Weehaukaja: a history of the Village of Barneveld and the town of Brigham. Volume one

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Weehaukaja

A History of the Village of Barneveld and the Town of Brigham

Volume One

John F. Helmenstine

August 1976

Weehaukaja

(Winnebago for a high place with a wonderful view)

Or

A History of the Village of Barneveld and the Town of Brigham

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August 1976

In Memoriam to those who have died in our Country's service

Evan Williams 1864

John Eveland 1918

Frederick Theobald 1918

Allen Berg 1943

Henry N. Rue 1944

Ernest Zurbruegg 1944

William Trainor 1944

Joseph Trainor 1944

Lloyd Frame 1945

John Kellog 1945

1937 view from the top of the Mounds

Chapter One - Introduction

THE HISTORY OF THE HISTORY OF BARNEVELD

While a student at the University of Wisconsin at Platteville in 1966, I took a course in Wisconsin History. The instructor was a Dr. Richard Gamble, an authority on the lead regions' History. Dr. Gamble had a very dry humor and delighted in telling us unusual bits of information and going off on interesting tangents. For example, he told us that Hazel Green had been originally called Hardscrabble and that the first postmaster felt this wasn't a Christian name for a U.S. Post Office and changed it. The stories and his style of teaching rekindled my interest in History and started me wobbling down the path to where I am at today (wherever that is). Being a teacher myself and knowing the glow one gets when an ex-student says that you did them some good, I feel obliged to thank the good professor. "So here's to ya, Dr. Gamble, wherever you are."

One of the requirements of the Wisconsin History course was to write a paper on some topic using original sources, such as interviews, government records, and newspapers of the time. I decided to do my paper on my hometown, "good ole Barneveld".

So I spent some time reading up on the lead region, reading village records, talking to Alice Donahue of grocery store fame, and to Anton Arneson of Banking fame. There were other sources and people that I consulted and have forgotten. I promised a copy of the paper to a number of people when it was done. Even though I got an A on it, I felt it wasn't good enough, and planned to expand it before I gave them a copy.

However, to my surprise, I found myself graduated and possessing a teaching contract at Juda, Wisconsin. With the demands of an active social life being scheduled around teaching, and because I'm a "do-it-tomorrow-" person, it never got done. Years went by and in the winter of 1974-75, I tentatively decided what I wanted to do when I grew up. As I was teaching U.S. History to ninth graders (a very strange animal), I decided to get a Master's Degree in History.

One of the most painful and disagreeable parts of nailing down a Master's Degree is having to do a Thesis. I decided it would be a good idea to do mine on Blue Mounds. Then a flash of inspiration touched my addled brain! "Why not fulfill those promises and complete that History of Barneveld?

Of course! The basic sources would be much the same as for Blue Mounds and I'd be well prepared for working on my thesis. A stroke of genius! It won't take long; I'll finish it this summer", or so I thought.

So I started reading and taking notes and interviewing and reading and taking notes and reading and taking notes. And I opened my big mouth and told people I was writing a History of Barneveld and I kept on reading and taking notes and suddenly the summer was gone. People would ask "How's that History coming?" and the reply was "I hope to have it done by Christmas". Christmas, New Year's, Valentine's Day, and Saint Pat's Day all rolled by and people were asking "When will it be done?" Sheepishly I'd say "This year?"

To get the job finished this summer, I didn't take any classes or take on any work. I kept on reading and interviewing and came to the conslusion that I'd never ever get **all** the research done. Therefore I stopped researching and started writing this babbling on the 14th of July, 1976.

The Method Used In Formulating This Book

For lack of a better name, I'll call it "the 'Stine Method": i.e., not too organized. For most of my information I relied on newspapers, particularly for things before World War One. Most of our older residents were kids at that time and, like kids, didn't pay that much attention to the details of the adult world. I've read through the record books of schools, organizations and the county clerk's records. I conducted interviews with as many people as time permitted. Plus I'm really good at plagiarizing.

History is nothing more than the story of people. Because man has been keeping records for over 20,000 years, History courses and textbooks only cover the big events and important people. This book is an attempt to show American History from our local point of view.

Problems Encountered

Most people probably aren't interested in the difficulties of this project, but I' going to relate them so I have ready excuses for the inaccuracies that pop up.

For one thing, this will not be considered a reputable History by Historians as I'm not using footnotes. Tough! It's one less thing to consume time.

Teaching full time, directing school plays, bowling, being in a folk-dance troup, and living two hours' drive from my subject made time one of my biggest enemies. My natural laziness and "put-it-off-until-tomorrow" attitude didn't help either.

The Dodgeville Chronicle is on microfilm at the Wisconsin State Historical Society in Madison, and my public libraby in Wauwatosa would borrow several years' at a time for me to read. It takes two hours to read and take notes on one year of the Chronicle, and I've read from 1862 to 1920. After two or three hours of reading, one gets tired and tends to sluff off on accuracy. Often the microfilm had to be sent back the next day or the library was about to close and I had to hurry. Sometimes a day later I couldn't even read my own writing, which also happened when I got sleepy.

Some inaccuracies occur because the editors were writing in the vernacular of the times and rightly assumed the readers knew the places, people and background of their stories. It's very frustrating to see an article about a "Revival at the 'Woods' Baptist Church" and assume it's one in the town of Dodgeville, and later find out there also was a "Woods" Baptist Church in the town of Brigham.

Other inaccuracies occur when interviewing, as I can't write fast enough to get all the words or inflections. A tape recorder wasn't used, because people don't like talking into an inanimate object. They'd rather talk to people. Matter or fact, so do I.

No one wants to stop a story-telling session to take notes as one story leads to another. Can you imagine stopping Brad Eveland, Pete Clerkin and Willis Owens to write it all down? Hell, no! It's more fun to listen and hope you remember all of the stories later.

Another problem is that time dims memories, and we remember things as we want to see them. It's very depressing to go to a nursing home and see a wonderful, bright, out-going person like Floy Kendrick who can't remember her grandparents' names.

It's frustrating to think you have an event down pat and then to hear a conflicting side of the story from someone else. Who do you believe? Which side do you use? It makes you end up pulling more of your hair out. One becomes a detective and ends up making assumptions on the evidence, assumptions not necessarily correct.

I've tried to be objective in writing this, but I'm only human and there's bound to be some bias. (My students would argue about my being human.) I've tried not to whitewash everything, as there were some bad things that took place. There have been some nasty, greedy, shiftless, mean people. There have been some good people who've done some mean and stupid things, like the Ridgeway Vigilantee Committee in 1869 and the treatment of English Teacher Peterson in 1960.

Writing A Book Is Like Farming

Writing a book is easy, anyone can do it, just as anyone can farm. HA! Yes, writing and farming are easy if you like to put in long hours of hard work under adverse conditions. Like a farmer's work, research for a book is never completely done. Just

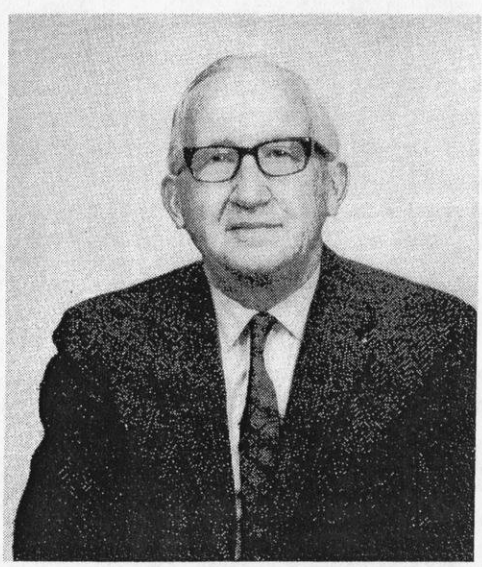
1950 airial view of Barneveld.

as two farmers farming the same field under the same conditions will get different yields, so it is with writing a book. Two different authors using the same information will end up with two different books.

Benefits To The Author

I have profitted and will continue to profit from this book, but not monetarily. I'd have to charge $20.00 per book for all the time involved, books and equipment purchased, gas, travel, lack of sleep, embarassment, and hangovers.

This has been a very rewarding experience as I've met many people that I'd never have known elsewhere; the Michael B. Torphys, Russ and Veronica Pavlat, Faye Skinner, the Tom McCutchins, Jeanie Lewis, Mrs. Arnie Thompson and many more.



Michael B. Torphy, son of Barneveld's first teacher and a valuable source of information.

I've gotten to know old acquaintances and friends in a new way; Russ Moyer, Lonnie Wolenec, Mrs. Alice Carden, Roger Jabs, and on and on.

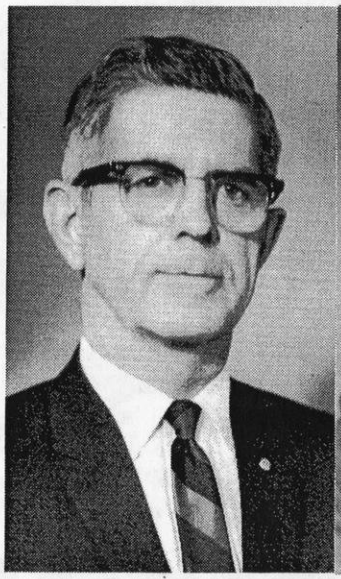
Like most kids growing up, I didn't pay much attention to the older folks and relatives. They were there and made the world go. That was enough for me as I was only interested in my own age group. Now, as an adult (?), I see them through different eyes and am very embarrassed that I didn't know them better as a kid. I've come to know them as the fine outstanding people that they are: Norman Duesler, the Senior Ken Powells, Carl Arneson, John Koenig, Bill Arneson, Max Theobald, Naomi Arneson, Ruth Stenseth, Otto Oimoen, Tom Harris, the Morris Rickeys, Etc.

The Format Of The Book

Basically, I've written this chronologically by subject. That's easier than going year by year and including everything. There's too much stuff for one volume and my time this summer. Therefore I plan a second volume which will have lists of government and organization's officers, sport stories, military services and corrections.

This book is about the Village of Barneveld and the Town of Brigham, but spills over a bit to include some things on the Towns of Moscow, Ridgeway, Arena and Blue Mounds. Barneveld was not founded until 1881 and the Town of Brigham was formed in 1890. Consequently it's been difficult to determine if certain events took place in what is now the Town of Brigham or outside of it.

Otto and Esther Oimoen



John Koenig

Norman Duesler

Thanks

No self-respecting book should start without a list of credits and "Thank You's". A tip of the hat to: Carl Arneson for relaying things, for information and use of the Minx papers; Pete Clerkin for the hours spent answering my questionnaire; John Koenig and Pat Messinger for Village information; Marvin Arneson for the beer; Tom McCutchin, Walter Thomas, Maude Baumgartner, Ruth Stenseth, Otto Oimoen for information; Tom Harris for the Man of Apple Hill; Max Theobald and Faye Skinner for Middlebury and Adamsville; my mother for not returning me for a better model; Elaine Hughes for help at the school; Mildred Holmes Jones for help with county records; the Michael B. Torphys for pictures and help on his father; my roommates, Jack Murdaugh and Tony Moringello, for putting up with me; Mary Ann Weber, for typing; all who've helped in any way (space doesn't allow me to include the whole town).

Last and most importantly, thanks go to Mr. Norman Duelser — town clerk since 1928, community leader, possessor of a prodigious memory and a heckuva nice guy that I'm glad to know. He's been invaluable in tracking down things, giving me leads and answering questions. Thank you, Mr. D.

John F. Helmenstine,
Wauwatosa-Barneveld,
July 1976

Chapter Two - The Natural Scene

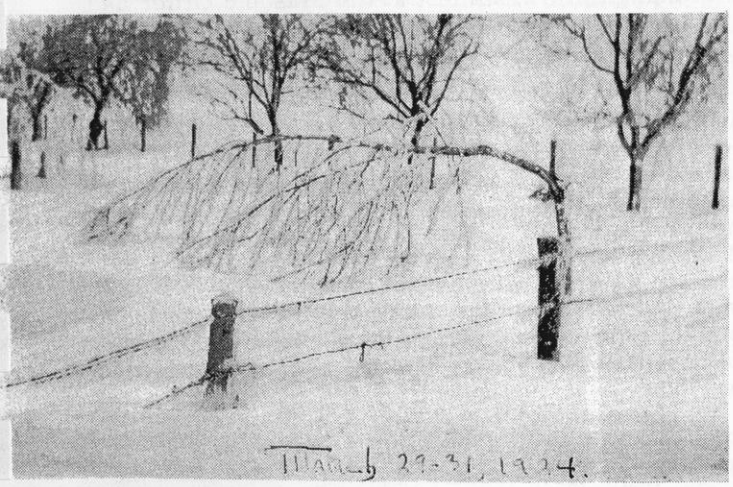
Formation Of The Land

Man's recorded history is but a small grain in the boulder of Mother Earth's History. The earth is billions of years old, but man's written records go back only 20,000 years.

Several times in the far distant past the Town of Brigham was covered by an ocean. Sand and sediment washed into the ocean from the land and slowly settled to the bottom. All sorts of fish lived in those oceans: big fish, little fish, weird-looking fish, now-extinct fish, and fish related to those on the bottoms of our oceans today. But like all living things, they eventually died or were eaten, and one way or another ended up in the muck and sediment on the bottom. Millions of years passed, and more sand and more dead fish ended up on the bottom of the ocean. Soon this layer of muck, sediment, and dead things got to be pretty deep and began to be packed down by the weight of the muck and water above it.

Sometimes this layer was pushed up from the ocean and became land for awhile. At times these changes were gradual over thousands of years. Occasionally the upliftings were sudden and violent, leaving many surprised fish flopping vainly on the ground to die and add to what was to be our bedrock. Sometimes these upliftings took place at a medium fast pace, such as is now happening in Norway. The Scandinavian penninsula is rising out of the North Sea at a rate of eight to ten inches a year. Maybe that's why the Arnesons, Anderson, Kjorlies, Narvesons, Olsons and Rustes left Norway, they didn't like the ride.

This process of uplifting and settling and being covered by the oceans lasted for hundreds of millions of years. Eventually, this layer of sediment and dead organisms formed the 200 feet of limestone bedrock underlying the Town of Brigham which hasn't yet been worn away by erosion.



1924 ice storm

Speaking of erosion, did you know that all the land in the area at one time was the same elevation as the top of the Mounds? Because the tops of the Mounds are covered with a 100 foot thick layer of Niagra Limestone (flint rocks) that has resisted erosion while the surrounding land has been washed into the Gulf of Mexico.

Description Of The Land

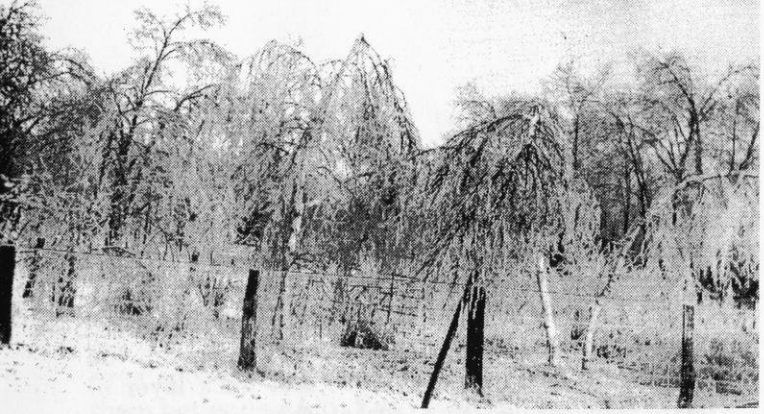
Geographically, Wisconsin is part of the Lake Plains States, an area of low lying, gently rolling hills. Russ Moyer would disagree with that. Some of this fields certainly aren't gently sloping.

Within Wisconsin, the Town of Brigham is part of the Driftless Area (nonglaciated). Starting about a million years ago up to about 25,000 years ago, most of Wisconsin was covered at least four different times by glaciers. However, the southwestern corner of the state was spared the disturbing effects of these huge ice bulldozers. They probably figured the land was rough enough and that we had enough rocks to pick as it was.

The dominating physical feature of the Town of Brigham is the Blue Mound at 1716 feet above sea level. For years it was claimed to be the highest peak between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. Later it was claimed to be the highest point in the state, when in reality it's the tenth highest. Anyway, it still is a heckuva big hill seen for miles. From the top on a clear day you can unaided see the State Capitol 35 miles to the east and the Platteville Mounds 45 miles to the southwest. On a clear day with binoculars, you can see the Mississippi bluffs 60 miles west.

The second most important physical feature is the Military Ridge, about 600' above Lake Michigan, which runs east and west through the town. This ridge has been used by Bison, Indians, miners, soldiers, farmers, trains and cars as a travel route. Water falling to the north of the ridge flows into the Wisconsin River, while rain on the south slope flows into the Pecatonica and Rock Rivers. The name came about because the first road on the ridge was built by the U.S. Army to connect Fort Crawford (Prairie du Chien) and Fort Winnebago (Portage).

Long gentle sloping ridges reach out north and south from the Military Ridge. Some ridges end in a half mile and others go on for ten miles. During the Black Hawk War, soldiers and supply wagons journeyed from Fort Blue Mound around the west end of the Mounds and followed one of these ridges to within a mile of the Wisconsin River to catch up to



1943 ice storm

Black Hawk's tribe for the slaughter. The people of that time called this ridge the "Hogsback" because in some places it was just wide enough for a team and wagon. I'm assuming the location of this ridge runs north from Barneveld past Larsonville and Pine Knob to Arena. See the U.S. Geological Survey map at the end of this chapter.

The valleys are deep, about 200 feet below the ridge tops. In the central part of the town, the valley slopes generally are gentle enough to be farmed, but in various parts of the northern and southern parts of the town, the valley slopes can only be used for pasture or woodland.

The physical makeup of the Town of Brigham is very appealing to the eye. With its long ridges and beautiful valleys, one is treated to a wonderful sight on every road in the town.

On clear days, you can see for miles and miles without going to the top of the Mounds.

Riding in a car at night on Highway 18-151 without having to watch the road is an experience. You can see the lights of houses and barns and villages, reminding one of earth bound stars and constellations.

Soils

Because the glaciers avoided the area and didn't remove the native soil and deposit other inferior soils, the Town of Brigham has good deep soil for farming. It is a chernozemic soil, a dark brown soil with plenty of organic material and is non acid not needing to be limed. There are so few deposits of clay, that the occurance of clay in one area, became that areas identification, i.e., Clay Hill.

Climate

The area has a Humid Continental Climate-warm summer, with more precipation in the summer than winter. Average rainfall is about 30 inches a year, but not in 1976. The growing season is about 150 days, with sunshine 50% of the time possible.

The Town of Brigham gets most of its precipitation from warm air masses that come up from the Gulf of Mexico. Cold dry air masses moving south from Canada give us those clear days when you can see for miles. These two opposing air masses colliding over the area can produce some real wham zinger storms. Hail, Lightning, downpours, tornadoes and ice storms have been inflected upon the innocent residents of the area.

Native Vegetation

Contrary to popular belief, the Town of Brigham was not covered with trees upon the white man's arrival. The Military Ridge, the ridges extending out from it and the valley bottoms were covered with grass. This was due in part to almost annual fires that spread over the region. In a number of sources these fires were called "Indian fires", although it isn't known if the fires were purposely set, for hunting perhaps, or accidentally from abandoned campfires.

There were scattered tracts of heavy timber, which by their rarity became identifying names—Morrison's Grove, Garrison's Grove, the "Woods" Baptist Church and Red Oak. There was some stunted oak and other trees on some of the valley slopes. By the end of the 1840's, most of the land was taken up by farms and the fires stopped. It wasn't until the 1870's that the slopes and vacant land became mature forests. The Mounds was covered with trees when the first white man saw it, probably because the rocks kept the fires away and it gets just enough more rain than the surrounding area for the growth of trees. There were no pine trees then, they were planted by Norwegians to remind them of home.

One of the native plants worth mentioning is the Mineral Plant. It has a bluish purple flower and was said to indicate the presence of lead. Sometimes it spread over the ground obscuring the grass or grew in a straight line following the strata of lead. The miners of the time called it the "Masonic Plant" for it disclosed the "secret of the mine". This slang term was a jest at the Masonic Order as there was a strong anti-Mason feeling in the America of the 1830's.

An early traveler, speaking of the verdue of the Wisconsin prairies, describes the flowering plants that decorated the surface, as follows: "The flowers of the prairies are various and beautiful. The blue, yellow, white and purple chrysanthemum are common; a yellow flower, waving and drooping like an ostrich feather, is generally found. Some varieties resembling the prince's feather are common; delicate snowdrops, violets and diamond sparkle that 'love the ground,' form the carpet, whence springs the plumed stem of many colors, intermingled with the 'masonic' or mineral plant, and the compass or resin plant, or the prairie sunflower.

"The rosin or turpentine weed, or compass plant, deserves some notice. I have called it the prairie sunflower, from the mere resemblance to the flower, so called, with us, except that the flowers and seeds are much smaller; the largest one

I saw was about four inches in diameter, exclusive of the surrounding yellow leaves. The stem of this plant rises to the height of five or six feet, and, when broken in any part, it exudes a white resinous fluid, which, on being exposed to the atmosphere, acquires a gummy consistency, and tastes and smells of resin. But the strange peculiarity of the plant is that its leaves invariably point north and south. In the writings of Dr. Atwater, who has visited some parts of this country, I remember that he has noticed this flower, remarked its peculiarities and has given its botanical names as belonging to the heianthus tribe. The leaves are very large and firm and stiff, those nearest the root are largest, some of them about eighteen inches long and about one foot wide, palmated and deeply indented. From the root, the leaves start out from the stem, on two sides only, at irregular distances, yet generally opposite each other, and these leaves invariably have a north-and-south direction. It is called the compass plant, for the Indians, in absence of trees on the vast prairie, could at all times find a guide in the leaves of the prairie sunflower; and its resinous qualities might render it a good substitute for pine knots in giving light. Horses and cattle eat this plant with avidity, bite at it in traveling over the prairie and seek it out from amidst the hay in the stable. It is remarkable that the wild indigo always accompanies this plant.

Native Animals

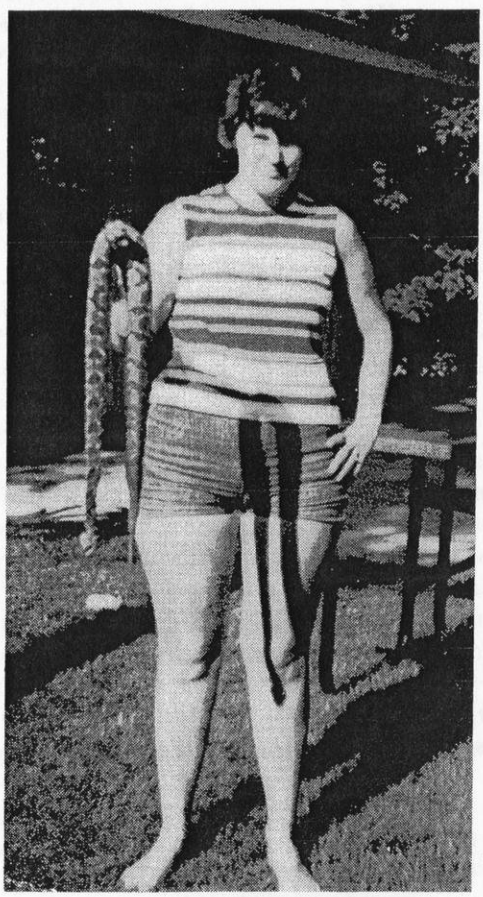
The types of wild animals in the town today are little different than before the white man got here, only less numerous. In December of 1876, in the Town of Ridgeway, Thomas Evans, Nicholas Bailey, James Marr Jr., George Evans and David Evans killed 78 rabbits, 7 pheasants and 5 squirrels in one afternoon. It would be a bit difficult to do that well today.

However, some animals have disappeared. The American Bison (Buffalo) used to lumber along the crest of the Military Ridge. The Bison was uncanny in finding the trail with the least grade for his wanderings. The Indians, soldiers, miners, and settlers followed his trail. Today, the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, from Mount Horeb west, follows very closely, what would've been the old Bison trail.

Panthers have long left the scene, probably because of the treatment one of their brothers got at Pokerville. Henry Blaker born in Pokerville in 1843, related the following story years later. He and his sister were followed by a panther on their way home from school. The "next day the men of Pokerville tracked the big cat and killed him on his perch on a tree limb on the top of Blue Mounds". Humph! Poor kitty cat, he was just curious, not hungry! Those guys in Pokerville would do anything for a little excitement and an excuse to get drunk.

Blaker also remembers his father (a blacksmith) killing three black bears while looking for a lost ox. Alas, the bears too are now gone to the happy land in the sky. Some of their descendants still survive in northern Wisconsin, making occasional forays into garbage dumps. Wait until the DNR hears about that.

