Ladies Aid Society of the Mt. Vernon Baptist church.



In the Mt. Vernon cemetery overlooking the town from a hillside on the Madison road the rude forefathers of the village sleep, the Bradens, Hales, Allens, Minors, Chandlers, Lewises and others. Here too rest many pioneer men and women from the surrounding countryside, the Pierces, Shumways, Foyes, Harkers, Ways, Webbers. Rude only in the poet's sense of leading and living unobtrusive lives, there were many remarkable people among them, off shoots of pioneer stocks from Maine, New York, Ohio, Indiana and the south; men and women with much native culture behind them; who could furnish entertainment on occasion; who could argue well on public questions, and who could meet situations and crises with resourcefulness and courageous self-reliance. Their names call to mind that backwoods type of Americanism now gone, with which we associate sturdy independence, openhearted hospitality, clean living and genuine manhood. Their wants being few, they were correspondingly free and we love to think of them taking down their trusty shotguns and supplying their own wants without paying tribute to anyone in so doing. What rare unwritten tales—thought commonplace then, but which would seem marvelous now—were often buried with them! Peace to their ashes! With them the golden age of Mt. Vernon passed—its story and theirs an example in miniature of the way of many larger communities, states and nations.

\* \* \*

Across the road from the later Hankel home and nearer Mt. Vernon stood the Luther D. Robbins home, the site now marked by a clump of bushes and trees. Mr. Robbins was a horseman, cabinet and coffin maker and was envied for his tasseled carriage and fine horses. In the '60s he was clerk of the Mt. Vernon school-board. Mrs. Robbins was said to have been of Byam stock and



**Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Erfurth bought there home in Mt. Vernon in 1935. They were married in 1932 and have two children, Harland, born March 24th, 1935 and Geraldine, born January 19th, 1939. Their home is the oldest house in Mt. Vernon, but since they bought it they remodeled it and now have a modern home.**

to have been related to the Wheeler family of Westport. The late Mrs. E. Donald Jones said Ella Wheeler, Wisconsin's famous poetess, visited the Robbinses as a child at times.

A fine state highway now runs through the village of Mt. Vernon, connecting with the more populous villages of Mt. Horeb to the north and Belleville to the south. Tourists speeding through the quaint little hamlet remark upon its natural beauties, but give it no further thought.

Mt. Vernon too had its boom period. It is said that in the cities of the east lithographs were displayed showing steamboats tied up at piers in the millpond, and investors were urged to buy lots quickly in this coming western "city." Legend has it that the olympian Daniel Webster, who had various investments in Dane county, was pointed by the promoters as one already shrewd enough to come in "on the ground floor," but as he died in 1852 this hardly seems probable.

No real boom came to Mt. Vernon, however, yet through quite a period of years following the civil war it was a place of considerable business, with clanging blacksmith shops, hotels, saloons and crowded stores; with its own shoemaker, carriage maker and harness shop, etc. It also had its postoffice, supplied by a weekly stage line to and from Madison, later semi or tri-weekly as the railroad came nearer. All this was before rural delivery, prohibition, the automobile and good roads were to deprive it of its post-office, its hotels and saloons, and so much of its trade that save for its school and its grist mill and one general store its active life is about over.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Urben of Mt. Vernon, Wis. bought their home in Springdale in 1944. They had both been residents of Springdale for many years. Mr. Urben's parents made cheese in the Sand Hill factory for many years and are well known in the township. Mrs. Urben was formerly Olive Zahler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Zahler who resided for many years on the Arthur Moore farm. Mr. and Mrs. Urben are both members of the Mt. Vernon Zwingle Reform Church. They were married, June 4th, 1935 and have three living children, one having passed on in infancy. Their living children are, Shirley born Feb. 3rd, 1936, Velma born Aug. 26th, 1938, and Gary born July 27th, 1946. Mr. and Mrs. Urben take an active part in school and community affairs and their home has been remodeled and is an asset to the village.

This is a story I heard while visiting in Mt. Vernon: It is about two farmers and a milk tester. I will identify them as Mr. W. K. and Mr. H. C. I am not permitted to use the milk-testers initials so I will just call him the milk-tester.

These two farmers were jolly good fellows and full of pep, and W. K. usually got the best of H. C. in playing tricks. The milk-tester too was a young man full of fun and always ready to join in on any kind of develtry. One day during hay season the milk-tester happened along at H. C.'s farm, and that afternoon W. K. called that he was coming to spend the evening with H. C. So H. C. began to dust off his brains to think of some way he could get even with the milk-tester and W. K. for all the tricks they had played on him. Now H. C. knew that in order to make the trick work he would have to call on the man that was helping him hay, this man being Laverne Johnson.

Previous to this story the milk-tester and W. K. had never met, but H. C. had always told the milk-tester what a fine fellow W. K. was and how he wished some time he could meet him, likewise H. C. had told W. K. what a grand young man the milk-tester was. Here was the opportunity that H. C. had been waiting for so he told the milk-tester that W. K. was terribly hard of hearing and that he would have to talk extra loud in order to make himself heard. He stressed the fact that W. K. was easily offended if he had to say "what", when spoken to.

When W. K. arrived that evening, the milk-tester, Laverne and H. C. were in the barn milking, H. C. having conveniently placed himself near the back of the barn, so he could call in a loud voice without being mistrusted. With this in mind he called out to Mr. W. K. that he would like to have him meet Mr. — the milk-tester. Then Laverne diverted the attention of the milk-tester while H. C. managed to corner W. K. and tell him the same story that he had told the milk-tester, stating that the milk-tester was a very young man to have already lost his hearing, and that W. K. would have to talk real loud in order to keep the milk-tester from asking him to repeat as he was a proud young man and felt the loss of his hearing keenly.

Mr. W. K. traveled with a horse and cart, so as soon as he had his horse tied up and cared for he grabed a bucket to help milk. With a little maneuvering H. C. finally succeeded in getting W. K. and the milk-tester opposite of each other while they milked. As they started to talk to one another they raised their voices to their limit in order that neither would offend the other. Their conversation continued this way until after supper, when each man went his way for an evening of entertainment. Mr. W. K. went with H. C. and his wife to a community meeting, while the milk-tester and Mr. H. C.'s son went to a dance, neither realizing the trick that had been played on them.

That night the milk-tester and W. K. had to occupy the same bed. Mr. W. K. had been in bed some time before the milk-tester returned from the dance. Naturally neither spoke because they were afraid of disturbing the rest of the household with their loud talk.

So the next morning when H. C. had a chance he said to Mr. W. K. "Gee that milk-tester is a fine young fellow only, he thinks you're just as deaf as you think he is." Both Mr. W. K. and the milk-tester took it good natured but declared between them that they would get even with H. C. and Laverne. In order to do this they decided to change the wheels on the hay wagon, and they proceeded to put the two high wheels both on one side. Mr. W. K. declares that neither H. C. nor Laverne knew what they had done and they hauled hay all day on a lop-sided wagon. Of course H. C. and Laverne say they knew about it but didn't want to spoil the milk-tester and W. K.'s fun, after all of their hard work and lifting in changing the wheels.

These men are none other than Herman Erfurth and William Kahl, who have always been the best of friends. Mr. Kahl says he some times thinks he'll still get even with Herman, but Herman says he thinks Mr. Kahl is still ahead of the game.

\* \* \*

The heyday of Mt. Vernon was in the later '70s and early '80s, when it enjoyed a big country trade, in spite of the bad roads of spring and fall in that period of unimproved highways. Long rows of farmers' teams were tied along the streets, and poultry, eggs and butter were brought in by the farmers to be exchanged for clothing, molasses, barrels of salt, farm tools, overalls, boots and shoes, plug tobacco, calico, brown sugar, rock candy, gum, and the thousand and one other commodities of which the ambitious country store then boasted. Even gunpowder was sold by the light of burning kerosene lamps near at hand—for small game was plentiful—yet it is not of record that any explosion ever occurred to play havoc with the rural statesmen or town "smart alecks" gathered nightly around the long stove at the front. Here Herman B. Dahle, later congressman, came with his bride in 1877 and with fair dealing and charming manner built up a wonderful trade and won the unshakeable confidence of the community. The chief store of the place, known successively as the Carleton, Brader, Dahle and Weltzin store, was a sort of capitol of the place, for here the postoffice was for years maintained.

Perhaps among one of the oldest land marks in Springdale is a huge stone that is partly covered by mother earth, and stands in the corner of the road below the McCord rocks. Many years ago Mr. Al Brader, then town clerk, asked my father, Mr. Carl Erfurth, what could be done to prevent the teamsters of that time from cutting the corner so short, and after talking things over



Pulling their way to victory over seven opposing teams, above are the men of the Dane county team who won the World's Fair Farm Week tug-of-war championship and a purse of \$100. The rope with which they tugged to the championship was given them as a trophy of the meet. The tuggers who bested all opposition average 190 pounds each. They are, seated left to right: Frank Carpenter, manager, Windsor, deceased; Olaf Ankalrud, coach, Springdale; George Dransky, coach, Sun Prairie; Cornelius A. Sorenson, captain, Springdale; Rear row left to right: Robert E. Carpenter, Windsor; Vernon "Pat" Manley, Sun Prairie; Werner Richard, Blue Mounds; Carl Kahl, Blue Mounds; Joe Lingard, Springdale; Hector Bakken (substitute), Springdale; Richard W. Farrell, Cross Plains; William Kruse, Jr., Sun Prairie; and Vernon Roske, Windsor.

they decided to set this stone in the place it still stands. My father loaded the stone on his wagon and set it all by himself.

The funeral of Washington W. Hale, veteran of the Black Hawk War, was held from the home of his brother, Eldred S., of Mt. Vernon, Wis. Their father was killed in the Black Hawk War in northern Illinois in 1832, and "Wash" Hale was a Black Hawk War pensioner.

John Dick came to Springdale in 1867. He was born in Ebershire, Scotland, he was the son of James and Elizabeth Dick. He married Miss Sarah Lawler in 1843, she was a native of Ireland, they had eight children. He bought forty acres of land near the village of Mt. Vernon (best known as the Abe Everill farm). He learned the shoemaker trade in Scotland and had a business in Mt. Vernon for many years.

One of the first school houses built in Springdale was the McGregor school, in District No. 5. It stood in the front part of what is now known as the Oak Hill cemetery. It was built in 1867. It was a stone building and the contract was let to C. Keller for the sum of \$140.00. The carpenter work was let to J. W. Smith for the sum of \$515.00. The school house was used at one time to hold the meetings of the Grange Lodge. B. F. Rogers once held singing school in the building. It was also used for many entertainments.

The McGregor family lived next to the present McPherson school. Mr. McGregor had a blacksmith shop on his farm. Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Klute owned and operated this farm for many years. Then Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moore bought the farm, it is now owned by Phillip Andrews.

Riley school, in Sec. II, was built in 1868, and was then known as Clantorf. Mr. John Riley, now of Madison, Wis., tells me he attended school there when they only paid the teacher \$18.00 a month for her services. Mr. Riley said that he played ball on the grounds across the road from the school over 66 years ago, and that his grandchildren, namely, John, James and Thomas Riley, all played ball on the same grounds. This spot of ground was used as a playground until this year, when it was plowed up for corn.

There is an old oak tree that stands near the present school that Mr. Riley says is older than the village of Riley.

The first school house built in Sec. 29, District No. 2, known as the Malone school, was built in 1858, and stood on the site west of the James Malone home, across the road from the present school house, which was built in 1944.

\* \* \*

We find in the Mt. Vernon cemetery inscriptions on tomb stones showing names of men who took part in past wars. They are:

Eldred S. Hale, born in 1816, served in the Black Hawk war; William Koch, Al C. Brader, David Jones, M. C. Webber, William Minor and Joseph L. Pierce, who all served in the Civil war.

In the Springdale Lutheran cemetery we find buried the following Civil war veterans:

Austin O. Shutvet, Iver Olson, Peter O. Brager, and Hans Opsal. Other Civil war veterans, who lived in the township but moved away were: Gilbert Albertson and John Lunde.

Knute Spaanum was killed in action in the Civil war of 1861 and left a widow and three children, namely Sever, Herbin, and Christena.

Michael Jacket and Hawley Childs, fence viewers, Axium Malone and John I. Berge, constables, William A. Dryden, sealer of weights and measures. We find in Sec. 4 a number of early settlers, namely Erick Olson Skindrud, who settled in 1853, and Ole Lee, who settled in 1848. Another brother, Alsak Lee, in the same section, was a carver and engraver. He made the most perfect engravings on wooden slabs for monuments in the graveyard.

Among these first settlers, Thosten Thompson Rue, John Thompson Rue, Arne Hoff settled in Sec. 4. John Lunda, Knute Lunda, Levor Lien settled in Sec. 16; Iver Thoreson, Hendrick Johnson, and William Dryden, settled in Sec. 7 in 1848; Thomas Urdahl in Sec. 10 in 1854; John McCaughey in Sec. 13 in 1852.

John I. Berge came to Wisconsin in 1845 and settled in Sec. 5. He was one of the first settlers. He also was one of the organizers of the township, and held many prominent positions in the town and community at large. He was married to Julia Lee in 1844, and they had seven children. Their farm consisted of 160 acres.

Michael Brown, a native of Ireland, born in 1823, came to America in 1844, and to Springdale in 1851. In 1851 he was married to Margaret Lynch, and settled in Sec. 2 on a 160 acres farm.

\* \* \*

Writing from Spokane, Wash., W. A. Housel, son of Furman Housel, one of the early settlers of the town of Springdale, tells some interesting things of the early families of that region. Particular reference is made by him to the Donald and Jones families living near the village of Mt. Vernon. In view of the recent death of John S. Donald, former secretary of state, his recollections of these families have a timely interest. Of them he writes:

"In your recent letter you mention having met some of the old friends and neighbors who are still living there, and some who have passed out of the picture, all of which was of much interest to me, as I remember all those you mentioned very well.

"I was particularly pleased to learn that Mrs. Ellen Donald-Jones was still living and want to congratulate you on having such a fine lady for a neighbor, for I well remember her, as well as her people, as I think they used to drive down to the little old Scotch church on the hill just east of what was known as 'Scotch Lane,' a piece of road that was laid out through the Davidson farm, and which was almost impassable in early springtime each year.

They would drive down there with a nice black team hitched to a double-seated buggy, to hear Rev. Donald preach, and later on Miss Ellen married the preacher's son John. Many years later as I started out to walk to Madison, I was overtaken by Mrs. Donald and her mother, being driven by Charles Shumway, their hired man. They were on their way to the chautauqua grounds across Lake Monona from Madison, where the ladies told me they usually spent a week during each summer season.



**John S. Donald and his mother with the Dulcimer**

“They invited me to ride with them and we had a very pleasant visit as we journeyed on toward the city. Mrs. Donald was then a widow, but, as you know, later on married John Jones, the Mt. Vernon miller, one of the finest men in that whole country, in that day and generation. It seemed as if everybody had a good word for Johnny Jones, as my father always called him, and when the news of his marriage to Mrs. Donald was heralded abroad among their many friends and admirers, I don't recall of any marriage anywhere that gave the people such universal joy and approval.

“I shall never forget some time later on, when this fine couple were living on the farm northwest of the village of Mt. Vernon a few miles. The summer had been very wet, and the creek had



overflowed its banks and carried a lot of sediment on their hay land which lay on either side of the creek for a long distance. John had managed to get the hay cut and cured, but the weather was cloudy and threatening and his nephew, Tom Hale, had promised to help him get it hauled into the barn, but had failed to show up.

"I happened to be down in the village and John eagerly laid the situation before me and asked me if I would help him out, which I readily consented to do, and we rushed that hay into the barn with a bang. I always thought that John took the hard part, for he insisted on pitching the hay on the rack to me, and stowing it away in the hay loft.

"It took us several days, and was a dirty job. We would come in evenings looking like two colored 'gemmen,' and I well remember that the good wife Ellen, with an eye for business, and also a wise thought for the welfare of her snowy white bedsheets and pillow slips, suggested that we take a bath each night and provided a washtub and plenty of soap, water and nice clean towels in the woodshed, which we proceeded to use and everything had a happy ending, with everybody good-natured.

\* \* \*

"I do not suppose there was a real bathtub in that whole country at that time and if there was, I never had an introduction to it. I have often thought in the years that have sped away since that time of that happy home, and the dear people living in it, and I wish you would kindly convey to Mrs. Donald-Jones my very kind regards and my best wishes for her comfort and happiness.

"Tell her that a good many years ago in Chicago, as I was standing on the corner of LaSalle and Madison sts., I observed a young man standing near me, and I engaged him in conversation, and asked him who he was and where he hailed from, and he told me he was John Donald and that he was born and raised in Dane county, Wisconsin. We had a nice visit."

\* \* \*

Another quotation from Mr. Housel's letter may be given:

"I remember all the other people you mention in your letter very well. Tell Ernest Burmeister that the fine black moosehead that I let him have to adorn his office when he was sheriff of Dane county is now on one of the walls of the National State bank of Boulder, Colo.

"I received something like \$150 for it and was tired of paying freight on it, and so left it when I traveled on to California. I brought it down from the Mesaba range, in Minnesota, and I don't think I have seen a finer specimen in all my travels. I had another one which I sent to my brother Furman in Washington, D. C. It was not quite so large and not so black.

"I met I. G. Brader in Storm Lake, Ia., I think in 1917. His son Jim was there at that time, in partnership with Earl Brader, his cousin, Tommy Brader's son. They were in the automobile business and sold Buick cars. I think Tommy Brader was vice-president of one of the banks there."

\* \* \*

Patrick Carr, a native of Tyrone Co., Ireland, born in 1833, came to America in 1856. He was married to Elizabeth Carr. He purchased an 80 acre farm and started a general store, 24x60, nicely located one mile south of the present Riley depot. He was postmaster of Clontorf.

Hugh Edie, native of Scotland, born in 1814, came to America in 1851. He married Christina Black in 1857, and in the same year purchased 194 acres of land in Sec. 19, suitable for stock and grain.

N. H. Dryden, born in Tennessee in 1820, was raised in Illinois and came to Wisconsin in 1846. He married Martha Balch in 1841. She was a native of Alabama. They had six children. Mr. Dryden farmed in Sec. 21, and was one of the organizers of the township.

The Drydens were sheep-raisers upon the prairie land, as it was difficult to get water for the settlers. In Sec. 15, a schoolhouse was built, District No. 5. The first teacher, in 1865, was John Mitchel, who also owned land in Sec. 23, and later started the first general store in Mount Horeb. Miss Cowie taught summer school, and was followed by Hugh Stevens.

H. N. Fargo, farmer and stock raiser in Sec. 30, was a native of Tennessee, born in 1819, a son of Robert Fargo and Ellen Randall. He came to Springdale in 1854 and settled on the present Fargo farm which still bears the name, owned by two of the sons. Mr. Fargo held the office of school treasurer, clerk and director. In 1945 he was married to Hanna Spence of Pennsylvania. They had nine children: Eugene, Ambrose, George, Eunice, Jessie, John, Harvey, Ralph and James.

Iver Kleven, farmer in Sec. 4, was born in Norway on Sept. 15, 1835. He was married in 1861 to Anna Rockstad, born in 1838. They came to America in 1867. They had five children. He was a stone mason and carpenter by trade. In 1891, after the railroad came through, Mr. Kleven and his two sons, Knute and Gilbert, started in the lumber business.

James P. Henderson, farmer in Sec. 23, was born in Scotland in 1842, and came to America with his parents in 1844 and they purchased a farm in 1851. He was married to Ellen Brown by whom he had six children. William Henderson and Hanna Peters were married in Scotland in 1826. Both lived to a ripe old age and were the oldest couple living in Springdale.



#### SPRINGDALE CAVE

C. A. Sorenson (right) and Wallace Fargo inspecting a cave in Springdale not fully explored because of obstructed passageways. Known to the Indians, Lewis Eggum residing in the vicinity, relates that until recent years two members of an Indian family a brother and sister frequently returned for extended camping visits to the cave stating that it was their birthplace.

—Don Every Photo

Michael Jackett came to Wisconsin in 1847 and settled on a farm in Sec. 1, consisting of 240 acres. He was one of the first settlers in the township and one of the first to help organize the town, being supervisor, and also held school offices. He married Miss Knapp of New York in 1845 by whom he had six children.

\* \* \*

## **W. F. PIERSTORFF, PIONEER, RECALLS CIVIL WAR TRAGEDY**

(By A. O. Barton)

Sitting on the porch of his home in Mt. Horeb recently, Wm. F. Pierstorff, long a prominent citizen of Middleton, former sheriff of Dane county, and former chairman of the county board of supervisors, told the story of a famous tragedy of the Civil war period, a tragedy of which he is one of the few remaining witnesses. Although he spends much of his more active life in Middleton, Mr. Pierstorff has returned to enjoy his latter years amid his boyhood haunts at Mt. Horeb.

The tragedy referred to was the killing of Theron Eusebius Dryden, a young man at a charivari Sept. 11, 1866 (Mr. Pierstorff gave the date as Sept. 10), by one David Holton, who kept a tavern just outside and west of the present village of Mt. Horeb on the north side of the road. The building was torn down only a year or two ago.

"There was no Mt. Horeb then, as we know it now," said Mr. Pierstorff, "only a few houses at the crossroads down here in the old town. The place was already known as Mt. Horeb and had been given that name, I believe, by the Rev. George M. Wright, a Methodist minister, who lived on a farm farther north, and who had been named postmaster.

"Holton, a quick-tempered man, had a granddaughter living with him, said to have been an orphan, and he arranged to have her marry a visiting stock buyer, James Williams, said to have been 45 years old, and she 18. They were married by Oliver "Ole" Heg, a justice of the peace, and a tenant on Holton's place.

"Learning of the wedding, the boys of the neighborhood, I among them, got up a charivari. We were then living on the later Solve farm. There were about 20 of us. It was a moonlight night. The Drydens lived on what was later the G. E. Mickelson farm near the railroad bridge. When Holton refused to open the door of his house, we held a council of war and sent young Dryden and a son of Ira Isham to parley with him. They stood one on each side of the door, and when Holton opened it they said they had a letter for him. Holton raised a gun and shot Dryden down and also wounded Isham. He rushed out and beat the fallen Dryden with a stick of wood, whereupon Heg and others came to Dryden's aid and carried him into Heg's rooms. Dryden had received the larger part of a load of shot and died four days afterwards, although six physicians from the surrounding country were called to attend him. The killing made a great

sensation in the neighborhood, and Dryden's funeral was one of the largest ever held here. Holton was arrested after the shooting, but jumped bail and fled; he was afterwards arrested in Illinois and tried at Madison for murder, but after many postponements and disagreements of juries was finally acquitted. He was defended by William F. Vilas. I walked in to Madison as a witness, but was not called to testify. The marriage that caused the tragedy also turned out badly, and the girl did not long live with Williams."

Much sympathy was felt for the Dryden family as two years before the oldest son had died in Madison before arriving home from the war. Three sons of Isham were also in the service and in the spring of 1866 one was drowned while rafting at Black River Falls.

The State Journal at the time contained several long accounts of the tragedy, and on Oct. 2, 1866, had the following item:

"A dispatch from Mattoon, Ill., states that David Holton, who shot young Dryden, near Blue Mounds, on the 11th of September, and absconded after Dryden's death some two weeks ago when out on bail, was arrested at Mattoon on Saturday night (Sept. 29). He made no resistance on his arrest and will be returned to jail here immediately. Williams, the man whose marriage gave occasion for the sad affair, forfeited his bail and cleared out some time ago."

Holton was arrested at the home of a son-in-law in Mattoon. He was arraigned before Justice J. R. Baltzell. Col. W. F. Vilas was appointed to defend him. Among witnesses at the hearing were Abner Hubbell, W. F. Turner, Michael Cunneen, John Cunneen, Fred Boeck and Charles Boeck, all members of the charivari party, and George Wright, who visited Dryden before he died; also Mrs. Ole Heg, W. R. Campbell, and Eugene and Cassius Isham. Dist. Atty. S. E. Foote was assisted by J. H. Carpenter, later county judge. Holton's preliminary examination on the charge of murder ended Oct. 17, and he was held for trial by Justice Baltzell. Judge George E. Bryant fixed his bail at \$4,000. Dec. 6 he was arraigned, and pleaded not guilty. His trial was set for the April term.

Several suits were begun against Holton. N. H. Dryden and Ira O. Isham each brought damage suits for \$5,000, and the state case charged murder. Arguments in the Isham case opened April 23, 1867. The jurors were Gould Hinman, Holland Weeks, Isaac Eaton, C. C. Church, Warren Hawes, H. Jungman, Samuel Bachman, S. P. White, Henry Turvill, James Donellan, E. Beardsley and August Bachman.

An eloquent argument for plaintiff, Isham, was made by his attorney, J. W. Johnson, a celebrated lawyer of Madison at the time, while equally eloquent arguments for the defendant, Holton, were made by his attorneys, George B. Smith and William F. Vilas. In fact, the trials growing out of this celebrated case, were

marked by oratorical battles such as seldom have been matched in the history of the Dane county bar.

The jury finally disagreed and Holton's lawyers obtained a continuance of both the Dryden and the state cases against Holton. In October, 1867, the Isham case was dismissed and the Dryden case again continued.

Holton was finally brought to trial in April, 1868. A new district attorney, Farlin R. Ball, appeared, assisted by attorneys Carpenter and Chase, while Col. Vilas appeared in defense. The jury was made up of William Brown, Samuel J. Wilson, Arnold Hutching, Aaron Smith, Daniel Coon, William Colladay, John M. Estes, later sheriff, B. I. McKinney, A. D. Frank, J. D. Garrison, H. J. Watson, and N. H. Dodge, the last named now living in Madison. The result of the trial was a disagreement, eight jurors voting for conviction and four for acquittal. The state case and the Dryden case were again continued, but were finally dismissed, and thus ended the suits growing out of this sad affair. One of its results was to greatly enhance the reputations of the attorneys engaged in it.

\* \* \*

Mr. Pierstorff has other interesting recollections of old Mt. Horeb. For instance, he says that probably long before there was any Mt. Horeb there was a telegraph line running through what is now the village. "It probably was a government line built for military purposes," he said, "as it came up from Janesville to the Badger Mills at Verona and went on through here to Prairie du Chien. When we arrived here during the war only the poles were left."

Mr. Pierstorff was born in Mecklenburg, Germany, June 30, 1849, and came to Dane county with his parents in 1857. Carl Boeck, who owned the farm on which the greater part of the present Mt. Horeb is built, was an uncle of Mr. Pierstorff. Mr. Pierstorff was elected sheriff of Dane county in 1884. Afterwards he engaged in the lumber business in Middleton, was president of the bank of Middleton and for many years president of the village. While on the county board he was one of its ablest and most influential members.

Hendrick Johnson, born in 1815, a native of Norway, came to Wisconsin in 1848 and located on a farm in Sec. 10. He was married in 1841 to Caroline Christe of Norway, by whom he had five children. He had a fine farm of 80 acres.

Peter Edwin and wife, natives of Norway, born in 1815, came to Wisconsin in 1858 and settled on a farm in Sec. 7. They had a family of four children. A son, Lewis, became owner of the farm and a prominent man in public affairs. He was married to Ella Malone. He later became superintendent of the county farm at Verona for 18 years.

Michel Johnson was born in Bergen, Norway, on Jan. 4, 1832. He received a common school education and took up farming in

Sec. 30 in 1856 when he purchased 336 acres of nicely located land where he made some fine improvements with buildings. He had the most beautiful stand of walnut timber in the community, and this was converted into lumber. He held many responsible positions. He was justice of the peace for many years, town treasurer for seven years, chairman of the county board for seven years, and from 1872 to 1878 he was a member of the Assembly. He always took active part in all church and school affairs and, in fact, anything that would promote the welfare of his town and fellow citizens. One of his sons, Michael Jr., is in the lumber business with the firm of Eggum & Johnson Lumber Co. of Mount Horeb.

Ever Thorson, a native of Norway, was born in 1818 and came to Wisconsin in 1843. He purchased a farm in Sec. 10, consisting of 244 acres, a fine stock-raising farm with springs and running water. He married Annie Thoresen in 1844, by whom he had four children, Andrew, Thore, Thomas and Caroline. Mr. Thorson was one of the oldest Norwegian settlers in the town.



**Sitting: Mr. and Mrs. Ole Gilbertson and son Gilbert.  
Standing: Mrs. Elif Severson (Nee) Mary Lee. Mrs.  
Chris Arneson (Nee) Julia Spaanum.**

Ole Gilbertson was born in Valdres, Norway, on Oct. 22, 1842, and came to America in 1869. He married Bergit Spaanum in 1870 and located on a farm of 80 acres in Sec. 7. They had four children, one of whom died in infancy, Gilbert, Trena, Martha and Inger. He worked hard by clearing the land of timber and brush. He took an active part in church and school affairs and was very much interested in giving his children an education. He lived to be 88 years old.

Henry and Fredrica Lohff emigrated to America with their seven children in 1850 and settled on a farm in the town of Blooming Grove. Later they came to the town of Springdale, in 1860, and purchased a farm in Sec. 6, part from the Government and part from Mrs. Betsy Peterson Sletto. Henry Lohff, Sr., died on this homestead on July 31, 1870. His wife, Fredrica, also died here on March 28, 1890. The Lohffs emigrated from Mecklenburg Schwerin, Germany. The son, Henry J. Lohff, bought the homestead in 1878 and resided there until his death on April 30, 1938.

John L. Eggum was born on the 10th of June, 1829, in Lekan-ger, Sogn, Norway. Emigrated to America in 1857. It took 12 weeks for the little sailboat he came on to cross the Atlantic Ocean. He first came to Norway Grove, Dane Co., Wis., and in 1865 was married to Martha Eggum. In the spring of 1868, he and his brother-in-law, Mons Berdahl, bought together the Bill Dryden farm in Springdale, where he lived until his death in 1904. His wife passed away in 1896. Nine children were born to them, two girls and seven boys, of whom seven are still living. Erick died in 1905, Carrie in 1943.