Wolves took longer to get rid of, as the farmers cattle provided an easy meal for them. Blaker remembers seeing a dozen wolves sitting in the brush not far from his fathers cabin. Patty Arneson says they're still there, only now they're sitting in the Hooterville Inn. From 1836 to 1939, there was a wolf widely known by his tracks as he was missing a toe. He had a regular dinner circuit from Dodgeville to Blue Mounds and along the Sugar River west to East Pecatonica and the Hamilton Settlement. He dined royally on sheep, cattle and hogs. He even helped himself to several of Ebenezer Brigham's hogs, which must of made the old skinflint a bit unhappy. Various people offered rewards for his capture, totaling $60.00. Later newspapers never mentioned if anyone collected it or not. Wolves were still a problem in 1867 as Iowa County paid out over $500 in wild cat and wolf bounties that year. In May of 1873, Ole Olson in the northeast corner of the Town of Ridgeway (now the corner of the Town of Brigham) was $100 richer for turning in ten wolf pups. In September of 1880, a letter to the Chronicle from Jennieton said "The country from Wickham's hill to McPherson's Mill is infested with hundreds of wolves that have for some weeks past have been committing sad havoc among sheep, several farmers having lost from fifteen to twenty



3 ft. 9 in. rattlesnake shot between the eyes by JoAnn Carden

head. They prowl around in groups of ten or twelve during the day and at night make the woods resound with their howlings, and making it dangerous for late pedestrians. Hunters and trappers could make money in the neighborhood and would be welcomed by the farmers''. And in May of 1884, Martin Jones of Jones Hollow (Jones Valley) killed nine wolves in five minutes and got $93 from the bounties.

There still are some rattlesnacks on the Mounds and in the rough hills in the northern part of the town, but not as many as in the past. In 1974 Mrs. Bill Carden would've questioned that statement. On July 19th she shot a 3'9'' rattler between the eyes. Hmmm! I think I'll be very polite when I visit the Cardens.

The three or four billion passenger pigeons that used to blacken the skies during their annual migrations have long since faded from memory. The passenger pigeon was no dummy and was not easy to trap. They were about 14 inches long from beak to tail and migrated at over 60 miles per hour. But they were doomed, partly because they fed on berries, nuts and grains making them an enemy of the farmer. Often farmers would have their hand sown grain eaten by the pigeons before they could drag the field to cover the seed. In the 1870's, a farmer near Wautoma, couldn't get his oxen to move forward to pull the drag until he had driven the cloud of pigeons away with a stick. They were also doomed because they had an inherent urge to congregate in large masses in a small area, making it easier to kill and capture. There was a demand for them as they were good to eat. Armies of professional hunters followed their migrations, aided by the local residents. The pigeons were killed with shotguns and cannons, trapped by nets and even knocked down by clubs. Whenever one parent was killed, the young were sure to die. After a hunt, pigs were let loose to eat the dead, the young and the crippled. One hundred years ago, this September, J. Moon of the Town of Ridgeway shot 132 pigeons on Thursday, 65 on Friday and 158 on Saturday. In September of 1881, the Chronicle said ''Wild pigeons are more plentiful in this region at present than at any time for a number of years. Immense flocks of them were flying over town northwardly Wednesday evening and all day Thursday, and many of our sportsmen could not resist the temptation to have a crack at them as they passed, without the weary trampling usually incident to hunting, the village ordinance prohibiting shooting within the corporate limits to the contrary notwithstanding. Quite a large number were brought down''.

Yes, there were billions of passenger pigeons once, yet by 1900 they were extinct. Sad!

Place Name Locator

(For a better understanding of the Place Name Locator. See the explanation at the end of this section.)

AACC DRIVE-T7 S33 — Where the Barneveld High School football team had a party in a deserted farm house after winning the Championship in 1960.

ADAMSVILLE-T5 S16 — Town of Moscow where Highway HK crosses the East Branch of the Pecatonica. Max Theobald is the present Mayor.

ARENA — A Town and Village to the north of the Town of Brigham. Sometimes the residents there are distainfully referred to as "river rats".

ARENA ROAD-T6 S1 — Now called Boley Drive, was on the eastern edge of Pokerville and led north over the Mounds to Arena.

BARNESVILLE-T6 S9, 10 — One of the first references to Barneveld in the Chronicle by a correspondent who was Welsh and had difficulty with foreign words.

BARNEVELD, VILLAGE OF-T6 S9, 10 — Not a bad place to live.

BARNEVELD CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S10 — The only active cheese factory in the Town of Brigham, located where Highway K junctions with 18-151 on the east side of the village.

BARBER-T6 S25, 36 — Area that at one time had a Post Office, School, Cheese Factory and maybe a store.

BARBER CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S36 — On the north side of Highway F just north of the junction of Barber Road and F, now owned by Lyle Komplin.

BARBER SCHOOL-T6 S36 — A very nice brick building in 1924, with a beautiful view of the Mounds.

BETHEL CEMETERY-T7 S34 — Located on Highway HH. Welsh writing appears on some of the gravestones. Also the location of the "Woods" Baptist Church.

BETHELVILLE-T7 S34 — Name given to the area around the Bethel Cemetery in the 1880's and 1890's.

BIRCH LAKE-T6 S4 — Located at the bottom of the hill on Highway T just northwest of the village.

BLUE MOUNDS — A little village to the east on Highway 18-151 where some Barnevelders go to drink. A number of Barneveld teachers stop there on occasions as they aren't supposed to drink in Barneveld. A pity!

BLUE RIDGE ROAD-T7 S20, 21 — An easy ridge road with a beautiful valley to the north of it, leading into the Town of Arena.

BLUE RIDGE CHEESE FACTORY-T7 S31 — Located at the corner of Blue Ridge Road and Highway HH, now occupied by John Arneson, great-grandson of the original owner of the land.

BRUNNER CHEESE FACTORY-T7 S35 — Located near the corner of Mounds Park Road and Highway K, now the home of a lot of rabbits.

BURMA ROAD-T6 S13 — Now called East Brigham Road. It was on the western edge of Pokerville.

BYRN GRWYN CHEESE FACTORY-T7 S28 — Located at the junction of Highway HH and Byrn Grwyn Road (which is a beautiful drive). As befits the factory's Welsh name, a man with a Welsh name, Dennis Powell, lives in it now.

CABBAGE HOLLOW-T6 S13 — A satirical name given to their valley by the residents of 13-09 in 1950.

CAMPBELL CHEESE FACTORY-T5 S33 — Located on the north corner of Highways H and F.

CEMETERY ROAD-T6 S10 — The last road a lot of us will ever go on, from 18-151 to the White Cemetery.

CLAY HILL ROAD-T5 S10, 11, 12 — Goes east from Highway F into Dane County.

CLAY HILL CHEESE FACTORY-T5 S11 — On Clay Hill Road, just west of Sandy Rock Road, now occupied by Abner Helgeson.

CLAY HILL SCHOOL-T5 S11 — Located at northeast corner of Clay Hill Road and Sandy Rock Road. Used to be full of rough and tumble kids, that you didn't bother to pick a fight with.

COULEE RIDGE-T7 S26, 27 — Name given by the U.S. Geological Survey to the area traveled by Ridgeview Road.

CRYSTAL SPRING CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S19 — South side of West Brigham Road, near the Ridgeway boundary, sometimes called the Huber Factory.

DEADMANS CORNER-T6 S9 — Located on the western edge of the village. As it is a sharp corner following three miles of straight road from the west, enough drivers have falled asleep and failed to make the corner to earn it this name.

DUESLER CREEK-T7 S19, 20 — Name given by the U.S. Geological Survey to the creek that runs past the town clerk's home.

DUMP ROAD-T6 S9 — A good place to park and get the windows steamed up. See Jennieton Road.

EAST BRANCH PECATONICA RIVER — is in Jones Valley, generally paralleling Highway K.

EAST BRIGHAM ROAD-T6 S13 — See Burma Road.

FAIRBANKS SCHOOL-T6 S30 — Formerly lo-

cated on the east side of Highway T in the center of the section, just South of Tom Duesler's line fence.

FAIRVIEW SCHOOL-T6 S20 — Sometimes called the Irish Ridge School, was located where Highway T crosses into section 29.

GERMANY — A place in Europe many of us came from.

GILDEN HILL-T6 S10, 11 — Located east of the village on Highway 18-151, this hill is a half mile from top to bottom either way. It's very good for hitting top speed or getting stuck on with your car.

GOLD COAST-T6 S10 — The three houses on the eastern edge of the village, where the bank owners live.

HIGH CROSSING-T6 S7 — Located where the railroad crosses over West Brigham Road.

HIGH LINE, THE — Not a place, but a rural term for the electric line in the 1930's as it was higher than the telephone lines.

HIGH POINT — A supper club in the Town of Ridgeway, just south of Highway 18-151, where a goodly number of Barnevelders take their supper in liquid form.

HIGHWAY, THE — A local term for U.S. Highway 18-151.

HOGS BACK-T7 S 16, 21, 29, 34 and T6 S3 — A ridge used by soldiers in the Black Hawk War to get to the Wisconsin River. It generally follows Highway HH.

HOLLANDALE — An insignificant hamlet to the south of the Town of Brigham, whose young men used to quench their thirst in Barneveld.

HYDE-Ranger 4 T7 S23 — This halmet is located in the Town of Ridgeway and has been a busy little place for quite a long time.

INDIAN CASTLE-Y7, S15, 16 — Located in the Town of Arena, south of Pinacle Road.

IRISH HOLLOW-Range ¼ T7 S24, 25, 36 — So named because lots of sons of Hiberia located there in the Town of Ridgeway.

IRISH RIDGE — Name used for Rumpus Ridge when you're being polite to an Irishman.

JENNIETON-T6 — Ghost town located west of Highway T and 18-151 junction, was on both sides of the road for about a quarter mile.

JENNIETON BAPTIST CEMETERY-T6 S6 — Located on Pikes Peak Road and has Welsh writing on many of the gravestones.

JENNIETON CEMETERY-T6 S6 — Located on Oak Road and has Welsh writing on many of the gravestones.

JENNIETON CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S8 — Located on the south side of Highway 18-151, just east of Highway T.

JENNIETON ROAD-T6 S11 — Runs west from the village, just north of the railroad for a half mile before it crosses back to Highway 18-151. See Dump Road.

JENNIETON SCHOOL-T6 S7 — It was located on the north side of Highway 18-151, just across from Dave Reeson's farm, where the old wire fence is.

JONES HOLLOW — Same as Jones Valley.

JONES VALLEY-T6 S10, 15, 22, 27, 34 — So called because a plethora of Joneses settled there in the early days. Today there is not a Jones in the valley.

JONES VALLEY CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S22 — Located a quarter mile west from Highway K, south of Prairie Grove Road and owned by Joe Owens. At least he's Welsh.

JONES VALLEY SCHOOL-T6 S15 — Located at the corner of Langberry Drive and Highway K.

K — A county highway that traverses the Town of Brigham from north to south.

KLUSENDORF CREEK-T7 S32 — A stream that flows into Trout Creek, so named for the founder of the Klusendorf dynasty.

KNUDSON CREEK-T7 S19 — So named by the U.S. Geological Survey for an early family.

KNUTSON ROAD-T7 S19 — An interesting road traveling northeast from Highway T, named for the same family as above. Who knows which spelling is right. The correct spelling would depend on which century you were in.

LAKEVIEW ROAD-T7 S19, 20, 28, 29 — A very scenic drive connecting Highways T and HH, so named for the pond created by a runoff retention dam.

LANGBERRY ROAD-T6 S16, 21 — An interesting dead end road named for Langdon Jones and Barry Watkins. Quite a hybrid!

LARSONVILLE-T7 S27, 28 — The area around the Larsonville School. Probably named because of an early family.

LARSONVILLE SCHOOL-T7 S28 — Located on the west side of Highway HH with a good view of the Mounds.

LONE PINE ROAD-T6 S32 — Somebody should find a partner for that tree.

LONG VALLEY ROAD-T7 S7 — Goes south from Highway K into the Town of Moscow.

LOWER TAVERN-T6 S10 — Located in the village, in what's left of the old Starry Hotel, was a term used from the 1930's to the 1960's to differentiate it from the tavern on the other side of the Restaurant in the Bank Building. Going from the Bank Building, you walked down hill to the other place.

MAD CITY-Range 9 T7 — 1970's T-shirt markings meaning Madison (a big small town) that you can see from the top of the Mounds on a clear day without binoculars.

MEADOW GROVE SCHOOL-T6 S23 — Located just north of the junction of Prairie Grove Road and Mounds View Drive. It's a lovely brick building put up in 1924.

MEADOW VIEW CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S30, 31 — Often called the Boylan Factory, still standing.

MIDDLEBURY-T5 S4 — So named because many of the early settlers were from England.

MIDDLEBURY CHURCH-T5 S4 — Built in 1842, this charming church is located on the south side of Highway H, between HK and K.

MIDDLEBURY SCHOOL-T5 S4 — Located on the north side of County H, east of the Middlebury Church.

MILL CREEK-Range 4 T7, S14, 23, 26 — Located in the Town of Ridgeway, it provided the water power for Hyde's Mill.

MILL DAM ROAD-T5 S5, 8, 9 — So named because it started in Adamsville near the dam and went northwest alongside the mill pond.

MILWAUKEE, TOWN OF-Range 22 — A long way from Barneveld and is a decent place to live.

MOSCOW, TOWN OF — The town to the south of Brigham, chuck full of Norskes.

THE MOUNDS-T6 S1 — Common local term for the Blue Mounds, which dominates the skyline.

MOUNDVILLE-T6 S1 — Early name for Pokerville.

NANT Y WYLAN CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S8 — Early Welsh name for the Jennieton Cheese Factory.

NORWAY — Not a bad place to be from.

OLD TOWN-T6 S1 — What some folks in the area called Pokerville in the twentieth century.

PANCAKE or PANCAKE RIDGE-T7 S21, 28 — Term used occasionally in the 1880's for the area north of Larsonville School.

PERRY — A town in Dane County with an abundance of Norwegians, just east of the Town of Brigham, southeast corner.

PIKES PEAK ROAD-T6 S5 — Leads northwest from Oak Road into Town of Ridgeway.

PINACLE BLUFF-T7 S15 — A very interesting rock formation in the Town of Arena.

PINACLE ROAD-T7 S23 — Leads from Ridgeview Road into the Town of Arena.

POKERVILLE-T6 S1 — Ghost town formerly located on both sides of present Highway 18-151, between Boley Drive and East Brigham Road.

PRAIRIE GROVE CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S26 — Located on the north side of Prairie Grove Road, half way up the hill.

QUARRY, THE-T6 S10 — A huge hole dug by the Watson Construction Company for gravel, that is a convenient place to park the car and investigate the birds and bees.

RANNEY'S POND-T7 S35 — Located at the south corner of Highway K and Moyer Drive.

RED OAK CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S29 — Was located on the west side of Highway T.

RIDGEWAY-Range 4 T6 S14 — A neighboring village to the west where a bunch of rowdies live, supposedly.

RIDGEWAY BRANCH OF THE PECATONICA RIVER-T6 S31, 32 — Parallels Highway H.

RIDGEVIEW ROAD-T7 S23, 27 — Connects Highways HH to K.

RUMPUS RIDGE-T6 S17, 20 — Name given to Irish Ridge after a few Saturday nights.

SANDY ROCK ROAD-T5 S1, 11, 12 — Goes south from Spring Creek Road into the Town of Moscow.

SCHEID CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S12 — Was located on the east edge of the old Mounds View road where it first curved after leaving Highway 18-151.

SHORT CUT ROAD-T6 S1, 12 — Used by those people in a hurry to get home to Jones Valley or by young people for activities requiring little light. See also Dump Road and Quarry.

SIMPSONVILLE-T6 S9, 10 — Early name for Barneveld in honor of the entrepenuer who got the station located here.

SOUTH BARNEVELD CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S15 — It was located somewhere on the 1976 Trademark Farm (Botham).

SPRING CREEK ROAD-T5 S1, 2, 12 — Goes south from Highway F into Town of Perry, Dane County.

STRUTTSVILLE-Range 4 T6 S14 — First name of Ridgeway Village when the railroad came.

SWITZERLAND — The homeland of many of our citizens.

THEOBALD CHEESE FACTORY-T5 S4 — Was located near the junction of Highways H, K, and T. It was moved to the village and is the home of Peter Clerkin, Jr.

THEOBALD VALLEY-T5 S8, 9, 10 — The name that probably should be given to this area as they have been there long enough and probably will stay another 100 years.

THONI DRIVE-T6 S3 — How Ralph goes home.

TRACKS, THE — A reference to the road bed of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad.

TROUT CREEK-T7 S19, 30, 31 and T6 S5 — A place that makes you appreciate Mother Nature.

TROUT CREEK CHEESE FACTORY-T7 S31 — Located at the corner of Oak Road and Highway T. One-time home of Selmer Komplin.

UPPER TAVERN-T6 S10 — Term used from the 1930's to the 1960's for the tavern located in the Bank Building. Lots of Euchre games played there.

URNESS ROAD-T5 S7 — Leads west from Highway K into the Town of Ridgeway.

URNESS SCHOOL-T5 S7 — Is located near the middle of the section on Urness Road.

VERONA-Range 8 T6 — A village to the east where Mrs. Rueben Espeseth is teaching her last year, having prefected her skills while doing a whale of a job at Barber School for 21 years.

VOLLEN DRIVE-T6 S14 — A road going west from the Mounds View Road to where Russell Moyer now lives, having: 1) married the farmer's daughter; 2) bought the farmer's farm. Triplely lucky man, because he also got nice in-laws.

WALES — A place that many honored ancestors lett for greener pastures here.

WALNUT HOLLOW-T7 S24, 25, 26, 35 — A good place to raise hogs in the old days, as they had plenty of acorns to eat.

WALNUT HOLLOW SCHOOL-T7 S23 — Located just north of the junction of Ridgeview Road with Highway K.

WEST BLUE MOUNDS-T6 S1 — Name given to Pokerville, because it wasn't Christian enough for a U.S. Post Office.

WEST BLUE MOUNDS GRADE SCHOOL-T6 S12 — This school was built in 1887 and was located west of Michelsons and Lost River Cave at the crest of the hill. You can still see where the little gravel road led up to the school just north of the highway.

WHITE CEMETERY-T6 S3 — A quarter mile north of Highway 18-151 at the bottom of Glidden Hill. So named for a church that once stood there.

WILLIAMS CHEESE FACTORY-T6 S17 — The 1976 home of Ernie Moen, south of Highway 18-151 on Highway T, just before it takes a 90 degree turn to the west.

WILLIAMS CREEK-T6 S24, 26, 34 — This flows below the Meadow Grove School into the East Branch of the Pecatonica River.

WOODS BAPTIST CHURCH-T7 S34 — 1880's term for the church at the Bethel Cemetery.

WYZ-T? S? **X** is where you're at trying to figure out **Y** the idiot author wants to put everyone to ZZZZZZZZZ.

EXPLANATION OF MAP REFERENCES AND ALSO A BIT OF HISTORY

The Land Ordinance of 1785 was a stroke of genius by our Founding Fathers. Until that time Metes and Bounds was the Surveying System used. This described property in terms of feet from a natural marker — tree, boulder, body of water. Because natural markers can change and because of the vastness of our country, something else had to be devised. The Land Ordinance of 1785 set up the Township Survey System. This was a new system that has proved to work so well, it's been adopted in other parts of the world.

The Township Survey System divides each state into townships containing 36 one-mile square sections. Each state is surveyed from a base line. (Wisconsin's is the Illinois border.) The state is then further divided by a principal meridian running north and south. Each township is then given two identifying numbers. One number is for the row of towns it is in north or south from the base line, Barneveld is in town six. The second number is called the range number and denotes the row of townships east or west of the principal meridian, all of the Town of Brigham is in range five east.

Note: A township is a surveyors unit of land measure and a town is a local unit of government, usually rural, and always has a name. Towns, sometimes cover more than one township. The Town of Brigham is located in Range 5 and is composed of Township 6 North and parts of Township 5 and 7 North. The term, Brigham Township is incorrect usage and has tried to be avoided here.

The surveyors were never able to have the land in an area surveyed before people were living there, which was illegal. Such was the case with the Lead Region, people started coming into the region in appreciable numbers in 1827 and 1828, yet the survey was not done until 1833.

In the glossary of place names, a number is given right after the place name to locate it: i.e., "Adamsville-T5 S9". This means Adamsville is in Township Five, Section Nine. The words, "southern edge on HK," give further help in locating it.

The location of each item is generally given in two ways: by section number, for those who understand the survey system; by highway location for those who don't understand the survey system.

The Place Number Locator was written for those who aren't familiar with the area.

U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY MAP 1961
Each contour line equals 20 ft. elevation.

Chapter Three - The First Settlers

AMERICAN INDIANS

The first people to live in the area and use its fertile land were the Indians. They were often called the "noble Red Man" or "Murderous Savages." It depended on to whom you were talking and when. Most frontier people hated them, and looked upon them as something to be removed from the land like trees or weeds. The more educated people — particularly those in the East — looked upon them as being "God's Lost Children," "Innocents," "The Noble Red Man." Both of these views were wrong. He was neither wholly savage or noble, but the product of a unique culture that has much to be proud of.

American Indians are racially classed as Mongoloid or Oriental. They have the same straight balck hair, high cheek bones and small eye openings as the Chinese and Japanese, with whom they share common ancestors.

The Indians were here before the White Man, though not by much in terms of the million of years since man dropped out of the trees. About 20,000 years ago, the Indian's ancestors migrated from Siberia to Alaska. Perhaps there was a land bridge then, or maybe they walked across on the ice, or they could have come by boat like we did.

Over the course of those 20,000 years they spread all over the American continents and developed many different cultures. The idea that all Indians were the same — living in teepees, riding horses, hunting for a living, and unable to keep written records — is completely false.

Upon the arrival of the White Man, there were more than 250 major language groups in North America, each as different as Norwegian and German. Within the major groups there were different tribal dialects, just like High German and Low German.

Their types of home varied greatly. The Pacific Coast Indians lived in permanent villages, with wood buildings, while most of the Great Plains Indians lived in the teepees we associate with all Indians. Many lived in semi-permanent buildings and villages, while others built structures of baked clay that still stand a thousand years later.

Some, like the Great Plains Indians, were nomads and exclusively hunters. Some were farmers, others fishermen. Many lived off a combination of hunting, farming, and fishing.

Some cultures were highly advanced, as the Zuni, Aztecs, and Incas. They had developed calendars, irrigation systems, writing, astronomy, and smelting of metals.

They were generally peaceful people and did not fight for the sake of fighting. War to them was a luxury, but when forced to fight were courageous and resourceful.

Their formal government was much more democratic than that in the homelands of the white invaders.

What then led to the downfall and disappearance of these 20,000,000 Indians that peopled the American Continents in 1492? Lack of metal and gunpowder, disease, and their philosophy are parts of the answer.

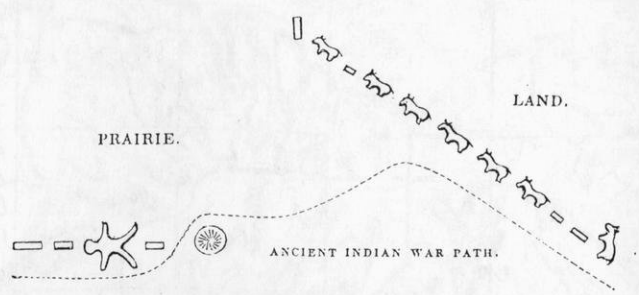
The White man had steel swords and armor which enabled less than 200 Conquistadors to capture Mexico and Peru with their millions of Indians. Also, guns are a much more effective military weapon than arrows and axes.

The most deadly weapon of all was Small Pox. Europeans had built-in resistances to it from centuries of living with it. Being exposed to Small Pox might make a European sick for awhile, but it wiped out hundreds of Indian villages.

The Indian philosophy of land ownership was another fatal difference. Indians believed the land belonged to everyone, and that there was enough land for all. They could not think of a specific tract of land as being "owned" by one person (as did the Europeans). Once the white man got a foothold on the continent, he never quit staking it out for himself until the only land left for the Indians was wasteland.

WISCONSIN INDIANS

About 500 years before the white man came to Wisconsin, there was a highly developed Indian culture here closely related to the Aztecs in Mexico. These "Mound Builders" as they were called, farmed and lived in permanent villages. Aztalan State Park near Lake Mills contains the most complete remains of this culture. These Indians built effigy mounds at various places throughout the state.



Drawing of Indian Mounds near Blue Mounds by Featherstoneaugh.

About six or seven miles east of Blue Mounds on the prairie, there was a large group of effigy mounds that have been destroyed by farming.

The original Indians in the area were the Iowas. Because of the continuing westward movement of the whites, causing a dislocation of all Indian tribes, they were forced westward. They were followed at one time or another by the Illinois, Sac, Fox, Winnebago, and Sauk.

The Indians appear to have never established a permanent village in the area — the closest being that at Sauk City. Johnathan Carver, an enterprising Jack of all trades (soldier, map maker, explorer, draftsman, author) paid a visit to Wisconsin in 1766. Later he published a book, "Travels Through the Interior Posts of North America in the Years 1766, 1767, 1768." The following description of the Indian village at Sauk City is his.

> On the 8th of October we got our canoes into the Ouisconsin River, which at this place is more than a hundred yards wide; and the next day arrived at the Great Town of the Saukies. This is the largest and best built Indian town I ever saw. It contains about ninety houses, each large enough for several families. These are built of hewn plank neatly jointed, and covered with bark so compactly as to keep out the most penetrating rains. Before the doors are place comfortably sheds, in which the inhabitants sit, when the weather will permit, and smoke their pipes. The streets are regular and spacious; so that it appears more like a civilized town than the abode of savages. The land near the town is very good. In their plantations, which lie adjacent to their houses, and which are neatly laid out, they raise great quantities of Indian corn, beans, melons, etc., so that this place is esteemed the best market for traders to furnish themselves with provisions, of any within eight hundred miles of it.
>
> The Saukies can raise about three hundred warriors, who are generally employed every summer in making incursions into the territories of the Illinois and Pawnee nations, from whence they return with a great number of slaves. But those people frequently retaliate, and, in their turn, destroy many of the Saukies, which I judge to be the reason that they increase no faster.