John Eggum was an ardent reader and was a charter member of a library started in Mt. Horeb. He was school clerk for nine terms, church trustee and town treasurer for many years. He took great interest in church affairs as well as the betterment of social conditions in the community. His daughter, Susie, and two sons, Lewis and Bernhard, are at present on the old homestead.



Thore S. Spannem. Picture was taken in 1943 at the age of 81.



## MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE INDIANS

T. S. Spaanem

My first experience with Indians I got from Grandma Spaanem. She told me about her experience with Indians in Muskego. She said you never felt safe. If you were outside and turned around you might find an Indian staring at you. And you might be in the house doing mending and sewing, you might look up and an Indian be staring at you. They could open a door, and I couldn't hear them, and you couldn't hear them walk. You had to watch them all the time, otherwise they would swipe everything in the house.

They were always begging, but they didn't do me or my family any harm. I got the impression that the Indians were bad people. Of course, I was only eight years old at the time.

My second experience was on a Christmas day, very cold. Mother and I and my two sisters had just finished dinner. In came two big Indians, each one carrying a big stick, dropped them on the floor and came over to the stove. Now, my Mother could not talk English, neither could I, so Mother had to talk by signs. She tried to show them she was willing to give them dinner. So they sat up to the table and I guess they cleaned up everything that was fit to eat. Then Mother made a mistake. In those days the Norwegians made what they called "home brew." I would call it real barley beer. She went down cellar and got a bowl full of that beer, and they seemed to like it very well. Then they made signs they wanted more. Then she went down and got another bowl. It seemed so it must have gone to their heads a little. My Mother did quite a lot of weaving. At this time she was weaving cloth for John Beat, father to Bob Beat, that was blue in color. And they pointed to that cloth and Mother got the impression that they wanted some of that cloth. She told me, "You better go and get your Uncle," who lived about eighty rods away. There was about two feet of snow on the ground, but it was so hard you could run as fast as you wanted to, and I guess I never ran any faster, and I guess I was never more scared. Luck was that Uncle was in the house. I told him about the Indians. He came right along. He was a man six feet, two inches tall, so he could take long steps and I had to run to keep up. I don't think I was gone over ten or fifteen minutes.

When we opened the door one of the Indians had gotten hold of a scissors and was ready to cut the cloth, but as soon as they saw Uncle they dropped the scissor and Uncle talked to them and soon they left.

In those days we had parochial school at farmhouses. One day at school a little girl let out a scream, pointed towards a window. I looked towards the window and I saw a big Indian coming towards the schoolhouse, and we all got scared but he walked by our room towards the kitchen. I expect he begged for food. We

saw him no more. When I came home from school my youngest sister told me that there had been an Indian there that day, and he was pointing at me, she said, but he left soon again.

I used to play with some boys near there. The Father of the boys was named Ole Gordon. One Sunday afternoon I walked over there to visit with two of his sons, very much my own age. This time I got there and there was an Indian boy about our size. That winter there was an Indian family lived in a tent in John Malone's woods, above the cheese factory now, so that boy had lived there that winter so he was well acquainted with these two other boys. When I got there we started to play ball. After a while we started to wrestle. Now I can't remember who was the champion wrestler, or who was the champion ballplayer, only one thing I can remember, who could run the fastest. I never saw anything like that Indian boy. He could almost follow the batted ball. I am sorry that I didn't go up into that tent. It got too late for me for I had to go through some woods, and later the Indians moved away so I lost the opportunity.

One Sunday we had services in Springdale church shortly after the Rev. S. Gunderson had accepted a call to serve there. He had a friend by the name of Axel Jacobson. He was the Superintendent of the Indian Mission in Wittenberg. On this Sunday he and half-a-dozen Indian children came into our church. They walked up to the front of the church. After services those Indian children sang some songs. The first song was in the Norwegian language; the second song was in the English language; and the third song was in the Indian language. There were five girls and one boy in the group, and their singing was very nice. I don't think I was ever more surprised than to hear those children sing in three languages. Most of the congregation went down on the Halvor O. Bakken farm and there we had a picnic dinner. Then we had some more singing from those children. When we were ready to go home I happened to stand close to the house and those children walked close beside me. There happened to be a flock of chickens in the yard and you ought to have seen this little boy, I would guess he was about twelve years old. There was a rooster in that flock and when that boy saw that rooster, he hardly touched the ground. When he got close up to that rooster his right hand went out like lightning and he grabbed the rooster by the legs, hoisted him up in the air and you ought to have heard that rooster cackle. It was very comical.

My hired man and I went down to Blooming Grove to buy two cows. We started out in the morning for home. By dinner time we came to a farm house and I asked the farmer if he would sell us some dinner. He said, yes, walk right into that house. When we got into the house there was an Indian woman standing by the stove fixing up dinner for two people. I guess the rest of the family had had their dinner. While eating dinner I started to talk to that

woman, and she could talk English very good. She told me she was a full-blooded Indian, and she told me quite a few things about the Indian people. In the meantime I was watching a little girl who was playing on the floor. Then I turned around and saw a black Negro sitting on a chair, but he never said a word. Now that little girl looked very bright to me. She had black hair and beautiful eyes, was well built and about six years old, rather pale complexion. I asked that Indian woman, "Where did you get that child?" She said, "It's my child, and there is her pa," pointing at the Negro.

I have seen Indians several times in Madison. I have seen squaws carry their babies on their backs, but I never saw an Indian smile. And I never saw an Indian with whiskers. Now I ask this question: Where did the Indians come from? Nobody could tell me until about four years ago I read a continued story in a Norwegian magazine published in the Old People's Home at Wittenberg. Now I can't remember the name of the author, but he claimed that the Indians are descendants of Esau. Now the Bible says Esau was a great hunter and I guess all the Indians are great hunters. He also claimed that when Solomon built that big temple in Jerusalem, he sent ships all over the world to gather material, lumber and everything, gold and silver. One ship came to North America, stayed there for three years mining silver and gold, and he claimed that Solomon got the most silver and gold right there. When that ship left America quite a few of those descendants stayed in America. From that time on we have had the Indians, he claims. To me this looks more like fiction than anything else. If it were true I feel it would be advertised all over the world, but so far I haven't seen anything in magazine or newspaper or books to confirm this. About four months ago I read about an Indian tribe. The white man wanted their land but the Indians didn't want to leave. They claimed that their forefathers had lived on that land a good many generations, and they wanted to live and die there themselves. One thing I know, when Leif Erickson came to America in the year 1000, he found Indians here. When Columbus came between four and five hundred years later he found Indians here. But now the story looks to me to be true.

\* \* \*

## **A PIONEER WOMAN**

### **Mother of T. S. Spaanem**

Anna Throndrud came to America in 1860. In 1861 she married Sven Spaanem. Six years later she was left with a 160-acre farm and three little children, the oldest five years. Then she had to rent the farm out and she had a few cows, few chickens, some sheep. Then she had to carry water about 50 rods, winter and summer, besides her chores she did a lot of weaving. Every spring she would shear her sheep all alone, tie their feet so they would lay



**Mrs. Anna Spaanem, mother of Thore Spaanem**

still. Then she'd wash the wool, card it, spin it, knit mitts and socks. The rest of the yarn she wove into cloth. From that cloth she made clothes for her children and dresses for herself. Most of the women in those days wore woolen dresses. When I got to be between 16 and 17 years old she took over the farm herself, with only me as a man, and she did a man's work there for several years. In harvest time she would even help the neighbors. She could bind and shock with any man. Then she would help people when they were sick, and she helped bring several babies into the world without a doctor. In fact, they had no doctor in those days. The only "doctor" they had in those days was brandy. Brandy was good when it was cold; brandy was good when it was hot; and brandy was good when you were sick. In harvest time they generally had a jug of brandy in the field. One day I walked to one of my neighbors and watched them thrash grain. The first thing I saw was a five-gallon keg of brandy standing on top of a stump, with a faucet and glass beside it.

Mother and I worked the farm until 1890. That year I got married and took over the farm, and Mother moved to Mount Horeb. She started weaving again, cloth, carpets and rugs. If you would go over to Verona today you would find quite a few rugs and carpets that she made for the asylum and old people's home.

In Mount Horeb she did a lot of nursing, took care of old and sick people. Dr. Thompson called on her quite often to assist in births. I guess Mother enjoyed life very much in Mount Horeb. I tried to call on her every time I was in town. Sometimes when I got over there there might be half a dozen ladies drinking coffee, talking and laughing. They seemed to be having a jolly time. She lived to be 91 years of age, plus a few months. She died in 1929 of a stroke.

\* \* \*

**From "Good Afternoon Everybody" by William T. Evjue,  
Editor, The Capital Times, Oct. 16, 1929**

There is sadness these days in the Springdale valley where the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Spaanem is located. Yesterday Mrs. Spaanem was laid away in the little churchyard of the Springdale Lutheran church on top of the hill at the head of the valley. The huge crowd which packed the church was a tribute to the woman who was known throughout the Springdale community as a devoted mother, a kindly and sympathetic neighbor, and a devout Christian.

Mrs. Spaanem was a remarkable woman,—she was typical of those rugged folks who settled in the vicinity of Mt. Horeb and made that area such a fine community of farm homes. Mrs. Spaanem never had a doctor until the day she died. She brought nine children into the world and no doctor was in attendance when these children came. We recall several years ago when this writer called at the Spaanem home. We found both Mr. and Mrs. Spaanem in the barn milking cows. Mrs. Spaanem always felt that it was part of the farm woman's duty to aid in the many chores of farm routine. The beautiful Spaanem farm is a monument to the hard work of this rugged man and wife.

Back of the commodious Spaanem farm home is the little frame dwelling where Tore Spaanem was born. The fourth generation of the Spaanem family is now living on the farm. Mr. Spaanem's grandfather settled in the valley in 1846. Two of Tore Spaanem's children are now living with him on the farm. As you drive through the little valley you see these fine farms which have come down from generation to generation from the early pioneers. At the funeral yesterday was Mr. Bilse from over German Valley way whose ancestors settled on the farm on which he is now living in 1842. What a tremendous amount of hard work is represented in those beautiful farms in that area.

There is a warm sympathy and neighborhood among farm folks that one does not find among city folks. Since the announcement of Mrs. Spaanem's death spread through the valley, a continual

procession of neighbors and friends has wended its way to the Spaanem home. Yesterday after the funeral the folks came back to the Spaanem home where the neighbors had brought in food and cakes. Several farm women had prepared coffee and there was a gathering of friends and neighbors who had come to comfort the members of the family. On every hand was the expression that the valley had lost one of its finest women.

There was a touch of drama in the services in the little Springdale church. The venerable Rev. S. Gunderson of Mt. Horeb who used to drive in horse and buggy to the Spaanem home decades ago to baptise the children recalled that he had married Mr. and Mrs. Spaanem 44 years ago. Standing at the elder Gunderson's side was his fine upstanding son, the Rev. Hector Gunderson, who paid a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Spaanem. Young Mr. Gunderson recalled that when he was a theological student Mrs. Spaanem had given him \$5. With this \$5 he purchased an altar book which will now be found in the Springdale church and which will treasure the memory of one of its most devoted and loyal members.

As we drove away from the Spaanem home yesterday to follow that beautiful winding road toward the Donald farm near Mt. Vernon, blackbirds and robins were congregating by the scores for the flight southward. They seemed undecided about leaving the beautiful October weather of the past week.

\* \* \*

Nov. 9, 1857, William Henderson and his wife Hannah Henderson sold to James P. Henderson the North East quarter of Section 23 and the South West quarter of the North West quarter of Sec. 24 in Township No. 6 North of Range 7 East of the fourth principal meridian containing 200 acres. James P. Henderson and his wife Ellen Henderson sold the above to Fred Feller in 1899.

James P. Henderson, deceased, was long and actively identified with the agricultural interests of the town of Springdale and deserves recognition among his conferrers of that noble occupation. He was born in Arbroth, Scotland, July 8, 1842. He came with his parents to America in May, 1845. His father, William F. Henderson, born in Arbroth, Scotland, June 15, 1802, and his mother, Hannah (Peter) Henderson, born June 10, 1808, also in Scotland. He landed in New York, where he resided until the fall of 1851, then came directly to Wisconsin. He settled on a farm in Springdale. His first home in Wisconsin was a log house, built near a spring on the low land of the farm. A few years later a stone house was built on higher land near a roadside. Later an addition of stone was added, also a stone barn was built, which still remains on the farm.

He married Ellen Brown Oct. 30, 1867, a grand and efficient companion of Scotch parentage. By this union seven children were born: William F. of Oregon, Myron S. of Shullsburg, Dr. Ervin of Bloomer and Margaret M. Donkle of Madison, Hannah, Alex and James, deceased.



Henry Nimmo, born August 9, 1824 and died January 1, 1916. Margaret Nimmo, born Aug. 15, 1826, and died March 18, 1912.  
 Patrick Doland, born Nov. 11, 1838, and died November 22, 1923. Mary Doland born March 17, 1842, and died February 15, 1910.  
 Wm McCaughey born March 25, 1826, and died Aug. 26, 1911. Rebecca McCaughy, born May 6, 1832, and died August 30, 1921.  
 Joe R. Henderson born August 14, 1848, and died May 6, 1933. Margaret Henderson, born Mar. 23, 1855 and died Dec. 31, 1947.  
 Wm John McCaughey, born June 17, 1860, died Feb. 15, 1938. Mary Delan McCaughey born Feb. 6, 1862, died Nov. 14, 1932.  
 Andrew Henderson born May 6, 1880 and died Nov. 29, 1917. Lizzie McCaughey Henderson born May 3, 1885.  
 Russell Martell Henderson, baby, born June 12, 1906.

Speaking of his life he said, "I was forced to depend upon my own energy to attain anything and there was no alternative but incessant labor." During his active years he filled various township offices, and always took an active part in the development of the country. He was especially interested in school affairs. He was a Republican in politics, a member of the Presbyterian church and Masonic lodge. November, 1899, he retired from farm labor and moved to the village of Verona, where he resided until called home April 14, 1912.

\* \* \*

One of the not-too-many persons in the Mt. Horeb area who can remember the days when the Henderson post office was located in the upper floors of a creamery four miles east of Mt. Horeb is Robert Beat, hardware dealer.

**By JOHN NEWHOUSE**  
(State Journal Staff Writer)

MT. HOREB—Robert Beat, oldster with the memory of a youngster, can "rare back" in his chair at the counter of his hardware store in Mt. Horeb, where he watches life flow past him every day, and remember the days when Highway 18 through Mt. Horeb was a grassy, prairie trail and on it, four miles east of town, stood the old Henderson postoffice—one of the first in that area and now long gone and forgotten.

The postoffice was in an upper room of the creamery, torn down more than a score of years ago, and it gained its name from Joseph R. Henderson, who was a member of the state assembly and who was instrumental in getting the postoffice for his vicinity.

He was the father of Forest Henderson, who now lives in Mt. Horeb but formerly lived near Riley where he was, and still is, interested in sports promotions, rifle shoots, and euchre matches.

The postoffice was set up in 1892 or 1893, Beat recalls, and a year or so later an itinerant photographer came through to shoot a picture of the building, with a number of rigs before it, which Beat still has. It was taken on an election day and Beat, the town treasurer, is shown with his books under his arm as he was walking to the polls.

The mail was carried, on foot, from Klevenville, some 2½ miles away, and one of the first carriers was a man by the name of Skindrud. The buttermaker acted as postmaster, and occasionally patrons had to wait until he had finished more urgent duties before they got their mail.

Usually, however, the youngsters got the mail when they were coming home from school.

Though there is not a tree in sight now, the 40-acre lot upon which the creamery stood was heavily wooded, and the road (now Highway 18) which cut through the woods was only a grassy trail. Later it was graveled and still later paved with concrete.

As a youngster, Beat says that he "fought in the Civil War," was born in 1859, he was milking cows while the war was on to



"fight the battle of the home front." And he recalls the men, in their soldier's uniform, coming home at the end of the war.

There were Indians about in those days, particularly in the winter when they came from their reservations in the north to trap on the creek between Mt. Horeb and Mt. Vernon. Beat, with friends, used to go to their camps, watch them trap, and, when invited, go into the tepees to get warm.

"Their fires were always small and smoldering, even in the coldest weather," Beat recalls. "It never seemed very warm, and there was smoke in the air. The Indians were Winnebagoes."

Grubbing the brush and trees from the land was one of the big jobs of that early day, he recalls. When he was young, farmers were still using oxen which, he says, pulled the big breaking plows through the root-entangled soil with ease.

"When you had six or seven yoke of cattle on a plow, all you had to do was tip it up a little on the land side and you'd slice right through roots as big as your ankle," he says.

In 1909, Beat bought an interest in the Mt. Horeb Hardware store, and five years later—"when farming got to where it wasn't fun any more"—he moved to town and took an active interest in the store.

With him now are his two sons, John, and Roy, president of the Wisco Hardware Co.

Though an octogenarian seven years ago, Beat at 87 comes to the store every day and can always be found at his favorite chair, his arm hooked over the counter at the back of the store where he keeps up with the daily life and doings of Mt. Horeb.

John Beat settled in Sec. 23 in the township of Springdale in the fall of 1856, and is one of the oldest pioneers. He was a native of Perthshire, Scotland. He was the son of David Beat and Janette Watson. When he came to Wisconsin in 1844 he located near Janesville. A short time later he moved to the town of Verona. Then in 1856 he bought the farm still known as the Beat farm. He married Mary Ann Edi, a native of Scotland, who was the daughter of James and Mary Edi. They had seven children: Mary, David, James, John, James and William (who was born May 4, 1858 and died eight days later), William and Robert (best known to us as Bob) were born April 20, 1859, and they were twins. This William also died in September, 1859. They also raised one adopted girl whose name was Nora L. Beat. John Beat Sr. was the grandfather of Roy and John Beet, so well known in Mt. Horeb. Mr. and Mrs. Beat were known for their hospitality. It has been said that a stranger was never turned away from their door. They were loved and respected by their neighbors and the community at large. They were known to be very entertaining, by telling Scotch tales and singing songs.

In the early days of settlement at the present site of the village of Mt. Horeb, a killing which it was feared was scheduled to occur was averted by the intervention of neighbors. Land at this

point was taken up by settlers in the middle '40s, or about 90 years ago. One Granville D. Neal had entered the land more recently known as the Carl Boeck farm, on which the present village of Mt. Horeb is largely built. Another settler named Dryden lived on the later G. E. Mickelson farm just east of the present railroad bridge on the road to Madison.

Both of these men, it is said, claimed the land upon which the present Gunderson parsonage stands in what was once known as the "Old Town." It may have been a 40-acre division or more. Bad blood sprang up between the rival claimants for this "no man's land" lying between them and threats of violence were exchanged, it is said. To prevent bloodshed, their neighbors then took a hand in the matter and succeeded in affecting a compromise between the claimants. Among those active in bringing about peace was Axiom Malone of Springdale, father of the late John Malone, prominent Springdale farmer. The Malones had come from the south, as had also the Drydens.

In celebration of the peace effected, a big barbecue was held in southern fashion at the Malone farm. Here in the ravine a few rods west of the site of the present Malone school near Mt. Horeb a quarter of beef was roasted and in the feast following the hitherto belligerent land claimants pledged themselves to the observance of friendship and good will in their future relations as neighbors.

Such is the tradition that has come down from the "Old Town" of Mt. Horeb. Lying on the other side of the present Mt. Horeb's beginnings, it is semi-legendary history now. In his old age Axiom Malone told of the incident to Harvey B. Fargo, then a youngster, and pointed out the place where the barbecue was held.

### **Koshkonong Sagas**

One Saturday, Nils, the hired man, told the minister that the hay was ready and he would cut it that day.

"But," said the minister, "tomorrow is Sunday!"

"It will dry on Sunday as well as any other day," said Nils.

"But no one does it," added the minister.

"I will do it," said Nils.

He mowed all day. Sunday morning he said to the minister: "You can't have the best team today. I need it for turning hay."

"Why, it is Sunday?" said the minister.

"The hay must be turned," persisted Nils.

"Well, I give up," said the minister. "But keep back from the road and out of sight of the church."

Nils turned and raked hay all day Sunday and in the evening cocked it up by moonlight. Next morning at 4 he had two men in the barn and one in the field. The team was not unhitched at noon, but fed in the harness. By star time the hay was all in the barn, dry and in splendid condition. For this he received a Bible and a dollar from the minister.

Across the road from the Herman Hankel home, about a mile east of the village of Mt. Vernon, on the Verona road, stands a group of large trees. Under these trees some 75 years ago lived the Robbins family, and earlier it is said a Byam family had lived there. Mr. Robbins was active in the public affairs of Mt. Vernon and vicinity, being clerk of the school board for some time. He also had some local fame as a horseman, having fine horses and carriages. It is said that Ella Wheeler, the noted writer, was a relative of the Robbins family and visited there as a girl.

Later the farm passed into the hands of the Morig family farther east and was inherited by Mrs. William Hankel, a daughter of the Morigs. Since that time it has been in the hands of the Hankel family, over 70 years. For a short time the Hankels lived in the old Robbins home, then built across the road, beside the Mt. Vernon cemetery. The Morigs became big land holders and each of the five children, it is said, inherited a farm. These were Carl and Robrt Morig, Mrs. Hankel, Mrs. Herman Lust and Mrs. Henry Messersmith.

William Hankel was the son of Herman Hankel, an earlier German pioneer. According to George Hankel of Madison, his grandson, Herman Hankel came from a wealthy family in Germany, but when he married a poor girl he was disinherited by his family and came to America. Herman Hankel, the elder, lived on various farms around Mt. Vernon, but never owned his own farm. For a time he was on the later Van Norman farm southwest of Mt. Vernon, now part of the Tasher farm. He also lived on the later Al. Brader place at Mt. Vernon. He died on the later McCord farm north of Mt. Vernon, beside the McCord rock, now part of the Donald farm.

William Hankel also bought the old Kelly farm across the road from the present Kelly Hill cheese factory farther east. The old Kelly farm home stood beside the road just east of the present Ed. Erickson place, a depression in the field still showing its site. Here lived Dr. Kelly—or Keilly, as the family spelled it—an early saddlebags physician of the region, also his brother, Col. Kelly, school teacher, school superintendent and “lawyer” of Mt. Vernon, who later moved to Crawford county where he became sheriff. A daughter, Mrs. A. L. Chamberlain, still lives at Steuben, Wis. Dr. Keilly is buried in the Mt. Vernon cemetery.

Several of the older generation of the Keillys were buried in the field south of the old home near the edge of the farm. For a long time the graves were left undisturbed, but in time they were plowed over and their exact site is now unknown except possibly to some of the older relatives or residents of the region. George Hankel remembers as a boy seeing a broken tombstone lying on the grass near there, but does not know what names or dates it bore.

Indian families living about the Madison lakes for longer or shorter periods have not been a novelty except in comparatively recent years. Up to three or four years ago the Frost woods near the outlet of Lake Monona usually had a tepee or two for a time in the fall or spring when some lone Indian or Indian family would come ghost-like to this sacred camping ground of a vanished race and remain for a time either that some child might be born there or for the making of baskets for sale, or for other reasons little known to the whites.

In the country districts away from the lakes or larger streams, however, Indians have long been a rarity. One of the latest townships to harbor such families was Springdale, in southwestern Dane county. Some 50 or 60 years ago a Winnebago Indian family came there regularly to spend the winters for a dozen years or more. The site chosen for its camp was a little ravine back of the so-called Malone cheese factory and the Malone school, on the Mt. Vernon-Mt. Horeb road and less than a mile west of the farm home of the late John S. Donald.

The family consisted of an old Indian named "Opinki," or "O'Pinkey," as children of the neighborhood tried to spell it when playing with the Indian children or studying the strange visitors encamped there each winter; his squaw and a son and daughter. Some seasons there would be a second Indian and squaw in the group. Among the children of the neighborhood, the boy was generally called "John," but those who became intimately acquainted with the children learned that his Indian name was "Chumpitki," or something somewhat similar. Sometimes it was given as "No-chumpitki."

Still more romantic and musical was the name of the daughter, a pretty forest child, who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Mehit-chawinki."

Opinki, the head of the family, was also known as "Old Cut-Nose," from the fact that his nose was scarred from a slit suffered sometime in battle or the chase. Possibly it was the Indian designation in his aboriginal name. There was considerable mystery about him. It was said that he had been a scout in the Black Hawk war of 1832 and also that he was a sort of sub-chieftain. At any rate, he did not claim to be a full chief. He was therefore well along in years when the family came to live in Springdale and was perhaps 75 when he left to return no more. Although a peaceable Indian, with small hint of ever having been anything else, it was said that he had 33 scalps to his credit, from the early days when winning his spurs. At any rate, he appeared to have the scars of many battles on his body.



The old Donald Homestead, Mt. Vernon. Mrs. E. Donald Jones. Artie Brainerd (Keith). Mr. John Jones. Captain Polly "The Parrot". Grandfather William Sweet.

What led this aboriginal family to come to Springdale year after year to camp might be difficult to explain. It may have been some sentimental ancestral urge to return to old family grounds; it may have been because the hunting and trapping there was still fairly good, and it may have been, in part, because the people of the vicinity were kindly disposed towards them and aided rather than harmed or opposed them. The Malones were themselves frontier people from the south and therefore probably felt at home with the native Americans.

The form of abode of this aboriginal family was truly Indian. A wigwam frame was formed by tying together the tops of four small white oaks or poles of white oak. Over this would be hung skins and blankets. In the center of the wigwam or teepee was a rock fireplace for cooking and keeping the home warm. A hole at the top of the wigwam permitted the smoke to escape. There was also a shelter for their ponies in severe weather. The ravine or gully was well chosen as it was protected by timber and hills. On the floor of the wigwam were placed mats and skins to protect against the cold earth and there were bunks for sleeping made up with skins and blankets.

The family came in the fall, as a rule, from somewhere in northern or north central Wisconsin, remained through the winter and then went back north in the spring. They traveled with ponies and a light wagon in which they rode and carried their worldly goods. It is believed the family came from the reservation near Black River Falls.

The family got along somehow without money, or with little of it. By hunting and trapping, digging ginseng roots and making baskets and trinkets, which they sold, they managed to subsist. Hay and straw for their ponies they usually begged or obtained from the neighborhood farmers. Wood was, of course, free and plentiful. This was usually cut by the squaw, who went about quietly with a shawl and her hatchet. Being Indians, the family, of course, also had their dogs. There were two of them and their names were as long and striking as those of the children. One of them, a small light-colored animal, was called "Hooksookie," while the other, a mongrel in color, was known as "Wannamicky."

Harvey B. Fargo, recent chairman of Springdale, and his brother Ralph as children played with these Indian children and remember the family well.

The son in the Indian family was somewhat older than Harvey Fargo, but the boys hunted together in the woods nearby and fished in the stream flowing down the valley to Mt. Vernon. The Indian boy was expert in throwing the hatchet and could split a leaf at a distance of two rods.

Continuing the story of the Springdale Indian family begun in this column Tuesday it may be further said that Harvey B. Fargo, recent chairman of Springdale, also remembers playing with the Indian girl, "Mehitchawink." She had a small model of a bark

canoe, about 12 or 14 inches long, which they played with in the creek until one day a flood carried it away.

The Indians contrary to the general impression regarding them, went regularly to the creek for their baths or to wash themselves, going every morning for water, even in zero weather.

In addition to baskets, the Indian's wife also made mocassins of skin. Some of these were beautifully beaded. A present of a toy mocassin with bears was much appreciated by the children of the vicinity.

This Indian family also tanned skins in the wigwam during the winter. It is the recollection of the Fargos and others that the odor in the wigwam while this process was on was hard for a white person to endure. It was a great treat for the children of the Malone school to run up the gully at noon to see the wigwam or to get a peep at its interior with the skins hanging up to dry and with the various trinkets and utensils on display.

If the Indians did not wish the children to enter the house, they would let down the skin flap that served as a door. As a further warning a hand holding a big knife would be stuck out through the flap. This was their method of announcing that they were "not at home to callers," and it was not misunderstood by the children.

Lewis J. Rue, Mt. Horeb, who also attended the Malone school, has a distinct recollection of the thrill of fear the children received when the hand with the knife would suddenly appear as a warning that visitors were not wanted.

After coming some ten or a dozen winters to Springdale, the Indian family finally failed to return. The framework of their wigwam remained for years, an object of curiosity to visitors, but its former tenants no longer came to claim it.

After about 20 years the son suddenly reappeared to visit the old scenes . . . He now has his own squaw and papoose and brought with him a supply of baskets to sell. In traveling the child was placed in a drygoods box fastened to the rear end gate of the wagon, with a hole in the top where it could stick out its head. Of course, this new family did not put up at the old abode for the winter but remained a short time.

The son told of the changes that time had brought to the little family. After leaving Springdale many years before the family had gone south in a covered wagon drawn by ponies, going as far as Mexico or near there. The old father had also died at the age of 75 or so and his sister was also married and living in the north.

It was the last visit to Springdale of the last family of the race whose happy hunting grounds it had been for centuries.

"Colonel" Sorenson comes of a long line of Democratic antecedents, but has himself long been an ardent Progressive. He recalled the old days in Springdale when that township was run by a strong Democratic trio which included his father, A. K. Sorenson, James P. McPherson, the famous justice of the peace, and the late Joseph R. Henderson, member of the assembly in the old Cleveland days. Sorenson also had a flyer in North Dakota about 25 years ago. The candidacy of Upton Sinclair, famous socialist, for governor of California in the present campaign, brought back to "Col." Sorenson's mind an interesting circumstance. While in North Dakota in 1909 he was given a span of mules to drive, one of whose names "Upton," and the other's "Sinclair." The present famous socialist, writer and publicist had then just come into great notoriety by his novel, "The Jungle," depicting practices in the Chicago stockyards, and the owner of this span of mules had evidently read the book and become an admirer of the author of it.

### **The Sweet Family**

In 1853 William Sweet bought up land in Sec. 29, Springdale, and in 1855 brought his wife, Sally Clark Sweet, and family, from Chautauqua Co., New York, to live in Wisconsin. There were seven children: James, John, George, Betsy Ann, Sarah Jane, Ellen, and Adelaide.