Carver also mentions the effects of Small Pox. Leaving the Saukies . . . .

> On the 10th of October we proceeded down the river, and the next day reached the first town of the Ottiganmies. This town contained about fifty houses, but we found most of them deserted, on account of an epidemical disorder that had lately raged among them, and carried off more than one half of the inhabitants. The greater part of those who survived had retired into the woods, to avoid the contagion.

The Blue Mounds were well known to the Indians as a guidepost. In Mrs. Matilda Minx's words:

> The Indians bent the sapling trees to mark their route to the spring or other points of interest — perhaps a cavern. These saplings have grown to sturdy Oaks (that still point) and specimens are still preserved on the south slope and have been identified as authentic Indian trail markers.
>
> The Winnebago Indians called the Mound "Weehankaja," meaning "a high place with a wonderful view." The Sac Indians believed the Mound was the home of the Manitou which gave off rumbling sounds heard from the depths, and the spring on the east slope was believed sacred to the Manitou. The Indians believed that the blue haze that so often surrounds the Mounds was smoke from Wakanda — the Earth's Maker."

The first whites to have any contact with the Indians were the French. The French had hoped to find gold and silver in North America like the Spanish had found in South America. Instead they found a vast wilderness filled with furry animals. At this time, in the late 1600's and throughout the 1700's, beaver hats and fur coats were the rage in Europe. So the French started to trade with the Indians for furs. The Indians desired the guns and metal axes, pots and knives as they were better than what the Indians were using. Soon trade became a primary interest to the Indian and their way of life changed.

The French played off Indian tribes against each other, causing much shifting of tribal location and over the years a weakening of Indian strength. Eventually, the Iowas, Sacs and Foxes moved out of southern Wisconsin into Iowa and the Winnebagos from around Green Bay moved in.

Eventually the Winnebagos realized that a united front would have to oppose the whites or the Indians would lose their land. In 1812, the Winnebagos joined a confederation of tribes and fought against the Americans at Tippecanoe. The Americans won and after that the Winnebagos never took part in any more aggression and slowly faded from the scene.

Even after the British took over Wisconsin in 1763, the fur trading continued all over the state.

The fur trade was interrupted for a few years during the American Revolution and continued up to about 1820. By the time the white man started appearing in large numbers in the lead region in the 1820's, the Indians were about finished.

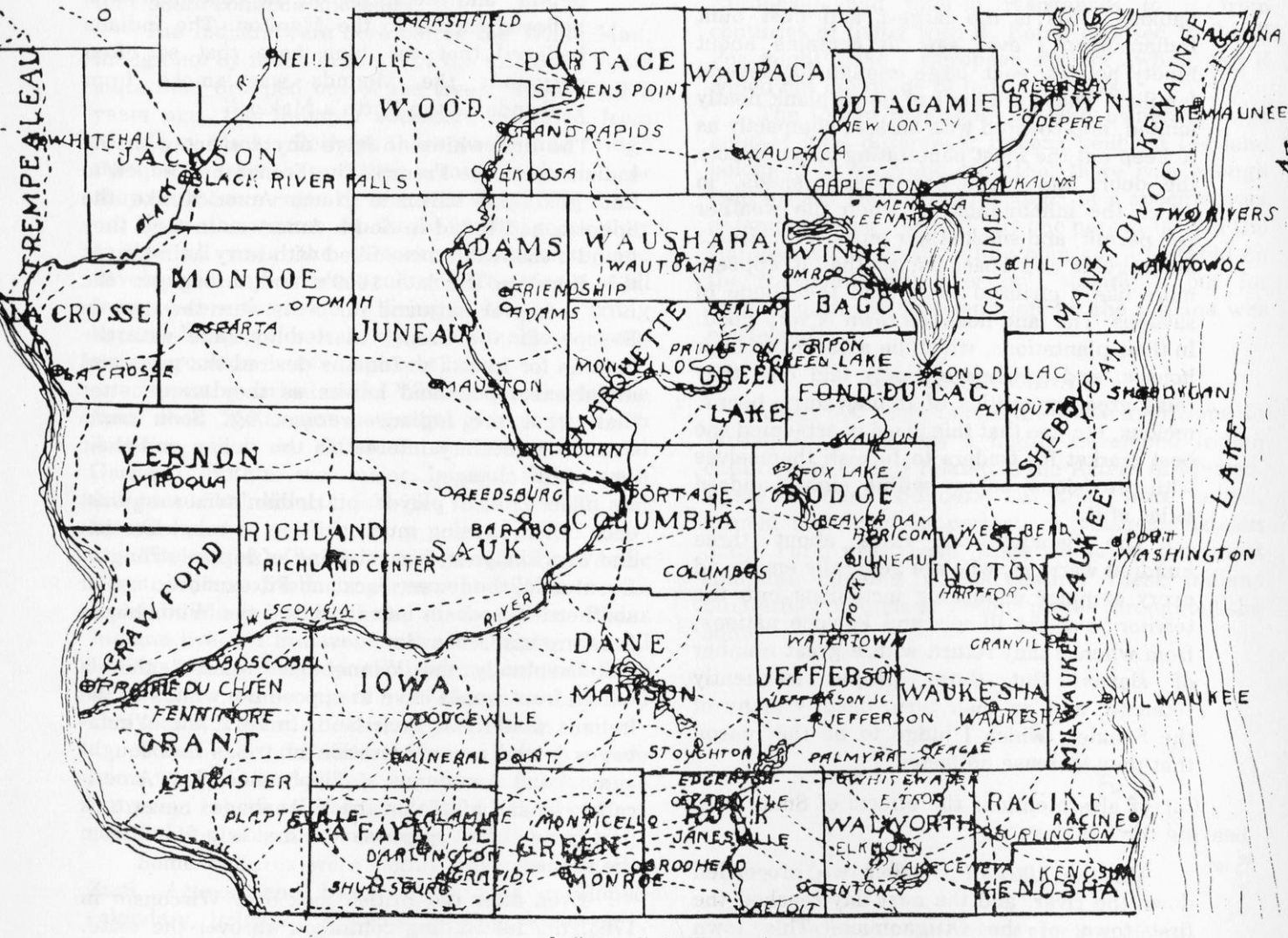
In 1827 at Prairie du Chien, a few settlers were murdered, and the Indians — under Red Bird — appeared to be getting ready for war. But they surrendered without a fight when caught between the Army and the Militia.

At a meeting in 1829, four Indian tribes were pressured into selling the entire lead region to the government. Actually it made no difference to greedy men like Henry Dodge whether the land had been sold to the government or not. They simply moved in and took land for themselves.

In 1832 Chief Blackhawk led his people back across the Mississippi to return to their homeland and grow corn. They had moved west because of pressure from settlers, but found it difficult to make a go of it in Iowa. His intentions were peaceful, but the whites panicked.

At Fort Armstrong (Rock Island), the Americans viewed the peaceful movement with alarm, and ordered them back. When Blackhawk tried to negotiate with a group of militia volunteers, the jittery settlers fired on his truce party. Naturally in self defense the Indians fired back, causing wild stories of a wide-spread Indian uprising. The militia was called up and the miners began to prepare for war.

Blackhawk's band proceeded at a leisurely pace through Illinois and Wisconsin, and successfully defended themselves whenever attacked by the whites. Just as in the Vietnam war the leaders could not always prevent soldiers from committing atrocities, neither could Blackhawk control some of his zealots. There were a few incidents of innocent settlers being attacked that were blown all out of proportion. (Heck. I'd be angry too, if I wanted to go back to my rightful farmland and got shot at even when carrying a white flag of truce to explain myself.)



Indian trails in Wisconsin.

In his autobiography which he dictated to Antoine Le Clair, a government Indian interpreter, Blackhawk set forth his complaints about mistreatment by the white settlers and their officials:

One of my old friends thought he was safe. His cornfield was on a small island of Rock River. He planted his corn; it came up well — but the white man saw it! — he wanted the island, and took his team over, ploughed up the corn, and re-planted it for himself! The old man shed tears; not for himself, but the distress his family would be in if they raised no corn.

The white people brought whiskey into our village, made our people drunk, and cheated them out of their horses, guns, and traps! The fraudulent system was carried to such an extent I apprehended serious difficulties might take place, unless a stop was put to it. Consequently, I visited all the whites and begged them not to sell whiskey to my people. One of them continued the practice openly. I took a party of my young men, went to his house, and took out his barrel and broke in the head and turned out the whiskey. I did this for fear some of the whites might be killed by my people when drunk.

Our people were treated badly by the whites on many occasions. At one time, a white man beat one of our women cruelly, for pulling a few suckers of corn out of his field, to such when hungry! At another time, one of our young men was beat with clubs by two white men for opening a fence which crossed our road, to take his horse through. His shoulder blade was broken, and his body badly bruised, from which he soon after died!

Bad, and cruel, as our people were treated by the whites, not one of them was hurt or molested by any of my band. I hope this will prove that we are a peaceable people — having permitted ten men to take possession of our cornfields; prevent us from planting corn; burn and destroy our lodges; ill-treat our women; and beat to death our men, without offering resistance to their barbarous cruelties. This is a lesson worthy for the white man to learn: to use forbearance when injured.

American History has been written from our point of view, so anytime the whites won a skirmish, it was called "a battle." If the Indians won, it was called "a massacre." To call this disgraceful episode a war is a travesty. "The Slaughter of the Sauks" would be a more appropriate name.

Blackhawk was an excellent leader and brilliant military strategist. The U.S. could have used him to replace some of the mediocre hacks who were leading the army at the time.

For several months Blackhawk eluded the Army and Militia chasing him. But the relentless pressure began to weaken his people. After reaching the Four Lakes (Madison), he led his people to the Wisconsin River and — hopefully — back across the Mississippi.

The Battle of Wisconsin Heights was a brilliant move by Blackhawk and an ignominious defeat for the whites. Fifty Indians held off the army regulars and the miners, many of whom turned tail and ran when things got hot.

The Indians proceeded down the Wisconsin and were finally trapped trying to cross the Mississippi. Then the slaughtering of 850 of the approximately 1000 Indians began. White flags of surrender were ignored and gun boats were fired almost point blank into the mass of women and children crossing the river. Atrocities were committed by the militia on the Indians for sport. Blackhawk spent the rest of his life in prison. In no way can this be called a war. During World War II when Germany did it to the Jews, we called it genocide.

When the alarm was first given, the people of Blue Mounds built a fort. Esau Johnson, reminiscing years later, recalled:

> We kept on at work till the last day of April. Then the Blackhawk war commenced. All the men around there went together, talked matters over, volunteered and elected our officers. We elected John Sherman, Captain; George Force and Robert Collins, our Lieutenants; Ebenezer Brigham, Commissary; Henry Starr, our orderly. Then we cut logs, hauled them out of a high piece of prairie and built a fort. Built four blockhouses. Built them ten feet high, then jetted them out two feet so as to prevent climbing by the Indians of two sides. After that we set pickets twelve feet long; put them two feet in the ground leaving them ten foot out of the ground. We piceted in about ¾ an acre of ground, built us a commissary house in the center to store our supplies in and for the boys to sleep in. Then on the 20th day of May, General Henry Dodge came to our fort with his brigade of Iowa-Michigan volunteers. His Adjutant Woodbridge had us paraded, drilled us a while. Then the general came and viewed us and received us into his brigade of Iowa-Michigan volunteers. The general then viewed our fort and said we had built a very good fort and we were the ones to keep it and he

stationed us there to keep possession, to have a place to store supplies for the soldiers that were following the Indians. We stayed there till the close of the Blackhawk war when on the 20th day of September, 1832, General Henry Dodge came to our fort and had his Adjutant Woodbridge drill us. Then he, the General came and viewed us and discharged us verbally — gave us no written discharge.

The site of the fort is now marked by four concrete posts and a tablet on the prairie southwest of Stauffers cheese plant on the Henry Eckel farm. During the excitement the following people were at Fort Blue Mounds: Ebenezer Brigham, John C. Kellog, John Daniels, George Force, Thomas McRaney, John Messersmith, William Collins, Jacob Keith, John Sherman, Robert Collins, Jonathan Ferrill, Moses Collins, Moses Foreman, A. G. Aubrey, Esau Johnson, A. G. Houton, Jeremiah Lycan, Jason Putnam, Alpha Stevens, Hugh Bowen, John Steward, John Dolby, Daniel Evans, James Hanlon, William H. Houghton, Ed Bouchard, James Hayes, Thomas Hillson, James Smith, Jefferson Smith, R. S. Lewis, Solomon Watson, Harvey Brock, Samuel Davus, Fernando McRaney, Milton McRaney, Allen Rand, Henry Starr, Anson Frazier, J. B. Deshon, Samuel Woodworth, Emerson Green, John Messersmith, Jr., Henry and George Messersmith, Robert Crayton, Albert Hunt, French Lake and Henry Powell composing the garrison. Mrs. Aubrey, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Kellog, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. McRaney, Mrs. Woodworth and several children also stayed there.

During this so called war, the two Hall girls were handed over to the whites by a group of friendly Winnebago Indians. The Girls' family in Illinois had been killed by some of the zealous Sauks and they had been taken captive. Indicative of the appreciation and fairplay shown by the militia, was the keeping of several Winnebagos as hostages. Esau Johnson describes the arrival of the girls . . . .

> . . . . there was eight of us went out to them got the girls and brought them in and my wife dressed them in some of her clothes. Their Uncle Charles Hall came out and met us as we were coming in with the girls. That was a time that I can't describe the tears that flowed from the eyes, both of the girls and their uncle for grief and joy and joy to meet each other and for grief that their parents were no more. The girls said the Indians gave them in charge of two old squaws and the old squaws kept them from each other, only once in each day they would let them be together about one hour in each day. The old squaws said when the Indians killed off all the white men they should marry the Indians and raise corn and potatoes for them and the Indians would kill bear, deer and turkey, elk and buffalos for them. Three days after the Indians brought the girls, General Dodge came with his brigade of Iowa-Michigan volunteers and got the girls. The girls wore my wife's clothes off. The Indians had cut their dresses off above the knees. At Galena Jo Daviess County they got cloth and sent back my wife's clothes. They ate their first meal at my table.

Three men were killed near Fort Blue Mounds. Esau Johnson tells of the first incident . . . .

> "When we got out on the prairie we saw William Aubrey and James Smith going to Brighams farm on horses. As we stopped at the fort and were getting out of the wagon we heard guns fire near Brighams house. In a few minutes we saw James Smith coming running without his hat or gun. A party of our men at the report of the guns run into the Fort and caught their guns and came out with them as Smith came in sight. They went and met him and he said that Aubrey and himself had got off their horses and were leading them going to tie them when the Indians fired on them at the crack of the guns, he saw five Indians raise up from where they had been laying in ambush. Aubrey stepped a few steps and fell. He, Smith, let his horse loose, dropped his gun and run for the Fort. The men went on to where Aubrey had fell, saw the blood and trail of the Indians. Followed it some three or four rods to a big log and there they found Aubrey laying by the log where the Indians had laid him. They stripped him of his powder horn and his shot-pouch and gun. They left his clothes on him. They did not scalp him nor cut him any. The Indians took both horses and went up over the Mound with them."

In another incident, Lieutenant Force and Private Green rode out to see what the Indians were up to. Force was killed instantly in an ambush in a ravine about a mile and a half west. Green was pursued and killed in full view of the fort.

Being horribly mutilated, Force had little use for his watch which was taken from him by the Indians. It turned up over a year later near the scene of the Battle of Wisconsin Heights. One of Blackhawk's warriors was killed and left to rot because only the good guys got Christian burials. The next summer was dry and a grass fire went through the area. Wallace Rowan was tramping

along soon after that and found the watch with Lieutenant Force's inscription on it.

Both Aubrey and Lt. Force were buried on the prairie near the fort.

After the Indians were exterminated and the excitement died down, very few Indians frequented the area, although Walter Thomas related to his grandson that he remember Indians camped in a field near where the railroad would be. The Indians children got a big kick out of trying to ride on the pigs. Occasionally other small bands did pass through, hunting ginsing on the Mounds or begging. After the Civil War, the only Indians seen were in circuses or medicine shows.

Chapter Four - The Lead Rush

From 1825 to 1840, there was a sudden increase in the population of southwestern Wisconsin. As the main reason for this increase was mining, it has been often compared to the rush of settlers to California in 1849 for gold.

Lead is one of the heaviest, softest and most pliable of metals. It has never been designated a precious metal like gold or silver, yet a lead famine would be more upsetting than a lack of gold for the arts and decoration.

Lead is used in fishing, bullets, building, plumbing, paint, typesetting, medicine and gasoline. The ancient Romans used it in their plumbing. There are mines all over Europe and Great Britain that are several hundred years old.

After Marquette and Joliet found a way through Wisconsin in 1673, Nicolas Perrot followed in 1690. Perrot was a bit more snoopy and noticed lead being mined in the area, as did Jonathan Carver in 1766. Carver also took a trip to the top of the Mounds and noticed he could see a long way.

In 1781 Prairie du Chien was settled and fur traders combed the area looking for pelts, but also noticing the abundance of lead.

In 1813 the Americans built Fort Shelby at Prairie du Chien. This was the first time the U.S. flag flew over Wisconsin. The next year the British captured the fort and held it until the end of the War of 1812. In 1816 the U.S. Army rebuilt it, now calling it Fort Crawford.

The Indians had a somewhat limited use for lead in their culture and trade. There was ample evidence at the time of the lead rush that the Indians for years past had been mining lead for their own use. Their mining methods were their own and very crude. However, their smelting process was more complex, having been learned from Frenchmen in the 1700's. These smelters were made by digging in a hill a hopper-like pit two or three feet wide at the top, the slides sloping toward a point but stopping short when the bottom was still some eight inches in width. The sides of the opening were lined with flat stones while longish narrow ones were laid grate-wise above the bottom. A trench called the "eye" was dug from the lower side extending under the bottom of the hopper. This trench was filled with dry wood, while the hopper was filled with ore. When the fuel was fired, the ore melted down in part and the molten lead flowed through the fire trench and was caught in a pool scooped out near its lower end.

While the French owned Louisiana, they exported lead mined in Missouri. Enterprising Julian Dubuque on the Mississippi got Indians to work for him, and shipped lead to St. Louis.

All of these developments helped to spread the word that there was lead in the area. By 1816 the first shipment of lead mined at Galena had gone to St. Louis.

In a growing country like the U.S., there was a great demand for lead. Until the late 1820's, the U.S. had to import lead and therefore the price of lead was high.

Up until 1847 mineral lands were leased by the government to miners rather than sold. In 1822 the

Typical rural road of the 19th century

first lease was given in Wisconsin. In 1826 several more leases were given out.

In 1825 the total population of Wisconsin's lead region was about 200. In 1827 or 1828 Mineral Point and Dodgeville were first settled and the population swelled to 10,000 — all on land legally belonging to the Winnebagos. Included in the population were a few hundred black slaves brought in by such men from the south as Col. Dodge.

What was to be known as the Lead Region extended east from the Mississippi River, south from the Wisconsin River, and west from the Sugar River down into northwestern Illinois. Little lead was found outside this region.

By 1833 a shot tower had been built near Helena (Arena-Spring Green). By 1834 the land was surveyed and a U.S. government land office opened at Mineral Point and the Military road finished.

Most of the men in this first wave of settlement, 1825 to 1830, were from the south. They came from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia — with brief stops in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Missouri — before getting to the "Good Place." Some came from New England, like Ebenezer Brigham of Massachusetts. Others came from New York, like William Hamilton at Wiota, son of the famous Alexander Hamilton.

In the 1830's there was a large immigration of Cornishmen and Welshmen to work the mines. These people were better miners than the Yankees and had been forced to leave home because their mines were worn out.

The mining of the 1830's was very crude, done with pick and shovel and windlass and tub. Smelters were crude, getting 62 per cent lead from the ore. The early smelters were quite similar to the Indians' smelters. As time went on both mining and smelting methods improved.

The author has crawled through some of the original lead mines in southwestern Wisconsin similar to the ones worked in Pokerville and Ridgeway. Most of the tunnels are low — three to four feet high — and about three feet wide. These tunnels were all dug through the limestone rock by hand. Only in the larger shafts was timber used to support the roof. Light was provided by candles stuck in the miners' hats and on the walls. Sounds just a bit dark, dangerous and cramped.

Mining was never done on a large scale in the Town of Brigham. Even today a lot of galena (lead-beaing rock) can be found in nearly any ridge field. But this galena didn't occur in sufficient quantity to justify deep extensive mines like those at Dodgeville, Mineral Point or Platteville.

Most of what mining was done in the Town of Brigham was done via "sucker holes." Some of these shallow-to-deep holes still dot the town, while many others have been filled with junk or rocks picked off the fields. The term "sucker hole" comes from many of the Illinois miners migrating north or "upstream" in the warm weather like the fish and going "downstream" to home in the winter. Also, many of these shallow worthless pits were sold as going mines to the gullible, usually from Illinois.

There were some shafts dug in the town southeast of the Barneveld Cheese Factory. George Davis and an Arneson boy found one of the Arneson heifers at the bottom of a fifteen foot shaft. They got Anton, but the three of them could not get the heifer out. They had to fetch Edgar, Ole, and Dr. Hurd to help. George says there are others that are deeper: up to 200 feet deep.

Ebenezer Brigham was mining at Blue Mounds in sections seven and eight, Township 6N and Range 6E in 1828. Esau Johnson, Henry Starr and R. H. Magoon were smelting partners in 1828 and were there when Brigham arrived. The 1881 History of Iowa County says Tom McRaney, Stephen Armstrong and Caleb Downing built a furnace at the junction of the Mound Creeks. This could be either sections 13 or 34, Township six, in the Town of Brigham.

In the 1830's the main means of livelihood was mining with just enough farming to live on. During this time the miners frequented Pokerville for supplies and recreation. By the 1840's, however, most people in the area made their living by farming. Mining from then on was done on a part-time basis, when there was time available from farming. This occasional digging for lead continued into the 1870's before it died out.

During one of these part-time mining operations, an interesting event came to light. The following letter from Pokerville, dated February 12, 1871, appeared in the Dodgeville Chronicle:

Pioneer cabin of Walter Thomas in Section 24 of Township 6

Mr. Editor:

Some facts have recently come to my notice that I cannot help wishing to communicate to you. They may help to convert you to the Darwinian doctrine of the "Descent of Man," although I do not communicate them for any such purpose.

Some years ago "Dick Wade" and "Gus Helmenstine" of Pokerville sunk a shaft for lead about a mile and a half southwest of the town. The total depth of the shaft was about sixty feet. The first forty feet passed through hard drift clay and gravel together, and was nicely cribbed with poles, the lower twenty feet being blasted through solid lime rock. A short time ago the parties named, thinking to try their luck once more at mining, returned to the almost forgotten old shaft, and once more began to clean out the rubbish. They found that the cribbing had given away for some feet at the top, allowing a mass of dirt and stones to tumble into the shaft, filling it up several feet at the bottom — about ten feet. They found too that some little animal, a fox, they think from bits of fur found — had dug a hole into the side of the shaft, at the lower edge of the cribbing, and at the lower edge of the rock. This hole they found to extend upward and outward at the east about three feet, where it forked. One branch bore upward and back toward the shaft, going only three or four feet before striking the cribbing; and the other shot directly toward the zenith as straight and true as a miner could sink his shaft — the shortest possible cut to daylight.

Messrs. Wade and Helmenstein think Mastor Reynard must have falled down the shaft, either when on a "tight" or through some unaccountable carelessness; that finding himself where game was not plenty, he set to work to free himself; that at first he made a blunder and lost some labor by running off against the cribbing, and that he then returned and started anew straight upward. And indeed it seems to me that Satan's famous ascent out of Pandemonium could hardly have been more laborious than this little animal's forty feet "dig" upward through that hard soil. Indeed it seems to me there are not too many instances in the history of that biped man, of a more heroic struggle for dear life. Doesn't it Mr. Editor compare pretty well with Dr. Kane's struggle out of the ice fields of the Polar regions, or with the famous march of Zenophan and his ten thousand.

The early miners must be praised for their courage for coming into an area that was still unsettled and perhaps peopled with hostile Indians. Characteristic of these miners was their ability to work hard and do with what supplies and tools they had at hand.

Very few early miners settled here permanently as most of them had itchy feet and moved on to other mining areas. Most of these men were poorly educated and didn't appreciate the fine arts as a form of recreation. Rather, they indulged quite heavily in drinking, fighting and the sport that gave Pokerville its name.

It isn't known exactly how many men were killed at Pokerville in the mining days. In 1850 an innocent bystander who had stopped to stay overnight, was killed. The man was watching a card game when a fight broke out. The bartender, aiming to shoot "Slippery Dick" (a gambler of the area) missed, killing the traveler. Later a Mr. Bey was beaten to death in the Walsh House, a hotel now the home of Mrs. Adolph Marty. Doesn't sound like a place for the mild-mannered to be.

Some of the lead was hauled overland to either Milwaukee, Janesville, or Helena, pulled by horses or oxen. Some of the wagons were boat-shaped and pulled by as many as eight yoke (pair) of oxen. All this work for the princely sum of $5.00 per hundredweight in 1828.

Drawn by R. W. Chandler in 1829. Courtesy of State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Amount of Lead manufactured.	lbs
In 1825	439 473
26	1562 530
27	6824 [illegible]
28	12 955 100
1829	2494 444

Estimated number of inhabitants	
In 1825	200
26	1000
27	4000
28	8000

About 6/8 are females, 6/100 are free blacks

The United States have the **Fee Simple** *in part, and the right to occupy the whole of the country between the Wisconsin and the surveyed lands south of Rock river, and the line marked along sugar creek to the Mississippi. Commissioners are appointed for the purpose of extinguishing the Indian title to the whole in the course of the summer, for the sale of which, the Government has made no provision except a section upon which stands the town of Galena.*

The mines are worked by private individuals, who pay the Government for such privilege, a tenth of all the lead manufactured. The Superintendent has the power of prescribing such rules as will prevent disputes, and secure the Government against waste and fraud, to which all who engage in mining are bound to subscribe.

A lot of 200 yards square is allowed to every two miners, and one in addition for every two hands employed. (to be located & staked off by the miners on any unoccupied ground.) which may be abandoned at pleasure and another taken. The occupants have the exclusive benefit of their own discoveries, but are restricted in the sale of their mineral to a licensed smelter, who is obliged to give bond in a penalty of $10,000 to pay the Government a 10th of all the lead he manufactures. Leases of half a section for three years, may be obtained on bonds of $500 with a like condition.

Miners are entitled to the free use of timber for building and fuel. Smelters are allowed sufficient to carry on their works. Lessees can only use for smelting on their half sections, but if there should be no timber, they must sell their mineral to a smelter.

WISCONSIN RI

CRAWFORD CO.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

PART OF MICHIGAN TERRITORY

DAVIESS CO.

ILLINOIS

Prairie du Chien

Fort Crawford

Winnebago Vil.

Turkey River

Brigham's

Blue mound

Mineral Point

Morrison's

Langworthy's

Spotted arms Vil.

Vinn's

Campbell's

Cottles Dep.

W.S. Hamilton's

Kirkers Tav.

Wennebuck Vil.

Kellogg's Tavern

Hardy's Tavern

Ogee's Perry's Tavern

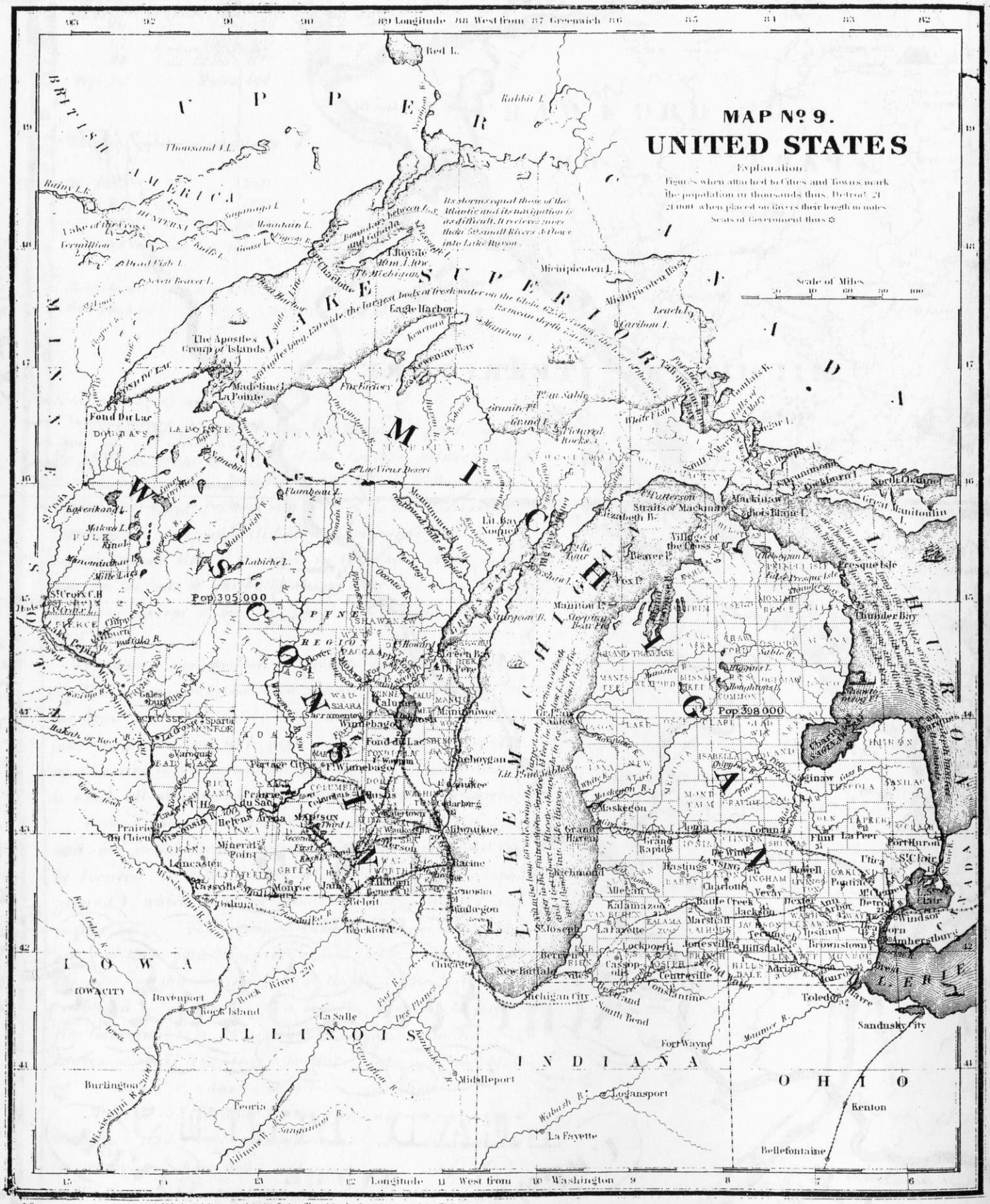
Rapids

Copper ore (Sulphuret) has been found in its original deposit, in such quantities, and over such an extent of this country, as to justify the expectation of that metal being produced in considerable quantities.

REFERENCE.

- Furnaces or Smelting establishments
- Discoveries of Mineral or Lead ore
- Roads
- Copper
- East line of the purchase lately made at Prairie du Chien

MAP OF THE United States LEAD MINES ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



Chapter Five - Government

The first government to exercise jurisdiction over Iowa County was France, but no one noticed because there was no one living here. In 1763 the British took over nominal control of the area. In 1774 the British passed the Quebec Act, making Wisconsin part of the province of Quebec, other parts of this act helped to cause the American Revolution. After 1763 this area was part of the U.S., although the British didn't remove their forces from here until after the War of 1812.

Wisconsin was part of the Northwest Territory from 1787 until 1800. From 1800 to 1809 the land was part of the Indiana Territory and then part of the Illinois Territory (1809 to 1818). In 1818 it became part of the Michigan Territory. Not until 1836 was the Wisconsin Territory created.

The first American law and order in southwest Wisconsin was provided by the U.S. Army at Fort Crawford.

In 1830 Iowa County was created, encompassing all the land south of the Wisconsin River and west of the Sugar River. Three full counties (Grant, Green, and Lafayette) and parts of others (Rock and Dane) were later established, all from the original grant. The present boundaries for Iowa County were established in 1846. The first county seat was at Mineral Point; in the 1850's it was moved to Dodgeville.

The main duties of the county have been to be the keeper of permanent records — deeds, census, probate, wills — establish courts, and to help provide law and order. This quote from the Chronicle of 9-14-1877 shows the efficiency of the Iowa County Courts.

> Charley Parker seems to think we have a better penitentiary in Wisconsin than they have in Illinois. At least he came up here from that state, and means to try ours. This is the way he worked it to get the appointment: He went to Evan Jones' near West Blue Mounds, a few days since, and got a situation to cut bands while Mr. J. was threshing. On Monday evening, the machine was moved to Arch. Campbell's, and he talked of cutting bands there also. On Tuesday morning he came to the residence of Mrs. Jane Jones and told that lady that the machine was broken and that Evan had sent him for her horse and buggy to go after some extras for it. The horse and buggy — a very nice rig, valued at $250, — was got ready in short order, and Mr. Parker was off. He then proceeded to Pokerville, got ten dollars in money and three dollars' worth of goods from Matthias Kraiz on orders from Evan Jones (forgeries), deposited postal card orders for the extras (also forgeries) in the post office, and started west.
>
> A short time after Parker left Mrs. Jones's, her little son remarked that he was suspicious of that fellow, and he believed he would go over to Campbell's and see if the machine was broken. Arriving there, he found the machine running all right. He told the men what had occurred at his mother's, and in less than no time the men were scouring the country in search of the fugitive.
>
> Evan Jones, Robert Jones, and Dr. R. W. Jones got on his trail and tracked him to Dodgeville, where they found him at Roger's hotel, making preparations to stop till after dinner. He had had the horse shod at John's shop as he came into town, and evidently thought he had got up a ruse that would win, and that he had no need of being in a hurry.
>
> He was arrested, arraigned before Squire Northey, pleaded guilty to stealing the horse and buggy, and is now boarding with Sheriff Kennedy until Judge Cothren shall confirm his appointment to Waupun at the coming term of the Circuit Court.
>
> We understand from District Attorney Reese that the forgeries will also be attended to, and it seems probable that Mr. Parker will get a rather permanent situation.

In 1849 Iowa County was divided into Civil Towns, those being Wyoming, Linden, Mifflin, Highland, Clyde, Pulaski, Richland, Waldwick, Ridgeway, Arena, Mineral Point, and Dodgeville. The towns of Moscow, Eden and Brigham were created later.

The main duties of the town government have been to maintain the roads, collect school taxes, keep law and order, and hold elections.

The following notice on election returns in the Town of Ridgeway appeared in the 4-12-1866 Chronicle:

> We give below the result of the late election in the Town of Ridgeway: and as there are five post offices in the town, and the offices are somewhat scattered, we attach their post office addresses:
> Chairman — Benj. Evans, Jennieton.
> Supervisors — A. Campbell, W. Blue Mounds; Thomas Strutt, Ridgeway.
> Clerk — Hugh W. Lewis, Jennieton.
> Treasurer — Roger Lloyd, Hyde's Mill.

Assessor — D. H. Jones, Jennieton.
Justices — R. J. Wade, Blue Mounds; Jas. T. Campbell, W. Blue Mounds, L. D. Billington, Hyde's Mill.
Constables — James Dixon, Jennieton; Thos. Williams, Jennieton.

Yearly there was an election tug-of-war between the "wets" and "drys" in the Town of Ridgeway. The "wets" would have their way for two or three years, and then the "drys" would win, all depending on who was elected to the town board.

Perhaps the following quote from Thomas I. Williams, the Editor and Business Manager of the Barneveld Department of the Chronicle in the 10-13-1883 issue was used as election rhetoric.

> Pat McSherry brought some hogs to town on Tuesday and started home in the evening considerably under the influence of John Barleycorn, and at Rideway "steamed up" some more and resumed his journey, driving along the railroad track. On reaching a road crossing about four miles east of Dodgeville, his team got stuck fast in a cattle guard, and the night freight coming along ran into them, killing one horse and smashing the sled into smithereens, but fortunately Mr. McSherry and the other horse escaped somehow without injury. Moral: Beware of whiskey.

It seems that Mr. Williams was a "dry", but to no avail as the town board voted to grant liquor licenses that year for $150 each. By 1885 the cost of a license had dropped to $100.

In 1887 the "drys" had their way and the following quotes from the Chronicle show Mr. Williams glee over the victory.

> April 15 — Our new town board met at the town clerk's office on the 11th inst. (April 11), and most of the town officers qualified. The three men on the board are small in stature, but they had sand enough in them to say that they would not grant license, and we imagine we hear many a wife and mother shouting hallelujah! and many a child, glory, glory! Also, the same day every saloon keeper in the Town of Ridgeway met, and the most muscular men we ever saw together, and they could defy the town board to their faces, and say, "If you won't grant us license, you will see we've got enough muscle to do manual labor," and the whole people will say Amen!
>
> May 6 — Calves get plenty dry by weaning from beer to water . . . All the saloons in the village closed last Monday morning . . . Mr. B. J. Evans, the Man of Apple Hill, was 60 years old last Tuesday morning at 4:00, so he came to town that day for a glass of beer, he said, but he was too late, as the town had dried up.
>
> May 20 — The Town Board of Ridgeway did not grant licenses to sell intoxicating liquors for the present year, but last Sunday we saw a man on our streets who had too much whiskey. Probably he drank buttermilk; or, maybe he drank some water and the effect of intoxicating liquor is yet in the water of Barneveld. Where are our prohibitionists now? The Town of Ridgeway has been prohibited from selling any liquor, what else do you want? Why not complain? There are no doubt many chances. Probably you wanted to get to good dive at the grand old party-the republican party. We will see.
>
> December 16 — Hon. Arch. Campbell, of Ridgeway was in town last Friday and Saturday, to vindicate the law of his town as town chairman against selling liqour without a license. He was successful in the prosecution. Mr. Campbell never fails to do his duty as a public officer.

Taking care of the roads is a responsibility of the town government. The Chronicle notes that Lewis and Griffiths (stone workers) and Davis and James (carpenters) had built a bridge for the Town of Ridgeway at Reese's Mill for a cost of $700.

Sometimes the farmers paid for their share of the road tax by using their own horses and tools to work on the roads in their area. It was dirty, dusty work, but not particularly hard. In June of 1876 the monotony of this work was interrupted by the discovery of a suicide. The son of Reverend Edward Jones of West Blue Mounds had hung himself in February. His parents had thought he had gone to Iowa again to visit friends.

One of the duties of the Justice of the Peace (a town official) was to marry people. The Chronicle of June 2, 1876, made mention of the end result of one man's marrying . . .

> Michael Murphy of Ridgeway, aged 84, whose happy marriage to a young lady of 16 we noticed some 7 months since, died last Saturday night. His wake was one of the liveliest of the season.

One of the duties of the town government is provide for law and order by passing the appropriate ordinances. When the railroad was being built in 1880, the workers had Sunday off and proceeded to get loaded on whiskey and make a nuisance of themselves, much to the chagrin of the pious townspeople of Pokerville. The Town Board of Ridgeway then passed a law forbidding the sale of alcohol on Sunday. However, where there is a will there's a way and the workers still got drunk. The town chairman was outraged and had the saloon owners arrested and fined.

When the Town of Ridgeway was created in 1849, it contained 110 sections making it the largest

town in the county. The voting place was placed in the center of the town, first as J. B. Skinner's home and later what came to be Jennieton. Because it was such a large town, several times in the 1870's, the county officials attempted to have it divided into two towns. Each time, however, the voters turned it down in a referendum. Finally in 1890, the voters gave their approval to the division. The people to the west of here kept the old name of the Town of Ridgeway. The voters in the new town accepted the suggestion of Archibald Campbell, that they name the new town, Brigham. Mr. Campbell wanted to honor his old employer, Ebenezer Brigham of the east Mounds.

The new Town of Brigham still had to take care of the roads, as the following page from the town treasurers' book attests to.

5

J. S. Thomas, Town Treasurer,

In Account with the Town of Brigham Cr.

Date. Month.	Day.	Year.	To Whom Paid and for What Purpose.	What Fund.	Amount. Dollars.	Cts.	Total Amount. Dollars.	Cts.
		1890	[illegible]					
Jan	16	1891	To A E Arneson Treas Dist	No 12	42	00		
"	17	"	" P A Peterson " Joint	No 8	8	13		
"	21	"	" A A [illegible]	No 11	46	07		
Feb	2	"	" [illegible] Joint	No 9	37	94		
Feb	3	"	Wm Powell	No 1	48	78		
Feb	10	1891	Owen Williams	No 10	77	23		
Feb	7	"	Patrick Queeney	No 15	151	76		
"	14	"	Thos J McDermott	No 4	51	45		
"	17	"	R W Theobald	No 7	46	07		
"	19	"	Henry Boley	No 8	69	10		
Mar	3	1891	R J Spence Joint	No 3	5	42		
"	16	"	Alex Hastings Joint	No 14	31	16		
Mar	4	"	[illegible]	" 1	[illegible]			
"	17	"	John O Donnell Jr	" 18	10	84		
Mar	30	"	Henry Brunker Jr	" 3	9	48		
				Total	684	21		

Town Treasurer's Account Book

Throughout the years the roads have been a main consideration of the Town of Brigham . . . In 1930, graveling of the roads was begun, later it became part of a WPA project. The plowing of snow was started in 1939. With the plowing of snow and the regular grading of the gravel, the town had to hire an employee who could devote much time to this. Ted Swenson for years did this work and his arrival was awaited by many a farm lad eager to be entertained by his way of speaking and his wonderful stories. Today the roads kept in shape and open by the eagle eye of Albert Miller, who also can tell some darn good stories. Blacktopping of the roads began in 1958 with the surfacing of the Clay Hill Road. This was a surprise to the town board and caused some controversy in the Town of Brigham, which might have had something to do with the election of a new town chairman the next year. Today the majority of the roads in the town are blacktopped.

Bridges continue to be a source of concern for the supervisors. The bridge over the Williams Creek east of the junction of Mounds View Road and Prairie Grove Road is now getting on the nerves of the town board. It is presently weakened because some of the dirt under the concrete wings of the bridge has washed out. The town board wants to get it fixed, but the DNR has to give it approval because there might be some changing of the way the water flows. So far the approval has

7

P. A. Peterson, Town Treasurer,

In Account with the Town of Brigham from Mar 28 C to Mar 27 C 1906 Cr.

Date. Month	Day.	Year.	To Whom Paid and for What Purpose.	What Fund.	Amount. Dollars.	Cts.	Total Amount. Dollars.	Cts.
Novembr	713		Ephraim Powell Clerk Election General				3	00
	714		John Callahan " " "				3	00
	715		W. E. Davis Gate Keeper				2	00
	716		John Campbell Supervisor				4	00
	717		R. C. Williams Supervisor				16	00
	718		Peter Jacobs Inspector Election				3	00
	719		O. C. Evans Road overseer				100	
	721		A. Monson Due Road Dis				147	3
	722		W. E. Davis Repair Catholic Church				1	50
	723		Anton Peterson Building Contracts				300	00
	724		Town Clerk Town School Library				398	0
	726		Fred Kluesendorf Due Road Dis				182	
	729		Erdmer & James Blacksmithing				17	10
	730		A. J. Dopker Overseer work				127	9
	734		Treasurer Lake Mills High School				3616	
	735		R. L. Joiner Survey of Road				50	00
Jan	4	742	E. D. Evans Road overseer				71	38
	"	739	John Grayson " Dist 6				30	50
"	12	728	Fred Kluesendorf " "				156	
"	"	732	A. Monson Road Overseer				47	25
"	"	756	F. Roach Town Clerk 1st Salary				75	00
"	"	763	J. E. Johnson Supervisor Service				9	00
"	16	741	James Bayliss Overseer & Constable				1	50
"	18	765	Ed Campbell Road Supervisor				40	00
"	28	736	D. J. Evans Road Overseer				46	50
"	"	749	Dr. D. C. Munger Disinfecting & Quarantining				25	50
"	30	759	Charles Odenbrig Services on Board				6	00
"	"	733	Matthew McSherry Strip of land for Road				10	00
"	"	770	David Harris Assessor Service				75	00
Feb	2	757	J. T. Starry Lodging Tramp				1	00
"	3	766	Robert Hemenstine Repair Grader				2	50
"	"	761	Mullens Bay Spikes & Grease &c					28
"	16	757	L. L. Jones Services on Board				8	00
"	"	771	Dr. D. C. Munger Health Office Work				10	00
							675	09

Town Treasurer's Account Book

been tied up in the red tape that bureaucracies are famous for. It would've been a mell of a hess if it would've collapsed while Wayne Paul and John Nelson were donating their time to haul water to fight Hilton Arneson's barn fire.

Collecting school taxes has always been a responsibility of the town board. Here is another page from the town treasurer's book of 1891 showing school taxes paid out. At one time the treasurer had to take care of funds for 16 different school district.

In 1976, the Town of Brigham will pay some $890,000 in taxes to support their school district. Perhaps, 50 years from now, people will look at this figure and say, "Look at how little they had to pay in 1976."

Every voter, whether they be young or old, property owners or penniless, should attend a town board meeting. There they will see their elected representatives going about the people's business. They will see hard working men, some still carrying a bit of dust or sweat from the day's work because they didn't have time to be "city slicker" spotless, seriously discussing what is a fair value to assess a property at or how to best settle a silly line fence dispute. Yet there is no pressure, these men are equals working together for the common good, there are no egos to feed. It is only natural that being among friends someone would tell a joke or tell a story during the meeting. The meeting place may be an added on after thought to the town garage needing paint with a view of a pile of gravel (and the Mounds), but who cares. It is the people involved that count, and they are first class all the way.

Chapter Six - Ghost Towns

Most people associate ghost towns with the West and gold mines and cowboys. Not always. Right here in the Town of Brigham, we have five: Adamsville, Barber, Jennieton, Middlebury, and Pokerville. All were once thriving little villages, but began to fade away when the railroads were built. The long-hoped-for placement of the depot in these villages did not come to pass.

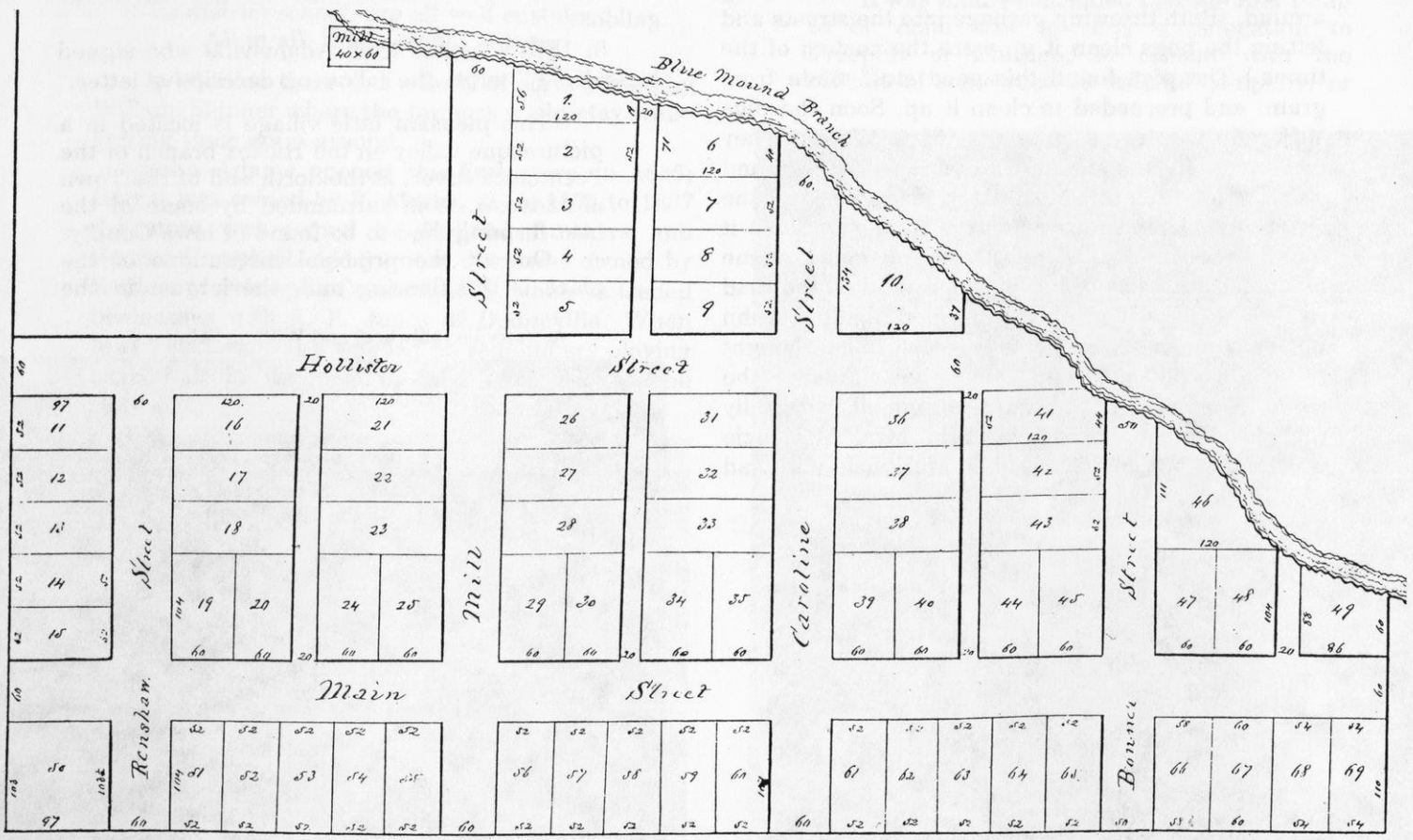
ADAMSVILLE

Adamsville is located in the Town of Moscow (Township five Section 16) where County HH crosses the east branch of the Pecatonica River. Adamsville was named in honor of John Adams, a Kentuckian who first settled in Wisconsin in 1839, and in Pokerville in 1849. He later moved to Adamsville and in partnership with Jeff Holister, built a grist mill in 1854. This mill soon did a thriving business that lasted for many years. Farmers for miles around came to get their wheat ground into flour.