They came by boat from Buffalo to Milwaukee, and from Milwaukee by ox team with all their worldly goods in a wagon, to this log cabin where they cheerfully took up the life of a sturdy, self-sustaining pioneering family.

Before reaching Sugar River there was much speculation about this stream with sweet water flowing between its banks. When the ox team drew up beside it the two little girls Sarah and Ellen, piled out of the wagon, ran to the stream with their cups, dipped them in, lifted them to eager lips — and drank the bitterest water they had ever tasted. Bitter because of their disappointment that, after all, it was only ordinary, tasteless, creek water, a disappointment, they never forgot.

Like other early pioneer families, they raised not only their food but their own clothes and shoes. It took long hours to clean, card, spin and dye the yarns to be knit on long winter evenings into mittens and socks or to be sent away to be woven into cloth. It took time and skill to tan leather and cobble the boots for nine pairs of feet, to make soap and candles, to sew calico dresses, hand tuck yards and yards of muslin for petticoats for four daughters, and make up the pieces into quilts.

Mr. Sweet had a special skill. Where he got the formulas or how he learned to make them is not known, but he made up some excellent and effective medicines which, during the Civil War, were very useful and probably saved some lives. He made a "yellow



ball ointment" which healed all manner of skin eruptions, his "balsam" could break up stubborn colds, and his "Uncle Wade's pills" checked dysentery. He made these up in large quantities and sent them to the soldiers in the South. Dysentery was one of the most serious ills of the army. Two or three doses the size of a pea of "Uncle Wades' pills" checked dysentery, even in a severe case. He sent down pounds and pounds of it.

Sally Sweet died in 1872, William Sweet in 1897. William Sweet's great grandfather, also William, was a veteran of the Revolutionary War. They came from a large family with many descendants still living in New York State.

Of the Sweet children, the two older boys, John and James, quite early went away to work, married and settled elsewhere. George married Harriet A. Fuller of Mt. Vernon, lived and raised a family in Michigan. He died in 1915 at the age of seventy-nine.

Betsy Ann Sweet was born on January 1, 1840, and died in 1923 at the age of eighty-three. She married Doctor Parley Pierce, and they had five children who have all lived in Springdale. Frank Pierce homesteaded in Nebraska, raised seven children, Helen, Bessie, Florence, Arthur, Howard, Lillian, and Ronald. Now, at eighty-eight, he travels alone to visit his sisters and friends in Springdale.

Lillie, born Oct. 12, 1862, and Minnie Pierce, born Sept. 29, 1864, married the Way brothers, Lincoln and Will. Lillie had no family, but raised a foster daughter, Merle, and was "Aunt" to everyone in Mt. Vernon. She died in March, 1945. Minnie and Will Way had seven children, all now living in or near Springdale; Lee; Lillie, wife of Harvey Jones; George, who married Mabel Beard; Frank, who married Mary Murphy Larkin; Dewey, who married Flora Marty; Margie, wife of George Webber; and Hullette who married Della Mitchell. There are now 18 grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren for Grandma Way to knit for. She makes her home with her daughter Margie, and her son-in-law George Webber on the old Sweet farm.

Virginia Pierce, born April 19, 1869, married Charles Nelson and is living in Madison. She had five children: John, living near Mazomanie; Elizabeth, now Mrs. William Schnathorst, living in River Forest, Illinois; the twins, Hugh and Harvey, and Florence, are deceased. There are eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Sarah Jane Sweet was born on August 17, 1847. She married Hugh Brainard and went to Iowa to make her home. She was left a widow with two children, Edith and Arthur. She later married John Keith. She died in 1926 at the age of seventy-nine.

Ellen Sweet was born on September 29, 1849. She was six years old when she came to Wisconsin. With her sister, Sarah, she attended the University at the time of the Civil War. They lived in South hall, had classes in Bascom Hall; they had chapel every morning and were required to respond to roll call by answering with a verse from the Bible.

At sixteen she taught her first school, and lived with the George Martin's. After she was left a widow she taught school several more terms.

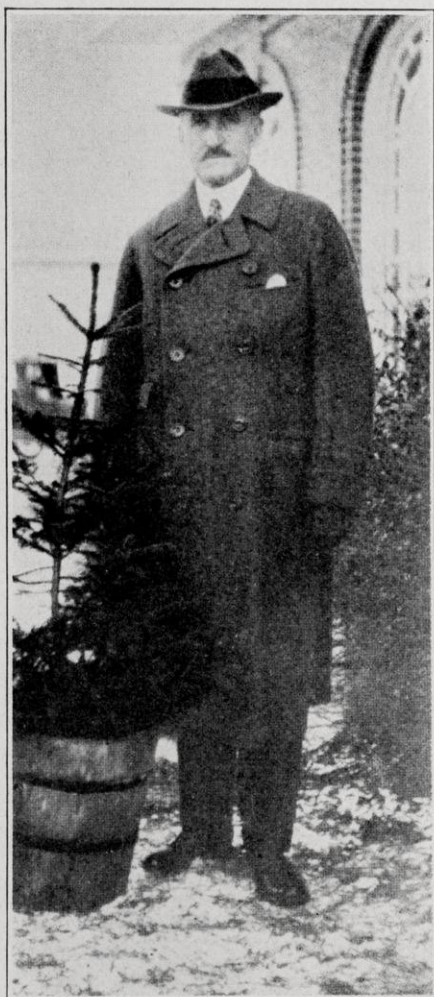
As little girls, she and Sarah would ride to church with their neighbors, the Donalds. Even then she used to think John a "fine young man". They were married in April of 1868, when she was nineteen years old. She was left a widow in October. On a cold winter day in January she hurried from her home on the Donald farm to her mother, and there in the old log cabin the son, John Sweet Donald, was born, on January 12, 1869, three months after his father had died. In 1882 she was married to John Jones. He died in 1897. She continued to live on the farm until 1914 when she went to Madison to live. She was a life-long member of the Summit Chapter of the Eastern Star, Methodist Aid Society of Mt. Horeb, Baptist Aid Society at Mt. Vernon, and in Madison of the White Shrine, Wimodasis, Three Links Club, and W.C.T.U., and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

After her son died in 1934 she went to Washington to be with her granddaughter and two great-grandsons. She died in Spokane on February 2, 1937, and was buried in the cemetery in Mt. Horeb between the graves of her parents, William and Sally Sweet, and her husband, John Strong Donald.

Adelaide Sweet was born August 29, 1854. She was one year old when her family came to Wisconsin. In 1870 she attended the University and in 1871 she married George Larkin. "Aunt Addie" had no children of her own, but adopted a nephew, Danford Larkin, and raised two girls, Mary, who married Frank Way, and Louise, who married George McKay. Until 1942 she lived on the Larkin farm west of Madison where she and "Uncle George" had lived the whole of their married life. Her nieces, Amy and Helen Larkin, cared for her in their home until she died in June, 1946. The youngest of the family, she lived to be the oldest, ninety-two.



Original picture of east end of the log house on 160 acre farm bought by William Sweet in 1853 was located east of present house close to the creek.



### **The Donald Family in Springdale**

Rev. James Donald came to Springdale in the spring of 1855 with his wife, Margaret Strong Donald, and their three sons, William, Robert, and John, then thirteen years old.

Rev. Donald was called to Wisconsin to take two charges, the Presbytery of Dane, in the town of Blue Mounds, which held services in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Mt. Horeb, and a little Scotch Presbyterian group which met in the homes of the members in the town of Verona. He was their first pastor. The church they built in 1861 served and outlived its purpose and in the early 1920's was moved and rebuilt into a barn. It stood

on a hill (NW $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 20) which is now, in 1946, covered with a thick stand of locust trees, at the intersection of County Trunk G and the road which runs past the old Zink farm, across the road from the old Goth farm at the head of what was called "Scotch Lane".

James Donald was born in Scotland. Although he was a successful teacher and principal of his own private school in Glasgow he desired to become a minister and foreign missionary. In 1827 he sailed to New Brunswick, British America, where he spent three years preaching in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In 1830 he returned to Scotland to be ordained into the ministry. In 1831 he returned to this country where he became pastor of a church at New Scotland, New York, near Albany.

The annual stipend to these pioneer preachers was small. Even when the guarantee for the year was only \$350, they often did not receive all of it. Letters of recommendation written for Rev. Donald tell how regretfully they released him, because the congregation was unable to raise the guarantee, that he might accept a new pastorate in order to support his growing family. Out of these small annual salaries, prayer, thrift, a desire for a home for his family and security for his declining years, he managed to put up enough so that when he decided to move west to Wisconsin he was able to buy a small farm. This must have been considered an unusual achievement for a minister because it was often commented on in letters written by his fellow churchmen.

To be close to his two congregations he decided to locate in Springdale, midway between them. He bought two Forties from William Dryden who'd got them from the government, one by trading a yoke of oxen, a wagon, and ten dollars, and the other at \$1.25 an acre. We have no record of what Rev. Donald paid Mr. Dryden, but title to the Forty on which the family home was built was by patent (No. 360) from the State of Wisconsin to James Donald, dated November 14, 1855. The other Forty Mr. Dryden had title to but this Forty for some reason had not been transferred to him, and so came directly from the state.

The square part of the house was built about 1859, exactly as it stands, except for the metal roof which was put on over the original shingles. The earliest permanent houses were built of local limestone, but so far as we know this is the first frame house to be built in the neighborhood. By whom and how the house was built we do not know. Edward Sharp, a pioneer Madison contractor and plasterer, did the plastering, using sand which John hauled from the sand pit in Madison. There is still a hearth and fireplace in the cellar, but the chimney for it was taken down.

The only barn until 1875 was a log stable which was finally taken down in 1907. In 1858 John dug the well which was used until 1889 when the one in use now was drilled. The dug well was used for years as a cooler for butter, milk, and cream.

Ten years after he came to Wisconsin Rev. Donald gave up

preaching. On October 6, 1866, he died, and was buried in the cemetery in Mt. Horeb, the first of four generations to be buried there.

The family always began and ended the day with family prayer. The Sabbath was a day of prayer and rest. Even the cooking was done the day before. It was gently commented on by the sons that their father reluctantly consented to allow them to care for the stock, and to harness the horses to drive to church on Sunday morning.

His Library of Classics, Bibles, and school texts, is almost intact in the old Donald house. In 1860 he had it insured for \$150, worth a good deal more then, no doubt, than now. The house was insured for \$400 and the other furnishings for \$50.

Dr. William J. Donald, the eldest son, was, I believe, the first regular doctor to practice and live in Mt. Vernon. He was twenty-two years old when he came with his father to Wisconsin in 1855. He was born in New York state, and had gone to school there. It seems for a few years that he taught school in Wisconsin, but we have no records of the schools he taught in. Finally he went to Union College in Schenectady, New York, and studied medicine. He graduated in 1863, and took up his practice in Mt. Vernon. Two events were outstanding. One was the tornado on May 23, 1878. He must have had a busy time taking care of the injured. The other was another storm. In this one he was the injured. His horse went through a bridge during a flood. As a result of this he used a crutch for the rest of his life. He invented a crutch attachment to keep crutches from slipping on the ice and built up quite a business manufacturing and selling them. His wife, Adeline Zink, died a few months after they were married. Not long afterward, about 1880, he moved to Tomah, Wisconsin, and later to Tunnel City. There he married Rilla Winship. He carried on his practice and she ran the village store there until they retired and moved to Riverside, California, where he died in 1919 at the age of eighty-four.

Robert Donald went East to school. For several years he was principal of the Peekskill Military Academy. He never returned to live in Wisconsin. When his father died, his mother went back with him to New York state where he made a home for her as long as she lived.

John Strong Donald, the third son, was born in New York state, July 5, 1842. He was thirteen when he came to Wisconsin. The responsibilities of the farm soon fell on his young shoulders. It was John who drove his father to church, who dug the well, split logs for fences, hauled sand and lumber for the new house, who stayed home so that his two older brothers might get their education, who had to say goodbye to his friends when they went off to join the Union soldiers and remain behind because by then his father was failing in health. Two years after his father died he was married to Ellen Sweet in April 1868. In October he was stricken with typhoid fever and died October 9th at the age of 26, three months before his son was born.

John Sweet Donald was born January 12, 1869 in the log cabin on the west bank of the stream running through the old Sweet farm. Though he was born after his father had died he was made heir to that part of the Donald farm which his grandfather had got from the Government. He grew up on the farm, went to the country school, graduated from the Northwestern Business College of Madison in 1887, from Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, in 1894, and in 1897 from Chicago Dental College with the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery. He was never to practice dentistry, however. That spring his stepfather John Jones, died. Mr. Jones had bought the McCord farm from Ike Brader and the Sweet farm from Wm. Sweet, one on each side of the Donald farm. These farms were not paid for. His mother could not carry on with them alone. He did not want to give up the Donald farm so he decided to give up dentistry instead, come back to the farm and try to keep the three farms together.

In June 1898, he brought his bride, Vona De Crow of Valparaiso, Indiana, to Wisconsin to live in the Donald home. They had three children, Delma, born June 2, 1899; a son, Robert, born in August 1901. He lived only a few weeks. Another daughter, Dora, born June 3, 1903, died at the age of six months.

In 1892, when Johnny Donald was 23 years old, he served one term as assessor of Springdale. From 1899 to 1902 he was Town Chairman, on the board of Supervisors. He had no thought of entering political life, but he was interested in local politics and his friends urged him to "run" for the Assembly on the Republican ticket in the 1902 election. When he was elected, it was the beginning of twelve years of elective office. He was re-elected to the Assembly in 1904. In 1908 and 1910 he was returned to the Legislature, this time as State Senator from Dane Co. He served two terms as Secretary of State from 1912 to 1916.

He was conscious always that his political career was due to the confidence the people who elected him placed in him to represent them. It was his great good fortune that this was at the beginning of the golden era of Progressive Legislation. He soon recognized the splendid things the La Follette administration was trying to do for the State of Wisconsin, they were things he believed in, things his neighbors and friends wanted for themselves, for their children, and for the future of the State. So he entered with enthusiasm into the work of the 1903 legislature. He was assigned to the committee on Dairy and Foods and to the Education committee. He was active in support of the railroad commission bill, workman's compensation, grain inspection bill, the primary election bill, to mention a few of the measures passed by the legislature during those years.

The first bill he introduced in the legislature was passed. It prohibited the big monopoly telephone companies cutting rates to put small independent companies, like the Mt. Vernon Telephone Co. of which he was then the secretary, out of business. He became chairman of the committee that drew up the Pure Food

laws to protect the health of the consuming public, including the weights and measures laws to protect against fraud. He was chairman of the Education committee and served on the Public Welfare committee.

John Donald's most important contribution and the one for which he worked the hardest was the Good Roads Bill. It was the custom in those pre-1910 days for each farmer to "work out" his road tax by maintaining the public roads on his own place. To do this the best several neighbors would work together to build bridges, to grade, drag out the ruts and fill up the mud holes. It was about this time that Mr. Donald tried out the first "split log" drag. When the road was properly graded up with a crown in the center with the sides sloping away so that the water could run off, the idea was to get out with the drag a few hours after a rain, go up one side of the road and back the other, filling the ruts, packing the dirt, leaving a smooth surface which would dry quickly. If this was done regularly after each rain it maintained with a minimum of effort a fairly smooth dirt road.

There was time riding the drag behind a team of horses for him to dream of a day when every farmer could have a hard surfaced road running past his farm to market. The opportunity to do something about it came in the 1911 session of the legislature. He introduced a bill to give state aid to highways, creating a highway commission to secure funds to build and maintain out of these funds the state highway system, it secured the distribution of funds so that the people living on the highways, who depended on them to get their produce to market should have the benefit of them. This was the first good roads bill passed in Wisconsin and it set up the system out of which the present laws grew. It was known as the "Donald Bill" and he was frequently called "the father of the good roads law in Wisconsin". Surely Springdale can claim to be its birthplace.

The years from 1900 to 1908 were progressive years on the farm, too. The last evidences of the old pioneer life gave way to pioneering of a new kind. The log buildings and rail fences were replaced by modern barns, five bedroom houses and barbed wire fences. In 1900 the house and barn on the Big Rock farm were built, two or three years later the ones on the Sweet farm were put up. The Donald farm was stocked with purebred percheron horses, shorthorn cattle and Berkshire hogs. Many new farm practices were tried out, some of them were experimental and so successful they became standard practice. The Sweet farm was one of the first farms in Wisconsin to be rented on a fifty-fifty co-operative share basis. They planted one of the first fields of alfalfa in Springdale to yield three cuttings of hay in one year. Crushed lime spread on the soil was quite new in those days when they first began putting it on the fields. Since 1910 a new dairy barn has been built on each of the three Vernon Valley farms.

In 1917 and '18 Mr. Donald was chairman of the Dane County Council of Defense and a member of Exemption Board No. 1. When the Y.M.C.A. asked him to serve overseas as an A.E.F. Secretary, he said he had sent so many young men into service he felt he could not refuse. He had announced his candidacy for Congress, but he withdrew and went to France in July 1918. After the Armistice he served with the Army Educational Corps organizing classes in Agriculture for the boys in the Army of Occupation.

When he returned home he joined the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, College of Agriculture as a Farm Management Expert to again pioneer a new field. Very little had ever been done to set up simple, adequate farm record forms or to help with the keeping of farm accounts. He worked out two sets of farm record books, one for the farmer to use and one to be used to teach farm accounting in the schools. He went wherever farmers would listen with his slogan "A Farm Without Records is Like a Clock Without Hands". Wherever they taught book-keeping in rural high schools he introduced the use of farm record and account books. His farm account book, somewhat revised, is still being put out by the University.

It remains only to mention a number of organizations in which he was active to attest to his interest in matters of human welfare, in fields tilled and natural, in Wisconsin's general countryside, and to his spirit of service. He was a charter member of Madison's Rotary Club, a 32nd Degree Mason, belonged to the Knights Templar, the Shriners, and the Consistory. He was President of the State Livestock Breeders Assn., the State Conference of Social Work, Treasurer, the State Country Life Assn., and Friends of Our Native Landscape, Secretary of the Dane County Agricultural Society. Of his pride and interest in the Forest of Fame more need not be said here.

Mr. Donald died on January 10th, 1934, at his home in Madison and was buried in the Mt. Horeb Cemetery on Jan. 12th, his 65th birthday.

His wife, Mrs. Vona Donald, lives in Madison and is active in the present management of the farms. She was an Indiana girl who had taught school there and came to Wisconsin with progressive ideas about rural education which were still new to Wisconsin. When the Malone school house was built about 1907, it was considered an outstanding modern rural school. It was largely the result of her interest and patient effort that many of these new ideas went into the new school. She worked hard for Woman's suffrage and was vitally interested, helpful, and stimulating to her husband in all the Progressive Legislation he supported.

During World War I she helped to organize and was the first Chairman of the Mt. Horeb Red Cross Chapter. She is a Past Matron of Summit Chapter No. 71 Order of the Eastern Star. For several years she served as a member of the Dane County Child Welfare Board, consisting of three women, acting in an advisory capacity to the Court handling juvenile delinquency



and Mothers' Pension cases in Dane Co. This Board helped to establish a juvenile detention home, which kept delinquent children out of the jail, thus avoiding an adverse record in childhood. She served on the Board of Directors of the Madison Woman's Club and on the first Board of Directors of the League of Women Voters. She is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution on both the maternal and paternal side of her family, both families having come to this country in about 1635.

The daughter Delma, and her family live in Madison. Her husband, James G. Woodburn, is Professor of Hydraulic Engineering at the University. They have two sons, the only Donald grandchildren. James Donald Woodburn, born Oct. 30, 1925, graduated from the University September, 1947, started his first engineering job with the United Light and Utility Co. at Davenport, Iowa. Robert Donald Woodburn, born Jan. 11, 1928, is a junior in Electrical Engineering at the University.

John S. Donald, after the death of his only son, became the last of the Donald family to carry the name. He was often very conscious of this fact and perhaps it stimulated him to plant trees in the soil and seeds of progress in his labors. In their Memorial Resolutions, the Faculty of the University of Wisconsin paid a tribute to the effect:

"Thus, Mr. Donald, whose quiet and kindly nature seemed at times almost to obscure his initiative and force, will live not alone in the hearts of those who knew him personally, but also in the lives of those who, for years to come, will find their world a little better because of his loves and labors. He would ask no better reward than to be written as one who loves his fellow man."

When the late Mrs. Ellen Donald-Jones was buried in the Mt. Horeb cemetery a week ago she was laid to rest in the old Donald burial lot where sleep four generations of Donalds, and as Mrs. Donald-Jones' father, William Sweet, is also buried there it may be said to also contain four generations of Sweets. This fine large burial ground is now a village cemetery and Scandinavian names are beginning to dominate its nomenclature, but it was not always so, for the names on the stones of nearly all the first burials are American or English. Sentimentally the Donalds have the most valid moral claim on this cemetery, since it was the first of the Donalds, the Rev. James Donald, who built the original Presbyterian church there and thus fived the site as consecrated ground.

On the Donald lot is a modest stone showing that the Rev. James Donald was born Aug. 15, 1790, and died Oct. 6, 1866. A similar stone to his son, John Strong Donald, records that the latter was born July 5, 1842, and died Oct. 9, 1868. The elder Donald was born in Scotland. As yet there is no stone for the late John S. Donald, legislator and secretary of state, 1913-1917, third in line of family burials there.

The Rev. James Donald was educated for the ministry in Scotland and made four trips to America as a missionary before remaining in this country. He finally married a woman of Schenectady, N. Y., and came to Wisconsin and Dane county in 1854.

He organized the Blue Mounds Presbyterian church at Mt. Horeb corners and the Verona Presbyterian church in the Sugar river valley. A church was built at each place. In order to have a home somewhere between them he bought from one of the Drydens the farm in Springdale which has since been known as the Donald farm on the road between Mt. Vernon and Mt. Horeb. There was then no home on the place. His neighbor, William Sweet, had bought the Ashmore place just before. Near the creek on this farm was an old log cabin, and Mr. Donald had this moved to his farm and began pioneer life there. In a year or two, in 1856, he began the construction of the farmhouse which is still known as the Donald home and which has therefore done service for 80 years.

The late John S. Donald, former secretary of state, who died Jan. 10, was frequently styled the "father of the highway law." Mr. Donald was a member of the assembly in the sessions of 1903 and 1905 and of the senate in the sessions of 1909 and 1911. In all this time Mr. Donald was greatly interested in highway improvement legislation and introduced various bills on the subject. The bill which finally passed creating the present state highway system and set-up, with subsequent modifications, was known as the "Donald bill."

It was the advent of the automobile that brought about the demand for better highways, says M. W. Torkelson, regional planning director of the state highway commission, in the Blue Book of 1931.



**Springdale Town Hall**



There are several "old timers" in this group, and we have identified some of them. I will give the names of the men whose wives most likely are also on the group. Hans Evanson; Ole Lee; Rev. S. Gunderson; Ole Rockstad; Austin Shutvet; Chris Lunde; T. L. Thorson; Thorkel Martinson. Some of the older ladies as follows: Mrs. Halvor Bang; Mrs. Arne Brostuen; Mrs. Kari Dahl; Mrs. Donald Jones; Mrs. Delma Woodburn. There are others that we are unable to identify.

## **The Foye Family**

As Told by Orpha Chandler Moore

My grandmother, Mary Foye, was born in Canada. Her maiden name was Mary Campbell, her father Scotch and am not sure but think her mother was French. She married Henry Kempfer and there were five children of that family, three boys and two girls. The girls were Flora and Henrietta. I don't know the boys' names. Henrietta was born after her father's death and was named after him.

They lived in Quebec and lived on a farm of some sort for after a storm the fish that were washed in from the river or ocean were raked up and used to fertilize the land.

Later she married my Grandfather Foye who came there from Vermont. I don't know anything of his family, only Grandmother said he was French. There were six children in that family, two girls and four boys, Mary, Aprinda, Winthrop, Steven, Alonzo, and Milton. Mary married a man by the name of Wright. She is buried in Waukesha. She had two children. Mary and Jennie. My grandmother brought them up. Mary married Charlie Lewis. Jennie married Carl Krause.

My grandfather and grandmother brought the Foye family with them from Canada and I think they came by boat to Milwaukee as they lived in a wood chopper's cabin in what was known as the Waukesha Woods. She cooked and baked bread for her family around the stumps using iron kettles. She had no stove.

Grandfather walked from there to Mt. Vernon and took up government land near the Big Spring. I do not know just how long they lived in that cabin but until they built their log cabin in Mt. Vernon, I suppose. I am not sure Henrietta Kempfer came when they did. I think she was married to Septimus Ireland before she came here. Two of her children Dick and Lou came to see us before Grandmother passed away. The Kempfer boys were left in Canada on the farm. Grandmother had eleven children and raised two grandchildren.

As Grandmother lived with us a good share of the time it fell to my lot to stay home with her much against my will and I should remember more of the things she told.

## **Story of Bernard Brink**

As told by a grandson, Andrew Brink

Bernard Brink was born in Westphalian, Germany, in the year of 1815. He and a brother Maurice, who was seven years older than Bernard, came to this country accompanied by a life-long friend, Henry Bolland. Mr. Bolland settled on the farm best known as the Mahoney farm and Bernard on the neighboring farm where Ivan Best now lives. After all of the years of friendship they could not agree as neighbors. Therefore Mr. Brink moved to what is now

known as the Christ Bringold farm. All of his children were born on this place.

Bernard and his brother Maurice were both carpenters. They helped to build the first capitol building at Madison. Maurice owned a machine that was used to split shingles. This was in the family until 1900 when a tool chest containing this machine and other tools was stolen.

---

### **Story of Henry Kreid**

As told by a son, Herman Kreid, Madison, Wis.

Mr. Henry Kreid arrived in the United States with his Aunt and Uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Ohle, in the year of 1847, at the age of twelve years. They settled on the farm now known as the Dave Brink farm on the Verona road.

At the age of sixteen he started to drive an ox team from Mineral Point to Milwaukee, hauling lead. It took him three weeks for the round trip. He brought back groceries and clothing for the different stores on his route. He did this until the railroad was built into Madison in 1859.

A write-up requested by the editor of a newspaper called Nordlyset, or "North Light," which was published in those days was written by one of the first settlers of that early colony in March, 1848.

"In accordance with your request I will give you a few facts concerning our new settlement.

"The first settlers of this group of Norsemen in the township of Springdale in 1846 were Tore Toreson or Spaanum, Halvor Halvorson, Nils Halvorson or Grasdalen, Tosten Tostenson, and John Ingebritson, all of Tin, Norway.

"The settlement consisted of ten families and twelve single persons which consisted of eight male and four females. In this group were 54 persons. The whole amount of land taken up was 1410 acres. All settlers without exception profess the Lutheran faith.

Mr. Berge came to Springdale in the spring of 1845 and is sometimes given as the first Norwegian settler in the township. One history states that Mr. Berge, Thore Spaanum and Michael Johnson were the first Norwegians to locate in the township. Mr. Berge assisted in the organization of the town in April, 1848, and was elected constable at the first election held that spring.

The Berge farm was in Section 8, about a mile north of the Springdale Lutheran church. Mr. Berge was a prominent and highly respected farmer, and the school near his home was known as the Berge school. He died Nov. 7, 1879, leaving several sons and daughters. His widow, described in the histories as "a woman of unusual capabilities," continued the operation of the farm.

## Story of William Minor

Written by a niece, Mrs. Maude Minor Burglass

Aunt Sara (Miss Sara Minor) told of their first home on one of the four corners, which leads up to the lane of the old Lewis home. They lived there while Grandfather Minor was in the Civil war and as I remember they had a general store in part of the house which Grandmother Minor carried on while he was away part of the time, but her health failed her. She was very ill and in bed most of the time for a year and a half before her death. She bore her suffering bravely, being a devout Christian from nineteen years of age. My father, Byron C. Minor, was a young man at this time being away in Minn. learning the millers trade so all the work fell on the two sisters, Rosa and Sara. Grandfather Minor returned from the war with a wound on his leg causing much suffering and never healing up to the time of his death. He built the home now owned by Frank Moore. As a child I remember the visits there with my Mother and brother when back in Wisconsin from our home in Carthage, Missouri and of riding on the stage from Verona to Mt. Vernon. I also remember the pleasant times spent with him on the big porch playing dominos, the wonderful strawberries and flower garden he spent so much time on, attending Sunday School and Church in the little white church on the square. Household cares fell on the two sisters, Rosa and Sara at an early age. After the death of Rose in her teens, Aunt Sara was left to care for the home and her father, which she did until his death.

## History of the Adam Lust Family

Grandfather and Grandmother, Martha Maria (Sthromel) Lust, with a family of 10 children, sailed for America in a sail ship in the year 1850. They were both born in the Province of Saxony, Gorsleben, Germany. They were on the ship 40 days, which rocked like a cradle from one side to the other, and made them dizzy. It was hard to eat their meals on board the ship, especially drinking out of a cup. When they were landed in New York harbor, they were so dizzy they could hardly walk. Soon after they arrived in New York City, Grandfather hired a man to take them to Milwaukee by team of horses. Later they bought land from the government in the township of Springdale,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile north of Mt. Vernon, Wisconsin, Dane County. The land was mostly woods. There they built a log house and also a blacksmith shop nearby, because my grandfather was a blacksmith by trade. All the children who were old enough had to help clear the land, chop down trees, grub, and burn the brush, until they had established a good farm home. Grandfather's sister, Mrs. Christian Morig, who had preceded them to America, and lived in the community, made it easier for them to locate there. Later on preachers came along doing missionary work among the new German settlers, preaching in the homes of Christian Morig and Grandfather Adam Lust, and even conducted a Sunday School later on. Rev. Leonard Buehler was

one of the pioneer preachers, who did very successful work conducting revival meetings, which were held evenings in the homes. A goodly number of relatives and friends were converted and became members of the Evangelical Church. Among them was my mother, who joined the church when she was 18 years old. Later on these good people were able to build a small church on a piece of land donated by Christian Morig. This church was dedicated by Bishop Escher. Services were held in this church a good many years by the preacher from Mazomanie until it was destroyed by fire. The congregation was dissolved.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Lust were Matilda, Mrs. Bartel of Washington, Carl and Johanna (twins), Frederika and Mary (twins), Augusta, William, and Herman. Carl married Frederika Schettles and, in later years, located in different parts of Minnesota and Johanna Gisselman married Edward Gisselman and lived in different western states, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington. Friedercka Halbeis Hoistman married twice and lived in Fountain City, Wisconsin, all her married life. Mary married August Marquardt and lived on a large farm between Mt. Vernon and Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin. Augusta, aged ten years when she came to America, lived on the farm with her parents. After her mother's death, she kept house for her father and 2 younger brothers, William and Herman, until she married Martin Witwen of Witwen's mill in Sauk County, Wisconsin in 1869, when she was 28 years old. William, married to Pauline Hankel, remained on the home farm and lived there all his lifetime. William was married a second time to Luella Jones of Mt. Vernon. Herman, married to Henrietta Morig, lived on a nearby farm all his life, too. They all had large families who married and made their homes elsewhere. Two other children, a boy and a girl, died in childhood soon after they came to America. Grandfather Lust gained a good deal of knowledge by traveling through foreign countries in his younger days, working at his blacksmith trade, earning enough money to take him from place to place, traveling on foot for 3 years, trying to get an education in that line. He was very intelligent and a great reader, which helped to promote his education.

Written by Lydia Witwen Schoephoister

\* \* \*

It was probably after his return from California with his wealth that John Plato, picturesque character and strong man of Springdale, acquired his reputation as a champion scrapper and neighborhood bully. If hard drinking and hard fighting go together, they were exemplified in Plato, according to tradition. One of the older residents now living near the Springdale Lutheran church is among those who recall stories told of Plato's exploits. Plato, he says, was a man of powerful build, large and rough, of swarthy complexion and pugnacious disposition. All his neighbors feared him, or at least feared to cross or offend him.

Tom Haney, who kept the once well known Haney tavern and hotel on the present Melvin Thompson farm, west of Mt. Horeb, once engaged him in an argument. Haney was on horseback, but Plato pulled him down from his horse and beat him up so that Haney was never well after that.

In those days road taxes were usually "worked out," but could be paid in money. The town officers were afraid to tell Plato he must do his part in road work, but Andrew Levorson, road boss, went to his house and told him he had to come and work out his poll tax. Plato refused; he said he didn't have to work; he had money and could pay.

"Come upstairs and see," said he.

He took Levorson upstairs and showed him a chest which was stuffed with greenbacks, money he had obtained in the west.

Levorson admitted he didn't have to work and took his money.

Plato apparently kept the money in his house and used it as needed. Being a good shot, he believed he could guard it himself.

On one of his trips to Black Earth Plato became involved in a difficulty with one Hans Gilbertson, a deputy sheriff. Gilbertson was a giant, but Plato gave him a beating.

Another time he tackled Ole and Jens Moen, husky Norwegian brothers, and beat them up one at a time. But the brothers found a means of getting even. Returning to the fight, they got Plato down. Plato had long hair and whiskers, so one brother held him down by his hair while the other gave Plato a thorough thrashing with a whipstock.

The late John L. Malone, Springdale pioneer, frequently told this story of Plato: He was a hard drinker, and when "under the influence" was quarrelsome and inclined to play the bully. One time while coming home from Black Earth on the Mt. Horeb road he came to the well known Rust spring and took it into his head to hold the bridge and not let anyone else across it. He had a team and lumber wagon. John Malone and several other farmers were on their way to Black Earth with loads of wheat and when they came to the bridge there was Plato holding it.

Malone tried to reason with him, but Plato only became more abusive. So Malone said: "Wait till John Rue comes and see if you'll let us pass."

John Rue, father of Lewis J. Rue, Mt. Horeb, was also a very powerful man. When he came along he also tried to pass peaceably, but Plato was stubborn and it did no good. After much arguing, Rue finally "dived into him", threw him down and held him while the other farmers moved Plato's team and drove their own loads across. Malone said that when Plato came home drunk he would drive his horses into the board fences in his way and make them break them down.



## Mt. Vernon Churches

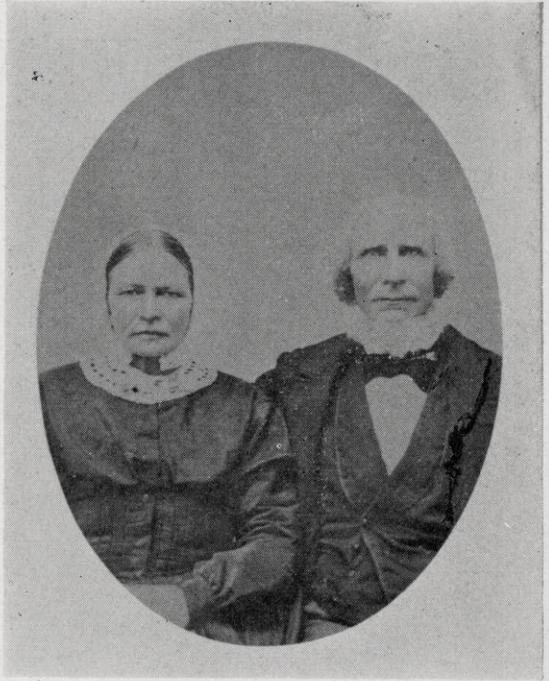
The Baptist church was organized July 26, 1869 with about sixty members. The first pastor was Rev. George Martin. To supplement the salary he received as pastor he sold sewing machines. The second pastor was Rev. L. Smith. Services were first held in the school house. The present church building was erected in 1869 at an expense of \$3,500.00. The land was bought from Isaac G. Brader and his wife, Joanna. The church was dedicated on November 10, 1869. At this first service, the bell, which had been brought from Milwaukee with a team and wagon, rang out through the valley. It was truly the "Little white church in the vale." The Rev. Fish of Fox Lake, Wisconsin opened the dedicatory services by reading the 84th and 87th Psalms. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dodge of Madison. The text was read from the 8th chapter of Mark, verses 36 and 37. The collection amounted to three hundred forty-five dollars and twenty-five cents. A collection was taken for home missions which amounted to eleven dollars and sixty-five cents. Different means were taken to raise money to pay off the church debt. An oyster supper was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orr, although the evening was stormy, a good crowd turned out for the services and \$5.32 was raised. The final payment soon was made and the church debt paid, with much rejoicing among the members.

Rev. Sprague was the first minister to serve the congregation in their new building. The first communion was given on December 7, 1870. From 1877 to 1888 very few meetings were held in the church and in 1888 the church was reorganized by Elder Lincoln and many of the old members were restored to membership at that time. It was decided to raise the building and build a stone foundation and install a furnace. My father, Mr. Carl Erfurth and Stephen Foye built the basement wall. Thirteen new members entered the church through baptism on December 23, 1888, on the icy waters of the Sugar River. Two more members were baptized on March 30, 1889.

At an early day several of the followers of the Jos. Smith, Normans, were accustomed to preach and baptize in the river. The story goes that the excitement at these services was equal to any fair, and people gathered from far and wide to witness these services. At one time, a wicked Gentile forced a poor unfortunate dog into the river. The dog was seized by an excited saint and devoutly immersed. This poor dog was known as a heathen converted into Christianity forever after.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore were the only couple ever married in the church.

The bible which has always been used was donated by Isaac Brader and is still kept in the church building.



Above: by reason of no available photograph of Ole Sorenson, pioneer settler of Springdale Township, the attached picture of his only son, Halvor Sorenson and wife is herewith offered.  
 Right: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Everson



Above: Only available photograph of Knud Sorenson (pioneer settler of Springdale Township) taken with his sons Samuel and Albert, and daughter Isabel. Left: Mr. and Mrs. Nels Grasdalen Nelson.



Left to right, back row: Mary, Mrs. Loy Bennett, Eau Claire, Michigan; Mrs. Emma Scholl Erfurth, mother; Amelia, Mrs. R. L. Pope, Madison, writer of History; Katie, Mrs. John Baker, Mount Horeb, Wisconsin; Carrie, Mrs. Otto Bergenski, Madison. Left to right, front sitting: Henrietta, (Elsie) Mrs. Frank Carpenter, deceased; Mr. Charles Erfurth, father, deceased; Lizzie, Mrs. Albert Baker, Mount Horeb, Wisconsin; Amel, Paoli, Wisconsin. Left to Right, front: Mable, Mrs. Henry Eglinsoerfer, Benton Harbor; Herman, Mount Vernon.

## The Erfurth Family

Mr. Carl Erfurth was born in Germany on December 24, 1849, he came to America with his parents at the age of four years in a sail boat. They settled first in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, then came to Watertown, Wisconsin. When at the age of 19 years, he moved to the town of Verona on the farm best known as the Goth farm. He helped his father, Frederick Erfurth haul brick from Watertown by ox team to build the house that still stands on that farm. Mrs. Henry Goth was a sister of Carl Erfurth. On July 16, 1876, he was married to Emma Scholl and they went to live on the old McCord farm in the town of Springdale. This farm is now known as the Donald estate. Mrs. Erfurth, a bride of sixteen years, made her own wedding dress by hand, nine children were born to this union. Namely, Lizzie, Mrs. Albert Baker of Mt. Horeb, Amel, of Paoli, Wisconsin, Henrietta, Mrs. Frank Carpenter, of Madison, Wisconsin, (deceased), Katy, Mrs. John Baker of Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin, Carrie, Mrs. Otto Bergenske, Madison, Wisconsin, Mary, Mrs. Loy Bennett, Eau Claire, Michigan, Amelia, Mrs. Robert L. Pope, Madison, Wisconsin. (Writer of this book). Herman, Mt. Vernon, Wisconsin, now on the old homestead which he and his wife, Evelyn, bought in March, 1941, Mable, Mrs. Henry Eglinsdoerfer of Benton Harbor, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Erfurth bought the homestead for \$1800.00. Here they raised their family. They were both hard working and highly respectable people. I remember my father telling how he could drive into the ditches on the farm with a load of hay, there was only four acres of clear land, it took many years of hard labor to get the farm in good shape. My father was a mason by trade and he built many of the foundations for houses and barns in the township of Springdale. He used to start work before daylight, using a lantern to see by and worked until after dark at night for \$1.25 a day. He cut cord wood for 25 cents a cord. I have heard my mother tell how my father would pack his mason tools in a grain sack and carry them on his back and walk many miles to lay up a stone foundation. At that time my people only owned seven cows. The supply from these cows furnished many of the families in Mt. Vernon with cream, butter, milk, and buttermilk. I truly feel my parents were pioneers. I can picture my mother at her spinning wheel. She would take the wool as it was sheared from the sheep and wash it and lay it on the snow to bleach and to remove the oil from it. Then she would pick it apart by hand and it had to be carded with carding combs. After the yarn was spun she would dye it and knit mittens, sweaters, hoods, and stockings. I can also remember that my mother made her own yeast from wild hops. She used to gather herbs to make medicine. All her washing was done on a wash board. I can even remember the first washing machine my mother had. They built the big barn on the farm in 1895 and the house in 1902. Mrs. Erfurth passed away in 1914 and Mr. Erfurth stayed on the farm with his son and daughter, (Herman and Mable) until 1917 when he

married Dell Korner and lived in Mt. Vernon until his death in 1940. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Erfurth bought the farm shortly after my father's death. Just recently I went to spend a few days with them on the farm to gather stories for this book. I found Herman in a very talkative mood. A group of G.I. veterans from Suthern, Wisconsin, had come to inspect and learn something about the new method and principles of hay drying. Herman says hay drying is still in its experimental stage. But he insists that it is possible to mow finished hay, and obtain a number one grade of hay. In fact a state hay grader has graded a mow of Herman's hay as U. S. No. one, extra leafy, extra green. It's a new grade just established. To describe mow cured hay Herman says hay is gold. He says we in Southern Wisconsin are living in a dairy man's paradise. Our fertile hills and productive valleys provide abundance of grasses of various types, which are the greater part of a good dairy ration. Herman says he has seen many luscious crops of grass grown to the time of harvest, then, in spite of all efforts that mankind could put forth, to the farmer's sorrow we would have to see the one-time good crops put up as a product, only to be used as poor bedding.

Herman is a dairy farmer, a lover of good cows and says a cow just can't be good unless she has a good feed to produce from. So he has spent much time and money in an effort to improve the method of harvesting what he calls the most important crop—grass. Herman says he has had some disappointments in his experiences, but the joy of being able to feed a balanced ration, home grown that gives results beyond any grain ration he has ever fed, has paid a dividend in satisfaction beyond any grain expectation. Herman has a drying system that is simple, efficient, and reasonable to operate. I ask him why he didn't get a patent on his system? He came back at me by asking, would that make the system work better? Then he said, no, I don't want a patent on it. If I patented the idea it would mean I wanted to commercialize on something that I, in myself, want the American farmer to have without paying me or anyone else a royalty on. Herman told me it has always been his wish since he was a boy to be able to feed the kind of hay he now has. When he was a boy he pitched hay on the wagon and mowed it away in the barn. Then the hard work of pulling it apart again to feed in the winter. But now he says with the modern equipment there is no such kind of work. He says with the equipment now available they chop the hay in the field, blow it on the wagon and the blower equipment puts the hay in the barn without touching a fork to it. Herman says he wishes he could live on and continue to make hay for another fifty years. Herman married Evelyn Sommers Platt of Milwaukee on November 9, 1916, and she has been a good and faithful companion. Under her supervision the home was remodeled and they now have a

modern home in every respect even to a huge freezer in their basement. I am proud of the way my brother has kept up the old home my parents worked so hard to accumulate.

The story told by Mrs. D. K. Erfurth of her home in Mt. Vernon. This land was taken from the government by the Britts Brothers. They sold it to Leonard Lewis, father of Clark and Charles Lewis. Charles later owned it and sold it to Mary Allen. John Korner bought the property about 64 or 65 years ago. When Mr. Korner bought the property there was a part log house on the place. It stood just north of the present house. A stone walk lead to the gate. That house was built by Leonard Lewis. Mr. Korner built a barn after he bought the property. This barn burned down and the barn that is now on the property was built. Mr. and Mrs. John Korner were married in 1884. Mrs. Korner was Della Foye. About a year after they were married they built the house that is now occupied by Mrs. D. K. Erfurth, her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Davis. Mr. Korner was a carpenter and built many buildings in the township of Springdale. Mrs. Korner was married a second time to Mr. Charles Erfurth, who went to live with her and take over the farm. When Mr. Erfurth passed away Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Davis took over the farm and Mrs. Erfurth makes her home with them.



Here is a picture of a City girl who made good in the country, it is MY sister-in-law, Mrs. Herman Erfurth formerly Evalyn Summers Platt from Milwaukee, Wis. I have always loved her and held her in high esteem. The reason I appreciate her so much is because she has always worked hand in hand with my brother. I feel I owe her much for the interest she has shown in helping to keep up our old homestead. Her integrity and loyalty will live in my heart forever. —Rev. Amelia I. J. Pope

Mr. N. H. Dryden was one of the first settlers in Springdale. He came to the township in the spring of 1946 and located on a farm in Section 21. This farm is now owned by Halvor Bang-Of-ferdah, near present Springdale town hall. Mr. Dryden was the son of William Dryden and Abigail Henderson. He was born in Bedford County, Tennessee, in February 1820. This section was a wilderness when he arrived and the winters were very severe. At the age of twenty-one he married Miss Martha Batch, a native of Alabama. To them six children were born; Elizabeth, Abigail, John, Albert, William, Nathaniel. The farm contains two-hundred forty acres, a two story farm house and several living springs. Mr. Dryden was one of the organizers of the town and held the office of Supervisor for many years. He was fearless in his principles for right and demanded the respect of the community in which he lived.

Wm. Dryden was the first man assessed in Springdale in 1848.

\* \* \*

Thomas B. Miles homesteaded, the farm now known as the William Schmidt Farm. He was one of the oldest settlers and first organizers of the town. He was a prominent man always willing to help in any enterprise for the promotion and welfare of the community. He was the first postmaster of the town, appointed in 1850 and held the office until he resigned in 1866. He was born in 1805 and was a native of Pennsylvania. In 1836 he married Miss Clarissa Burch, a native of New York. They raised a family of nine children all living in Wisconsin.

\* \* \*

Jack McGregor homesteaded the Arthur Moore farm occupied for many years by Ferdinand Klute. Grandparents of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Andrews, who now live on the farm.

His father, John McGregor, was a native of Perthshire, Scotland. He came to Madison, as near as Joseph McGregor remembers, in the late '40's. He had a general early blacksmith and coach shop in Madison. Later he moved his business to Verona Corners and then to Springdale (about a quarter mile from the school spoken of. He and his family left there in the late '70s for Minnesota.

His mother, Margaret Kneeland, was a native of the province of Connaught, County Mayo, Ireland. She was cook for several years in the home of Gov. Fairchild in Madison.

They were married in Madison and John McGregor became a convert to the Catholic faith, consequently the children were all baptized in the church. Joseph McGregor says he could probably find his baptismal record in the church in Madison but all he remembers is the "Stone Church"; he can't think of the name.

"Joseph McGregor's paternal grandparents, David and Mary, followed later to Madison, from Scotland, also several brothers and sisters, and settled in and around Madison.

John and Mary Kneeland, his maternal grandparents, also settled in Madison. John Kneeland had a merchant tailor shop and his four sons, Michael, William, John and Thomas, were also tailors and worked with him. They both passed away on their place in the town of Burke, 9 miles east of Madison. Joseph McGregor does not remember of the family being connected in any way with the McGregor cemetery, near their farm."

McGregor says they are the McGregors that lived on the Verona-Mt. Vernon road, about a quarter mile from the McPherson school, but he remembers it as being called more commonly, the 'McGregor School,' as they were a large family and attended school there.

He remembers a Mrs. Beard very well, but when he first met her she had a grown family and he was about 9 years of age. Joseph McGregor was one of a family of eight children, Isabell, Thomas, John, Joseph, George, Mary, James, and Alfred.

John Stephenson homesteaded the Old Clow farm which perhaps is better known to this generation as the John Schmidt farm. He was a single man and was an uncle to Alex Clow, Sr.

\* \* \*

### **History of the James McPherson Family**

James P. McPherson left Durrdee, Scotland, in 1842, for the City of New York, April 30, 1850. Came by way of canal. Arrived at Buffalo, May 11th. Came by way of Girand River, Cleveland and Detroit to Milwaukee. Left Milwaukee for Madison the 17th by wagon, the fare costing \$10.80. At that time they had four small children aged 6, 4, 2, and 3 months. On May 21 they moved into a log house, which belonged to John Stewart and stood beside a farm store just east of where the Stewart's stone house now stands. He worked at the tailor trade, making pants and vests for the Stewarts', McDonalds', David and John Beat, Pattons' and many others. On June 23rd the family went to see the land on which they were to live and began cutting logs for their new home. They lived in their log house the first winter with a thatched roof and no floor. Their heat was logs burning in the middle of their large room with a hole in the roof for the smoke to go out. Their bread was baked and other food cooked in a large iron pot, hung in the fire place over burning coals. They had no money the first year they were here. Mr. McPherson helped with butchering and got meals for his work. His wife helped neighbors sew and helped with other work and got milk, buttermilk and a chunk of fresh butter direct from the churn. Mr. McPherson was elected town



clerk and assessor in 1851. He held the office of town clerk for about 40 years, not steady, but off and on at different times. He was clerk of the first Dane County Board held in Dane Connty. He was Justice of the Peace and postmaster of Springdale post office for more than 40 years. He was school clerk for many years and was commissary at Camp Randall during the Civil War. His oldest son, William, was in the 8th (Eagle) regiment during the war, going in when 18 years of age. Mr. McPherson was also one of the trustees who bought the land for the Dane County poor farm with Wm. R. Taylor and others. There were eleven children in the McPherson family. Two passed away in early life, but the rest of them lived to past 80 years. A Mrs. Blair was 91. Mr. McPherson, who passed away last January, was 84, and Mrs. McPherson was 89 years of age at death. I am the last of the family and will be 80 years old September 5. I have had one granddaughter in service as a nurse overseas in War II, and four grandsons, and one son-in-law. One is still in Manila Is. and one in the Pacific somewhere. My father had a farm of 160 acres. I think he bought it as government land as I cannot find anything to the contrary. John Stevenson, Wm. Thompson (Uncle Willis as we called him) were other old settlers. I am enclosing a paper as I found it in my father's diary which gives you some of the very old settlers of Mt. Vernon with their own signatures, which you might like to have. Also a very old building was the first log schoolhouse, which was in the northwest corner of the Oak Hill or Springdale cemetery, built in '51 or '52. I believe Sanford Shummwan was the first teacher. I have a family of seven. One son has served 22 years as policeman and one 23 years as a city fireman

By Mrs. Margaret Burmeister

\* \* \*

Continuation of his story of old Springdale days and of the noted Justice of the Peace, James P. McPherson, by the late William A. Housel, follows herewith. Housel was a native of Springdale, who died recently in Spokane, Wash. The second installment of his story runs:

His (McPherson's) methods of stirring up enthusiasm in those days were quite up-to-date, in a way. The family was quite musically inclined and he bought a fife for William B., the eldest son, a bass drum for James B., the second son, and a snare drum for Jabez B., the next younger, while he himself would handle a good-sized American flag. They would hitch their old farm team to a lumber wagon on which was a hay rack and sally forth, playing patriotic airs and drive to some school house where the people of the community would flock, and in goodly numbers too. If it was a county or state election, there would be speakers from Madison or other places, who address the assembled multitude upon the issues of the day.

"Old Mac" usually closed the meeting with an optimistic little speech predicting a glorious victory for the whole Democratic ticket from top to bottom; then he would laugh uproariously and propose three cheers and lead them with a "Hip! Hip! Hurra!" for the grand old Democratic party!" Sometimes, as the hour would be late, the speakers from a distance would be entertained in the farm home, and at the time—as we had a spare room at our house,—I can remember such men as Judge J. Gillett Knapp and Burr W. Jones stopping at our home. I can remember that the judge was quite portly, while Jones looked like a mere stripling, but he seemed to have considerable ability as a campaigner. I think he was at that time running for the same office which Bob LaFollette later filled with such marked distinction (district attorney of Dane county). Of course you will readily observe that my father was a Democrat, as in those days party lines were drawn so tightly that no Republican seeking office would be entertained in a Democratic household.

Perhaps the most prominent soldier produced by the town of Springdale was Maj. William Burns McPherson, son of James P. McPherson, well known pioneer county commissioner, county clerk, and for many years a member of the county board and several times its chairman. Maj. McPherson enlisted in 1862 in Co. E, 8th Wisconsin, the famous "eagle regiment," that carried "Old Abe," the war eagle through the war. He rose to the rank of major. He was born in New York Apr. 24, 1843, soon after his parents came to America from Scotland.

He was married to Rozetta Miles, daughter of Thomas B. Miles, pioneer of Springdale, whose farm adjoined the McPherson farm. After the war they removed to Clark county, Wis., but on the election of Gov. George W. Peck in 1890 returned to Madison where he held a position in the capitol. The family then removed to Alberta, Can., where Mrs. McPherson died. In 1909, he was married to Elvira Greeley McWilliams of La Valle, Wis., and located in Minneapolis, going from there to Florida in 1921. The second Mrs. McPherson died in 1924 and Maj. McPherson in March, 1926, at St. Cloud, Fla. He was buried in the Verona cemetery. He was a brother of Mrs. Margaret Burmeister and Peter B. McPherson, Madison.

"In appearance McPherson might easily have passed for an American, but he was very proud of being a native of Scotland, and when around home and when engaged in trying a law suit there he would wear a genuine Scotch cap, with thistle ornament and narrow black ribbons at the back of it, which covered his extremely bald pate very effectively. When he ventured abroad he usually wore a large black hat unless the weather was extremely cold, when he would wear a home-made cap trimmed with muskrat fur, (home product). He wore white cotton shirts, winter and summer, with narrow black bow ties and usually went about his

home wearing old-fashioned carpet slippers. He was about 5 feet, 8 inches in height and would weigh about 150 pounds. He stood up very straight, even in his old age. When he talked you would quickly discover his nationality, as he spoke with a distinctly Scotch accent, quite rapidly, correctly and entertainingly.

He was a great reader and sat up far into the night and stored in his mind all the current events of the day that he could glean from the weekly periodicals of that day, which he took great delight in regaling his neighbors with as they came to his home for their mail. He was postmaster continuously from a short time after the Civil war until the time when he moved to Verona. He sold his farm to a native of Switzerland, who with a number of his countrymen, bought up several of the old settlers farms in that neighborhood and went in for dairying.

McPherson's wife was a small, very dark-complexioned, English woman, quite reckless in her use of the letter 'H,' when she conversed. She was very proud of her husband's attainments and success in his political activities.

"There were five girls and four boys in their family. Peter B., the youngest boy, had to carry on the work on the farm after the older boys were married and had left the parental roof. From lack of time for study he was not found in the school room as often as the others. The other children all had an ordinary common school education and seemed satisfied with that. They were all as bright as the average young folk of their day and generation, and were quite industrious, not only lending a hand to their mother in her household duties, but assisting with the farm work when the time of harvesting grain, or putting up hay arrived, as the father was not very strong on farm work; in fact, I never saw him put his hand to the plow or bind a bundle of golden grain.

"McPherson's wife's maiden name was Burns I believe and so every one of her sons carried that for their middle name, which was regarded as quite a joke by the neighboring people. They lived in a log house some distance from the old Madison and Mt. Vernon road, which ran through their farm, until after the Civil War, when their eldest son, William B., married one of the Miles girls (Rosetta). William B. built a frame house on the northeast corner of his father's farm where the public highway runs through it, and besides living rooms planned a good-sized room in which he placed a small stock of groceries and notions and essayed to run a little country store and post office. This office had been held by his father-in-law, Thomas Miles, from a time to which my memory runneth not to the contrary, and the whole Miles family seemed to take a keen delight in sharing in the services for Uncle Sam."

"How Billy ever succeeded in separating them from it, whether peaceably or otherwise, we atrons never knew, but he secured it at all events.

"I have often thought that 'Old Mac' must have belonged to what the late Sen. La Follette termed 'the spoil system.' He believed in getting what he could in the way of offices for himself, his relatives and his friends, but I don't think any of them were what could be called 'grafters' or dishonest people. After his boys married and moved away some of the other young fellows had a look in on the township offices."

—Told by A. O. Barton

\* \* \*

Wisconsin and Madison lost a pioneer and Civil war officer when Major W. B. McPherson died in St. Cloud, Fla. He was buried beside his parents in the Verona cemetery.

Major McPherson was born in New York, April 24, 1843. He came to Wisconsin with his parents in 1850 and soon after settled on a farm in the town of Springdale. In 1862 he enlisted in the Civil war Co. E, 8th regiment of Wisconsin Infantry, with which he served until the end of the war.

Soon after his return he was married to Miss Razetta Miles, and moved to Clark county, where eight children were born. His wife died in 1890, and he returned to Madison, where he was appointed assistant attorney general under Gov. G. W. Peck.

Major McPherson is survived by six children, Mrs. Clara Manly, Minneapolis; Charles C. McPherson, Wagner, Okla.; James P. Seattle, Wash.; Jabez B., Bently, Alberta; Allen V., San Francisco; and Mrs. R. L. Holmes, Hawthorn, Calif.; a number of grandchildren; two brothers, James B., Mura, Minn., and Peter B., Madison; three sisters, Mrs. Mary Blair, Winter Haven, Fla.; Mrs. Jessie Walts, Fargo, N. D., and Mrs. Margaret Burmeister, Madison.

"He was a typical Scotchman, frugal and thrifty in his home life but when he was out with his cronies he would show them a good time and spend his money like a prince. This made him many friends among the voters in those days and he seemed to be able to be elected to any local office which he aspired to, which was justice of the peace, town clerk or something of that sort. When his boys became old enough to hold office he usually saw to it that they too had some township office to fill.

"I recall at one time that the family was holding so many offices in Springdale township that the next spring at election time some wag had a democratic township ticket printed and put in circulation at the polls, carrying the names of the male members of the McPherson family and ending up with 'For Constable, any other McPherson.' This caused much hilarity among the voters, but did not seem to disturb 'Old Mac' as he was familiarly known. He went on holding office in that township as long as he resided there, and perhaps he continued to do so after he removed to the adjacent township of Verona.

One of the interesting figures in Dane county politics a half century ago was James P. McPherson of the town of Springdale.

For a half century the McPherson family, living on the old Verona-Mt. Vernon road, was well known in western Dane county, the father, James P. McPherson, being prominent in public life.

James P. McPherson, a native of Scotland, settled in the town of Springdale in 1850, and soon was active in politics. From 1853 until 1859 he was chairman of the town, and also served as county superintendent of poor in 1854-55, and again in 1857-58.

In 1858 he was elected county clerk, serving until 1861. In 1861 he was elected chairman of the county board. During the war the county was under the commission form of government, but when it returned to the supervisor system in 1870, he was again elected chairman of the county board. He was also among the organizers of the Dane County Agricultural society, and served as a trustee of the society.

Being a Democrat, he was never able to win election to the legislature, though aspiring to that honor.

In his home locality he was for years postmaster of the Springdale postoffice, which was kept at his house. He also served for years as school board officer, and in his honor the school of the district was early given the name of the "McPherson School."

It was as justice of the peace in his later years, however, that he won a wide local renown. Petty litigation from many neighboring towns as well as his own came to his "court" for adjudication as he was well read in law and just in its application. It is said that even John C. Spooner, later United States senator, once tried a case before him. Mr. McPherson also wrote an excellent short history of the town of Springdale.

Mr. McPherson was a pioneer in the movement for the ad valorem taxation of railroads. While a member of the county board in 1858 he introduced the following resolution:

"Resolved, that a committee of three be appointed to draft a petition or memorial to the legislature for the repeal of Chapter 74, session laws of 1854, and for the taxation of railroad and plank-road property equally with other property in the state."

The resolution was adopted and the chair appointed as such committee Mr. McPherson, W. R. Taylor of Cottage Grove, later governor, and O. B. Hazeltine of the town of Ray (later the towns of Mazomanie and Black Earth.)