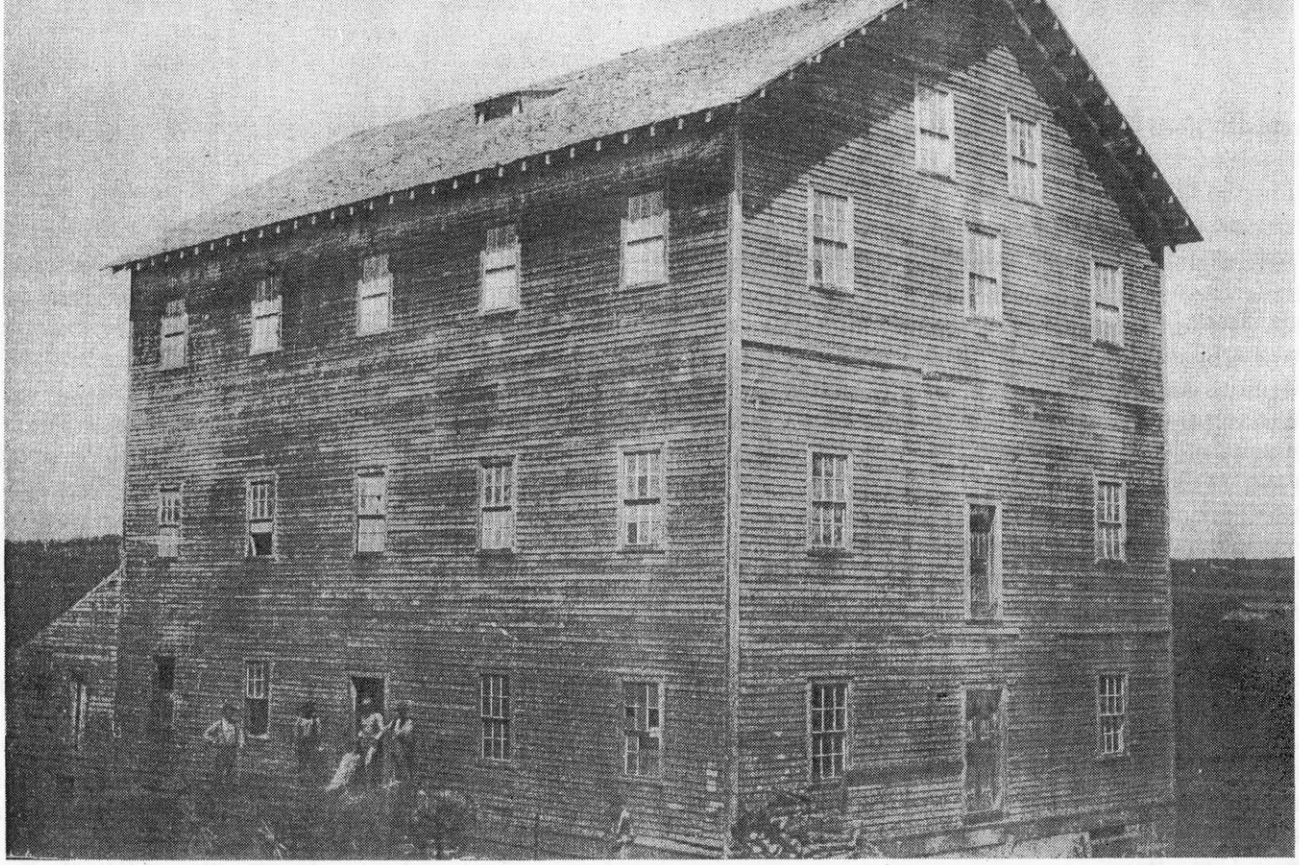
The power for the mill was created by building a dam ¼ mile long across the East Pecatonica. The mill race extended a ¼ mile to the northwest and the remains can still be seen today alongside Mill Dam Road. The rushing water — when it reached the mill — was forced through a small opening to get the most use of the water's power. The stone arch that braced this is still standing and is the only remaining clue to where the mill was located. Some of the owners used an overshot wheel and some an undershot water wheel. Almost yearly the flood gates would have to be repaired when the spring floods or a thunderstorm poured tons of additional water against the dam. Occasionally the dam itself would be washed away.

After Adams moved on, the mill was owned by a number of people, including John Bonner, A. Spensly, Mr. Orr, R. I. Wade, William Skinner, and the Theobalds.

Mr. Wade liked to indulge himself in some friendly alcoholic spirits. It appears that at times he overdid it, and didn't get much work done. During one of these moments of indulgence, Mrs. Wade became incensed over the situation and took direct action against the problem. She got an axe and gave the whiskey barrel forty whacks. The 50 gallons of whiskey that spilled on the ground did not go to



1857 map of Adamsville drawn by John Adams



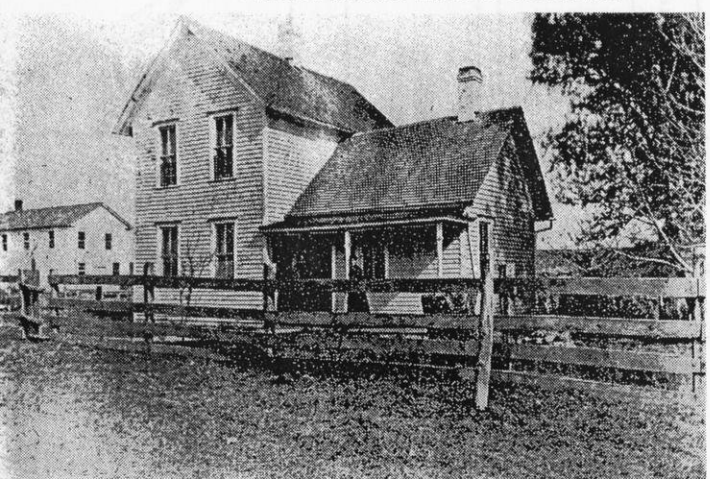
Adamsville mill about 1880

waste, however. Alex McKenzie had (previously) let his pigs out to eat the garbage that was lying around. (Both throwing garbage into the streets and letting the hogs clean it up were the custom of the times.) The pigs found this good stuff made from grain, and proceeded to clean it up. Soon the pigs suffered the same fate as Mr. Wade. They proceeded to stagger and stumble and snort and stare wildly about. Most of them gave up the struggle and toppled over on their sides to sleep it off. By chance, Mrs. McKenzie happened to come along and see most of her pigs sprawled on the road while others still feebly struggled against John Barleycorn. She was fit to be tied. She thought someone had poisoned her pigs. Finally the situation was explained and the pigs all eventually revived. For some time, though, Mrs. McKenzie was mad at Mr. McKenzie, Mr. McKenzie was mad at Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Wade was mad at Mr. Wade, and he was mad at the pigs for getting all 50 gallons.

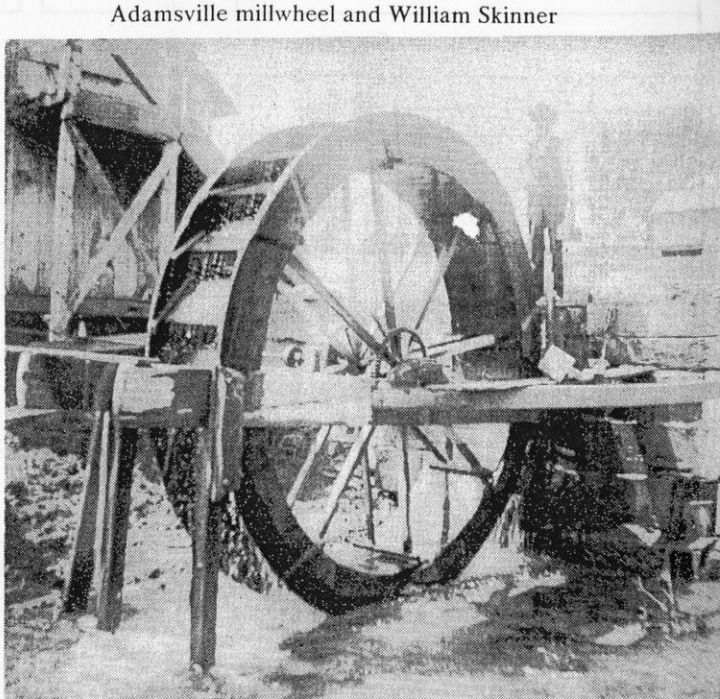
In 1878 someone from Adamsville who signed himself "T" wrote the following descriptive letter.

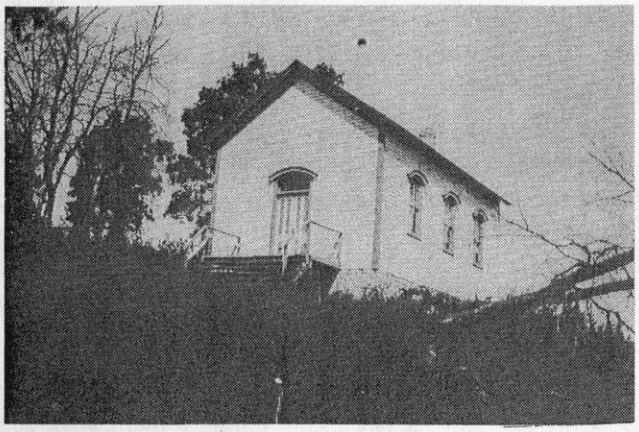
> This pleasant little village is located in a picturesque valley on the Hickox branch of the Pecatonica River, at the north end of the Town of Moscow. It is surrounded by some of the best farming land to be found in Iowa County.
>
> One of the principal institutions of the place is the flouring mill, the largest in the

William Skinner home in Adamsville



Adamsville millwheel and William Skinner





Adamsville Church

county, built many years ago by Adams and Bonner at an expense of about $3,000, and now owned by R. I. Wade.

Holland Brothers, the well known merchants of Moscow, have established a store where first-class merchandise is dealt out to a crowd of customers, while the usual number and variety of mechanic shops to be found in a country village abound.

A high religious and moral sentiment prevails throughout the entire community and neighborhood, there being two organized church societies, and an Odd Fellows and a Good Templars' lodge, which, together with its district school, are all well sustained.

All in all, it is a model village.

In addition there was a hotel of sorts owned by William Skinner where the farmers could stay while getting their grain ground.

John Adams opened the first store in 1855; later it was owned by R. Marks. From 1873 to 1887 the store was owned by Holland Brothers and George Campbell. A dry goods store was owned by Reuben Morris up to October, 1875, when he traded businesses with R. P. Jones of Dodgeville. When Max Theobald was a wee lad he remembers playing basketball in the hall upstairs over one of the stores.

Old store in Adamsville

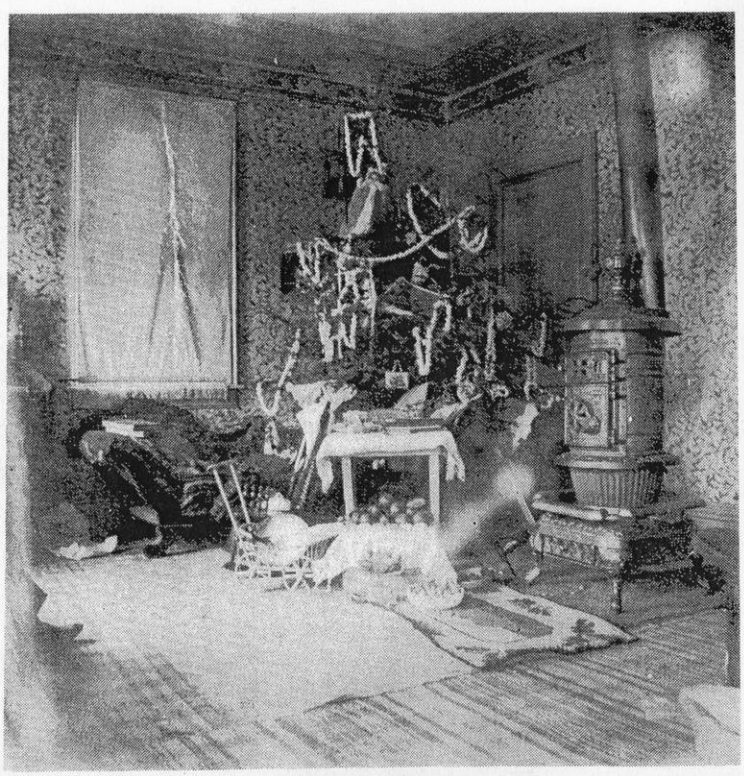
The cheese factory at Adamsville was started around 1890. The tile cheese factory built around 1930 is one of the few Adamsville buildings left.

Blacksmiths at various times were George Theobald in 1874 and in 1879 C. W. Hosking and G. Pearce were in partnership.

L. Stowe was a sewing machine repairman, using Adamsville as his home base to travel about the county in 1887.

The businessmen of Adamsville were very enterprising and tried mightily to get the Illinois Central Railroad to build there, as the following quote from the Chronicle (March 3, 1876) shows:

> The railroad meeting at Adamsville, on the 24th, was largely attended and demonstrated clearly that the people of that vicinity are deeply interested in getting a more convenient outlet for their produce. Short and pointed speeches were made by Wm. Robinson, R. I. Wade, Frederick Theobald, A. Campbell, John Harrison, Geo. Paulson, and others — the unanimous sentiment being that a railroad would be a great advantage and that in order to get it, money would have to be spent, and the only difference of opinion seeming to be as to whether the money would best be raised by tax or by individual subscription.
>
> It was finally concluded that the first thing to be done was to send a delegation to Freeport or Chicago, to consult with the officers of some reliable railroad company, or



Christmas tree in Adamsville about 1900

companies, and ascertain whether any of them wanted to build a road up the Pecatonica Valley and what amount of aid they would require from the people along the line. Accordingly R. I. Wade and Frederick Theobald were appointed as such committee, and funds were raised to defray the expenses of the trip, after which the meeting adjourned until such time as the committee should be ready to report.

The project of the Adamsvillians is to divert our Freeport and Lone Rock road, at the forks of the creek in Moscow, through Adamsville, crossing the Military Ridge about two miles west of the Mounds, and thence either down Walnut Hollow to Mazomanie, or by the Mill Creek valley, past Thos. Reese's old mill, to Helena Station and Lone Rock.

Their efforts proved futile, as the railroad was eventually built to the south. However, they could be proud of having the first telephone in Iowa County in 1891.

Adamsville had an Odd Fellows Lodge as early as 1873, and by 1879 they had their own hall. The charter came from Mineral Point where there had been two Odd Fellows Lodges. However, when mining declined, so did the membership of the Mineral Point Lodges, and the consolidated into one lodge. The second charter then went to Adamsville to become Miners' Lodge #3. In 1884 the lodge moved to Barneveld to become Miners' Lodge #4.

The Good Templars (organized in the early 1870's) were quite strong in Adamsville, and lasted into the 1890's. Besides hearing lectures on the evils of alcohol, Harmony Lodge #102 had programs featuring singing, drama, debate, guest speakers, and oyster suppers. The Chronicle of 2-21-1879 describes on such meeting.

> The Good Templars entertainment was a success and the hall well filled. The audience was highly entertained and deeply interested in the exercises which consisted of "The Little Ruby or the Home Jewels" and a comic play, "United At Last." Everything passed off in good order. The lights and colored fires procured for the occasion shed such a lustre on the stage, it almost seemed enchanting. Miss Jennie Nash gave a nice spicy temperance lecture.

There was also a Dramatics Club in Adamsville and a newspaper, The Adamsville Argus, for a few years during the 1890's.

Being full of good solid American citizens, Adamsville celebrated the 4th of July in 1878 as described by the Chronicle.

> The Fourth was duly celebrated by the people of this vicinity at Pearce's grove, a short distance above Adamsville . . . .

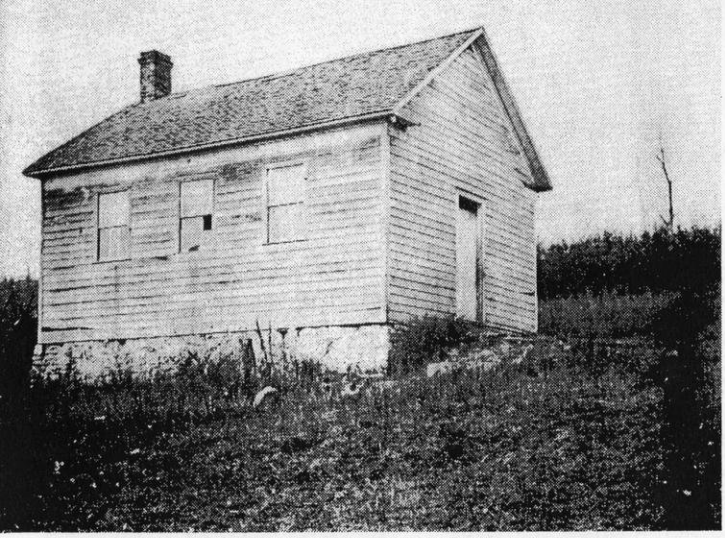
Wade and Faye Skinner with their dog, Jim. On the old Adamsville bridge is their mother, Elizabeth (nee Laughlin) Skinner and their Aunt, Adie (nee Skinner) Laughlin in the dark hat.

> Two candy stands, two tables, and a platform for speaking, along with a swing and croquet set, were all the preparations for the occasion. By 11 a.m., most all who were going to join us had arrived. All enjoyed themselves in one way or another until 1 p.m. when a luxurious dinner was furnished by the ladies present, and of which all heartily partook.
>
> No boom of anvils or crack from torpedoes disturbed the quiet little crowd. The time for speaking soon drew near, after dinner concluded, and the following gentlemen assumed seats on the platform — Fred B. Robinson being chosen president: Mr. Frederick Theobald and Wm. Robinson, together with the choir and Mr. C. E. Powers, who read the declaration. Between short but pleasant little speeches, music was interspersed, and well conducted, by Miss Ward, of Arena, who presided at the organ.
>
> As the shades of evening now began to fall, a stir was noticed — a general dispersion followed, and in an hour or so the woods were left alone. So ended the most pleasant day of the season.
>
> Likewise did Moscow celebrate, but we suppose with bigger guns, but we would not vouchsafe for the powder.

Passenger pigeons passed over here in large numbers up to 1870. Once they roosted in a woods a little to the west of Adamsville. They were so thick they were killed out of the branches by using long poles. Bjorn Holland and others got four 2-bushel sacks full in just a few minutes of work.

The Adamsville School appears to have been started around 1860. In 1867 the County Supintendent of Schools held an exam for teachers there. Later the school became a joint district of the Town of Moscow and the Town of Brigham.

Not all were interested in earthly pursuits. In



Adamsville School

1872 a new Congregational Church was organized at Adamsville. There was also a Methodist Church. In 1878 a series of revivals added 70 new members to the churches.

Adamsville did have a post office from 1855 to 1861, with William Skinner as postmaster. Then for several years the townspeople got their mail from Middlebury and West Blue Mounds. About 1870 a post office was reopened with R. Marks as postmaster. The post office stayed in Adamsville until 1893 when it was discontinued.

BARBER

Barber is located in Township S12, Sections 25 and 26. To call Barber a hamlet is stretching the truth a bit. The term "Barber" more correctly refers to the area around the school and cheese factory.

In 1872 a post office was set up at Barber that lasted about 20 years. The postmaster in 1881 was Anton O. Ronsti.

Generally in the rural America of that time, the postmaster often supplemented his wages by having a stock of merchandise and groceries to sell. Evidence that this was the case at Barber has yet to be found.

Where the name Barber originated is a mystery. Most probably it was named for a farmer in the area.

In 1886 the Barber Cheese Manufacturing Company was incorporated with a capital value of $725 and subsequently reorganized in 1914. It operated until 1951. Today it is the home and workshop of Lyle Komplin.

The Little Red Brick Schoolhouse was built in 1924 after the Meadow Grove district divided.

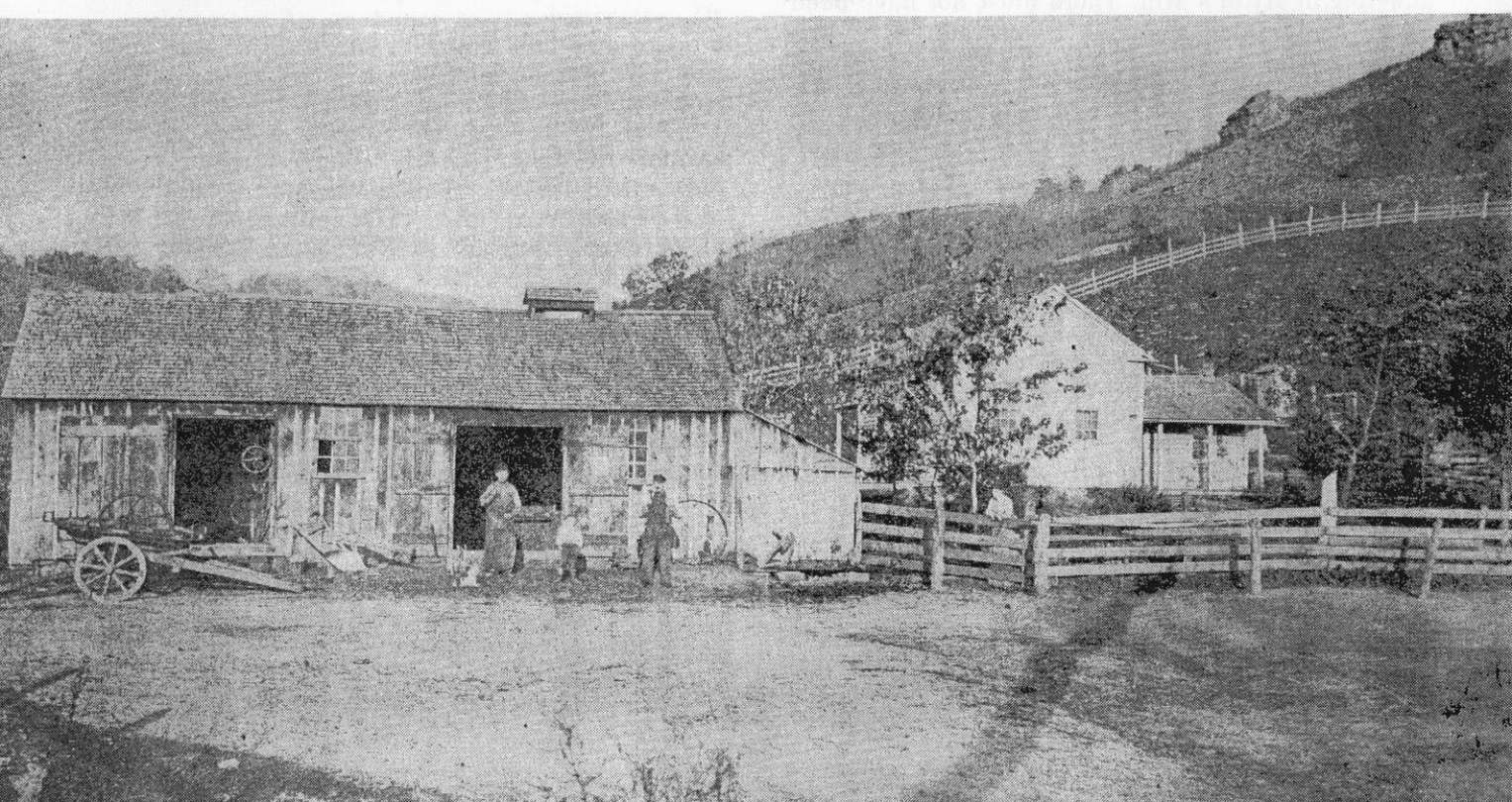
HYDE'S MILL

Hyde's Mill is in the Town of Ridgeway, Range 4, Township 7, Section 23 and is so named for the mill that Mr. William Hyde built in 1856. Being so close to the Town of Brigham and so charming, it has to be included.