This committee drew up the following memorial to the legislature, which was presented by Mr. Taylor and adopted by the board:

"The memorial of the board of supervisors of the county of Dane, state of Wisconsin, respectfully sheweth:

“That your memorialists believe that Section 183, Chap. 18, R. S., which enact that Railroad and Plankroad companies shall pay a tax of one per cent, on their gross receipts to the state, in lieu of all other taxes whatsoever, is a direct violation of Article 8, of the constitution of this state, which said article provides that taxation shall be uniform.

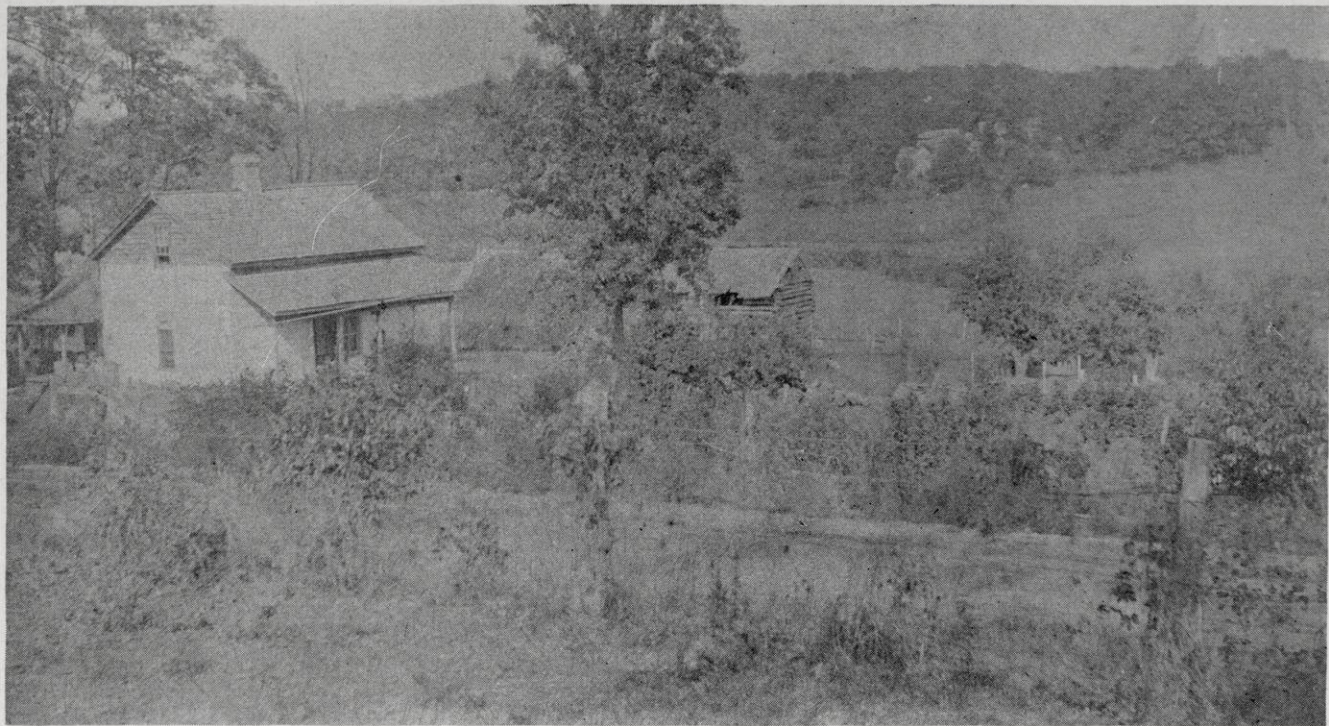
“That while your memorialists concede the utility and benefits of railroads to the community at large, we also believe that they ought to be equally assessed with other property, for state and county purposes.

“Your memorialists therefore respectfully request your honorable bodies to repeal Sec. 183, Chapter 18., Revised Statutes, and allow and require all property to be taxed in accordance with the provisions of the constitution.

“Resolved, that the chairman and clerk of the board of supervisors of the county of Dane, be and they are hereby authorized and required to sign the foregoing memorial, in our behalf, as expressing the sense of this board, and forward a copy to each of our representatives in the legislature.”



**Springdale Lutheran Church**



Pioneer farm home of Knud Sorenson, now the A. K. Sorenson estate, and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Sorenson.

## Pioneer Norwegian Settlement of Springdale

A celebrated writer has said that "The men who make history haven't time to write it," and a complete story of the sturdy pioneers of Springdale will probably never be known. Many of the struggles, hardships and vicissitudes of the earliest settlers were not recorded, and the available history concerning them has been assembled from other sources.

The first Norwegian settlement of Springdale was established almost concurrently with its earliest history. The first white resident in the township was John Harlow, an American, who settled on part of Section 1 in 1845, on the farm now known as the Ruben Paulson farm, and who subsequently married a daughter of Jorgen Lee. In the spring of 1846 the following permanent Norwegian settlers arrived from earlier settlements at Shelby, Illinois, in the Fox River Valley, and from Muskego, Wisconsin, namely, Thore (Thoreson) Spaanum, Tosten and John Rue-Thompson, John I. Berge, Ole and Knud (Kvistrud) Sorenson and Nils and Halvor (Grasdalen) Nelson, together with their families. All were originally from the Tinndal district in Telemark, Norway, and more or less interrelated.

These pioneers settled on lands in Sections 5, 6, 8, 9 and 17, purchased from the government at \$1.25 per acre. This was prior to the Homestead act, and immigrants desiring to buy land invariably walked to Mineral Point where the United States Land Office was located to file their claims and to make payments. However, settlers often selected their land and lived on it a year or more before filing their claims.

Perhaps from their love and yearning for the mountains and valleys of their native Norway, but more likely because of the accessibility to woodlands, springs and streams, the early Norwegian settlers generally chose the hills and vales of Springdale for their abode in preference to the prairie lands then available throughout various sections of the township.

In most instances the first settler habitations were rude dug-outs in the hillsides to protect them from the elements of the weather until they could erect log cabins similar in size to a present day family garage, consisting of one or two small rooms heated with a fireplace and chimney of stone, and often with no floors other than virgin soil packed hard by the footsteps of the occupants. With the aid of an axe these hardy pioneers were capable woodsmen and cut, transported and fitted logs into substantial structures without the use of nails, spikes or bolts which were not then readily procurable.

People in those days did not have much to do with. The building of a house was accomplished with nothing in the way of tools except an axe, a saw, a hammer and a draw-shave, and no material but the native forest, for there were no saw mills at that time in this section of the country. The roof was made with shakes and fastened to the house with a binder pole. Furniture was home made.





Spannem family reunion. One hundred years since pioneers came to Springdale.

The prairie wolves howled about these humble homes at night and the deer were often seen in the day time, while poisonous snakes gave the mothers anxiety for their children. Houses in those days were so small and their families usually so large that the children spent most of their time out of doors in summer, and the great fireplaces made excellent ventilation in the winter. Friendly Indians roamed through the settlement, but other than being curious and begged for things, they did not greatly molest the settlers. An occasional bear wandered into the settlement and caused excitement, and pigeons, prairie chickens and quail abounded in the early days.

The year 1848 was memorable as the one in which the town organization took place at the home of Morgan I. Curtis, and among the town officers elected on the second Tuesday of that year was John I. Berge as constable.

From 1848 the influx of Norwegian emigrants increased, and among these settlers were Ole Lee, Aslak Lee, Gulbran Thronrud, Arne Hoff, Erik Skinrud, John Lund, Levor Lien, Ole Stensbolet Hans Gute, John Sylland, Knud Steenerson, Knud Skredden, Kitil Luraas, Jorgen Lee, Thore Lee, Knudt Herbranson Nees, Ole Anderson, Iver Thorson Aase, Henry Skogen, Engebret Tortun, Erick Solve and Harold Hoff.

The first Norwegian Lutheran religious service in Springdale and largely attended by Norwegians in the surrounding settlements was held at the home of Thore Spaanum in an outdoor meeting on or about April 1, 1850, with the Rev. J. W. C. Dietrickson from Koshkonong conducting the service to an audience that had gathered from great distances. At this meeting eighteen children were baptized, among whom were: Andrew Grinde, Betsy Grassdalen, Halvor Sorenson and Soren Sorenson. Older children were also catechised at this service.

### **The Drydens**

Three Dryden brothers, Duff, William and Nathaniel, lived on the road to Mt. Horeb, almost within the limits of the present village, while a cousin, Henderson Dryden, lived near the site of the present Springdale town hall. Nathaniel H. Dryden lived on the later G. E. Mickelson farm near the Northwestern viaduct east of the village. They came from Tennessee, and earlier from Alabama, probably drawn northwards like their neighbors by the lead discoveries in Wisconsin. The Drydens brought a number of their former slaves along. One of them, "Old Rhoda," of the Springdale Drydens, was reputed to have had red teeth. Her appearances at Mt. Vernon stores were stimulating events. She is said to be buried in the Mt. Horeb cemetery. This cemetery and church site were transferred by Nathaniel Dryden as the first burial there was that of a young Dryden youth, who died of cholera while hauling mineral from the Blue Mounds mines. He was buried near the southeast corner of the present cemetery. A sad event of the time was the killing in the fall of 1866 of Theron Dryden, son of

Nathaniel, at a charivari party near the Brackenwagen corner west of the present Mt. Horeb by David Holton, postmaster there. Several long drawn out trials followed the tragedy, but nothing came of them. Holton lost his farm and some years later was buried in the Forest Hill cemetery at Madison. Eventually the Drydens moved westward. Two or more of their young men attended the Evansville seminary for short periods.

(Interview Harvey Fargo, Oct. 5, 1939)

After Axium Malone came to Springdale he walked to Mineral Point to enter his 40 acres of land. When he got there he heard that his neighbor McCord had entered for the same land. McCord had traveled on horseback. Malone was depressed. At dinner he chatted with a lawyer and told him of his troubles. The lawyer asked: "Did McCord pay for the land he entered?" Malone jumped up and went out. McCord had not paid down for the land, so Malone paid for it and got it.

A Springdale pioneer was named for LaFayette. Oct. 12, 1873, occurred at the Malone home in Springdale, the marriage celebration of Marquis de LaFayette Ashmore, farmer, of Arena, Wis., and Mary Emmeline Malone, daughter of Axium and Rithia Malone of Springdale. Rev. William Henry Brisbane, prominent educator and minister, then a missionary at Arena, officiated. Ashmore was born in Cole County, Ill., the son of Gideon and Polly Ashmore and the family had lived in Springdale, possibly coming north with the Malones.

The Malones belonged to the "poor white" class in the south, but had considerable enterprise to become pioneers and along many lines talked intelligently and well. Axium Malone's mother was Ritha, or Rithia, Axium. They came from Tennessee, and possibly earlier from Alabama, like the Drydens and Balches. They came in covered wagons, with ropes drawn through the wagon boxes and beds on them. They all chewed tobacco, men and women, and spit through their teeth into the fireplaces. At first they used cloths and rags in their windows and even for door latches.

The Malone and Foye families, however, furnished a number of high class teachers for the country schools of their time and localities, chief among which were the well known Matilda Malone and Julia Foye.

Hugh Edie, Scotch pioneer, was building a log cabin next to Fargo's in 1856. While doing this he slept on the floor at Fargo's. When the cabin was ready he walked to Black's farm, near Sugar river, for his bride. They walked back, stopping on the way at Rev. James Donald's, near Fargo's to be married, then came on to their cabin. This was Feb. 10, 1857. The log cabin was dedicated that night by their Scotch neighbors. Peter White mixed the toddy. "And he made it strong enough," reported one of the neighbors in later life.

Henry Clay, who was elected United States senator before he was old enough to qualify for the position under the constitution, did not have much on Ernest F. Burmeister, former sheriff of Dane county, according to tales told out of school by Mr. Burmeister to his old Springdale neighbors at the Progressive rally at the Springdale town hall. He said he was elected constable of Springdale when he was 18 years old and was elected justice of the peace before he was 21. Furthermore, he thinks he voted when he was 16 or 17. Election officials were not very particular in those days and let boys vote if they were big enough and smart enough to take an interest in public affairs.

On the walls of the Springdale town hall, where a Progressive rally was held Friday evening, hang a number of interesting pictures. Washington and Lincoln are there, of course, and there is one of McKinley, the second martyr president, which dates back some 35 or 40 years, and which was presented by an old Springdale family.

Most interesting is a large fine drawing of the late Sen. R. M. La Follette, made by Bernadine Flynn, daughter of George C. Flynn, and well known stage and radio artist. Under the portrait are given La Follette's "last words." The picture represents the senator in an alert pose with a friendly smile on his face.

#### **First Town Meeting**

"The first town meeting was held in April, 1848, at the Morgan Curtis home on Dec. 15, more recently known as the Knut Lunde farm. Twenty votes were cast and 21 offices filled, Martin Nash being made chairman.

"Norwegians began coming in numbers as early as 1846 under leadership of Thore Spaanem, forming the nucleus of the big Norwegian colony generally called the Blue Mounds settlement. One of them, John J. Berge was elected constable at the first town election. Among these Norwegian families may be mentioned that of Thosten Thompson (Rue) at whose house hundreds of immigrants found welcome and shelter and one of whose sons later became famous as "Snowshoe" Thompson, the mail carrier of the Rockies.

"In 1850 occurred a celebrated baptism at the Thore Spaanem home. For some time Norwegian children had been accumulating and growing up long-haired and unbaptized. This worried the pious settlers, so a messenger was sent to Koshkonong to ask Rev. J. C. W. Dietrichson to come and hold a baptism. This he agreed to do for \$10 and in due time a big baptismal ceremony was held at Spaanem's."

The passing of "Uncle Joe" Henderson of Springdale removes a colorful character of Dane county, of whom it might almost be said, "we shall not look upon his like again." Big, bluff, hearty, generous, "Joe" Henderson had that quality defined as "person-



**SPRINGDALE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM 1925**

Seated: Cornelius A. Sorenson, Captain. Standing, left to right: Halvor O. Bakken, Benford Lee, Olaf Ankaltrud, Lester Kahl, Werner Richard, Herman Erfurth, Clarence Lunde, Ted Lingard, Clarence Henderson and Howard Lunde.

ality," and which in his prime made him the center of his group and his seat the head of the table. The Henderson family was part of that splendid Scotch group of Verona and Springdale, famous for good farming, the breeding of fine cattle and horses, and for Scotch wholeheartedness as well as Scotch thrift. The big Henderson held various local offices and in 1892 rode into the legislature on the democratic tide of that year. He helped to elect William F. Vilas as United States senator and was entertained by both that statesman and Gov. George W. Peck at their homes. Gov. Peck presented him with an autographed copy of "Peck's Bad Boy," and other souvenirs of his regard. His popularity among his colleagues was shown when he was chosen to preside over a mock session of the legislature, at which it became necessary for him to resort to heroic measures to preserve order. With a fine strain of sentiment in his makeup, Uncle Joe felt a kinship with the spirit of the great bard of his native land, Robert Burns, and himself became the self-chosen laureate of his neighborhood, celebrating golden weddings and anniversaries in lines less polished but not less sincere than those of the greater ploughman singer. To the end he retained his broad Scotch brogue, which gave added flavor to his wit and banter. While withdrawn from active life for some years, he will be mourned none the less by his large circle of old-time friends.

### **History of the Henderson Family**

Lizzie Henderson gave me the story of the Andrew Henderson farm. It was bought from the Government in 1850 by a man named Ole Hansen. It changed hands several times and Andrew Henderson bought in 1856 and sold it to Joseph R. Henderson in 1876. Then in 1916 Joseph R. Henderson sold it again to Andrew Henderson. There are 260 acres in the farm.

William Henderson, a native of Scotland, came to America in 1844. They first located in New York City. They homesteaded the farm in Sec. 23, known as the Olof Ankaltrud farm in 1851. He married Hanna Peters in Scotland in 1826. They had eight children. The farm consists of two hundred acres of land and has a two story house. A part of the stone barn that is still standing is part of the first barn built on the farm. The stone in these buildings was all quarried on the farm.

### **The Sorenson Family**

The Sorenson family was established in Springdale by Ole Sorenson, born August 5, 1817, and Knud Sorenson, born January 25, 1820, in Telemark, Norway, who as young men emigrated to Muskego, Wisconsin, in the year 1843. Their voyage by sailing vessel across the Atlantic Ocean, through the St. Lawrence river and the Great Lakes to Milwaukee, required over six weeks of difficult travel.

Due to the material infested lowlands and unsuitable farming conditions in the Muskego area at that time, and desiring more rugged type country like their homeland, they, together with a



Ladies Aid Members of the Springdale Lutheran Church at Early Meeting held at the Albert K. Sorenson home.

Back row standing, left to right: Mrs. Ole P. Brager, Mrs. Thore Spaanem, Mrs. Gnuud Granum, Mrs. Martin Skindrud, Mrs. Harry Trevitt, A. K. Sorenson, Mrs. Sorenson, Mrs. Ole Bakken, Mrs. Ole Rockstad, Mrs. Kari Dahl, Miss Ragnild Huset, Mrs. Alena Anderson Bang, Mrs. Sarah Berge Dahl, Mrs. John Lindlien, Mrs. George Berge, Mrs. Marit Lindlien, Mrs. Ole A. Lee, Miss Betsy Sorenson, Mrs. Tollef Lee, Mrs. Martia Kobbervig, Mr. Carl Anderson.

Front row seated, left to right: The Rev. S. Gunderson, Mrs. Ole Gilbertson, Mrs. Hans Evenson, Mrs. Christian Anderson, Mrs. Julia Berge, Mrs. Ole Haugrud, Mrs. T. L. Thorson, Mrs. Knud Sorenson, Mrs. Peter Moen, Mrs. Peter Brager, Mrs. Breta Grinde.

Children, left to right: George P. Brager (in buggy), Cora J., Arthur R. and Cornelius A. Sorenson, other children in picture unidentified.

group of families immigrated in the spring of 1846 to the western part of Dane county in the township later organized as Springdale.

The Sorenson brothers settled in Section 9 where they lived in a rude dugout near a spring during the first summer until log cabins on their respective land entered claims were erected on adjoining farms.

The lands selected in Section 9 were purchased from the Government at \$1.25 per acre, and these pioneers, like others, walked to the Mineral Point Land Office to file their claims and make the necessary payments. Records show that deeds were recorded by Knud Sorenson on February 7, 1848, and by Ole Sorenson on November 13, 1848. The Knud Sorenson farm lands have remained in continuous possession of the family, and are at present operated by his grandson, C. A. Sorenson.

Knud Sorenson was married to Carrie Berge in 1848, and to this union was born the following children: Soren and Gustave who died in childhood, Samuel, Albert, Belle and John. His wife died in 1860 and her remains are interred in the Springdale Pioneer Cemetery, together with her two sons. Several years later he married Kjersti Berg to whom were born Carrie, Anna, Alice, John and Betsy.

On July 25, 1870 while harvesting grain in a field on his farm near the present U. S. Highway 18, Mr. Sorenson with his son John, daughter Belle and a Mrs. Kalsket seeking shelter from a rain storm in a shed that was struck by lightning resulting in the immediate death of John and Mrs. Kalsket, and partial injury to himself and Belle who later were revived from the effects by the heavy rain falling on them and recovered.

Among the participants in the early stage of the celebrated bear hunt of Springdale and Primrose in the winter of 1856 were Knud Sorenson and other settlers who sighted the big black bear passing through the settlement, and armed with pitchforks and other weapons, despite the tears and entreaties of their families for their safety, pursued the bear southward over the ridge highway toward Mt. Vernon where the trail was lost in the dense forests. Signs of bear tracks were later discovered on the Nash farm in the vicinity of the Malone school, and a party of men under the leadership of Thomas Bently hunted the bear that was again discovered in a thicket by Axiom Malone, but escaped into Primrose where it was finally slain by members of the posse.

Before the advent of the railroad to Madison in 1856, Ole and Knud Sorenson hauled their wheat to Milwaukee by wagon and ox team bringing back necessary supplies on round trips that required a week's time.

The Sorenson homes were the halting places of many Norwegian immigrants in search of new homes in this section of Wisconsin and western states.



Ole and Knud Sorenson were among the charter members of the Springdale Lutheran Church organized in 1852. Previous religious meetings had been held out of doors, in homes and at school buildings in the community. The former died in 1883, and the latter in 1889, and both lie buried in the Springdale Lutheran Church cemetery.

### **The Springdale Norwegian Pioneer Memorial**

The first Norwegian cemetery in Springdale and the oldest in Western Dane County is located on section eight on a high elevation in the northwestern section of Springdale, and at that time in close proximity to the first Norwegian settlement of the township.

This cemetery was established in 1847, a year after the first Norwegian settlement had begun. It is unknown who was the first person buried there. The first interment recorded is that of Ingebret Berge, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Berge, who died September 7, 1849. There are fifty or more members of pioneer families interred there. The location of many of the graves was originally marked with simple wooden markers that soon decayed and gradually disappeared, and with the tilling of the soil over this burial ground the exact location of the graves is unknown. This burial place continued in use until the year 1863 when a cemetery was established adjoining the Springdale Lutheran church located about a mile south.

With the passing away of the older generations and fearing that all trace of this burial place would be obliterated, this Mr. A. K. Sorenson, whose mother and two brothers lie buried in this cemetery, felt that a suitable monument should be erected on this burial ground to perpetuate the memory of the interred there. In the year 1900 he started a movement for a permanent memorial and enlisted the aid of relatives he could locate of those who had any of their people buried there, and succeeded in learning the names of most of the fifty or more interred in this cemetery. Funds were raised by subscription, that is by appealing relatives of the deceased here and elsewhere, and other contributions from friends, and a monument was erected there on September 15, 1901.

The monument, seventeen and one half feet high, consists of a shaft and two bases of Bedford stone with the polished die of Barre granite. On the east face of this monument is engraved the following Biblical passage: "I am the resurrection and life. He that believeth in me, though he die, yet shall he live". On the north side is found the following inscription: "The first Norwegian cemetery"—"Erected in 1901 to the memory of those buried here from 1847 to 1863". On the west side the inscription: Among the fifty or more dead buried here are the following":

Kari Berge Sorenson	Harald Brager
Soren Sorenson	Kari Lunde
Gustave Sorenson	Anton S. Linde
Ingebret Gerge	Tore Gradalen

John Berge  
Johanna Urdahl  
John Urdahl  
Kari Bingham  
Marie Bingham  
Annie Bingham  
Ole D. Sjutvet  
Ole Thompson  
Hermond Soron  
John Nelson  
Knud Spaanum  
Ole Spaanum  
Aslaug Spaanum  
Marget Grasdalen  
Halvor Grasdalen

Dora Kalsket  
Christ Olson  
Ole A. Lee  
Anna Levorson  
Marie Levorson  
Ole M. Skindrud  
Olea M. Skindrud  
Olene Skindrud  
Andrew Bohle  
Johan H. Hoff  
Arne Roang  
Halvor Roang  
Beota Roang  
Knut E. Bang

Until a congregation of the Springdale church was organized in 1852, religious services were conducted in private homes or out of doors, as were the parochial schools. The first Sunday school in Springdale was in charge of John I. Berge, and was conducted in his home.

The first Norwegian settlers in Springdale were from Telemarken, Norway, and had arrived from earlier settlements where some had emigrated as early as 1837 to Illinois and others to Muskego, Wisconsin in 1843. All were Lutherans.

The first cemetery was established in 1847, a year after the first Norwegian settlement had begun. It is located on a high elevation on Section eight about three-fourths of a mile northwest of the church, and contains fifty or more burials made between the years 1848 and 1864.

The first community religious service was held under a large tree at the Spaanum farm on March 27, 1850. The congregation was organized on December 1, 1852. The first church building was erected in 1861, the spire and bell were added in 1877, which remain today. The present church was built in 1895.

The following pastors have served the congregation: the Rev. A. C. Preus 1850-56; Rev. H. A. Preus 1850-56; Rev. P. M. Brodal 1856-68; Rev. Abraham Jacobson 1868-78; Rev. A. Bredesen 1878-81; Rev. P. Isberg 1881-83; Rev. O. P. Syftestad 1883-90; Rev. S. Gunderson 1890-1930-1932 Pastor Emeritus, and Rev. Hector D. Gunderson 1930-32 Assistant Pastor and Pastor from 1932 to the present time.

During 1853-88 the congregation was a member of the Norwegian Synod, 1888-90 of the Anti-Missouri Synod, 1890-1917 member of the United Lutheran Church, and in 1917 became a member of the Norwegian Lutheran Church, of America. On June 14, 1946 the name was changed to The Evangelical Lutheran Church.

In 1883 the Springdale congregation became a member of the then organized parish: Springdale, East Blue Mounds and Vermont congregations which has continued until the present time.

The present cemetery, adjacent to the church, was established in 1864, and is administered by the Springdale Church Cemetery Association.

Affiliated with the church during the past sixty years have been the Springdale Ladies Society, the Young Ladies Aid, later reorganized as the Luther League, and sectional Dorcas societies.

### **Beret Syverud Stugard Evanson**

Born in Nordre Nrdal, Norway, December 15, 1838, she came to America with her parents Knute and Astri Ophaim Syverud, two sisters and four brothers, in the year 1849. After spending 9 weeks and 3 days on a sail boat crossing the ocean, they landed at New York, then came by canal boat on the Great Lakes to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. From Milwaukee they traveled by oxen and Kubberulle to the township of Blue Mounds, Wisconsin. They settled on a 40 acre farm—all in timber. They went to work and built a log house for a home.

Beret was confirmed at East Blue Mounds School house by A. C. Preus, was married to Harold Haroldson Stugard October 18, 1856 at Brodal Prestegaard, Blue Mounds, settled on a farm in the township of Springdale, Dane County, Wisconsin. Stugard had homesteaded this farm and built a two story log dwelling. There were also two dugouts or cellars in hillside near the dwelling which was a home to many different families when they came from Norway, until they could establish their own home elsewhere.

Beret and Harold were charter members of Springdale Lutheran Church and Beret a charter member of Springdale Ladies Aid. Children born to this union were Rachel, Anne, Knute, Mary, Olena, Harold and Ole. Her husband died in year 1875.

In 1882 Beret was married to Hans Evanson by Rev. Iceberg. Children born to this union were Clara and Henry. In the year 1896 this family moved to Mt. Horeb to a comfortable new home. Beret lived to the age of 82 years, while Hans lived to be 96.

Hans Evanson served in the Civil War 3 years with General Sherman in March to the sea.

### **Albert C. Brader**

Among the prominent citizens of Storm Lake, Iowa, who were "written up" in the recent jubilee edition of the Storm Lake Register was Isaac G. Brader, father of James C. Brader, Madison. Mr. Brader, now in his 90th year, has lived in Storm Lake nearly twenty years, going there to engage in the automobile business with a brother. For a generation the Brader name was prominently associated with the village of Mt. Vernon and I. G. Brader was popularly known as "Ike". An older brother, Albert C. Brader, was likewise well known as "Al". They were sons of Isaac G. Brader, Sr., early day storekeeper of Mt. Vernon and postmaster of the village for nearly twenty years.

I. G. Brader's picture and sketch are featured in the Storm Lake paper, which says of him:

"Mr. Brader, 118 Oneida street. Storm Lake, who spent a great portion of his life in Wisconsin, was born in Lincolnshire, England., April 6, 1846.

"Coming to the United States two years later, he lived in New York state for several years and in 1855 came to Mt. Vernon, Wisconsin. He lived there until 1886, when he moved to Waunakee, Wisconsin, which was his home until 1916.

"At that time he came to Storm Lake where he entered the automobile business.

"He was married in 1867 and again in 1888. He now has two children, four having died. The two living ones are James C. Brader, Madison, Wisconsin and Mrs. E. R. Littleton of Washington, D. C.

"Mr. Brader has been active in political work for years. He was in the U. S. Pension office in Milwaukee for several years and also worked in this department at Washington, D. C., for a short time. During the years 1892 and 1893 he was elected to the assembly of the state of Wisconsin. He has always been a supporter of the Democratic party.

"During his service in the Wisconsin assembly, the following article was printed about him in the Madison Democrat, foremost newspaper of that city: 'Assemblyman Brader is one of the cleanest-cut and most business-like appearing members of the lower house. He has thus far made no demonstration in the way of bills, motions and memorials, but it commonly happens that the legislator who has the fewest pokers in the fire accomplishes the most in the long run.

"'Mr. Brader may not help to fatten the files to any material extent, but it's dollars to doughnuts that his view is very clear as to how he will vote when the roll is called on various measures. He is a good legislator, just as he is a good business man and a worthy citizen.'

The Storm Lake paper says Mr. Brader has always been a supporter of the Democratic party. This calls for a slight qualification. He was a very close friend of the late Sen. R. M. La Follette and always supported and voted for him in his various candidacies and campaigns in Wisconsin. One of the exiting incidents in the history of Mt. Vernon—when it was a flourishing village—was a Fourth of July horse race with "Ike" Brader driving a high-stepping thoroughbred and "Bob" La Follette behind his good gray Morgan mare. The race was through the main street of the village, from the "Al" Brader house on the Devil's Chimney road to the Verona road intersection, about a quarter of a mile.

Mr. Brader was the chief speaker at the Mt. Vernon homecoming in 1919, when a tree-planting was also carried out under the direction of John S. Donald, and when a group of French girls in native costumes assisted in the ceremonies.

## **My memory of the Al Brader family**

We lived close neighbors and I can remember the many good times I spent with Alpha, now Mrs. Ralph Marshall of Hartland, Wisconsin. We were always together and as Alpha said when I visited her a short time ago, we had our quarrels but we always kissed and made up, we went to school together and returned home together. Mrs. Brader usually had a treat ready for us. Maybe a piece of bread and butter with brown sugar on, or a piece of cake, or some cookies, apples or candy, but whatever it was it always tasted so good. My mother often scolded me for stopping and causing Mrs. Brader extra work, but in spite of the scoldings I couldn't resist and when Mrs. Brader wasn't home Alpha and I just raided the pantry all by ourselves. They were wonderful people. My first remembrance of Mr. Brader was when he passed away and the heartache I felt for my chum in the loss of her father. Another time when sorrow entered the home was at the time Hazel passed away. She was a younger sister and her passing caused much grief not only for the family but for the community. Mrs. Brader was a very faithful worker in the church and spent her life time in the services of ministering unto others. We very much regret to think that in her last years she was very ill. Having had a stroke and is unable to speak. The grief over the death of her grandson Jim Marshall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Marshall, who was killed while serving in World War II is thought to have much to do with her health condition. Mr. and Mrs. Brader were both very active in all affairs of the community. William and George Brader were children by a first marriage. William passed away some years ago and George is living with his family in Madison. Lilly married Bert Moore and lives in Verona. Alpha and her husband Ralph were undertakers for many years in Marshall, Wisconsin. But sold their business after the death of their son. They now own and operate a large nursing home.

Mrs. Brader is being cared for in this home and has every comfort and consideration that human hands can offer. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall have one daughter, Ellen a very beautiful girl, who is being given everything that education has to offer, and she has indeed a very brilliant future ahead of her. Their only son Jim was killed in service in world war II.

The Al Brader farm, owned for many years by Gense Shelstad was recently bought by Walter Lusenegger.

## A Story of the Life of Albert O. Barton

Mr. Barton was not a Springdale man but because of his great interest in the history it was decided that it was only fitting and proper to add the story of his life to the history of Springdale. Mr. Barton assisted the temporary chairman Rev. Hector Gunderson at the first meeting that was held in Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin, for the purpose of compiling a history of Springdale. I, Amelia I. Pope, writer of this history, was personally acquainted with Mr. Barton and had many friendly talks about the history of which he held so much interest, and I very much regret that it was not completed before his death. It is hard indeed to do justice to so grand a man as Mr. Barton was. His passing was a great shock to all who knew and loved him. We can only say he was a great man.



Mr. Albert O. Barton was born in Primrose on December 11, 1870. He was the son of Ole and Mary Ann (Twedten) Barton, both natives of Norway. Mr. Barton was educated in the University of Wisconsin. Having received his graded school education in the township of Primrose and his high school training in Dodgeville, Wisconsin. He graduated from the University in 1896 with the degree of B. L. Immediately after completing his scholastic labors he entered the newspaper field, in the employ of the Madison Democrat. He continued thus until 1893, in the meantime raising to the managing editorship. In the spring of that year he assumed the same position with the Wisconsin State Journal. During his collegiate course he was active in journalism, being one of the editors of the Daily Cardinal, a student publication. He contributed to and corresponded regularly for St. Paul, Minneapolis, New York and Boston papers and different magazines. For some years after graduating he was editor of the Alumni Magazine, a periodical issued by the graduates of the state university. In 1895 he published a book entitled "The Story of Primrose from 1831 to 1895" being a history of the township. In 1899 Mr. Barton spent the summer abroad, visiting the British Isles, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. He had also traveled extensively through the south and Canada, contributing letters on the same to the magazines and periodicals interested. When the Ygdrasil society of Madison, composed of the Scandinavian college men of the town, was formed he was one of the charter members. He had done considerable research work along the line of Scandinavian history and literature. On June 24, 1901, he was united in marriage to Miss Ada Winterbotham, a native of Madison, she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Winterbotham of Madison, her parents were both graduates of the University of Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Barton had

two children one son, Harold Edward, now engaged in geological work at Lander, Wyoming; and Ethelwyn, now Mrs. William Winslow Fuller, of Waukesha, Wisconsin. A brilliant future was predicted for him in the literary world when he was a very young man. Mr. Barton was a most notable writer. From 1921 to 1929 he was associate editor of the Wisconsin Farmer and Iowa Homestead, of the Pierce farm weeklies. From 1929 to 1930 he was publicity director for the project of the unveiling of the Lincoln statue presented to the city of Freeport, Illinois, by William T. Rawleigh, a prominent manufacturer of that city. He also prepared the memorial volume relating to that event under the title "Freeport's Lincoln." In 1932 Mr. Barton contributed a history of Dane county to a regional history in four volumes entitled "Old Crawford County" which originally comprised all of southwestern Wisconsin. Before his election to register of deeds, Mr. Barton served on the county board from the old 10th ward for 12 years. In 1926 he represented the board on a good will tour of the south. Mr. Barton was a life member of the Wisconsin Historical society, and at the time of his death a curator. He was a charter member of the Norwegian-American Historical association, and also held membership in the Wisconsin Archeological society, the Sons of Norway, the Wisconsin Allied Arts club, the Society of Friends of our Native Landscape, the Madison Lions club and the Lincoln Fellowship of Wisconsin. He was affiliated with St. Andrews' Episcopal church, and with the former Progressive party. Mr. Barton's first wife died in 1909. In 1914 he married Aileen Dineen, a native of England, whom he met on board ship while returning from Europe. She died in 1946. Mr. Barton had been register of deeds office since 1935. He died on October 22, 1947 at the age 76 years. He lived at 1914 Madison street, Madison, Wisconsin at the time of his death.

---

Mrs. Wm. Weise homesteaded the Carl L. Colby place now owned by Mrs. Adelide Shaffer.

Henry Bolland homesteaded the John Mahoney farm now owned by Ted Linguard.

Carl Wiese homesteaded the Stutgard farm.

The Abraham Everall farm is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Gerber. The Everall family lived on this farm for many years and I remember them as very active church going people. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Everill, two daughters, Elisa and Ann, and four sons Charley, John, George and Bill.

### **History of the Sam Wittwer Family**

Sam Wittwer was one of the first Swiss settlers in Springdale. He made cheese in Mt. Vernon. Later he bought the Shettler farm that is now operated by his son Carl Wittwer. After buying the farm he built a cheese factory on it and made up the milk he produced on his farm as well as that of the neighbors. Later as the dairy industry grew, these same farmers organized a Co-op Cheese factory and built a new building on the North West corner

of the Wittwer farm, which was called the Springdale Center Cheese Factory. Carl Bieri, a native of Switzerland, and a brother-in-law of Sam Wittwer immigrated to America at about the same time. Mr. Bieri soon made a reputation for himself as a bell maker. He made Swiss Bells in the old cheese factory in Mt. Vernon. He later took up cheese making which he stayed at until he bought the farm in the town of Springdale—the farm that his son now owns. He endured many hardships and sorrows in the loss of his companions, but I am told even though he was handicaped in many ways, he has sons who are bringing him much joy and comfort.

### Chris Pauli Family

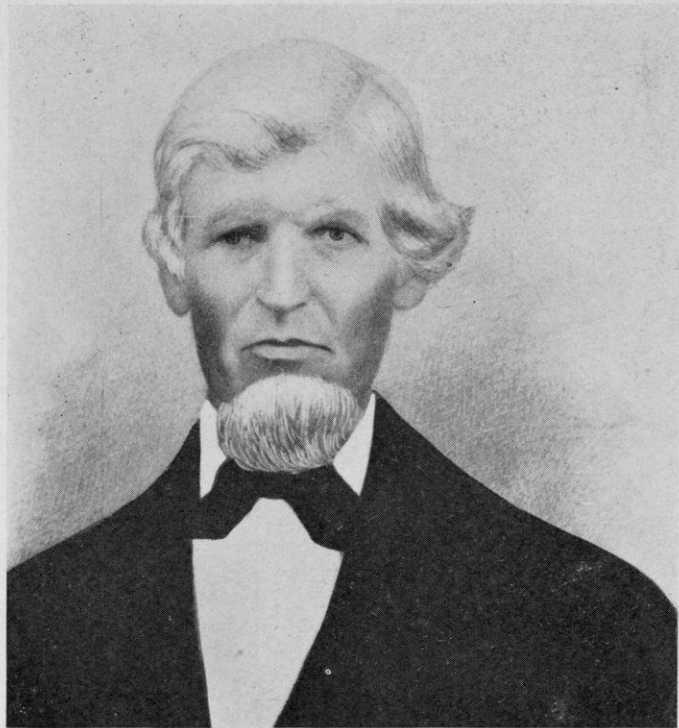
Mr. and Mrs. Chris Pauli were residents of the township of Springdale for many years, they were among the first Swiss settlers to come into the township. They were a highly respected family and did much toward the good of the community and were very active members in the Mt. Vernon Swiss Reformed Church. There were four children to bless their union, namely Jennie, now Mrs. Ole Berg of Madison, Wisconsin. Fred of Paoli, Bertha at home. She has cared for her parents so very faithfully in their declining years. Clara, now Mrs. Gafke of Baco, Wisconsin.



### Members of the Springdale Rifle Club (1910)

Standing left to right: Hans K. Lunde, Arne Bohle, George Rockstad, Arnold P. Sletto, G. O. Anderson, Hans Moen. Kneeling left to right: Isaac Bohle, Oliver Bangs, Cornelius A. Sorenson, Captain; Carl Bohle, Albert Bohle, Arthur R. Sorenson, Halvor O. Bakken, Secretary; Carl Bangs.





Mr. John Ingebrigtsen Berg passed away November 8, 1879, age 63 years. Mrs. Guri Berg passed away June 28, 1899, age 67 years. Grandparents of Mrs. Owen Paulson.

## Gilbert Gilbertson Dies at Age of 75

(From Capital Times)

Mt. Horeb, Wis.—Gilbert Gilbertson, 75, died today in the home of a son, Palmer, La Grange, Ill., where he had resided the last three months.

Mr. Gilbertson was a farmer in Springdale township, until he moved to Mt. Horeb in 1910. He was a livestock buyer and automobile dealer. He was manager of the Farmers' Co-operative for 23 years.

Mr. Gilbertson was a charter member of the Mt. Horeb Chamber of Commerce, active in church and civic affairs, and superintendent of the Mt. Horeb Lutheran Sunday school for 25 years.

Mr. Gilbertson served as assessor of Springdale township for 20 years, and after moving to Mt. Horeb, was assessor here for the same length of time.

He is survived by two sons, Palmer, La Grange, Ill.; Otto, Mt. Horeb; a daughter, Mrs. Len Peterson, Mt. Horeb; two sisters, Mrs. Trena Solso and Mrs. Thomas Mithus, Madison.



Nelly McCaughey; Mrs. Moe; Mrs. Jergen Moe, formerly Anna McCaughey, and baby Sigrude; Mrs. Joe Henderson; Mrs. Joe Kessler and baby Vera; Lillian McCaughey; Mrs. Wm John McCaughey, Riley; Mrs. Robert McCaughey; Miss Lizzie McCaughey; Gladys Moe (little girl in front of Grandma Moe); Aunt Beckey; Helen Moe (little girl); Russell Henderson; Stanley Hempel; Burton Gessler; Mary Hempel, and Lizzie Henderson.

Mr. Charles Himsel owned a 240 acre farm on the outskirts of Riley, Wisconsin. He sold his farm and took over the postoffice in Riley, and is now retired and living with his wife in Mount Horeb, Wisconsin.

His wife was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Henderson. They had lived all their lives in Springdale. Charles got his schooling in the Riley school. His wife, Mary, went to the Henderson school. They had two children. Stanley is at Marshfield and Howard is at Mount Horeb, Wisconsin.

Charles Himsel's father was eighteen years of age when his parents passed away and left a family of six children. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Riley took over the Himsel farm and raised the family—Charles, Henry, Mary, Walter and Willie, who are deceased, and Lulu, Mrs. Robert Smith of Winnebago, Minnesota, who is seventy-five years of age.

—Mr. Charles Himsel of Mt. Horeb sponsored this picture



**Carl Messersmith Silver Wedding**

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Messersmith have both been residents of the township of Springdale most of their lives. Mr. Messersmith was born on the farm his grand parents homesteaded and he lived there until twenty years ago when he and his wife moved to Mt. Horeb, Wis. Mr. and Mrs. Messersmith endured many hardships in there early married life due to sickness and the loss of several members of their family. A friend of Carl's tells me that in spite of all his hardships Carl worked hard in order to pay every dollar with one hundred cents, the expense created by misfortune. Besides his farm work he sawed wood from early fall until late in the spring. Carl still holds the reputation of being the best wood-sawer in the community of Springdale. On one occasion Carl had the misfortune to lose a thumb, while sawing wood on the John Harker farm, but with all his misfortunes this seemed to be a minor loss compared to other experiences he had endured. After the Doctor had dressed his hand he went right back to work, and that afternoon he sawed wood for Carl Erfurth without losing any time. Mr. Messersmith always had a great regard for his families welfare, and on this occasion he made the remark that he dreaded to go home that night as he knew it would be a shock to his wife when she discovered his misfortune. Mr. and Mrs. Messersmith's daughter and son-in-law Stanley Weise are on the old homestead that was bought from the government in about 1863. Walter Messersmith a garage man in Mt. Horeb is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Messersmith. Three of their children passed away in infancy one son Henry passed away at the age of 17 years. Mr. and Mrs. Messersmith celebrated their silver wedding in 1927. They have six grandchildren. Mrs. Messersmith was the daughter of Martin and Mary Kobberwick.



### ALBERT KAHL AND A PRIZE TEAM

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kahl bought the farm he now resides on in 1913. Mrs. Kahl's maiden name was Gurtrud Gietz. Six children were born to this happy wedded couple, namely Elnor, Mrs. Grant Huster, of Mt. Horeb, Wis.; Leslie, also of Mt. Horeb; Laverne at home with his father on the farm; Albert, Jr., at Mt. Horeb; Gurtrud, Mrs. Beckner, Mt. Horeb; Valeria, Mrs. Gergon Greeve, Mt. Horeb. Mr. Kahl is known as one of the outstanding farmers in Springdale. He has been a breeder of pure bred Holstein cattle all his life. Mr. Kahl was a member of the board of the Mt. Horeb creamery company from the time of its origin. He was president of the company for many years. Mr. Kahl also served on the town board for many years. But the thing that has made Mr. Kahl popular in the community and throughout the state has been his fine horses he owned, through his experience and being a lover of fine horses he was sought out by leading horsemen of the country. When a good horse is wanted Albert's advice is always much appreciated. Mrs. Kahl passed away in 1941. Mr. Kahl makes his home with his son, Laverne, on the homestead. Laverne does all within his power to make his father happy and contented in his declining years.

Mr. and Mrs. Koenig came from Germany and first settled in the town of Vermont. They came to Springdale in 1873 and rented the James Henderson farm. Now known as the Adolph Ankaltrud farm, Mr. Koenig fought in the war of 1870 and was wounded in the leg he was left a cripple the rest of his life.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kahl were residence of Springdale all their lives. Mrs. Kahl was Ida Koenig, she came from Germany at the age of eleven. She married Mr. Kahl in 1876. There were seven children born to this union, namely Albert, William, Reinhart, Otto, John, Ida now Mrs. F. W. Shrader of Billingham, Wash., and

George Jr. deceased. George met a tragic death in a saw mill in Wabeno, Wis., at the age of twenty-five years. He left a wife and one child. Their second child was born shortly after the death of his father.

Mr. Kahl, Sr., also met a tragic death. He was struck by lightning while setting up a binder in a field on the farm. When he saw the storm approaching, he told the other men who were working with him that they had better seek shelter and they started for a machine shed not far from where they were working. The men who were working with him were Mr. Charles Lang and Mr. Jake Kahl, a brother of Mr. Kahl, Sr. Jake Kahl was leading a horse, George Kahl, Sr., was walking between the two men when he was killed. The horse was also killed. The tragedy occurred on July 31st, 1881.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kahl have been residents of Springdale all their lives. Mr. Kahl's father was killed by lightning when Mr. Kahl was a very small child. His mother was left with six small children and one unborn child, and her hardships were many. Mr. Kahl went to live with his grandmother shortly after his father's tragic death and spent two and one half years with her. At the age of 12 years he went out to work for the neighbors at \$6.00 a month. Mrs. Kahl's maiden name was Emma Kopf. Two children were born to this union, Lester of Mt. Horeb and Lola now Mrs. Edwin Offerdahl of Mt. Horeb. They have five grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Kahl are well known in the township and surrounding country and are loved and respected by all who know them. Mr. Kahl has served on the town board, and has always been active in affairs of the community. He has always been proud of his fine horses and his name wouldn't be Kahl if he didn't own a good team.



These Springdale children show their interest in farming. They are (from left to right), Geraldine Erfurth with her pet calf, Linda Lou; Harland Erfurth, 12 years old, with his calf, Sally, (this calf was shown at the Stoughton Junior fair in 1947 and won 4th place); and Dotha Kalsow with her calf, Elizabeth. Geraldine is 8 years old and Dotha is 9 years old. Harland and Geraldine are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Erfurth of Mt. Vernon. They love to help their Grandpa and Grandma, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Erfurth on the farm. They nurse the young lambs on the bottle, feed the rabbits, calves and other pets on the farm. Mr. Erfurth says there is only one crop that interests him more than hay and that is his grandchildren. Dotha Kelsow is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kelsow who have been associated with the Erfurth farm the past 13 years.

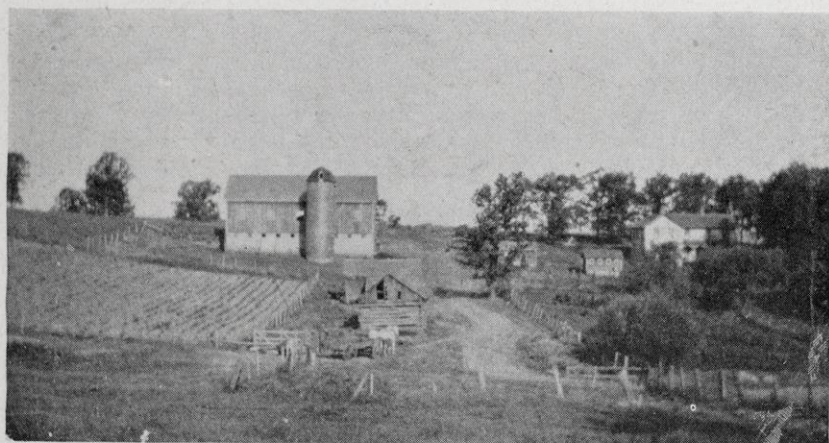
---

### **John Schneider Family**

Mr. and Mrs. John Schneider were among the first Swiss families to come to Springdale. They were a very prominent family. Mr. Schneider held many offices in the township. He built one of the first cheese factories in the township and took care of the milk of his neighbors Chris Pauli, Ernest Gessler, and Harvey Fargo as well as that of his own big herd of cattle. They had four children, Fanny, Mrs. John Weiss of Madison, Wisconsin. Mr. Weiss was a cheese maker in the Brager factory for many years. Lizzie, Mrs. Tony Knoble of New Glarus. Clara, Mrs. Richard Elmar, on a farm near Bellville Wisconsin and Casper, deceased at the age of 15 years.



This Riley Depot is no longer in existence, but at one time it was a very active place. There were four passenger trains a day in 1909 going west and two going east and many freight trains stopped there, also. It was known as the best watering station between Madison and Lancaster. The well that supplied the water was eighteen feet in diameter and twenty-eight feet deep. This picture was furnished and paid for by John Riley, whose parents were pioneers of Riley and the Township of Springdale.



The family of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riley was born in the log house you see in this picture. It stood across the road to the right of the picture. This farm home is now owned by John Riley of Madison, and at the time this picture was taken the log building was being used as a grainery. The logs were all hand hewn and the floors were all rough, ten inch boards. The stairway was only large enough for one person to go up or down. The rafters were eight inches thick, and the windows opened side ways in a sliding groove.

## **The Ernest Gassler Family**

(Pictured on Pg. 134)

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gassler were born in Switzerland and Germany respectively. They came to this country, with their three oldest children, from Paris, France in 1890. Their sailing time in a Dutch steamer was three weeks, and they landed in Pennsylvania. They lived there a few years and then came to Wisconsin to the Warner Tasher farm in Primrose. In 1900 they moved to the John Donald farm, best known as the McCord farm, into the old house in the meadow. The new house and barn were built while the Gasslers' lived there. Mrs. Gassler was really a neighborhood nurse, ever ready to help out when the stork came to many friends and neighbors, and for other illnesses without ever asking any compensation for her services. Mr. and Mrs. Gassler were one of the group who started the Swiss Reformed Church, using the old Scotch Church near Verona. The late Rev. Stark from Madison was the minister. Some years later they moved to the old Hesse place, where many happy days were spent. The school entertainments and plays were coached by a very able teacher, the late Miss Nettie Hook.

In 1908 Mr. Gassler purchased the Casey Farm near Riley where his family grew up and married. This farm is now owned by Ruben Paulson. Music was one of the highlights in the Gassler home. Neighbors and friends spent many evenings and week-ends there.

How many remember the Gassler girls and their accordians playing at barn dances, house parties, and cheese factories. One instance, in particular when they had to carry the accordians one mile along the railroad track to catch the "Cannon Ball" to play at a dance near Klevenville. They were late, and Mr. Lane, the conductor, held the train at Riley Station until they got there.

Also, they were one of the first families to have the telephone at Mount Vernon, on the John Donald farm. I believe it was in 1902.

Story given by Mrs. Bertha Batker.

## **The Earnest Eberhardt Family**

This family came to Springdale in the year of 1901 and lived on the same farm for many years. The family consisted of Earnest, now of Eau Claire, Wisconsin; Fred, of New York; Clara, now Mrs. John Wild of Madison; Mary, Mrs. John Bigler, New Glarus; Bertha, Mrs. Bigler, Blue Mounds; Lena, Mrs. Rudy Wutrich, Verona; Anna, Mrs. Albert Warner, Madison; Adolph, who was killed in 1944 in World War II; Eddie Shawno, Wisconsin; and Rose, Mrs. Gilmore Aavang, Mount Horeb.

Mrs. Clara Wild says one of the things that will always linger in her mind is that when the day's work was done her parents used to sit on the lawn and sing German and Swiss songs.





First row: Mollie (Mrs. Adolph Urweider), Verona; Henry Gassler, New Glarus; Joe Gassler, Glen Oak Hills, Madison; Mary (Mrs. Pete Frederickson), Blue Mounds. Second row: Louise (Mrs. Louis Frederickson), Mount Horeb; Mrs. Ernest Gassler; Bertha (Mrs. Edward Batker), Madison; Mr. Ernest Gassler. Ernest Gassler passed away May 13, 1941 at age 77 years, at Verona where he lived since 1919. Mrs. Ernest Gassler passed away January 8, 1946, age 83 years.

### **History of the Beard Family**

In 1850 James P. Beard bought 160 acres from the U.S. government for \$1.00. In 1884 James sold the farm to his son Byron. In 1907 Byron sold it to his brother Raymond. After his death, his wife took over and after her death it was left to their six daughters and one son.

Their daughter Mabel (Mrs. Geo. Way) and her husband rented the farm from her father and moved onto the farm in December 1915. Four of their children—Great grand children of James Beard—were born on this farm.

Raymond Beard was born here also his oldest daughter—his two youngest daughters and one son (he died at the age of five). The oldest daughter Clara and her father were born in the same room—in the same bed.

At the time of the Civil War James mortgaged the farm for \$500.00 to keep his son Albert out of the war. It was many years after Byron bought the place that this mortgage was paid.

The "lean to" that was built onto the older two story part of the house still stands as it was built. The two story part was moved away and a new part, identical to the old, was built.

Raymond built the first frame barn on the farm in 1907.

---

Henry and Frederica Lohff emigrated to America with their seven children in 1850 and settled in the town of Blooming Grove where they resided for about ten years. Here their son Henry J. was born. In the spring of 1860 they moved to Springdale township and bought what has since been known as the Lohff homestead. Part of this farm was purchased from the Government and part from Mrs. Betsy Peterson's father. (The exact name of the man is unknown.) Henry Lohff senior died on this homestead July 31, 1870. His wife Frederica also died here March 28, 1890. The Lohff family emigrated from Mechlensburg Schnrurin in Germany. The son Henry J. bought the homestead in 1878 and resided there until his death in April 1938. This information was obtained from Otelia Chech.

### **The Monum Family**

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Monum and their five children, namely Garnet, Alice, Arthur, Harold and Jeannette came to Springdale in the spring of 1920, and resided on the Oti's farm near the Springdale Lutheran church. The family took an active part in all church and community affairs. Mr. Monum, who took a special interest in civic affairs, held several public offices and took part in debates on political problems and other topics of interest to the Springdale community. Mr. and Mrs. Monum known as "JOHN and LENA" in Springdale, now live in Mt. Horeb, Wis., but their son, Harold, and his wife, Evelyn, and daughter, Carol Jean, are operating the Monum homestead, and are generous contributors to Springdale affairs.

A. D. Coleman came to Springdale from Pennsylvania in 1878 and located in Mt. Vernon. He was a carriage and wagon manufacturer. He married Belle Conner in the same year. They had one child Jessie. He was considered a good business man.

---

Patric Corr settled in Springdale in the winter of 1858. He was born in Ireland in 1864. He built a store building 24x60 and started in the mercantile business. The postoffice was in this building and at the time it was known as Clontorf. It lays one mile south of the village of Riley. Pat Corr and his wife Elizabeth had ten children, eight boys and two girls. He was considered a very good business man and having worked himself up from a poor boy.

---

Christ Morig was an early settler in Springdale the exact date of his arrival not being known. He homesteaded the farm now known as the Lust farm and owned by Ervin Lust. Robert Morig, a son of Christ Morig, married Sofia Showers. They had five children, namely Robert, Al, Ralph, Wallis, and Elda.

---

William Abbot, best known as Major Abbot, came to Wisconsin in 1852, and in 1854 he located in the township of Springdale and was the first blacksmith in the township. He was married to Elizabeth Guggil. They had five children. Horseshoeing was his specialty, and although his residence was in Springdale, his business was in Primrose and his blacksmith shop was near the river on the farm now owned by Herman C. Erfurth.

---

Andrew Peterson came to the township of Springdale in 1863. He was born in Norway where he learned and worked at the blacksmith trade for twenty years. He married Amanda Anderson in Norway in 1856. They had five children. He bought a dwelling and blacksmith shop including six lots right in the middle of the village of Mt. Vernon.

---

John McKinney a native of Ireland came to Springdale in 1854 and located in Section 8. He was married to Sarah A. Arnold in 1842. They had eight children. Mrs. McKinney passed away in 1878.

---

Furman Housel homesteaded the farm now known as the Bert Moore farm in Section 25. He was a native of New Jersey, born in 1815, the son of Jacob Housel and Ose Hull. He came to Wisconsin in 1854. He married Miss Margarette Carpenter and to this union 12 children were born. He was one of the pioneer settlers in Springdale. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Moore now reside on the farm.

To James G. Baker, County Treasurer of Dane County, State of Wisconsin:

Sir:

Thereby report that I have collected fines to the amount of \$35.00 in the cases and from the persons hereinafter mentioned.

State of Wisconsin against Albert Lewis & John Dixon:

Heard February 14th, 1885.

Convicted of willfully interrupting and molesting a meeting and fined \$5.00 each. (10.00) \$10.00

State of Wisconsin against Christian Finke:

Heard June 11th, 1885.

Convicted of assault and battery and fined \$10.00 \$10.00

State of Wisconsin against Carl Schroeder:

Heard September 11, 1885.

Convicted of indecent assault and fined \$10.00. \$10.00

State of Wisconsin against L. D. Hilliard.

Heard Sept. 19th, 1885.

Convicted of Petty Larceny and fined \$5.00. \$5.00

Total \$35.00

Springdale, October 24th, 1885.

James P. McPherson, Justice of the Peace

---

Dane County,  
Town of Springdale.

James P. McPherson, H. H. Dryden, Morgan L. Curtis, Inspectors of Election and Hugh Stephens, and Richard Blackburn, Clerks of Election, do solemnly swear that we will perform the duties of our respective offices according to law, and will studiously endeavor to prevent all fraud, deceit, or abuse in conducting this election, So Help us God.

(Signed) James P. McPherson, H. H. Dryden, Morgan L. Curtis, Inspectors of Election.

(Signed) Hugh Stevens, Richard Blackburn, Clerks of Election.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of November, 1856. (Signed) John I. Berge, Justice of the Peace.

Invaluable: Contains name of 6 permanent first settlers of Springdale.