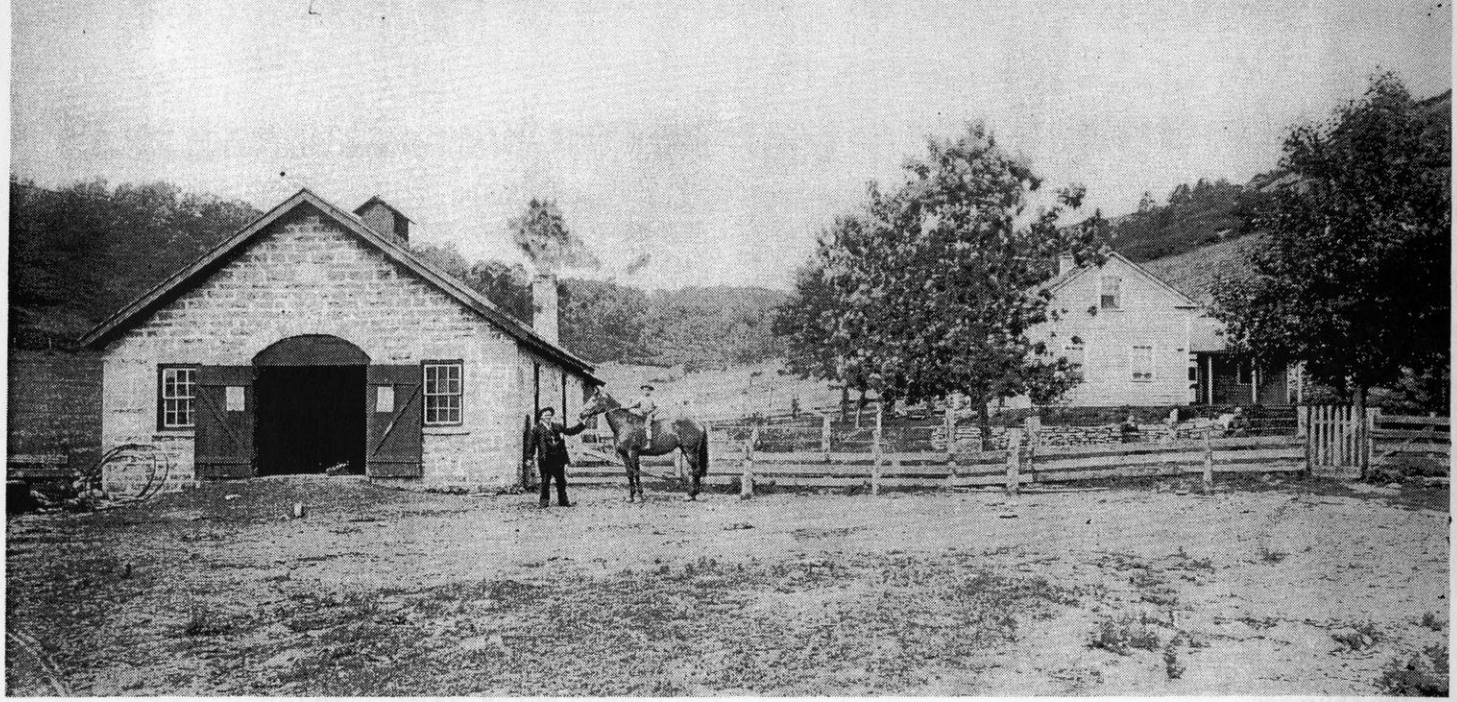
The mill burned in 1873 and was rebuilt and operated by Thomas Reese. Today it has been restored to operating condition by Ted Sawle.

Over the years there has always been an active store in Hyde's Mill, and today it is run by Evie Gust.

For years there was a blacksmith shop in



Tom Jones blacksmith shop in Hyde's Mill in 1880. Left to right: unknown man, Tom Jones Jr., Tom Jones, Mrs. Tom Jones.



Tom Jones's new blacksmith shop in 1883. Tom Jones Sr. is holding the horse for his son Tom Jr.

Hyde's Mill. In 1890 Tom Jones, Sr. with the help of 12-year-old Tom, Jr., had the stone shop built that still stands there. Later both men went into business in Barneveld.

The Hyde's Mill cheese factory was built in 1891 and operated until the 1960's.

As late as 1880 the stage coach made a stop at Hyde on its way from Madison and Arena to Dodgeville. Perhaps they gave some business to Mr. Kurth the wheelwright.

In the 1880's Joe Peavy and Walter Billington had a large lime kiln in operation there.

On October 25, 1867, there was a Republican meeting at Hyde's Mill. There must not have been much competition from the Democrats, as it was necessary for the people of Hyde's Mill to organize a debating society in 1886.

The people of Hyde's Mill always liked to have a good time. The Chronicle of 2-11-1887 reported:

> The pupils of Miss Carrie Bourgeault's school, near Hyde's Mill, met and had a very pleasant party at Father Ruggles' last Friday evening. Under the inspiration of enlivening music they all joined hands in the merry dance, in which "Time in its flight," made Father Ruggles "a child again, just for the night," and he joined with them in the youthful sport with all the apparent zeal and enjoyment of his youthful days.

Some Hyders combined good deed and fun. In 1880 a bunch of young boys formed a chopping club to cut wood for the aged, infirm and widowed.

The people of the area didn't much go for John Barleycorn, though. In 1877 the people of Mill Creek organized the Morning Star Lodge of the International Order of Good Templars (I.O.G.T.) and not to be outdone, Hyde in 1878 organized the Brisbarne Lodge, I.O.G.T. For over 20 years both lodges were an important part of the social and cultural scene there.

In 1862 the Hyde Church was organized and still stands today. It is owned and cared for by the Hyde Community Association. Three times a year the members meet to repair, eat and reminisce. A more wonderful group of people would be hard to find.

In 1869 a Baptist Church was organized near Ruggles, and in 1880 there was also a Catholic Church on Mill Creek.

The Chronicle of 1-11-78 carried the following letter from Hyde's Mill:

> Thinking that your holiday feasts might so debilitate your system, as to make it difficult to produce enough yourself to fill your paper, and being in a sympathetic mood, I have concluded to send you a few lines.
>
> As there has so much of importance transpired in this neighborhood in the last few days, it would be selfish not to acquaint the Chronicle with it.
>
> New Year's was made sacred and conspicuous by the dedication of the Union Congregational Church of Mill Creek, which by its entire success, reflects considerable credit upon the pastor in charge, Rev. David Jones of Arena, in whose efforts, as originator, the whole is due.
>
> At 11 a.m. Rev. H. A. Miner of Madison delivered an excellent address on the "Sanctuary of Worship," after which a collection was taken up, amounting to something near $180, to be used to defray the expenses of refitting, repairing, etc. The church has also purchased a new organ, which adds greatly to its appearance and attractiveness.

The ladies with their intuitive thoughtfulness, had preconceived that something besides a diet of religious mentality would be necessary to complete the feast, and before 1 o'clock had a dinner prepared, which, in magnitude, quality and appearance, was fit to set before — well — before the Chronicle corps. And as to the tact and skill of the managers — among whom were Mrs. Robert McCutchin, Mrs. Alex McCutchin, Mrs. John A. Dodge, Mrs. John T. Williams, Mrs. P. A. Hubbard, Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, Miss Mary J. Roberts and others — all I have to say is, that I am sorry that I was not interested in one of them, so that I might have something to be proud of.

After dinner, Rev. A. Pinderton preached an eloquent and convincing sermon.

Prof. B. F. Rogers acquitted himself finely as leader of the choir, as did Misses McCutchin and Jenkins, as instrumental performers.

The meeting was continued today Jan. 2d), the exercises consisting of a conference meeting, administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, exhortations, etc., by which, it is thought, much good was done.

But that is not the only important occurrence. By the energetic exertions of Robert McCutchin, Sr., a requisite number of names were gathered, a charter obtained and on the evening of Jan. 2d, a Good Templars' Lodge was instituted at Dodge's Schoolhouse, with a charter membership of over forty, including the majority of the older members of the community, which expresses in forcible language that drunkenness with its attendant evils shall be only of the painful remembrances. As an honor to the instructor, Dr. Wm. H. Brisbane of Arena, and as a token of appreciation of his zeal in coming over such roads to institute, our infant was christened "Brisbane Lodge."

The officers elected, were as follows: W.C.T., David Lloyd, Jr.; W.V.T., Mrs. Geo. W. Billington; W.C., Alex W. Price; W.R.S., John Goodlad; W.F.S., John A. Dodge; W.T., Wm. Hyde; W.M., Hugh J. Roberts; W.I.G., Sarah J. Williams; W.O.G., Thomas J. Jones; W.A.S., Margaret Reese; W.D.M., Cora Billington; W.R.S. Mary J. Roberts; W.L.S., Frankie Billington.

Hyde's Mill still exists today as the focal point for the surrounding farmland, and is as energetic and charming as ever.

JENNIETON

Jennieton was located in Township 6, Section 7, a quarter mile west of R. Thompson's drive on both sides of Highway 18-151. It was originally called Jenkinsville for a blacksmith, Owen Jenkins. Later it was changed to Jennieton at the suggestion of Judge Crawford, in honor of his wife, Jennie Sweet. Its first settler was David Williams.

As it was located in the center of the Town of Ridgeway up to 1890, the schoolhouse was the voting place. One election day, scores of people came to Jennieton to vote. As there happened to be a saloon there, election day was a happy time for many. Occasionally the getting-happy and political arguments led to the exchange of blows and kicks.

Most of the time Jennieton was quiet and travelers staying at Carl Elver's Hotel could sleep late undisturbed, unless there was an early stage coach. It appears that later John N. Williams owned the hotel.

The first postmaster at Jennieton was David Simpson; later Carl Elvers, Ben Evans, T. M. Matthews and a Mr. Morgan served in that post. By 1883 the post office had been removed.

In 1887 there were two wagon and carpenter shops, one owned by James Baylis, the other by Enoch Thomas. There was also a boot and shoe store run by C. G. Anderson.

In 1875 "Uncle" Ben Evans opened a store which in 1877 he sold to R. P. Jones who had both groceries and dry goods. The building included a hall upstairs that was used by various groups.

Around 1879 the Hitching Brothers had a strap and tierce-hoop factory in Jennieton.

The first blacksmith was David Williams, soon followed by Owen Jenkins. Other blacksmiths over the years were Mr. Pearce, Jeff Holister, Thomas Williams, Matt Adams, and William X. Jones.

Not all was work in Jennieton during 1872, the village's Literary Society had a prosperous time during the winter. Lectures were given on the topics of the day every two weeks with D. Thomas and B. Davis conducting the meetings.

Jennieton also had a Good Templars Lodge organized in 1875 as noted by the Chronicle:

Ridgeway, Wis., April 28th, 1875

EDITOR CHRONICLE: The subject of organizing a Good Templars' Lodge having been agitated by some of the members of Mount Hope Lodge who reside in Jennieton, and sufficient number of petitioners obtained, a charter was applied for and granted, and a commission sent to Bro. D. T. Jarvis, Deputy of Mount Hope Lodge, to institute a lodge at Jennieton. Bro. Jarvis, accompanied by several officers and members of Mt. Hope Lodge, met the petitioners on the evening of the 27th, at the Baptist Church, Jennieton, and finding all ready proceeded to institute Northern Light Lodge, No. 324, I.O. of G.T., officered as follows: W.C.T., Thomas F. Thomas; W.V.T., Mary A. Evans; W.R.S., Josiah Thomas; W.A.S., Emma Williams;

W.R.S., J. D. Jones; W.T., Sarah Jones; W. Chap., W. H. Reese; W.M., J. G. Thomas; W.D.M., Mary J. Thomas; W.I.G., Maggie J. Roach; W. Sen., Jenkin J. Jones; P.W.C.T., Sam D. Roach; R.H.S., Emma Jones; L.H.S., Mary A. Richards; L.D., Sam D. Roach.

Total number of charter members twenty. May their "Light" shine and never be darkened. I think the people of Jennieton should be proud of the energetic manner in which Bros. T. F. Thomas, Jos. Thomas and Sam D. Roach have worked in this important movement, and should encourage and sustain them to the best of their ability.

They were a very active lodge, holding picnics, benefits, debates, and visiting other lodges. It appears that they dissolved in the mid 1880's.

The Welsh around Jennieton, like all Welsh, were split on religion. The Congregationalists were descendants of the business and ruling class in Wales, while the Baptist were the upstarts — the new middle class.

The Welsh Congregational Church was built in the 1860's in Section 7 and moved to David R. Jones' land in 1880 because it was in the way of the railroad. Eventually it was torn down and some of the wood used to build the home on the Walter and Harold Thomas place.

The services were given in Welsh and once they hosted a Welsh Congregationalist convention. There were about 150 teams and 800 to 1000 people.

The Welsh Baptist Church was built in 1861 on land donated by David Roach. It was often referred to as Capel Gwyn. Known ministers were T. M. Matthews, 1868 to 1875; Ben Davis, 1875 to 1878; and William Jones, 1878-1881. The 11-5-80 Chronicle mentions:

> A rather novel feature of church-breaking was that performed at Capel Gwyn last week. It was entered by an unknown person and a fine new time piece was hung up and left as a present to the congregation, who passed a vote of thanks on Sunday last to the unknown donor. The finger of suspicion points strongly to Ben. Davis, Esq. as the guilty party. It is, however, hoped by his many friends that he may escape arrest.

The Baptist Church also at times hosted the annual meetings of the area Baptist Association, sometimes lasting three days.

Jennieton's holidays were second to none and often for a charitable cause. The Chronicle of 7-11-1879 announced:

> Jennieton carries off the palm this year for the best celebration of the Fourth in Iowa County. A large crowd was in attendance, and everything was planned and managed in a manner which reflects the highest credit on those who had it in charge. As heretofore noted, the celebration was held at the new barn of Benj. Evans, at Apple Hill (just finished in time for the occasion), which proved to be most admirably adapted for the purpose — the upper part having been comfortably seated with a capacity for about 600 people, and the basement being improvised into the most delightfully cool dining room you ever saw.
>
> The President of the day, Rev. J. P. Sparrow, not having arrived at the appointed hour, Rev. Sem. Phillips was called to preside temporarily, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Davies. Then came a song by the choir, followed by a stirring speech from F. Theobald, an old-timer who has celebrated 81 consecutive Fourths in Ridgeway, and who always has something good to say and knows how to say it. Mr. Theobald was followed in a brief speech by R. J. Jones, and after a song came another by Jno. Evans. Then came the reading of the imortal Declaration by David Lloyd, and then the oration of the day by Rev. A. Pinkerton, which was judged a masterly production, eliciting the warmest encomiums from all present . . . .
>
> Another song and a dialogue in Welsh by the Misses Jones, and the exercises were suspended for dinner.
>
> And here we wish to put in a word of deserved commendation for the ladies who arranged and served up that dinner. In the first place, there was a great abundance provided for the feast, and then everything was conducted in the most orderly manner. There was no hurry or confusion, yet every guest was promptly, carefully, politely and bountifully served, and the last tables fared as well as the first. We have never seen as large a crowd so well and satisfactorily fed on any like occasion.
>
> The afternoon was taken up with short and pithy speeches by Hon. Jno. T. Jones, Revs. Thos. Strutt, Thos. B. Watkins, Wm. Jones (Baptist), Evan Owen, and others, interspersed with singing by the choir.
>
> The net proceeds of the affair were close to $400, and were presented to the Rev. Evan Owen as a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his congregation and friends.

In December of 1874 Carl Evers had a turkey-shoot. He should have used the occasion to organize a gun club. That might have saved Jennieton from the troubles to follow.

In 1880 when the railroad was being built, a number of Jennietonites got taken by railroad employees. Money was stolen and the railroad workers caused trouble by drinking and fighting. Then, in 1881, quite a bit of stock was killed by the

trains before the farmers learned to fence in their cattle.

Jennieton's Chronicle correspondent (who signed his letters "Wisconsin Eagle") had this plea (July, 1881):

> The future of Jennieton has of late been a great topic of conversation, and many are the alarmists who predict its early death. It is true that Ridgeway and Barnesville had the depots, and that we are likely to lose the post office. We congratulate those new villages on their future brilliant prospects, but predict that Jennieton will survive, for it has in its immediate vicinity too much wealth and talent to allow it to die. We are proud of the hamlet from which we have headed our communications for the past four years, and not only wish but feel assured that Jennieton will not soon be a dream of the past. We gladly hail the iron horse as the harbinger of future success to the whole of our town, but it is not going to kill our little burgh as long as we can keep here such men as Benjamin Evans, the influential politician and able agriculturalist, Walter Thomas, our grand stock raiser, Even D. Evans, our boss bridge builder and farmer, James Bayliss and Enoch Thomas, our experienced carpenters, Isaac Jones to accommodate us in our emergencies, Evers with his hotel, Mrs. Morgan with her open doors, D'vd. D. Jones and family, Waukesha Jones, Thomas Williams, John Malone, David Rees, Thomas Ferry, and many others we could name, with their large farms and fine buildings and last, but not least, the hospitable families of Daniel Thomas and Mrs. Ann Roach. No, Jennieton cannot, and must not, be allowed to die.

However it was to no avail as Jennieton slowly faded away until there was just the schoolhouse lasting to the 1960's. Now that, too, is gone.

Perhaps the downfall of Jennieton might be attributed to the women, as evidenced by this letter to the Chronicle in April of 1871. This letter was far in advance of the Women's Lib Movement of today, of which many are saying will lead to insurmountable problems, the breakdown of morals and family and the road to ruination.

> The young ladies of this place met, pursuant to order, in the schoolhouse in district No. 9, and the following resolutions were adopted:
>
> **Resolved**, That this society be known as the **Ginsto** Society; that it shall meet on the second Wednesday of each month, at such a place as the committee may direct.
>
> **Resolved**, That the object of this society is, to insure uniformity of action among the young ladies, regarding fashion, woman's place in society, etc.
>
> **Resolved**, That any fashion which either produces a personal injury, wastes our time, or diverts our minds from high and noble pursuits, is wrong in itself, and should be resisted as tyrannical.
>
> **Resolved**, That it be required of the members of our society to practice artistic simplicity of dress which shall contribute to ease, comfort and health.
>
> **Resolved**, That women, equally with man, is a distinct person, a self-conscious being, a moral agent, a living soul, an individual of the human race, possessing consciousness in and for herself, and not through man, has individuality in herself notwithstanding her sex; so, notwithstanding her **sex** she has capacity of self government, and as **sex can not** enter as a constituent element into her personality; it **should not** be permitted to regulate the activities, and **to decide** what shall be the sphere in which such personality shall evert itself.
>
> **Resolved**, That woman has talent, and a natural inclination for a much wider sphere of action than is allotted to her; and, that the members of this society will not regard the laws of custom in this particular, but will pursue any occupation, trade or employment which is honorable, and to which they had a natural inclination. SIS. R.

MIDDLEBURY

To call Middlebury (T5 S4) a hamlet is also stretching the truth. It too refers to a community centered around the church and school. The name Middlebury came about when a Mr. Boardman moved here from Middlebury, Vermont.

A post office was established in 1860 with Alexander Campbell as postmaster. Later postmasters were Arch Campbell, James Campbell, Harrison Lowe, and Ed Theobald. Mr. Theobald was a Republican appointed by a Democratic President, because there were no democrats in Middlebury.

The center of life in Middlebury — the United Methodist Church — was built in 1848. It was made of logs from Walnut Hollow, hewn square. It had the luxury of one coat of paint. The parishioners had lots of discipline and endurance to sit on the plank seats. Over the years a steeple, board siding, a full basement, an enlargement and a vestibule were added. Also a better pulpit, pews, books, paneling, a lowered ceiling, electricity, and many coats of paint have been put into it.

The first minister was Mr. Boardman.

The cemetery attached is as old as the church, containing such families as the Theobalds, Skinners, Wades, Masseys, Powers, McKinneys, Williams, Strangs, Hayes, Campbells.

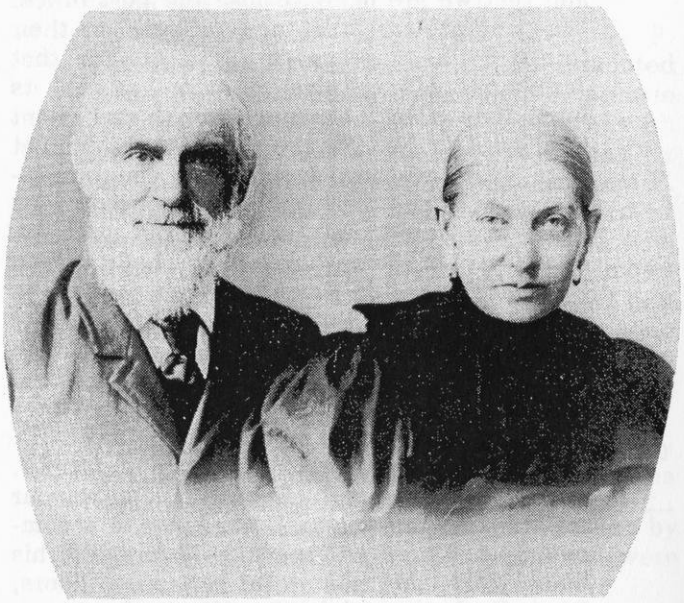
One of the more interesting residents of this cemetery is Doctor Bryon Robinson who was a world renown expert in his field. He was born in Middlebury, and later requested that he be buried there. His impressive monument of granite is about eight feet tall and two and a half feet square. The bottom half is solid and the top half has four pillars holding up a canopy. Inside the canopy is a cast metal life-sized bust of Mr. Robinson. Unfortunately the fastenings aren't as solid as the stone or bust. Several times he has been found hanging in a noose from a tree and once in the church pulpit. To think he wanted to be buried here for a little peace and quiet.

Middlebury has been noted for its good farmers. In March of 1872 George Theobald killed and dressed sixteen hogs averaging 427 pounds each; not bad! In October of 1879 Fred Theobald sold seventeen sheep at Arena averaging 170 pounds each. They would have weighed more, but they lost weight walking there. Also in 1879 John Hayes had a Clydesdale colt weighing 1000 pounds. Some colt!

George Fuller and later P. Theobald operated a mill about a mile and a half west of Middlebury.

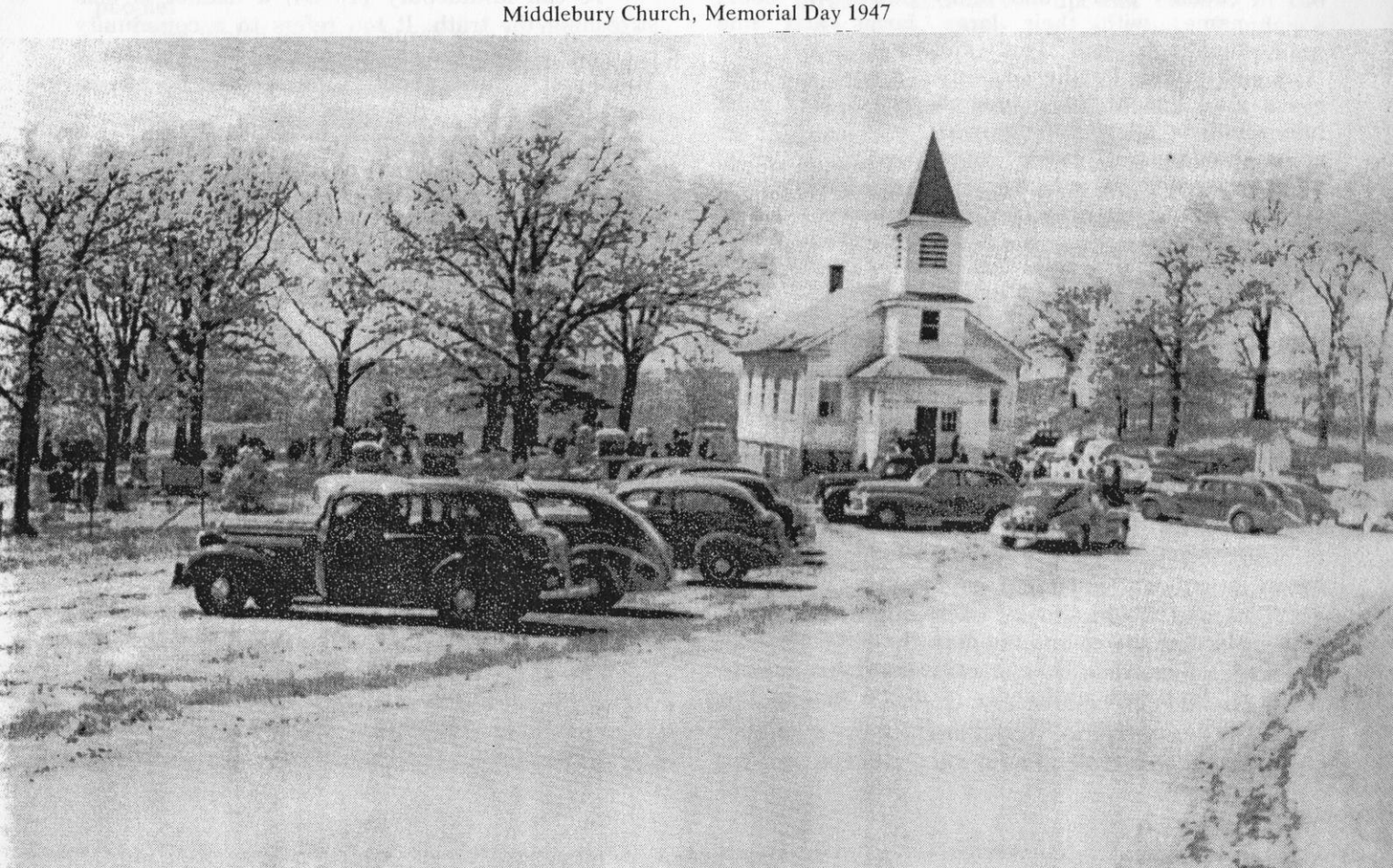
It wasn't all easy in Middlebury as first the wilderness had be be tamed. Wolves were in abundance for many years. Mrs. John Theobald in the 1850's went looking for her husband and uncle who had been cutting timber. On the way she saw a cute likeable grey pup. She put her infant daughter Elizabeth down by a tree and went for the pup. She couldn't catch it, so she returned for Elizabeth. Horror of horrors, she couldn't find where she had left Elizabeth. Mrs. Theobald searched frantically for some time before locating her. Luckily the cute little pup's mother — a grey wolf — didn't find Elizabeth first.

When Elizabeth grew up, she married George



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Theobald

Middlebury Church, Memorial Day 1947



Fuller of Middlebury. Returning to their home one evening, they were followed by a pack of hungry wolves. The animals made a futile attack just as they got to the cabin. Wolves must have been good for Elizabeth Theobald Fuller, as she lived to be well over 90 years.

Most Middlebury folks have been friendly people who love to tell a good story. So, in October of 1886, the Old Settlers' Club was formed, with a Theobald (Fred) as president. They were still holding the reunions in 1910 on John Theobald's farm with its two acres of "grand shade trees" and "good baseball diamond." That year they expected Senator LaFollette to speak, and, of course, to meet again.

POKERVILLE

Pokerville is located on Section 1 of Township 6, and straddles what is now Highway 18-151 for a quarter-mile west of the Dane County line.

The first permanent settler in the area was Ebenezer Brigham, who located his mine on the east Mound, although others were mining in the area before he got there. Beside his mines, he established an inn of sorts where one could buy a meal or a night's lodging. There is some evidence that indicates he was not the most generous host, charging double for a hard boiled egg. It also appears that he was not a charming, outgoing, fun-loving person.

Eventually, then, in the 1840's Pokerville was born. Here you could have the fun of losing your mining rewards in an evening of cards. At least you could get some spirits and food without paying exorbitant prices as at Brigham.

Evidently a Mr. Feblett and a Herman Carter built a log cabin, set in a few supplies and opened for business in 1845. Mr. Feblett was a professional gambler and Carter soon learned. The miners began to spend their Saturday nights and wages in the log cabin.

Soon other saloons and stores were built but well into the 1850's the village's main distinction was as a gambling place. Many a red-shirted miner strutted into this "Monte Carlo" of southern Wisconsin to play draw poker or "old sledge" (seven up). Card playing often began at noon on Saturday and lasted until Sunday morning.

Not all was peaceful in this little burgh in those days. The frustrations of mining on a frontier combined with alcohol and disagreements over cards led to many a lively and bloody brawl. One of these incidents lead to the death of an innocent traveler, who got in the way of a shot aimed at Slippery Dick (see page ??). Later a Mr. Brey was kicked and beaten to death in the Walsh House, and it appears that no one was even arrested. Even the women got into fights, as the 8-16-1866 Chronicle related:

> We are informed that a regular rough and tumble fight, between two women of grit and muscle, came off at West Blue Mounds in this county, one day last week. They had no quarrel whatever, and pitched in only because "they wanted to fight." It is intimated that whiskey was the stimulating agent. An eye-witness describes the affair as one of the most shameful and disgraceful, and withal one of the most laughable and ludicrous performances ever witnessed. At the close of the battle the ground is said to have been thickly strewn with the wrecks of what had once constituted articles of feminine apparel — waterfalls, rats, mice, coils, pins, pieces of hoop skirts, ruffling, fringe, strings, garters, and other things too numerous to mention.

In the 1840's the Germans and Norwegians began to move into the area to farm. Then the lead minings began to decline in importance. By the start of the 1870's Pokerville's days as rip-roaring gambling town were over.

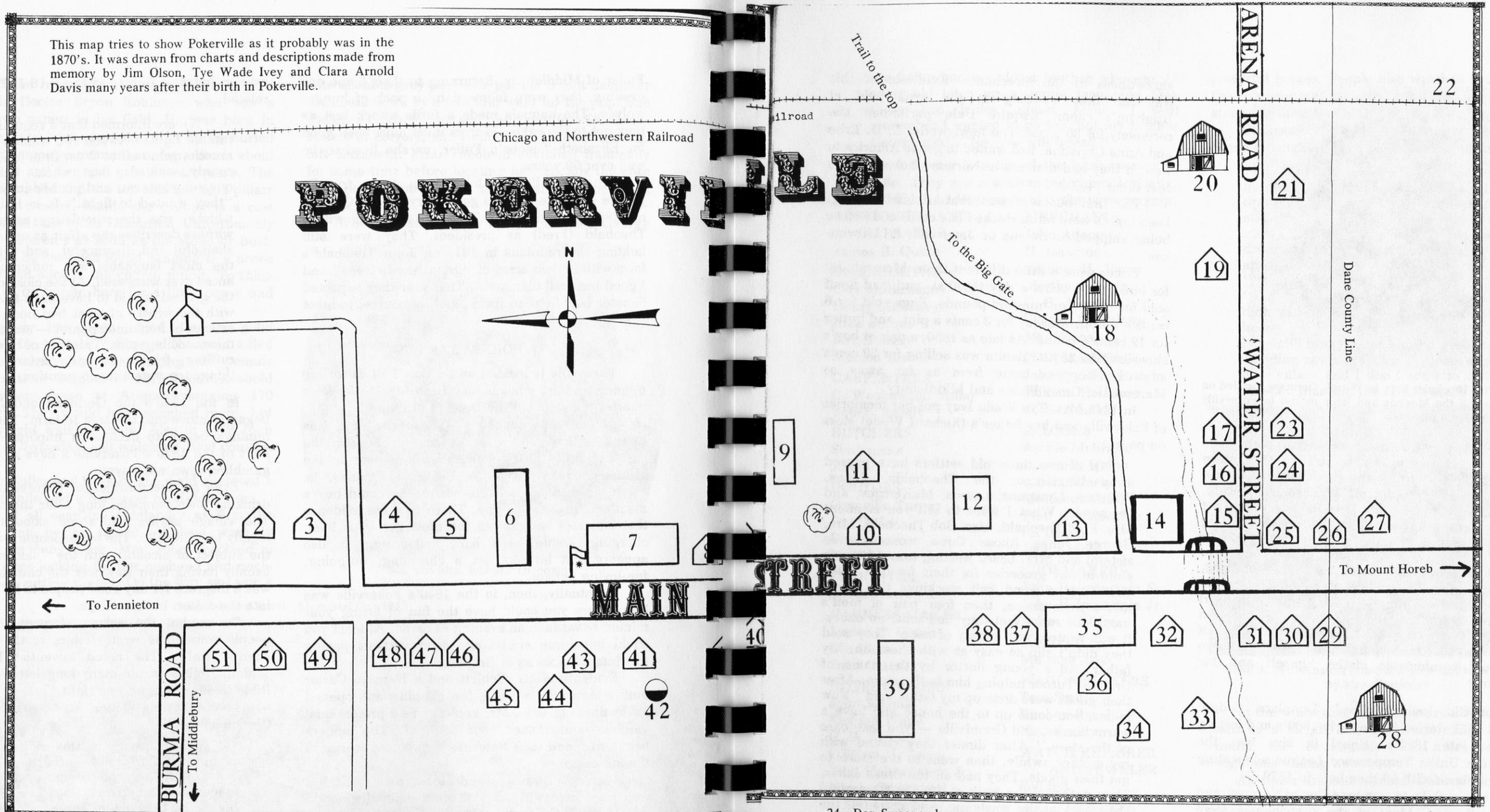
Even so, the tradition of Pokerville as a hard drinking town persisted long after the miners left. The village always had three saloons operating legally and illegally. The townspeople were split on the subject of alcohol, with the "saloon element" usually having their way over the church people. It was a disgrace for any good people to be seen going into the saloon in those days.

To combat the saloon element, the church people sometimes wrote letters to the Chronicle. John Powell, "The noted adventist leader" of Walnut Hollow, wrote many long letters citing the Bible to show that he was right.

The following letter was written to the Chronicle in 1878:

> Some farmers in this vicinity are complaining of hard times. Is there anything to be seen in the streets of our towns that gives evidence of this fact? Does it appear in the high priced cigar that is seen in the mouth of every second man you meet, or in the well fitted tobacco box he carries in his pocket? It is seen in the acres of costly carpets that are sold every week all over the land? Are the fine horses and gold mounted harness seen in our streets any proof of it? Is it visible in the costly garments worn by the young people of both sexes, which are hourly under our eyes? Can we find it in the elegant and costly dwelling going up all over our land, fitted up with luxuries that are found in palaces? In short does the lavish expenditure for everything useless as well as useful, give an indication that the times are hard: My answer to all this must be an emphatic negative.

This map tries to show Pokerville as it probably was in the 1870's. It was drawn from charts and descriptions made from memory by Jim Olson, Tye Wade Ivey and Clara Arnold Davis many years after their birth in Pokerville.



KEY TO POKERVILLE MAP

1—schoolhouse
2—unknown home
3—Alf Whitman home
4—old log cabin
5—Dr. R. W. Jones home and office, now owned by Sigrud Sand.
6—William H. Jones store, one time post office, later moved to Blue Mounds.
*—Liberty pole made of two trees spliced together by iron bands put up by Wade.
7—Wade's Hotel, later owned by John Helmenstein Jr. and W. H. Jones before being moved to Blue Mounds. Sometimes it was called the Uptown Hotel.
8—Saloon and home owned by Fred Helmenstine and later Arch McIlwee. It was once part of a ten pin alley cut up to make two building. Still standing, owned by Ray Norris.
9—Pat McIlwee home, the other part of the ten pin alley.
10—Ole Olson harness shop.
11—Ole Olson home.
12—C. B. Arnold's store, one time post office.
13—Arnold's workshop for making wagons and carriages.
14—Union Hotel owned by C. B. Arnold.
15—Jim Quinn saloon.
16—Jim Quinn harness shop, later owned by Getts.
17—Jim Quinn home.
18—Tom Connoly's barn.
19—Tom Connoly's home.
20—Joe Grubner's barn.
21—Joe Grubner's home, later owned by Kjorlie and now by Alvin Boley.
22—Spot where the first Mrs. Anton Dokken committed suicide by sitting on the tracks and letting the train run over her.
23—Unknown home.
24—Dan Sweeney home.
25—Alex Burns blacksmith shop.
26—Workshop for Tom Smith, wheelwright and Wes and Rueben Racely, wagonmakers.
27—Unknown home.
28—Eva or Evah barn.
29—Eva home.
30—Fryers home.
31—Arneson home.
32—Mrs. Bey's home.
33—Andrew Oden home and shoemaker shop.
34—Hans home.
35—Walsh house, now occupied by Mrs. Adolph Marty. A tavern and hotel built in the 1850's by John Adams after the original building burned down.
36—Packing plant built by John Adams to put pork barrells for the pinerys.
37—Unknown home.
38—Unknown home.
39—John Adams store.
40—John A. Helmenstein, one time post office, later the home of Mrs. Brocknier.
41—Mattheus Gratz home, store and saloon now occupied by Russel Urban.
42—Dance pavilion built by Gratz.
43—Blaker's blacksmith shop, later owned by Henry Mahoney.
44—Henry Mahoney home.
45—Williams Brothers drug store.
46—Unknown home.
47—Andrew Olson home.
48—Unknown home.
49—Unknown home.
50—Tim Riley home.
51—Owner unknown, still standing.

Mrs. Charles Brocknier born in Witzel, Germany, settled on a farm back of the Mounds and later moved to Pokerville when her husband died.

> It is very true that what we call hard times are made harder by a lack of that stern retrenchment which the financial disturbance requires. People cut off expenses, it is true, but they are of the comforts and essentials, not the luxuries. You will hardly see a drinking man lessen the number of his drinks if he can get money or trust enough to get them. He and his family may be poorly clothed and fed, but drink he will have. And the same is true of tobacco. You may see a man's little girl shoeless and regged and begging, and him walking, about with his pipe or cigar. Half of what that man spends for rum and tobacco would comfortable clothe himself and his family.

Pokerville had a Good Templars Lodge, Forward #555 started in the early 1860's and lasting until the late 1880's. Equal in size was the Moundville Union Temperance League advocating total abstinance with 50 members in 1879.

It took awhile to conquer the wilderness and construct homes. Most of the first homes were heated by stone fireplaces, as stoves were a luxury. These homes were usually of logs as it wasn't until the 1840's that sawn lumber was easily available.

Fires were started by striking sparks from flint and steel. The first box of matches in Pokerville was obtained by Mahlon Blaker from a traveler on the stage about 1850. Matches were made in small blocks from which they had to be broken.

Of course alcohol helped ease the monotony, aches and pains, injuries and sicknesses that the people suffered from. Tobacco also was widely used (even by many of the older women), in long stemmed clay pipes or in cigar form.

Business was good in Pokerville because of the shrewdness of the merchants. Evidence of this was the first wedding in the area held at Brigham's cabin. Esquire Dale performed the ceremony for 30 cents. The newlyweds, E. D. Erbe and Anna Christina, had waited to get to America to wed. If they had married in Norway, it would have cost them $40.00.

The first business was that of lead mining. Lead ingots were often stacked like cordwood before being shipped to Helena or Janesville or Milwaukee.

Prices were a little different then. Men mining for hire got 25 cents a day (1840's), and lead itself sold for $5.00 per hundred pounds. Eggs sold for 6 cents a dozen, whiskey for 3 cents a pint, and butter for 12 cents a pound. As late as 1850, a pair of boy's shoes cost $1.25 and denim was selling for 20 cents a yard. Shoppers came from as far away as Mazomanie, Cross Plains and Middlebury.

In 1942 Mrs. Tye Wade Ivey put her memories of Pokerville and her father's (Richard Wade) store on paper:

> Of course those old settlers have passed away long ago: the Theobalds, Jones, Williams, Lanagans, Leards, McKenzies, and Diamonds. What I want to tell you is about Mrs. Fred Theobald, Mrs. Bob Theobald, Mrs. George Jones (those three women were sisters) and Mrs. Leard walking to my father's store to buy groceries for their families. Now they had on hand knit stockings that came above their knees, then four pair of men's hand knit socks that they had knit; no shoes. It was winter, with plenty of snow. They said they didn't slip so easy as with shoes on. My father had a young doctor by the name of Granvill Turner helping him in the store. After their goods were done up my father said "Now ladies, you come up to the house and have a warm dinner, and Grandville — you take care of the store." After dinner they visited with my mother awhile, then went to the store to get their goods. They had on full dress skirts. They gathered the back of their skirts around their back at the wasteline, and gathered the front in their hands in sort of sack shape. (They) put their goods in and carried them that way. They had big plaid woolen shawls, hand knit mittens and woolen hoods on their heads. I was a very little girl — I just couldn't keep my eyes off of them women. I was six or seven years old, I think. My father let met sit at the table and eat dinner with them. Mrs. Bob Theobald had me sit by her. She was a fleshy woman and I thought awful nice looking if I remember right. They got a ride with a Mr. Leeke part of the way home. Then once after that Mrs. Jones and Aunt Nancy Lanagan walked from Middlebury to Pokerville and bought groceries. They were older women and

my father had my oldest brother who was 15 years old hitch up a gentle team and took those two ladies almost home. I well remember I wanted to go too, but my brother George said, "No, you will freeze."

The following is a list of the businessmen of Pokerville. They are not arranged chronologically, as it is difficult to determine the order of ownership.

AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER
James B. Quinn

BLACKSMITHS
Carl Morhrhenny
Henry Mohaney
Alex Burnes
Mr. Howery
Mahlon Blaker

CARPENTERS
C. Washington Miller
Robert Racely

BUTCHERS
Stetlsmans
Jones

DOCTORS
Granville Turner
Dr. Cutler
Dr. Hanson
R. W. Jones

FREIGHTER
Zenas Harrington

HARNESS MAKER
James B. Quinn
Ole Olson
John Getts

HOTEL OWNERS
John Adams
Richard Wade
C. B. Arnold
William H. Jones
John Helmenstein Jr.
Hiram Carter and Mr. Feblet

MAIL CARRIERS
Teaman Knudtson
Ole Torhaug
Matheus Gratz

MERCHANTS
John Adams
H. Isaacson
William H. Jones
Mattheus Gratz
C. B. Arnold
Charles Ostenberg
Mr. Evans

POSTMASTERS
John A. Helmenstein
William H. Jones
C. B. Arnold

SALOONS
Archie McIllwee
James B. Quinn
Albert Green
Mattheus Gratz
Fred Helmenstine
Ira Isham
Jack Arnold

SHOEMAKERS
John Helmenstein Sr.
John Helmenstein Jr.
Andrew Oden

TAYLOR
Matthew Ley

WAGON MAKERS
Tom Smith
Rueben Racely
Wes Racely

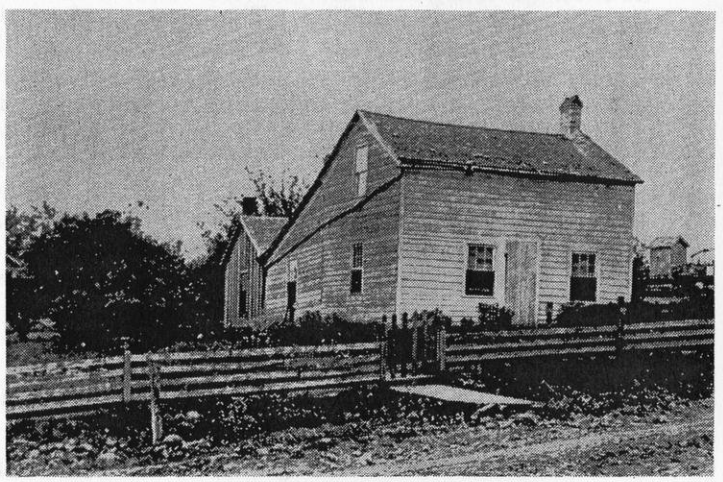
WATCH REPAIRER AND JEWELER
Fellund

WELL DRILLERS
Simpson Brothers and Joshua Jones

Not all was hard work or gambling or booze in Pokerville. Good clean fun was had at husking, spelling and quilting bees. Also, in 1849, Pokerville was treated to a circus featuring an elk and an emu. A daily event of interest was the arrival of the Frink and Walker Stage Coach. When the driver got near Pokerville, he'd blow a horn to announce his arrival. People would turn out to see who got on or off the stage, to get their mail, and to admire the six powerful horses. People also watched the antics of the passengers as they tried to warm up by stomping their feet and slapping their hands.

Occasionaly the stage brought news. Mr. Wade's daughter recalled the following incident:

> . . . . I remember my father was making (a) garden — planting radish seed. I was dropping the seed. My father looked up. The stage coach was coming with the flag at half mast. Pa said "Now what's happened." He dropped the rake. I sat my cup of seed down and followed him to the post office. He said "What's happened, Mr. Simpson?" He said "Wade, our President is shot." My father didn't speak for a few minutes. He went to the house, got the flag, and hoisted it at half mast. I can still in my mind see the groups of people standing around talking. A gloom cast over the little village and I don't know to this day who finished planting the radish seed.



John A. Helmenstein home in Pokerville, later owned by Mrs. Brocknier

In the wintertime Mattheus Gratz would hitch a team to a sleigh and give kids rides. He'd go around the countryside for miles with the sleighbells tinking away.

At times Indians visited Pokerville and Mr. Wade would give them tobacco and candy for their little ones. Old Cut Nose seemed to be the leader of a group that stopped often enough to be remembered for years. Once a group of 80 Indians camped on the Mounds and gave a basket made of porcupine quills to Mr. Wade's daughter.

When there was nothing else to do, you could wait around for Azariah Mitts to come to town. This farmer-miner was unusual in that he had six fingers on each hand. Or, if you didn't want to wait for your entertainment, you could go see the eccentric C. B. Arnold. He was a bit on the runty side, and always wore an old blue army coat and a stovepipe hat. He was very religious and wore his white hair shoulder length. Also — after Lincoln died — he never

shaved. His favorite expletive was "Aw b' God" (Aw, by God), followed by two fast spits of tobacco. He took pride in teaching his three sons to chew and spit. He was in demand at dances because he could dance a jig. He once threatened to beat up a much larger male school teacher because he had slapped Arnold's daughter's hand. He got more cantankerous and stubborn as he got older. Arnold refused to sell his land to the railroad or move to the new town.

Occasional pranks were played on unsuspecting folks as related by "Pug Ugly" in a letter to the Chronicle in December, 1877.

> A few nights since, some of Pokerville's fairest were invited to a dance out of town, and whilst the nice young men were waiting for the fair ones to make their toilets, a young man of this town robed himself in a feminine garb, and showed his graceful(?) form to one of the escorts in waiting. The escort aforesaid, "humming gently, waltzing lightly" to the side of the supposed fair one, began in accents sweet, by words endearing to converse with his new-found dulcines. Everything went well, till in a fit of sneezing the mortal in female attire swallowed a fist full of "finecut," which caused the Adonis to remove his arm from the fair (?) waist it had encircled for full ten minutes. The chagrin of the would-be wooer may be more easily imagined than told.

Tramps now and then created a bit of excitement. In July of 1877 a tramp attempted to rape Miss Brochneir. She managed to escape his "damnable designs" and to get to the edge of Pokerville before she fainted. She was soon found and revived. Immediately men started tracking the tramp, but lost the trail near Black Earth. The tramp stayed overnight with an Irishman. The next day he put on woman's clothing and teamed up with another tramp. The two tried to steal a horse from John Helmenstein, Jr., as he rode across a field. They knocked Helmenstein from the saddle, but he hung onto the halter. They finally got the horse from him by beating him on the head and biting his arm. The alarm had been given, however, and over a hundred men were on the scene before the thieves had even left the field. They ran into the woods and again escaped as it was getting dark. The two were eventually caught and brought to trial for these incidents and the "attempted outrage" at Middlebury.

Anger and fear resulted from such incidents, of course. The next month the Chronicle reported the following:

> "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," the tramps are tramping. But "one, more unfortunate" than some of his comrades, had a ride on the Pokerville and Hangtown narrow gauge this afternoon. Some of (the) vigilants, under the command of "Pasha Sweeny" and "Grand Duke Simpson," placed the gentleman of leisure astride a rail, and carried him over the county line and dumped him in the mud.

Just as strenuous as fighting tramps, but less dangerous and more popular, was dancing. Mr. Wade marked the opening of his hotel and the Fourth of July (1859) with a big celebration and dance. It was so cold that everyone wore heavy clothing and danced around his stove rather than in the open area, but they kept on dancing. Mattheus Gratz built a dance pavilion in the 1860's for Pokervillians to enjoy themselves. Many a holiday celebration featured dancing, with music by fiddlers or a brass quadrille. Occasionally merchants such as William H. Jones in 1875 would give a "grand ball" for everyone. Forty to fifty couples at a time would dance.

For all its good times and good people, Pokerville was not destined to endure. The railroad was built about a quarter mile north of the village. The citizens could watch the progress of the construction crews through Arnold's telescope. Seventy years later Arnold's daughter still remembered seeing the mules' ears sticking above the tops of the cuts as they worked. Arnold was asked to sell land for the railroad depot, but refused. Ole Hanson, one-half mile to the east, did sell. The houses and stores were moved to the new town, and Pokerville began to fade away. Today only five of the more than fifty buildings of old Pokerville still stand.

Chapter Seven - Railroads

About the time that the first miners were moving into the Town of Brigham in the 1820's, some peculiar Englishmen were monkeying around with a big toy. This big toy proved to be no novelty but very practical for hauling heavy loads on steel tracks. This toy — the steam locomotive — soon appeared in America in the 1830's, as it was ideal for covering our vast territory.

Soon there was a railroad building boom that made the canal building boom of the 1820's look insignificant. Investors formed railroad corporations and easily sold stock to a fascinated public. Even Wisconsinites of the area forgot about their "Wisconsin River Improvement Scheme" aimed at making the Wisconsin and Fox Rivers navigable the year round.

Eventually all levels of government gave assistance to the railroad companies. The federal government gave land and loans to the railroads, as did many state governments. Village and town governments often gave the railroads low-cost loans in return for local railroad service.

County governments, too, helped the railroads by giving them low cost loans, as Iowa County did to the Mineral Point Railroad in the 1850's. Some counties got stuck, as did Iowa County, to the tune of $30,000 that was never repaid. This brought forth heated letters to the Chronicle and outright rebellion when local town officials refused to pay their share of the debt. It dragged on in the courts for years, but the end result was that Iowa County taxpayers had to pay.

At the same time the Mineral Point railroad was being built, the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad built a line from Madison through Arena, Avoca and westward. The farmers of the Town of Brigham often drove their cattle to Arena to ship to market. But it wasn't an easy trip, and sentiment grew for a closer railroad. Many a politician, including the Honorable Archibald Campbell of Middlebury, always devoted part of any speech to the need for a railroad and — if elected — what he'd do. Many a railroad meeting was held, and many promises of digging into their own pockets were made by the farmers of the area.

The dream finally came true when the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad decided that the Military Ridge was a promising place for a roadbed. Smart fellows, for it turned out that this was one of their most profitable sections of track anywhere.