Front row (sitting): Lizzie Bride Jarkett, Crestian Erdall, Mrs. Wm. C. Laughy (Aunt Beckey), Mrs. Linchol, minister's wife, Rev. Linchol, minister, Mrs. Hackett, sister-in-law of Minister, Mrs. Charles Jackett, Mrs. George McCaughey, Sr.  
 Second row (beginning with man in front of house: Abbie Jackett, Nell Cardon, Willie Witt, Jen Cardon Brown, Mary Riley Oranger, Jim Bell, Mrs. Sam Ireland, Mrs. Frank Sharrer, Mrs. Bob Beckwith, Charley Jackett.  
 Back row (beginning from left on porch): Katy Witt, now Mrs. Lorence Stusy, Jennie Bell (Mrs. Luccum), Mrs. Eddason White, Mrs. Merton White, Jennie Riley Carden, (Baby) Ally Riley, Mrs. Jimami Ray Riley, Mrs. Maggie Riley Sutton, Mrs. Wm. Jackett, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Witt.  
 All named by Mr. John Riley

## Poll List, General Election, November 4th, 1856

- |                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Firmin Wousal       | 48 Yevi Jacket        |
| 2 W. W. Upson         | 49 William Thomson    |
| 3 Carl Loust          | 50 John Cook          |
| 4 Carl Marquette      | 51 Michael Jacket     |
| 5 John McKinsey       | 52 Abram Jacket Jr    |
| 6 Thomas Rand         | 53 Ole Thomson        |
| 7. W. N. Fargo        | 54 Henery Lewis       |
| 8 Samuel Whaley       | 55 Charles Kelly      |
| 9 Ole Anderson        | 56 William McLears    |
| 10 Michael Johnson    | 57 William Cullins    |
| 11 Ole Lee            | 58 Arny Holverson     |
| 12 Avery Woff         | 59 John Jones Jr      |
| 13 Aslab Lee          | 60 Ever Thorson       |
| 14 Lars Sienson       | 61 Lasa Thorson       |
| 15 Just Gorgenson     | 62 C. M. Martin       |
| 16 Austin Hanson      | 63 James R. McPherson |
| 17 Youger Christenson | 64 James P. Forsythe  |
| 18 Hendric Johnson    | 65 John J. Lipon      |
| 19 Eric Oleson        | 66 Jacab C. Strong    |
| 20 Ole Christenson    | 67 Arny Paulson       |
| 21 Knud Johnson       | 68 W. E. Willis       |
| 22 Knud Knudson       | 69 Peter Ruckle       |
| 23 Thomas McGregor    | 70 William Adams      |
| 24 David McGregor     | 71 W. D. Dryden       |
| 25 Thurston Thomson   | 72 William Dryden     |
| 26 Knud Sorenson      | 73 E. K. McCord       |
| 27 Thorald Oleson     | 74 William Donald     |
| 28 Harold Teoff       | 96 Ole Lourenson      |
| 29 Christopher Oleson | 97 John Hoy           |
| 30 Gilbert Oleson     | 98 John Leary         |
| 31 Knud Stenryson     | 99 B. R. Burbank      |
| 32 Samuel Curtis      | 100 Henery Bolan      |
| 33 John I. Berge      | 101 R. B. Dudley      |
| 34 William Cairncroft | 102 John Mahony       |
| 35 Harold Haroldson   | 103 Hawley Childs     |
| 36 Lars Peterson      | 104 Wm. Bonnell       |
| 37 John Knudson       | 105 John Murphey      |
| 38 Frann Knudson      | 106 Arny Peterson     |
| 39 Henery Kreight     | 107 Thomas O'Neill    |
| 40 Holver Holverson   | 108 William Lamb      |
| 41 Lever Anderson     | 109 John Edi          |
| 42 William Henderson  | 110 W. R. Derrick     |
| 43 Michael Kalskot    | 111 M. M. Forsythe    |
| 44 Daniel Lesler      | 112 Joseph Henderson  |
| 45 Leonard Lewis Jr   | 113 John Lynch        |
| 46 Theo. Miles        | 114 Michael Brown     |
| 47 E. Kelly           | 115 Felix Quigley     |

- |                      |                         |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 75 James Connor      | 116 Tho. Carroll        |
| 76 John McCaughey    | 117 Thou Thouson        |
| 77 Andrus Anderson   | 118 Wm. Brown           |
| 78 William McCaughey | 119 Edwin Strumway      |
| 79 James Lyle        | 120 J. P. Beard         |
| 80 John Jones Len    | 121 David Murphy        |
| 81 Thos. Blackburn   | 122 William Sweet       |
| 82 Leonard Lewis     | 123 Thomas Thomason     |
| 83 Henery Allen      | 124 Ole Austinson       |
| 84 Isaac G. Brader   | 125 John Beat           |
| 85 Nelse Holverson   | 126 J. F. C. Morick     |
| 86 Edmund Spier      | 127 George Wright       |
| 87 L. D. Roblins     | 128 Richard Blackburn   |
| 88 Philander Nash    | J. Wm. P. McPherson     |
| 89 Handford Strumway | K. H. Dryden            |
| 90 A. Malone         | M. L. Curtis            |
| 91 Stephen Hov       | Inspectors of Elections |
| 92 Wm. W. Abbott     | Hugh Stephen            |
| 93 Hugh Stephenson   | Richard Blackburn       |
| 95 M. L. Curtis      | Clerks of Elections     |
| 96 A. N. Dryden      |                         |

**Militia List, 1852**  
**Town of Springdale, Dane County**

- |                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| James P. McPherson | Fostor Thomson   |
| Barnet Brink       | John L. Bartell  |
| Thos. Anderson     | Franz Bartell    |
| John Edi           | Erie Olson       |
| James Lyle         | Harold H. Huff   |
| Abram Jacket James | Arney Huff       |
| William Thomson    | Hets Hulverson   |
| George Harlow      | Tony Lee         |
| Richard Blackburn  | John Olson       |
| Thomas Blackburn   | William Dryden   |
| William Blackburn  | Krund Mikelson   |
| Thomas Thomson     | A. H. Ashmore    |
| Michael Brown      | H. H. Dryden     |
| Levi Jacket        | A. Malone        |
| Michael Jacket     | Hawley Childs    |
| Samuel Whalley     | David Bright     |
| William Jackman    | Morgan L. Curtis |
| John Oley          | Henry Boland     |
| James Connor       | William Morigh   |
| William W. Kechnie | Philander Hash   |
| James W. Kechnie   | Andrew Hash      |
| Ole Hansen         | William Anderson |
| Hendrich Johnston  | Thomas Bentley   |
| Evor Losen         | Henry Olson      |
| Lever Anderson     | Toston Tostonson |

Andrew Knudson  
Ole Finhert  
Ole Hauvdet  
John Knudson  
Knud Knudson  
Knud Sorenson  
Ole Sorenson  
Gilbert Olson  
Michael Larson

Lurs Stinson  
John Michael  
Lanford Shumway  
Henry H. Lewis  
Edmund Spears  
W. J. Reed  
Henry Davis  
Laurence Smith  
William Cairncrop

Springdale, Dane Co., Wisconsin, July 1st, 1852. The above is a full return of the able bodied males between the ages of 18 and 45 years of age residing in said town, so far as I could ascertain by diligent inquiry.

James P. McPherson

---

Ole A. Grinde, the grandfather of the present generation of Grindes, came to this country from "Sogn," Norway, sometime in the 1840's, and took up a claim from the government in the town of Springdale. He was known to have the habit of "dog-trotting" rather than walking when making long trips.

Some of these trips were made to Norway Grove while courting Brita Fosse. Their marriage took place under an oak tree on the farm now known as the Sorenson farm. They started their married life on the land that Mr. Grinde had obtained from the government. These first years they spent in a dugout. Mr. Grinde worked in the pineries in northern Wisconsin, floated logs down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and with the aid of his "dog-trot" would return to his plot of land.

Their first house consisted of a two room log house. It was in this house that their family of two children were born, namely, Botilda, later Mrs. Andrew E. Solvie, and the late Andrew O. Grinde. The latter used to tell the story about how he and his father hauled lumber from Sauk City, where the nearest saw-mill at that time was located. Ole Grinde, being one of the first farmers in the township to own a team of horses, hauled lumber from Sauk City to build the first frame house on the site where the present house now stands. At that time there was a toll bridge at Sauk City and in order to save on the twenty-five cent toll charge, Mr. Grinde would leave one wagon in charge of his son and drive the other wagon across the bridge. There he would load a double load on it and when back on the other side, divide the load on the two wagons.

Mr. Grinde obtained enough land so that he could give each of the children a farm. He passed away in the year 1900.

Andrew Grinde obtained the farm known as the old Grinde farm which still remains in the Grinde family. He was married to Dorothea Dahl in 1878. To this couple were born nine children,



five girls and four boys, namely, Bertha (Mrs. A. F. Giddings, Chicago), Marie (Mrs. James Brown, Mt. Horeb), Randi (deceased), Amanda (Mrs. F. G. Wellmann, Chicago), Ole (deceased), Richard (Springdale), Fritchhoff (deceased), Delmar (deceased), and Olympia (Mrs. D. F. Bowman, Madison).

When the present Springdale Lutheran church was built, Andrew Grinde drove a team of horses to Milwaukee and brought back the church bell. He was on the Springdale town board while Michael Johnson was chairman, and when Mr. Johnson resigned that office Mr. Grinde succeeded him.

The only member of the family still residing in Springdale is Richard, who resides on the farm he purchased from the late James Malone estate. Richard married Elsie Haberland and to them one son, Richard Martin, was born. Richard Martin is the only male descendant to carry the Grinde name.

---

One of the first Defendants Bonds of Springdale, filed Oct., 1860.—

Known all men by their presents that we Thomas L. Blackburn and Richard Blackburn are held and firmly bound unto William Whalen in the sum of two hundred dollars to be paid to him, to his executors, administrators or assigns to which payment will and truly to be made we bind and each of us bind ourselves our heirs executors and administrators firmly by these presents sealed with our seal and dated this 4th day of October 1860. Where as the above named William Whalen commenced an action before John J. Berge one of the Justice of the Peace in and for the town of Springdale against the above bounden Thomas L. Blackburn to recover damages for a certain trespass alledged to have been committed by the said Thomas L. Blackburn in a certain close of him the said William Whalen situated in the town of Springdale aforesaid and the said Thomas L. Blackburn in bar of said action plead the issue accompanied by a notice showing that the title of land will come in question in the trial of said cause now therefore the condition of this obligation is such that if the said William Whalen shall commence a suit in the County Court for the County of Dane for the same cause of action whereon he relied before the aforesaid Justice the said Thomas L. Blackburn do appeal and plead to such action then this obligation to be null and void otherwise to be in full force and effect.

Thos. L. Blackburn

Richard Blackburn

Sealed and delivered in presence of Sarah Blackburn.

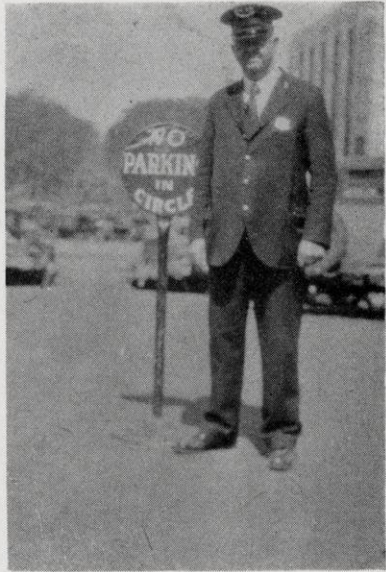
I approve the above bound and security.

John L. Berge

Justice of the Peace



Margaret Riley, wife of John R. Riley, who live at 619 S. Mills St., Madison, Wisconsin.



John R. Riley, age 58 years. One-time policeman at Capitol.

## A Trip Through Parts of Springdale with Mr. and Mrs. John Riley

By Mrs. Amelia Pope

One hot day in July, 1947, Mr. John Riley and his wife invited me to take a ride with them to Riley, Wisconsin. We stopped on our way to see Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Paulson. We found Mrs. Paulson busy with her brood of chickens. She was seeing to it that they had plenty of fresh water on a hot day. She said she had bought 200 chickens and had only lost three of them and they were all feathered out and were a very hearty looking flock. Mr. Paulson was busy with his men putting up hay. They were bringing in the hay with a team and wagon. Then when the fork was set they just pushed a button and up went the hay to the mow, surely a time and labor saver. The barn on the Paulson farm is 136 by 36 and sure holds a lot of hay. Mr. Paulson told us the most milk he had hauled was twenty cans holding 80 lbs. each in one day. From there we drove down the road to a place that brought back childhood memories to Mr. Riley. We stopped at a place where here and there were a few scattered stone and hollowed out piece of ground which gave evidence of a home at one time. Mr. Riley told me that a man by the name of Jake Eglin had lived there when Mr. Riley was a boy. Mr. Riley's mother used to bake bread for him and Master Riley used to deliver it to Mr. Eglin on horse

back. He said one day when he went with the bread in a flour sack he found Mr. Eglin had committed suicide. Although Mr. Riley did not realize it he had walked in blood on the floor of the cabin and when he reached home his father noticed the blood on the side of the white horse from Master Riley's bare feet, his father went immediately to notify the authorities.

Next we came to a place by the side of the road where years ago they used to dip sheep. Mr. Riley told me that years ago farmers used to bring their sheep from miles around in big wagons with racks on and dip them in the river to wash their wool. Robert and Wm. Riley used to stand in the river with big boots on. The farmers would line up their wagons along the roadside and help each other with the sheep. Bill Jacket was the sheep shearer.

From there we drove to the Billy Cook farm where we were greeted at the gate by Ferdinand the Bull who gave us to understand we were not wanted on his grounds. So we did not get in to see Mr. and Mrs. Cook. As we drove along we came to the Garrity hill which reminded Mr. Riley of a story he had remembered from years ago where John Brown had a thrashing machine drawn by a team of horses. The team ran away with the thrashing machine and ran into the marsh at the foot of the hill and both horses mired in the swamp; it was thought to be quicksand. John Brown was driving the team on the thrashing machine. No brakes and horses couldn't hold the machine. Now known as the George McCaughey hill.

Next we stopped at the George McCaughey farm where we found Mrs. McCaughey busy sewing. We were made welcome by a cool refreshing drink of water which was indeed a big treat. Mr. McCaughey tied up his team as he was cultivating corn and came to the house to give us some information we were seeking. We found that Charles T. Legate and wife Emiline had homesteaded their farm in June 1850 and the price paid for the farm was \$108. In December of that same year Legate sold to Ingebrecht Halverson for \$111 making a profit of three dollars. In 1851 John McCaughey, an uncle of George, bought the farm and in 1867 George McCaughey Sr. bought the farm and in 1911 George Jr. bought the land and he is still on the farm. We passed the Joe Henderson farm where we saw a group of men in the field baling hay, another method of putting up hay.

The first store built in Springdale was erected in 1876 by Pat Carr, and it was also used as the first postoffice. It stands on what is now known as the Meadow View farm and occupied by Lester Karn. The same lock is still in the front door and it is the kind with the thumb press on it and key at least four inches long. The building is now being used as a farm dwelling. Wm. Riley, father of John Riley Sr. worked for Pat Carr at busy times. Whiskey was sold in this building for 15c and 20c a gal. in the harvest fields. It was all drawn from the same barrel. The barrel stood between the partition with a faucet at each end.

The Wm. McCaughey farm was homesteaded in 1853. It is now owned by Frank Wittwer. We stopped next at the Gilbert Gilbertson homesteaded in 1846 now owned by Albert Baker of Mt. Horeb, and occupied by the widow and son of the late Curtis Baker. Mrs. Baker told us in our visit with her that her father Rudolph Gust had the first silo in Springdale.

We next drove to Mt. Horeb where we called on Gilbert Gilbertson who is in very poor health and much grieved over the passing of his dear wife. We also called on Mr. Bob Beat in Mt. Horeb who gave us much information on several farms in Springdale. He gave me some valuable information on the old stone schoolhouse in section 25, district 3. He told us the first school teacher was a Miss Cowie, a sister of John Cowie. He said there were 20 children enrolled and they carried the water in a wooden pail from a spring on the Morrison farm. Ann Malone, a sister of John Malone, also taught school there. She married John Tompson and later moved to Iowa. John Ohle homesteaded the farm best known as the David Brink farm. He lived in a log house on the east side of the road. Richard Lust married a daughter of John Ohle. He was an uncle of Herman Kried of Madison. The farm that Fred Erb lives on was homesteaded by Wm. Uposon known as Gouseman farm. The Don Beard farm now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Way has always been in the Beard name. The Strousman farm was homesteaded by a man named Deen, he was a hunter and trapper.

We next called on Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kliner of Mt. Horeb. Mr. Kliner told us how he moved to Riley from Madison in 1900 and went into the stock buying business. He bought his first load of hogs from James Farrell for 2½¢ a pound. He said he shipped on an average of four loads of stock a week during the 15 years he lived in Riley. Mr. Kliner says Riley was a lively town. He told us a story of a team of western ponies he had named Dick and Casey. He used these ponies to ride horse back when he went out to buy stock. He said they could kick the hat right off your head. He had this team for five years and he says there wasn't a rider in Dane county who could out-ride him. Mr. Kliner is now retired and lives in Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin.

Feeling the need of food we went to Olsen's Restaurant and had dinner. Then drove to the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Sorenson. There, too, we found every one hard at work. Mr. Sorenson was putting baled hay into his barn with the help of two young men. The bundles of hay were being elevated into the barn with an electric motor. It was very interesting to watch them work. Mrs. Sorenson lost no time in serving us refreshments, delicious cake, cookies, and lemonade. We sat under the lovely shade trees in their door yard and rested, too comfortable to go much further. But our job was not finished so we again took to the road and landed in Klevenville, Wisconsin, where we were greeted by all the friendly neighbors as is customary in the lovely little country

villages. Mrs. Perdella Marty was mowing the lawn at her home but stopped to talk of old times with us, as she and I had been friends from way back when. She took time out to go to her attic and bring out a scrap book with many happenings of Riley and Klevenville, stories of the past that you will find recorded in this history. Her mother just across the street from her was relaxing in a comfortable chair visiting with a neighbor. Her father, Mr. Robert McCaughey, was busy in the garden but he too laid down his hoe to visit a few minutes with us.

Our last stop was with dear Mrs. Swenson in the store. She was very kind and in between waiting on her customers she, too, told us stories of the past, kindly treated us to some nice cold pop and we went on our way back to Madison. We saw some men working in the field combining grain and we couldn't help but think of the big changes in putting up the grain from when our forefathers cut it by hand and flayed it by hand. We met a man bringing his cows along the road and he was riding in an old fashioned wagon and held a buggy whip in his hands. Mr. Riley remarked that even the buggy whip was a thing of the past. We arrived safe after our long ride and felt we had accomplished much in the way of gathering history.

I met Mrs. Sam Ireland at John Riley's home where she spent a few days visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Riley. She told me that Sam Ireland was a blacksmith in Riley for about 35 years and their family was raised in Riley. Their family consists of 3 girls and 2 boys. Joe Ireland, Etta Ireland married Paul Dieck, Claude is a mounted police in San Francisco, California, Minella married Ted Cook, Theresa married Harvey McCaughey, Sam Ireland moved to Madison and then to Wausau, Wisconsin. He passed away recently. Mrs. Ireland still lives at Wausau with her daughter. Sam Ireland was a brother of Hank Ireland who was sheriff of Dane co.

The story of John R. Riley of Riley, Wisconsin, of the time he spent in the State Capital. He started to work in the State Capital on June 12, 1912. He was in service 33 years, 20 years of that time was spent as a policeman in the rotunda on the ground floor. After the first world war a check was made in the capital to see how many people passed through the capital in one day. Mr. Riley says he spoke to 120 people in one hour answering questions concerning the different departments in the capital and giving information about tourist camps and different highways. The Capital was opened at 6 A. M. and closed at 10 P. M., when Mr. Riley first went to work there. Then in 1941 new orders were issued to open at 6 A. M. and close at 5 P. M. Mr. Riley was one of the first policemen to lock the doors of the Capital. All doors were locked except the East Washington door, that was kept open to accommodate the state help and the legislators and they all had to register when they came in or went out of the building. Mr. Riley worked under Governor Francis A. McGovern and was re-

tired under Governor Walter Goodland. Mr. Riley helped to put up the first Christmas tree in the State Capital and he says he and Mrs. John Blaine, the Governor's wife, handed out 5c gifts to every child that came into the Capital. Mr. Riley says he remembers one holding the gift he had received behind him. Mr. Riley thought he was clever and gave him another gift. Mrs. Blaine reprimanded Mr. Riley for doing this, she felt it would encourage the youngster into being dishonest. Mr. Riley carried a master key that unlocked one thousand doors. One of the first land patents was issued to Mr. Richard Riley, grandfather of John Riley, in 1851. Mr. Riley is the grandfather of all the Riley boys who have been players on the Riley baseball teams. He also says that Pop Henderson is one of the cleanest cut men in sports that Dane county has ever known. Mr. Riley says there just isn't a cleaner cut man anywhere.

On April 1, 1929 the barn on John Riley's farm burned to the ground with a total loss of \$7,000.00. In the fire they lost 22 cows, heifers, and calves, a team of horses and 4 harnesses, a new milking machine, a corn binder, 250 bushels of barley, 550 bushels of oats, and 40 tons of hay. Wesley Riley, son of John R. Riley, is now on the homestead. Mr. John R. Riley says he can remember the time back in 1904 when he hauled 200 pounds of milk a day at 50c a hundred, and now his son hauls 2000 pounds a day at \$3.00 a hundred. Mr. Riley says back in 1904 the farmers drove as far as 3 and 4 miles with 160 to 180 pounds of milk and hauled it in a lumber wagon. In 1931, 1,162,367 pounds of milk was hauled from the Riley farm at \$17,226.53.



### **The Riley Church**

This church was built in 1896. Elder Lincoln was the minister and he helped to build the church as he was a carpenter by trade. It was the only church Riley ever had. It was struck by lightning in 1920 about one o'clock in the morning. Lizzie Henderson was the first one to discover the fire. Help was called but the church burn-

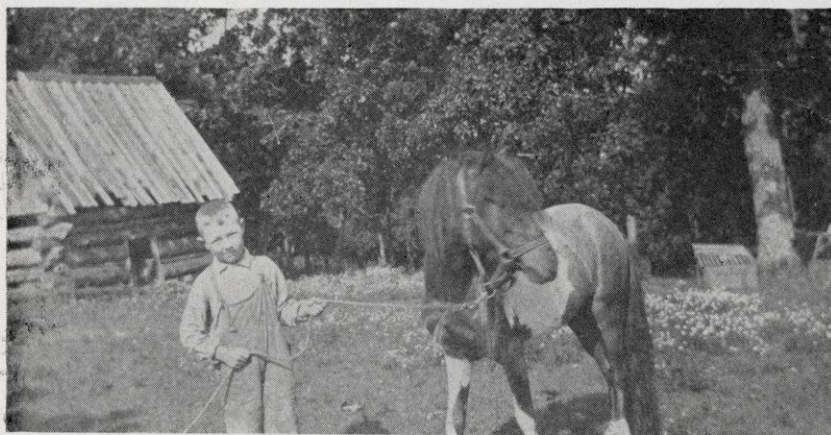
ed to the ground. At the time of the fire the church building was owned by Jonnie Brown, father of Jim Brown, a businessman in Verona. No services had been held in the church for many years prior to the fire. The land where the church stood is now owned by Robert Minnig. John R. Riley, of Madison, says when Elder Lincoln left the church he owned a nice cow. Mr. Riley was a bachelor at that time and he says he liked bread and milk, so he decided to buy the ministers cow. He paid twenty-five dollars for her and today that same could not be bought for two hundred and fifty dollars. Elder Lincoln stands in front of the church. Mr. John R. Riley paid for the publishing of the picture.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Riley, son of William and Margaret Riley. Emma Carden, wife of Robert Riley, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Carden of Riley, Wis. Mrs. Riley was a resident of Riley for over 60 years. (Great grandparents of children shown on right.)



Robert, age 13; Jackie, age 8; Mary Lou, age 11; Jo Ellen, age 5; Gene, age 7; and David, age 2; children of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Shrader, Riley, Wisconsin. Michial, youngest son, not in picture. This picture was taken in front of the home of the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Riley, 619 South Mills Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

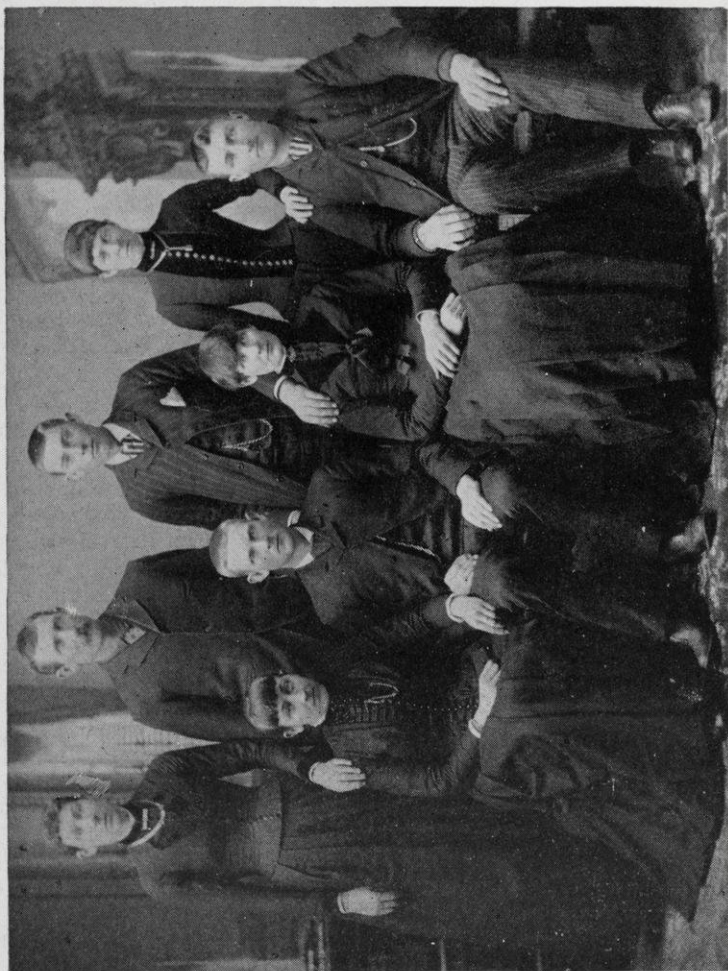


Master Russell Henderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson. (Russell is now Assistant Trust Officer and Cashier of the Union Trust Company.)



From left to right, top row: George Updike, deceased; Mrs. Updike, deceased; Mrs. S. Ireland, living; Mrs. Tom Seth, deceased; Mary Ouringer, deceased; Mrs. McArdle, deceased; Mr. McArdle, deceased; Matt Krantz, deceased. Bottom row: John Riley, living; Lucy Riley, deceased; Bob Riley, deceased; William Riley, deceased; Mrs. Arthur Otis, living; Lucy Riley, deceased; Willie Jackett, deceased; Jennie Carden, deceased; John Beckwith, deceased; Eddie Osmonson, deceased; Mrs. Osmonson, living; and Earl Riley, living. Picture taken thirty-two years ago. Sponsored by John R. Riley.





Standing, left to right, Mary Jane Himsel, Wm. John McCaughey, Samuel McCaughey, Martha Goth.

Sitting, left to right, Lizzie McCaughey, Thos. Geo. McCaughey, Annie Rutherford. Robert Henry McCaughey is the only person on this picture still living. He is 79 years old.

## Baseball—First Team 1900

The first team Riley had was before John R. Riley's time. The players on that team were Manager Joe Dunn, Joe Turney, Jim Brown, Jim Cook, Bert Dryden, Andrew Henderson, and Umpire Sam Ireland, Alfred Cordeau, Anthony Turney and Anthony Carr who have all passed away and John Riley, Jim Riley are the only living ones left from this team.

Then came the team called the Riley team. That was about 1905. This team was a good ball club. One afternoon when Pop Henderson was 8 years old they were one man short and they gave him a chance to play. He has not missed many Sundays since. Then about 1910 Riley organized a young team and called themselves the Riley Blue Boys. The team was Malcolm Seth, Lesley Henderson, Clarence Henderson, Joe Henderson, Forest Henderson, Harrison White, Harvey McCaughey, Geo. Riley, Willie Babe, and James Brown. The first man to move away was Geo. Riley, who moved to Madison, where he played with the City of Madison Championship team, called the Madison Square Ramblers. He brought his Ramblers out to Riley only to be defeated by his home town.

In the fall of 1911, with everybody moving away, Riley's team broke up for a few years. Pop went over and played three years with Mt. Vernon. At that time the great Dr. Dimo Connor was catching for Mt. Vernon. Paul Brink and Lefty Connor were the pitchers. Now all three have passed away. Then we went over and played on a fine team called Springdale; then played with Pine Bluff. In 1929 Pop organized a new Riley team. They won a few and lost a few. In the year of 1931 with the help of Leo Eagen from Paoli and Alford Olson of Montrose they organized the Sugar River Valley Baseball League. Riley finished in second place. In 1932 Riley won the championship; they won 13, lost 2. The team was Julian Johnson, Palmer Johnson, Ted Spaanem, D. Bakken, Art Thompson, Harold Monum, Glen Johnson, Howard Hunisel, Jerome Brown, Laurence Iversen, Leo Coyle, Cy Henderson and Pop as manager. In 1933 they won second place. In 1937 they again were league champions, winning 9 losing 2. This team was Gay Steensrud, Laurence Iversen, Arnold Bohle, Howard Hunisel, Donald O'Connor, Norm Henderson, Jay Henderson, Don Henderson, and Manager Pop Henderson. In 1938 Riley came in second, but 1939 Riley again tied for championship but lost 3-4 in the playoff. In 1940 won the championship. This team was Jay Henderson, Don Henderson, Kendal Coyle, Norm Henderson, W. Hermans, Arnold Bohle, Glen Williamson, Myrland Vass, Don O'Connor, and manager Pop Henderson. In 1941 Ed Pastor of Madison gave them new suits and sponsored the team. Again they won the championship. This team was Myrland Vass, Norm Henderson, Conrad Paulson, Art Thompson, Don Henderson, Don O'Connor, Julian Johnson, Jay Henderson, Eugene Slatton, and Manager Pop Henderson. This team went

undefeated; played other championship teams. Went on to win the state championship for amateur baseball, winning 23 straight without a loss. In 1942 the team was not too strong. Then the war came on and their league closed. Two years after the league was organized Leo Eagen passed away. A year later, Alford Olsen passed away. Pop ran the league alone 'till the last two years when they elected Bartle Zurbuchen of Verona and Herman Hefey of Perry as directors. Some of the teams that played in the league was Riley, Verona, Mt. Horeb, Cross Plains, Pine Bluff, Vermont, Black Earth, New Glarus, York Center, Perry Cubes, Primrose, Primrose Robbins, Hollendale, Mt. Vernon, Montrose, Paoli, Belleville, Madison Dodgers, Madison E.S.B.M., Madison 3F, Anderson Fuel of Madison, Cyene, Fitsburg, Pats Tigers of Madison, Mt. Horeb, CCC Camp, and Barneveld.

Then in 1943 they joined the Industrial League of Madison. They never won a championship in Madison but they always had the crowd with them. In 1947 they were forced to leave the league because they were unable to get in at 6:30, so this spring Pop organized a team at Mt. Horeb and joined the Home Talent. They are now playing under the name of Mt. Horeb, but they still have on the front of their suits R-I-L-E-Y. Pop is now 50 years old but still plays ball with the boys.

### **Riley Shooting Team**

The story as told by Pop Henderson

About the year of 1930 rifle shooting took place in the Riley Hall. Clarence and Forest Henderson organized a team which practiced all winter and went to Madison in the spring for the first match. Riley was defeated by almost 200 points. Through the summer we got better rifles and in 1931 we defeated Mt. Horeb Legion by 24, defeated New Glarus by 128 points and Mt. Vernon by 24. Later in the season New Glarus came back and defeated Riley by 2 points, in 1932 the Sugar River Rifle League was organized with New Glarus, Brooklyn, Riley, Springdale, Madison, Lodi, and Mt. Horeb Legion. The league still goes on but Madison is the only team left that started in 1939. Riley dropped out of the league but Cy and myself joined both Madison and Mt. Horeb. In 1940-41 Mt. Horeb won 10, lost 2 matches. In 1941-42 we won 12 straight and won the championship. In 1945-46 Madison won and in 46-47 Madison tied.

Cy has given up shootin but I am still going good. Have won over 100 medals and trophies. In the spring of 46 Melvin Severson of Black Earth, J. Moen of Mt. Horeb and myself traveled over Wisconsin to a good many shoots. All together we won 36 medals. In 47 we won a good many more. Ted Church of Baraboo, Major Lee of U.W., J. Moen of Mt. Horeb and myself won the Falk Trophy at Milwaukee. The Riley Hall has no more shooting but every team still talks about the great suppers and shoots in our hall. Riley has two lady shooters the best in the state. They are

Theresa Riley and Marie Garfoot. These two have shot a good many perfect scores in the old hall. We organized the Western Dane County Rifle Shoot in 1935. Forest Henderson won with a score of 144 of a possible 150 and was defeated in 1936 by one point by Joe Olson. Then the shoot was called the Little World's Championship Shoot, which still goes on, only in Madison, as our hall got too small for the crowd. We also organized the Champion Pistol Shoots which was won in 1934 by Forest Henderson and also won in 1935. Walter Schudigger won in 1936.

### **Euchre Playing**

As told by Pop Henderson

The Euchre Playing started in 1930. Roland Holum of Mt. Horeb organized a Mt. Horeb team and Henderson organized a Riley team. We played a five match series for an oyster supper. Then we played with other towns during the winter. We played 23 matches in 1930 and won 20. In 1931 we played 35 matches and won 30. In 1932 we organized the Sugar River Euchre League; the only Euchre League on record in the United States. That year Riley won the championship and the individual high one couple was Forest Henderson and Nellie McCaughey of Riley. Riley has never won since. We play with an 8 man team; also a team with 4 men and 4 women, a team of 20 men and a team of 20 women. Now we play a five match series every winter with the Madison South Side. Riley won the series six years out of seven. Until last year we played a series with the state capitol of Madison. We always play our league matches on Thursday nights. Our league has eight teams. Every winter we hold our mid winter tournament in Mt. Horeb. Every player takes part. After the tournament we always have lunch. Altho the Riley Hall is no more, that is where euchre started. The Bowman Dairy of Madison now sponsors our team. We still call it Riley—B-F-D.

### **Tug-O-War**

Tug of war was started just after World War No. 1, but it was a few years before Riley became interested. In 1927 we organized a team under the name of the Modern Woodsmen. R. J. Paulson was coach. We had a good team but not good enough so the team quit. In 1929 I organized another team. We pulled at fairs and picnics. We won every pull and in October at the fair at Blanchardville we pulled with Primrose for state championship and won. We never pulled after that. The team was Karl Kahe, Richard Farrell, Jerome Brown, Walter Richard, Earl Moore Irvin Bakken, Frank Kahlchien, Hillery McCaughey, Earl Riley, Ted Lingard, Joe Lingard, and Manager Forest Henderson.

## Basketball

As told by Pop Henderson

Basketball was a little slow coming into Riley but in the fall of 1918 the Riley Church was bought by John Brown. His son James organized the first basketball team. We practiced twice a week and every Sunday afternoon late in the spring of 1919. We stole the old hand car and went down to Verona for a game only to be defeated 44-8, but in the fall of 1919 we started up and really had a team. The most exciting game was with the Irish Five of Madison. McCormick of the State Journal played with the Irish. The game ended 28-28 and in the five minute overtime Riley won by a score of 30-31. But in the spring of 1920 our gym was struck by lightning and burned down. In the fall of 1920 we turned the Riley Hall into a gym and played for two or three years. When James Brown moved to Verona I took over basketball. I organized a school team of boys and a ladies team, the town team and second team in the winter. We played as high as three games on Sunday afternoons. In 1937 we won eight straight games. The graded school with the help of Gay Steensrud from Mt. Horeb who was teaching the Riley School won 24 out of 25. We defeated Platteville for the championship of western Wisconsin but lost to Edgerton by a score of 20-22. When I became 44 years old I decided I was too old for basketball and Riley has not had a team since.

## Softball

Softball was a great sport in Riley for a good many years. We played under the lights in good many towns. Our last good year was in 1937 when we entered the state tournament at De Forest and were beaten by a score of 2-0.



Royal Neighbors of Riley, Wisconsin

Mrs. Earl Riley (Annie Low); Lizzie Henderson; Mrs. John Riley; Thomas Riley; Mrs. Wesley Riley; Mrs. Lester Henderson; Mrs. Emma Riley. Second row: Mrs. Joe Henderson; Mrs. Herman Goth; Lucy Riley; Mrs. Hoffman; Mabel Goth; Mrs. R. Paulson; Mrs. John Deeneen; Mrs. Oscar Heeb (Lizzie McCaughey); Jennie Carden; Nellie McCaughey; Mrs. A. Gust; Mrs. R. Gust.

## First Riley Homecoming Success

The first homecoming staged at Riley last Sunday was a huge success. The two grandsons of John R. Riley and the great-grandsons of Wm. Riley, founder of the village, were present.

Two soft ball games were played, one won by Riley and the other by the Sugar River Red Birds. In the big baseball game Mt. Vernon won from Riley 12 to 11. The game ended with a grandstand finish. Riley was up to bat at the end of the game. Two men were down with a man on third and one on second, when Bill Deneen hit what looked like a homer. With two runs in and the batter on second that famous left fielder of Mt. Vernon made the catch of his life and won the game.

The committee met at the home of John Deneen and elected the following officers for 1935: Sam Ireland, president; James Brown, vice president; John Deneen, secretary. Honorary members, the oldest settlers in Riley, were Wm. J. McCaughey and Gardner White. The next homecoming program will be held the last Sunday in May, 1935.



From left to right: William Roach, Mrs. William Roach, Allie R. Riley, Jane Brown Riley Reuter, James Riley, Jemima Roach Riley.

## William Riley

William Riley, of Springdale township, was born in Washington county, New York, July 16, 1938. He is the son of Richard and Mary (Nichols) Riley, both natives of New York. Mr. Riley's American ancestry dates back to the Revolutionary War, his maternal grandfather, John Stockwell, having served as a soldier in that struggle for independence. He was also a native of New York. Richard Riley was born in 1782 and took part in the War of 1812; he died in 1875 having attained the great age of ninety-three years. His wife died ten years later (1885) aged ninety-four

These hardy pioneers came to Wisconsin in 1850 and located in Dane county on section 2, in Springdale township, on the farm where the subject of this sketch now resides. They were the parents of three children, Robert, of the town of Springdale, William, and Lucinda (deceased). William was educated in the public schools of New York state and came west with his parents with whom he remained until the death of his father. He has now a fine farm of two hundred acres. He was married in 1859 to Miss Margaret Bride, a native of Philadelphia, but a resident of Springdale. They have six children, Robert, of Riley; Mary, married to Charles Oranger of the village of Riley; James, of Winnebago City, Minnesota; John R., of Riley; Jenny, married William Carden of Madison; Margaret, married Jesse Sutton of Nebraska. Mrs. Riley died in February, 1890, aged fifty-three years. Mr. Riley carries on the family traditions in his political affiliations, as his father before him was a Republican, and in the stirring years preceding the Civil War, was a strong abolitionist. He has retired from the management of his large farm, his son John R. having purchased the entire estate. John R., who was born December 12, 1873, was educated in the public schools, and chose farming as his vocation. He was married April 12, 1904, to Miss Margaret Marks of Riley, daughter of Patrick Marks of Madison; to this union one child Wesley Malcolm was born, May 18, 1906.

Richard Riley and sons William and Robert moved to Wisconsin from New York about 1850 homesteading in Springdale township at Riley's Station.

William Riley married Margaret Bride, who was born in Philadelphia in 1839; came to Wisconsin in 1856, married in 1859. To this union were born:

Robert Riley, Nov. 3, 1859

Mary A. Riley, April 12, 1863, Died Aug. 12, 1933

James Bride Riley, Oct. 11, 1870

John R. Riley, Dec. 12, 1873

Jennie G. Riley, April 24, 1876, Died Jan. 30, 1947

Maggie B. Riley, Aug. 1, 1881

John R. Riley married Margaret Marks who was born Nov. 7, 1880. To this union were born:

Wesley J. Riley, May 18, 1906

Ellen M. Riley, April 15, 1909

Margaret L. Riley, May 27, 1918

Wesley J. Riley married Tressa Benesh of Lodi, June 30, 1928, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Benesh. To this union were born:

John R. Riley, Dec. 25, 1928

James A. Riley, Feb. 25, 1930

Thomas M. Riley, Dec. 23, 1934

Dennis W. Riley, May 6, 1944

Carol Margaret, Nov. 9, 1947

Ellen M. Riley married June 30, 1930 to Odilo Joseph Schroeder of Jefferson, Wisconsin. To this union were born:

Robert J. Schroeder, Dec. 28, 1933

Mary Lou Schroeder, July 6, 1935

John R. Schroeder, Dec. 12, 1938

Jo Ellen Schroeder, June 25, 1941

Jean E. Schroeder, Aug. 14, 1942

David C. Schroeder, Sept. 26, 1944

Michael J. Schroeder, May 24, 1946



In this picture you will see the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wessley Riley who live on the Riley homestead near Riley, Wis. They are, namely, (from left to right, John Richard Riley, age three years old, and James Allen Riley, age two years. The little lambs they are feeding were motherless, so their daddy gave them the task of feeding them on the bottle. John's lamb seems to have faired well, but John R. Riley, grandfather of the boys says it looks like James

robbed his lamb of the milk. When James' lamb was about four months old it died. Fearing to tell James of the loss of his lamb, because of his grief, his father buried the lamb, and James looked all over for it not knowing what really happened to it.

Mrs. Riley, mother of the boys, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Banish of Lodi, Wis. These children are the fifth generation to live on the Riley homestead.





**Mr. James Riley, born 1870. Mrs. Jemima Roach, born 1871, died 1946.**

**From History of 1880**

JOHN BROWN, general merchant and postmaster at Riley, Dane county, was born on section 11, town of Sprindale, and is a son of Michael and Margaret (Lynch) Brown, the father being a native of Kings County Ireland, and the mother of near St. Lawrence, N.Y. Michael Brown was born in 1823, and was a son of John and Mary (Martin) Brown. He came to America in 1884, and located in Westchester county, N.Y., where he remained one year and then removed to Ohio. Later he returned to New York, and then moved to Wisconsin in 1849, locating first at Fitchburg, in Dane county. He afterward sold his place there and purchased the farm where his son now resides in the town of Springdale, and there followed farming the remainder of his active life, in later years taking up his residence in the village of Mt. Horeb, where he died, January 9, 1899, at the age of seventy-six years. His religious faith was manifested by a strong adherence to the Roman Catholic church, and in politics he was conservative, voting for those he considered the best man. For a number of years he was treasurer of his school district, and he always took a deep interest in public affairs especially those of a local nature, but he never sought office. He was a first-class farmer, an upright man in every sense of the word, and one that could always be depended upon.

He was married to Miss Margaret Lynch in 1851, and she still resides at the family home in the village of Mt. Horeb. They were the parents of twelve children, eleven of whom are living: Peter resides at Acme, Iowa; John is the subject of this review; Patrick lives in Minnesota; Joseph resides in Springdale; Mary married Samual Farrell and resides in Cross Plains; Ella married Michael Hobbs and resides in the town of Oregon; Margaret married William Ryan and resides in Minnesota; Thomas is a photographer in Mt. Horeb; James is a real estate dealer and resides in Mt. Horeb; and Theresa and Anna remain at home with their mother. John Brown, whose name introduces this review, and was reared on the farm where he now resides and received his education in the public schools. He commenced life as a farm boy, but changed his occupation in 1882 and engaged in the business of buying and shipping stock. One year later he engaged in the general mercantile business at Riley and has conducted an up-to-date establishment ever since, adding to his duties, for about eighteen years, the business of buying grain. He was one of the promoters and is now president of the Pine Bluff Central and was incorporated, September 27, 1904, with a capital stock of \$10,000. The company covers the territory from Riley to Mt. Horeb, Cross Plains, Middleton, Klevenville, and serves farmers along the line. Mr. Brown is also the proprietor of the Riley Creamery, and he is interested in real estate in the northern part of Wisconsin. He was married on May 26, 1890, to Ella M. Farrell, daughter of Richard Farrell, who was one of the early settlers of Cross Plains, and he now resides with his daughter, Mrs. Brown. Our subject and wife have one son, James. Mr. Brown has served as postmaster at Riley for the past seventeen years, and prior to his appointment as such was assistant postmaster with full control of the office for a period of five years. One rural mail route leaves the office at Riley and makes daily trips. Our subject is a Republican in politics, and aside from the office mentioned he has filled the position of justice of the peace and town clerk. Fraternally he has membership in the Modern Woodmen of America.

#### **William Cook: Taken from History of 1880**

A prosperous farmer of the town of Springdale, was born on a farm near where he now resides, July 20, 1852. He is the son and only surviving child of John and Margaret (Ingles) Cook, an older sister, Margaret, having died when sixteen years of age. The parents were both natives of Scotland, the father having been born in the Highlands of that country and the mother in the city of Edinburgh. They were married in their native country and came to America in 1850. The father gave his attention to farming, followed that occupation in Scotland, and upon coming to Dane county took up eighty acres of government land in the town of Springdale, which has been the place of residence of the family during all the succeeding years. The father died on July 30, 1865, at the age of thirty-seven, the result of being kicked by a horse,

and the mother passed away in 1892, aged eighty years. The subject of this review was reared in Springdale and received his education in the public schools of that town. After the death of his father, his mother rented the farm out for three years, and then the son, although but sixteen years old, purchased a team and took upon himself the responsibility of cultivating and managing the place. Success attended his efforts from the first, and he has never regretted the fate that mast his lines with the basic industry of agriculture. He now owns a finely-improved farm, comprising two hundred and eighty acres, and aside from the general farming of the same he gives a great deal of attention to stock-raising and dairying. In the latter industry he has his own separator and ships the cream. He is also engaged in the business of buying and shipping grain at Riley's Station, and in this as in all of his other ventures he has won pronounced success. Mr. Cook was married August 18, 1871, to Miss Nancy Jane McCaughey, who was born on the place where she and her husband now reside. Her parents were James and Maria McCaughey, both of whom were natives of Ireland. They migrated to America and located in the town of Springdale, Dane county, at an early age, and there spent the remainder of their lives, the father dying in 1852, and the mother in 1886. Mr. and Mrs. Cook are the parents of eight children, the names and more particular mention of whom follow: Sarah J., married Martin F. Krueger and resides in the city of Madison; John remains at home with his parents; Maggie married William Salmon of the town of Springdale, and is deceased; James is in the grain-buying business with his father at Riley's Station; and William, Agnes, Marie and Marjorie are at home. Mr. Cook is a Republican in his political affiliations and has served as a member of the school board. Fraternally he has a membership in the lodge of the Modern Woodmen of America of Verona. William Cook is on this homestead that his grandfather homesteaded. It has always been in the family.

Wm. McCaughey, a pioneer of Riley, was born in Scotland in 1826. He moved to Ireland with his parents at the age of 6 years. In 1844 he came to America and settled in Philadelphia where he lived for several years. He married Rebecca Capper in 1852 and they came to Wisconsin and settled on a farm in Springdale where they experienced the usual hardships known to pioneer life. In 1890 they moved to Riley where Mr. McCaughey died in 1911. There were nine children born to this union.

(This tribute was written by Rev. Otto Mostrom in March, 1942)

### **A Tribute to Knute Kleven**

Proverbs 18, 24. "A man that hath friends, must show himself friendly. And there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

A man who seeketh many friends, will fare ill, because the so-called friends seek to profit by him, and leave him when they no longer can profit by him. But a true friend is a blessing, and there are friends who are more loyal and helpful than even a brother.

It is thirty-two years ago since I first met Mr. Knute Kleven. When we moved into the parsonage at Mt. Horeb, Wis., in 1908, we found Mr. and Mrs. Kleven as our next door neighbors. They moved to Minneapolis, Minn., in 1914.

As far as I can remember, I first met him one day when he was to be removed to a hospital in Madison, Wis., for an operation. I called to administer the Lord's Supper to him before he was removed to the hospital. He was then a very sick man. My last visit with him was in the spring, 1940, when he was also a sick man.

Since we moved Zumbrota in 1925 the Klevens have often visited us and we them. We kept up the friendship of former years. But now he is gone from our midst. I am glad that I could say a few words at his funeral services. (Here is what I wrote down when I heard of his death. But I did not read it at the funeral services.)

We have here again the fairy tale of a boy who came with his parents from a home of poverty in Norway, to America, the land of opportunity, and made good. He got his training for life in his father's carpenter shop and lumberyard at Klevenville, Wis., named after the family. And so he became a builder. His first big job was at Mt. Horeb, Wis. Later on when Knute moved to Minneapolis, a branch of this business was established in Minneapolis.

In his youth he was awakened to a consciousness of his sinful and lost condition and by the grace of God came to a deep and abiding faith in the Lord Jesus. This personal religious experience dominated his whole subsequent life. Kleven had a deep spiritual disposition and he was deeply concerned for spirituality. He conversed about spiritual things very readily, since he could talk about things he himself had experienced, namely the power of the Gospel to save. He was interested in the church and its work and gave whole-hearted support to his pastor. He was a liberal giver to all good work. He loved the house of God and the word of God.

He was a very interesting character. He was not a man that could be read like an open book. One had to cultivate his friendship in order to learn to know him. He was a man who had a wide

knowledge of human nature. In his practical dealings with men, he had gathered a wealth of knowledge in many fields of human interest.

He was an expert in word painting. He was a conversationalist of no mean measure. He was also an artist in drawing and painting. He was a keen business man and a wise financier. He was a man of even temper and temperate in all things. He was a man who loved hard work and practiced strict economy in all things.

Mrs. Kleven has truly been a helpmate to him. She has created the home atmosphere that had made them such a happy couple all these years.

I said that you had to study him in order to learn to know him. He was not cut after a common pattern. He was a self-made man. He hated sham and unreality. He loved the things of the inner man—the soul. He was unconventional, detested glamour and show. He believed in the worth of the individual rather than in the things he possessed. He had a philosophy of life that was understood best by those who had themselves gone through the university of hard knocks. Such congenial souls won his friendship, to them he was a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Blessed be his memory.

Rev. Otto Mostrom.

---

### **Klevenville Postmistress, 52 Years on Job, Retires**

After 52 years as a servant of Uncle Sam, Mrs. Inger Swenson now is a "lady of leisure." That is if you overlook her duties as a country storekeeper.

You see, Mrs. Swenson went on the retired list of the United States postal department just a month ago Saturday after having served as assistant postmaster for 25 years in this little crossroads community.

She quit because she had reached the retirement age of 70 years. Had it not been for that she probably still would be serving the post office patrons of this hamlet and of neighboring communities of Pine Bluff and Riley.

Mrs. Swenson retired as postmistress here Dec. 31, 1941, and for the first time in 52 years the Klevenville post office is in a new location. Mrs. Peter Riphahn now is the acting postmistress and the postoffice is temporarily located in her home just a few steps south of Mrs. Swenson's store.

Now on a government pension, Mrs. Swenson is occupying herself with her general store in which the post office was located. Just as her father, Iver Kleven, and her husband, George, she ran her store in connection with the post office.

Kleven was one of the first postmasters here. He founded Klevenville about 58 years ago, probably because of the ideal location next to the North Western railroad tracks, and he ran it until Mrs. Swenson's husband, George, took over in 1890.

Upon the death of her husband in 1915, Mrs. Swenson was elevated to the postmastership, a position she knew from A to Z because of her having served as assistant to her father and husband. And during her many years of service she hasn't missed more than a month away from her post, and that period only because of illness.

At the peak of her career as a postal employee, Mrs. Swenson served 140 patrons out of her office here; that figure was cut to 120 last year when rural routes in this area were consolidated. Now only about 20 families receive their mail through the Klevenville postoffice.

Twenty-eight years ago her store was destroyed by fire, but she rebuilt it.

She marveled in her work during the many years as postmistress, and she points out that one reason she was so interested in it was "because she had such fine patrons."

She has always maintained her residence above the store and postoffice. She has three daughters, Mrs. Edwin Redel, Mt. Horeb; Mrs. Raphael Vasen, Mt. Horeb, and Mrs. Roy Luhman, Madison, and three grandsons.

Today she will proudly show you a letter from Frank Walker postmaster general in which he compliments her "on having rendered loyal and faithful service to your government" during her years in office.

---

### Klevenville

Mr. Iver Kleven was born in Norway in 1835 and Mrs. Kleven was born in Norway in 1838. Her maiden name was Anna Lyshaugen. They were married in 1861 in Sondre Aurdal, Norway, and came to Springdale in 1868, where they lived until 1903 when they moved to Madison. They lived there until 1908. They were blessed with seven children. They celebrated their Golden Wedding in April 1911. Two of their children, Knute and Gilbert, were born in Norway. Mr. Kleven was a stone mason; he also did carpenter work and became a master builder in the community. Besides a large number of dwellings he built all kinds of halls, school houses, and churches. Mr. Kleven built the tower of the Springdale church in 1876. The North Western Railway named the village of Klevenville after Mr. Kleven. Mr. Kleven passed away in November 1925; Mrs. Kleven passed away in 1920. Mr. and Mrs. Kleven were highly respected Christian people.

A 300-foot high hillside on the Stanly Ayers farm near Klevenville was "scalped" of its top covering of sod and soil recently, to provide a mine of sand for the George Pendergast Foundry Co. of Milwaukee. The state geologist indicated that the area probably contained sand suitable for foundry use, and test borings confirmed this.

The North Western road built a spur for cars beside its tracks at the foot of the hill, and Milwaukee firm is expected to move in its loading equipment soon. Bulldozers and giant earth movers crawled like ants for two weeks over the steep face of the hill, to remove the dirt and rocks, leaving a huge yellow cliff of sand which can be seen for miles.

### Markets in Jan.—1948

**Milk per 100 lbs.—Grade A Milk** ----- **\$5.03 3.5**

#### **Livestock:**

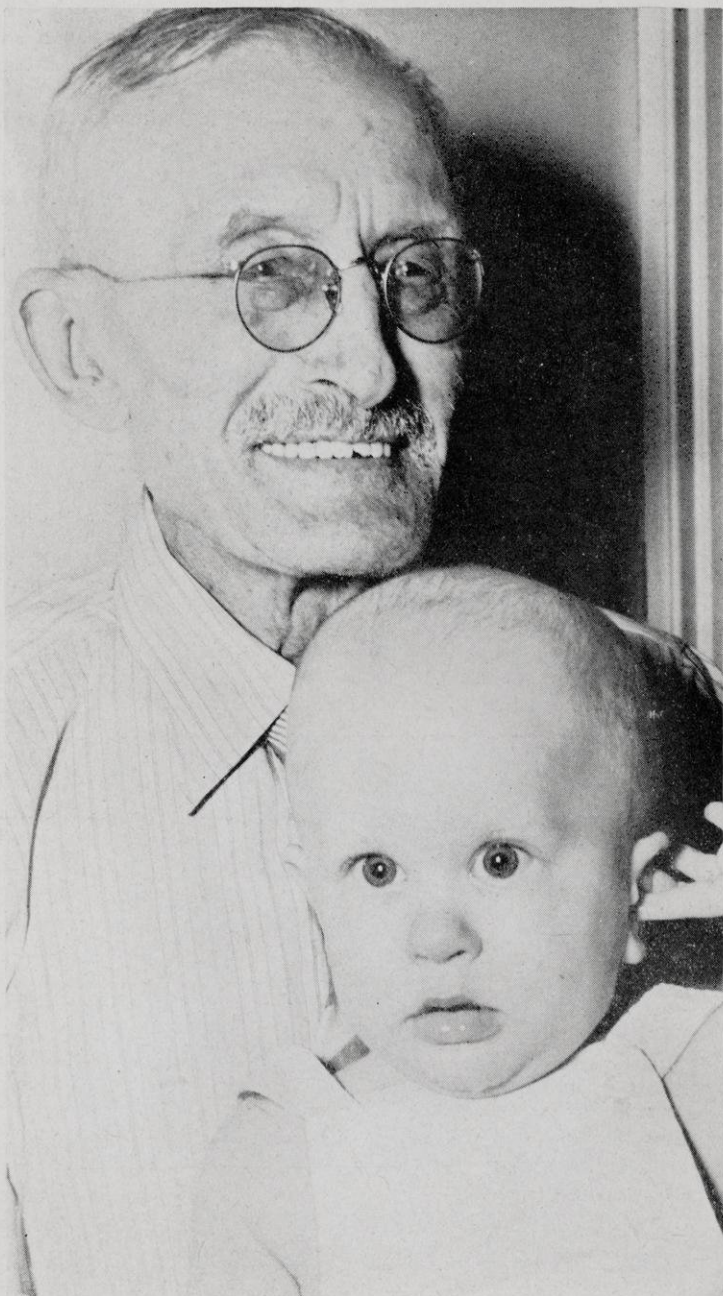
Hogs -----	\$28.25 per hundred
Choice heifers -----	27.00 per hundred
Prime steers -----	30.00 per hundred
Common cows -----	15.00 per hundred
Good cows -----	30.00 per hundred
Good lambs -----	24.50 per hundred
Old ewes -----	8.50 per hundred

#### **Live Poultry:**

Heavy hens -----	30c per pound
Heavy springs -----	40c per pound
Ducks -----	26c per pound
Geese -----	26c per pound

#### **Produce:**

Potatoes -----	\$4.20 to \$5.65 per bushel
Apples -----	from \$3.90 to \$5.50 per bushel
Eggs sold for 72c per dozen.	
Butter sold for 98c per pound.	
Milk sold for 17c a quart.	
Cheese sold from 44½c per pound to \$1.25 per pound.	



There S. Spaanem is the oldest Spaanem living in 1948—Allen Bilse, son of Art Bilse and Cora Spaanem, youngest of Spaanem generation.

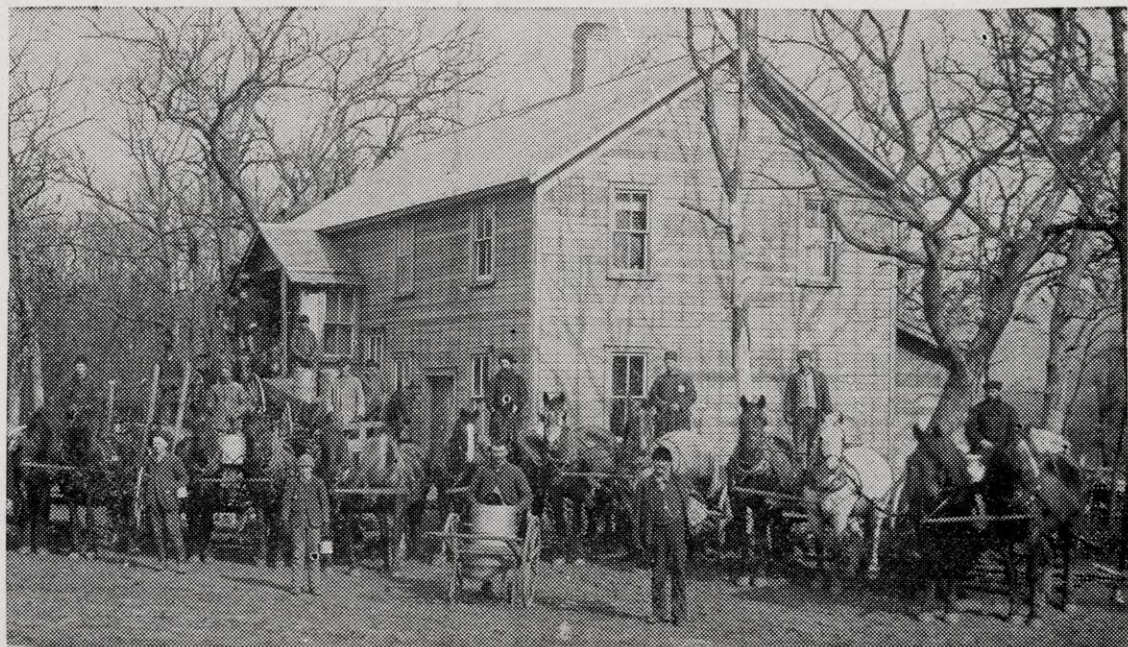




Mr. and Mrs. Thore T. Spaanem, Sr. came to Springdale in 1846.



Thore T. Spaanem, Jr., the man who drove the Indians out of the house on Christmas day.



First Creamery in Township—was later turned into a postoffice.

The stories in this book were told by the descendents of the pioneers of Springdale.

---

And as we gather here today to this well known place, we come in memory of our pioneer friends, to rest a little pace—to gaze in well remembered eyes, and clasp each other's hands. How grand it is to know that each one understands, though the years were slow in passing, as they brought us joys or woe, and many a bark has gone adrift since the days of long ago. But gathered here where hearts are true as they were in olden times, we fondly watch them passing by, the days of many a year. We mark the time with many a sigh, but the smiles cover the tears. We will let them pass, as pass they must, since they leave us crowned with love, and trust. And out of the mist of many things, there still remains the hope that sings. Then why not laugh, as laughter floats on this happy summer day. And as we part, as the sun sinks low, let us pledge our hearts and hands to be loyal to SPRINGDALE as long as the township stands. And, as to friends, we say farewell, we know we'll meet where our PIONEERS dwell.

Thus endeth this simple scroll even where it beginneth—deep within the hearts of the people of SPRINGDALE.

If there are disappointments, I am sorry, for I have done my best. I have tried to reach every one by advertising in the newspapers, by letter, by card, by word. Again I thank you.

—Rev. Amelia I. J. Pope.

977.5

161421

Centennial History of Springdale  
Township Dane County, Wisconsin  
1848 . 1948

**MT. HOREB PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**MT. HOREB, WIS. 53572**