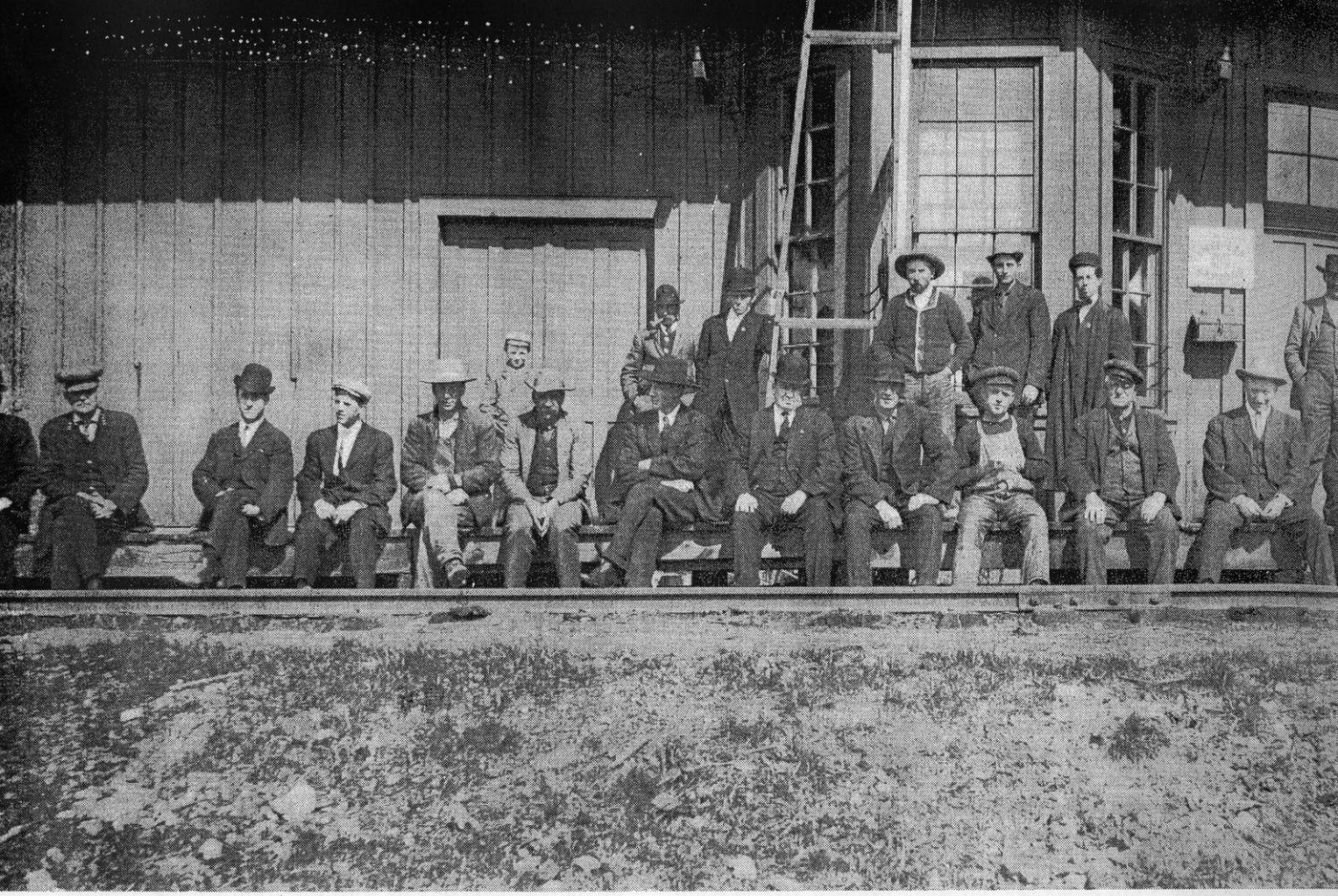
The usual demands by the railroad for aid in construction were made. However, having once been burned, the taxpayers of Iowa County declined to have their government help the railroad. As always, when there's a will there's a way. Individuals stepped in and offered the right of way for $1.00 to the railroads for placement of the depot on their land. Ole Hanson at Blue Mounds, David Simpson at Barneveld, and Thomas Strutt at Ridgeway, all made this good gesture of assistance. Of course, their dealing made them a bit richer by their selling building lots to people who wanted to be near the depot.

Upon the completion of the railroad in 1881, the new sound of the whistle mixed with the sounds of hammer and saw. Homes and businesses were moved from Jennieton and Pokerville. New buildings went up by the dozen and everyone was confident of dying a richer man. The euphoria of the moment soon died away, and life generally went on as before. No one got rich, but things were a bit better for everyone. The farmers didn't have as far to go to take their cattle for shipping or to get supplies.

The arrival and departure of the train became a daily social event. Housewife and businessman — both stopped whatever they were doing and went over to the depot. They all wanted to see who was getting off and who was going where. Some carried on daily conversations with the train's crew. Others went to find out the latest news and political happenings.

Occasionally Barnevelders would get on the train to see someone off, and get carried away. It was very embarrassing to arrive at Blue Mounds or Ridgeway, only to get off and have to wait for the next train back. This even happened to a Jones' dog, which once ended up in Dodgeville. Then, too, the trains did not always arrive on time or at all. Occasionally they ran into some thing on the tracks and had to stop and gather up the pieces. The previously mentioned Pat McSherry and Mrs. Dokken were victims along with Ole Torhaug of Blue Mounds. Ole was knocked out of his buggy on to the cow catcher by a west bound train. His horses and buggy went east, so they stopped the train to let him off.

The railroad was the link with the outside world. Travelers brought news of events not yet reported in the weekly newspaper. The telegraph was first installed to make railroading easier and safer, but it, too, carried messages for everyone. Eventually there were four daily freight trains going through Barneveld, two going east and two going west. There was also the night freight, but that rarely stopped. It was possible — if you were in love — to send sweet nothings to your beloved on each train. Maude Baumgartner, who worked in the

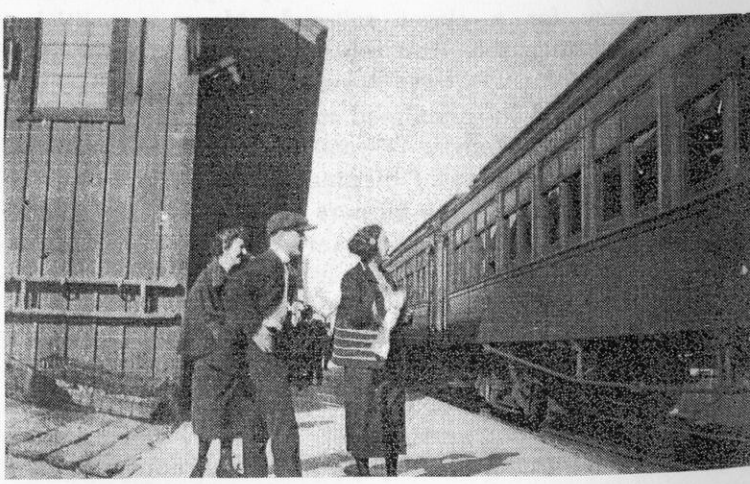


Barneveld Railroad Depot about 1910. From left to right front row: unknown; Mr. Bass, depot agent; Jerome Jones; Fred Starry; unknown; Bill Owens; John Cassidy; J. W. Pryor; Willie Davis; Tom Griffiths; Tom Jones, Sr.; Albert Scheid; Jake Oscarson. Back row: unknown; unknown; Arnie Kjorlie; Albert Binius; unknown; unknown; Dan Davis.

post office, recalls that a Barneveld stalwart and his tootsie wootsie in Mount Horeb exchanged four letters in one day. He got a note from her on the 9:00 westbound and sent one to her on the 11:00 eastbound. She replied on the early afternoon westbound and he continued his wooing on the late afternoon eastbound. One wonders if either ever though of getting on the train in person!

Occasionally dignitaries visited Barneveld via the train. Fighting Bob LaFollette made many stops and speeches in Barneveld. Of course, lesser officials from the county government dropped in, too. Thos. I. Williams — while county treasurer — was always greeted warmly at the station by both the local republicans and even the few democrats, when he returned home to visit.

The most important person ever to visit Barneveld from the train was none other than the President of the United States of America, William McKinley. In 1899 he made a train tour through the Midwest for a warm-up for his re-election the next year. He traveled to and through Illinois, then up through Galena, Dodgeville, and Milwaukee before returning for home. The train carrying McKinley stopped for ten minutes in Barneveld. School was let out for the day, and the kids — dressed in their Sunday best — sang a song for the President. From the back of the train he gave a five minute speech that had everyone's attention. It was an event that people talked about for years. They pointed with pride to the fact that Barneveld gathered 500 people to see the President, and that Dodgeville — eight times bigger — had only a thousand people. They



Meeting the train in Barneveld. From left to right: Mabel Kurth, Ralph Williams and Rachel Davis

also probably chortled over the fact that he never stopped in Mineral Point at all.

The railroad was good to Barneveld and vice versa. For the Barnevelders, it was an easy access to markets, supplies, travel and news. For the railroad, the Barneveld depot was one of the most profitable in Wisconsin.

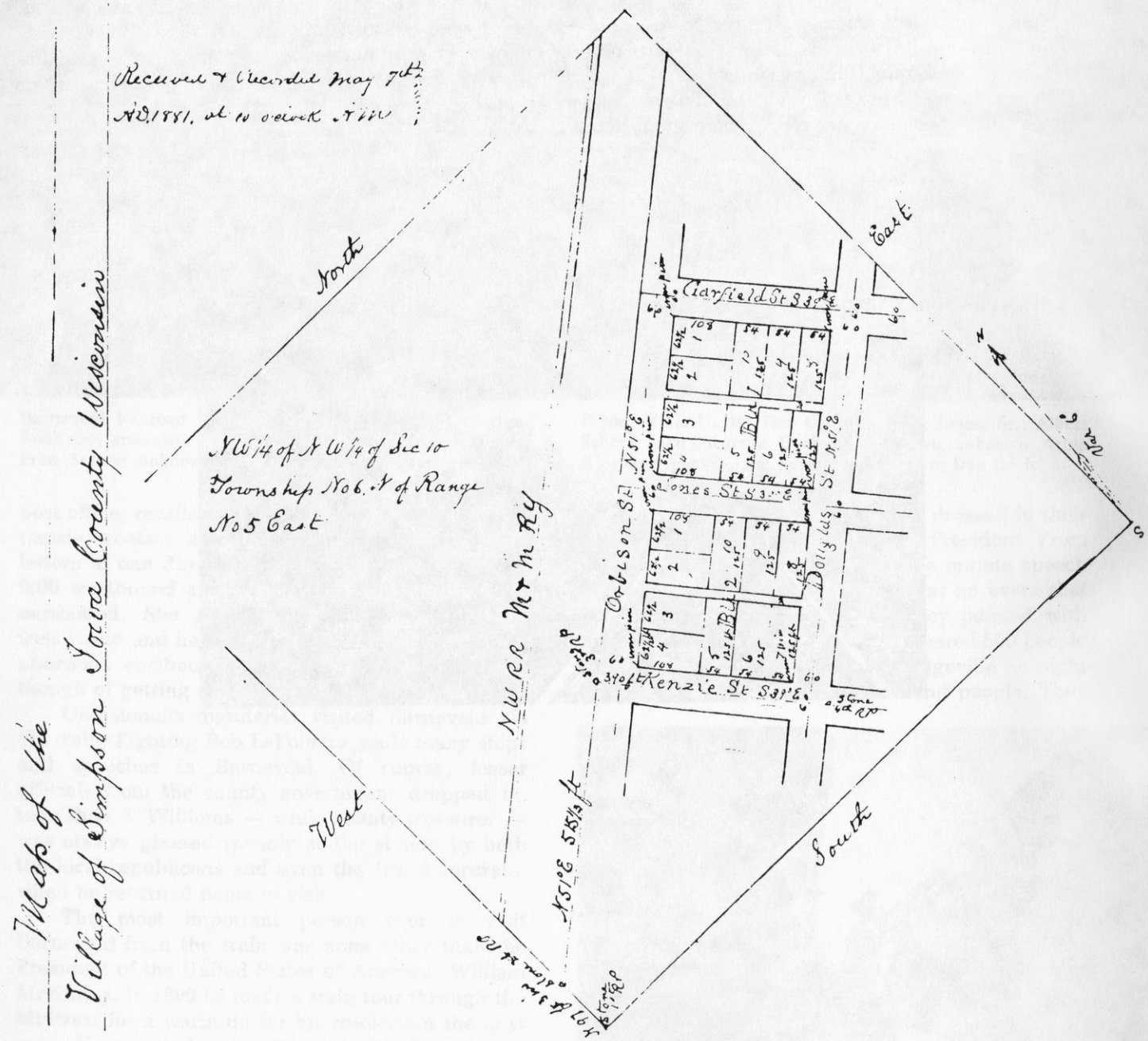
Years and wars and depressions rolled by and the railroad survived and prospered. It wasn't war or business cycles or wear that did the railroad in. The railroad's greatest enemy first appeared in Barneveld in 1907. For awhile the railroads didn't bother to notice those funny, insignificant horseless carriages sputtering around. Eventually the automobile did the railroad harm. Less and less people were riding the trains and passenger service was finally ended shortly after World War II.

As trucks became more reliable and numerous, tonnage shipped on trains began to fall. In 1976 there is a freight train once or twice a week through Barneveld.

As revenue dropped, the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad couldn't afford to keep the tracks in top shape. Today's freight trains can only go ten- to fifteen miles per hour. Even at that low speed the cars sway and wobble and appear ready to take a nose dive off the track.

Hang in there, Chicago and Northwestern, we need you. Maybe not just now, but in twenty years when we run out of petroleum, you're going to be our savior. Railroads are the most efficent users of energy per ton for land transportation. Who knows, maybe we'll volunteer our assistance to repair the tracks as we have a habit here of helping each other and those in need.

SIMPSONVILLE



TAKEN FROM IOWA COUNTY RECORD BOOKS

Map of Simpsonville drawn by David Simpson in 1883.

Chapter Eight - Barneveld Village

Barneveld was born when David Simpson offered the railroad the right of way for $1.00 if they'd build the depot on his land. When the railraod accepted the offer, Mr. Simpson subdivided his land and began selling lots.

Only two building in the present village existed before 1881. The Langdon Jones home, just west of Jerry's Store, was the Simpson farm house. It also appears that there were a hotel and stable here before 1881. One-third of the building was torn down by Fred Klusendorf to make a parking lot for his garage in the 1920's. The remaining part of the building is occupied today by the Pioneer Inn.

There are two theories on the naming of the town. The first and most popular is that the name was suggested by a Mr. Orbison (or Arbison), a Dutch surveyor for the railroad, after his hometown in Holland. This is quite possible as there is an Orbison Street paralleling the highway. Perhaps Barneveld's founding fathers wanted to honor the man who gave the village its name.

The second theory is that Mrs. Simpson named it for her favorite poet, a Mr. Barneveldt. Research showed us that this poet of the sixteenth century was sometimes called John of Oldenbarneveldt.

Perhaps the naming of the village resulted from both theories. Ironically, we ended up with lots of Welsh living in a village with a Dutch name. Actually it's a wonder the village didn't become known as Jones city or Jonesville.

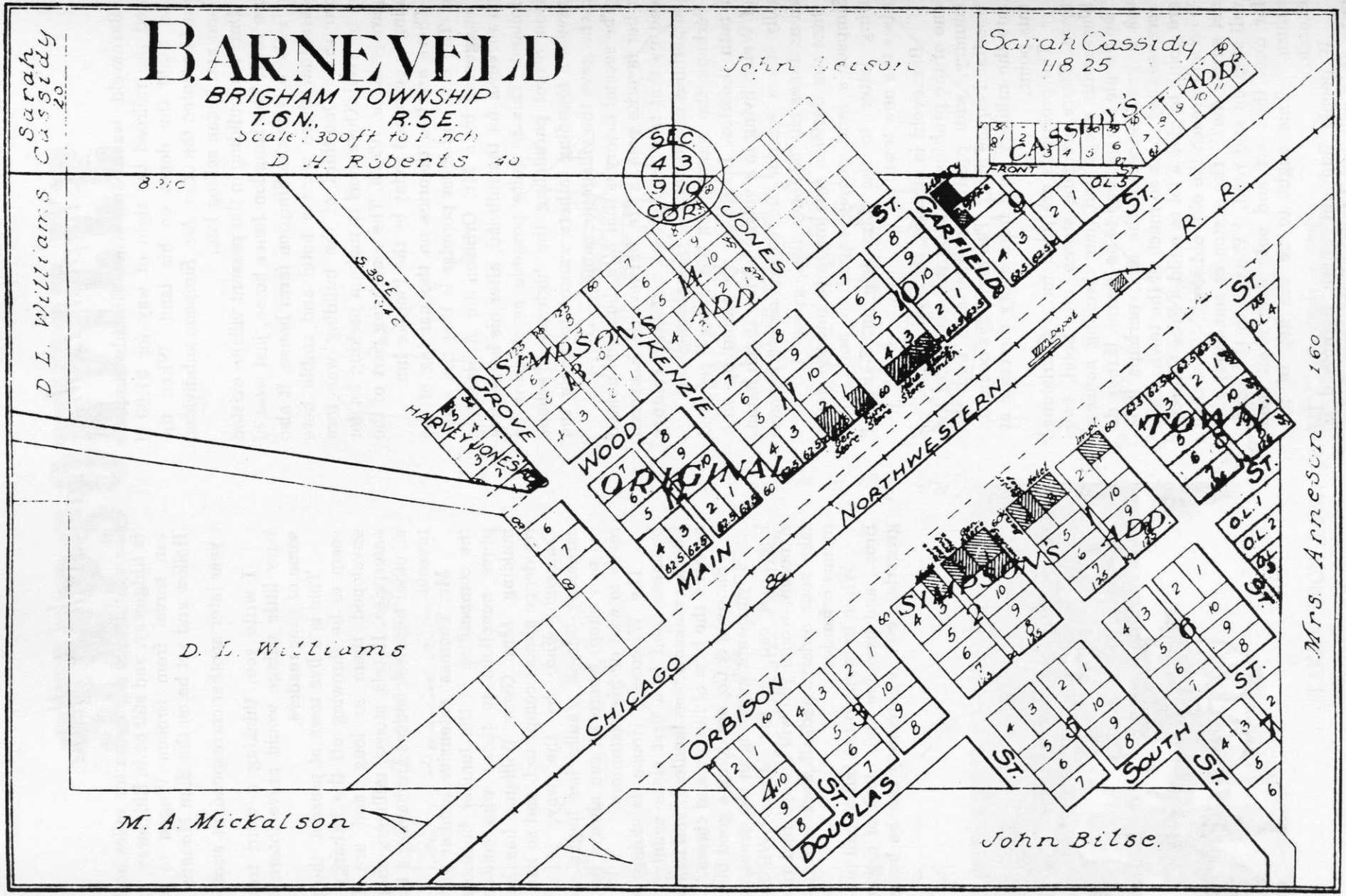
Once the decision was made to put the depot on Simpson's land people began to build. The following letter to the Chronicle in 8-19-1881 describes the new town:

> Barneveld is situated on level ground — one of the prettiest spots in this section of the country, with prairie on one side and the woodland on the other. The highways come up into the military road from every direction at this point.
>
> The prospects are good for a flourishing town. There are nine stores, one hotel, two blacksmith shops and four dwelling houses. The people are inclined to be liberal. If they do ask a good price for the lots, perhaps it is because they think so much of the town. They are going to give a lot to build a Free Church. Who will preach the old, old story, "You shall not surely die?" The sexton or somebody else will step up and read, "Thus saith the Lord, for dust thou art and onto dust shalt thou return." This ought to be the key of the church.
>
> If people find out where Barneveld is once, they will find it there all the time, but a man can travel more than ten miles both ways in Ridgeway, and still be in Ridgeway, and one can travel from Broken Wagon to Walnut Hollow and yet be on the Blue Mounds.

A year later another correspondent wrote:

> I write you, thinking a word from this busy little village would prove interesting to some of your readers.
>
> This is a live town at present, the people seem to be throwing off the lethargy which enveloped them so long, and are full of enterprise. Hotels, stores, millinery shops and all other business houses are having a boom at present.
>
> Mr. Thomas' extensive lumber yard and the competition in the lumber business may prove beneficial to those who contemplate building. Mrs. Gwen Williams has her fine residence almost completed, and so has M. F. Cunneen, who, by the way, is a boss carpenter. Mr. R. Faulks has begun work in his new shop, where he can always be found ready to wait on his customers.
>
> The Wisconsin House is doing a fine business, and is a first class country hotel. Charley makes a boss landlord, and has always on hand the best of liquors and cigars.
>
> Simpson & Co. are doing a good business.
>
> If you want anything in the dress making line, just call on the Misses Williams & Arneson, whom you will always find ready to take your orders, and all work warranted or money refunded.
>
> While in town do not fail to call on Jones Bros., and examine their stock of dry goods, groceries, etc., where they can be bought as

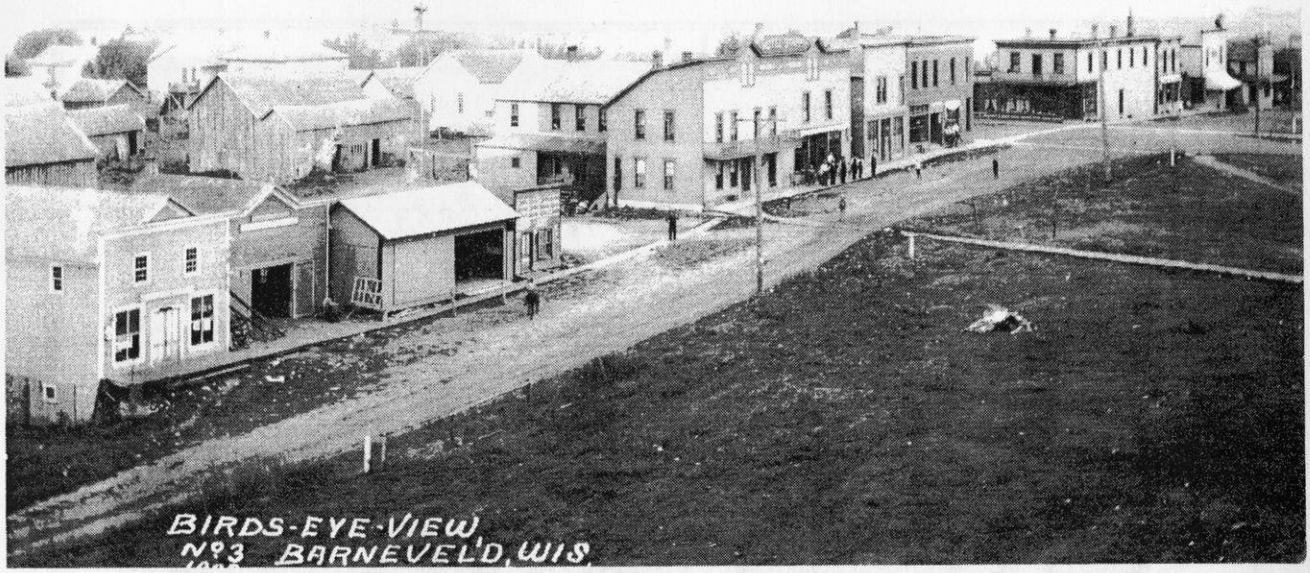
Barneveld, Hollande about 1920.



Map from 1915 Platbook

Looking west from top of railroad water tower

Looking west in 1917.



1908 view from water tower looking southwest

cheap as any house west of Milwaukee. They are building a large addition to their now large store, and will in a short time be able to show as large an assortment as can be found anywhere.

If you have any repairing to do, just call on Jones & Hollister, where you can get work done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Below we give market reports up to the time of writing:

Butter 19 cents, Eggs 16 cents, Rags 1½ cents, Wool 23 cents, Hides 8 cents, Potatoes $1.00, Hogs $7.75, Standard A Sugar 9 lbs. for $1.00, Light Brown 10 lbs. for $1.00, Dark 12 lbs. for $1.00, Desicated Apples 10 lbs. for $1.00, Prunes 10 lbs. for $1.00, Currants 10 lbs. for $1.00, Coffee Rio. 7 lbs. for $1.00, Best Rio. 5 lbs. for $1.00, Java 3½ lbs. for $1.00, Rice 10 lbs. for $1.00, Cut Loaf Sugar 8 lbs. for $1.00.

Mrs. Hanna Williams, of Dodgeville, is visiting with Mrs. Sarah Jones this week.

Call at Jones Bros. for Lemons and Oranges.

Work on the new school house has commenced.

Mr. J. Malone lost three valuable steers by lightning during the heavy storm last week.

The new hardware store of C. Ostenberg is nearing completion and will be ready for business in a few days. Success to Charley. Give him a call.

Mr. Evan J. Jones has finished the hauling of the brick for his new dwelling four miles south of town, which is to be a fine building when completed.

Mr. Daniel Thomas, our lumber merchant, is building himself a fine residence. Good for Daniel.

We haven't learned the proceeds of the Mound celebration yet, but hope our friend, Mr. Arnold, came out all right.

Our enterprising machine agent, Simpson, is selling piles of machinery.

Potatoes are scarce around here. We are looking in hopes of seeing new ones soon, which will be quite a treat.

Painting is now under way in the new hardware store, by Chas. Goethe, who is a first-class painter and builder.

Our popular hotel-keeper, J. D. Williams, is doing a good business.

Thos. I. Williams, our grain buyer, shipped a carload of fine oats this week.

Miss Libbie Faulkner, of Waukesha, is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Getts.

Mr. E. C. Simpson has left here for Madison, where he will be employed in repairing telegraph lines.

The first public improvements in Barneveld were accomplished by private enterprise. The wooden sidewalks were built by the owners of the buildings for their customers' convenience.

In 1885 a writer to the Chronicle commented: "One street light in Barneveld already and there are more to follow." Eventually about a half dozen street lamps were installed and the job of lighting them was taken on by Tom Jones, Jr. Probably these street lights were put up and maintained by the business men, at least until the village was incorporated. In 1936 electric street lights were installed in Barneveld.

T. I. Williams, Barneveld's correspondent to the Chronicle, said in August of 1885: "Before the next census is over, our village will be incorporated, the way it looks at the present. Many retired farmers contemplate building here."

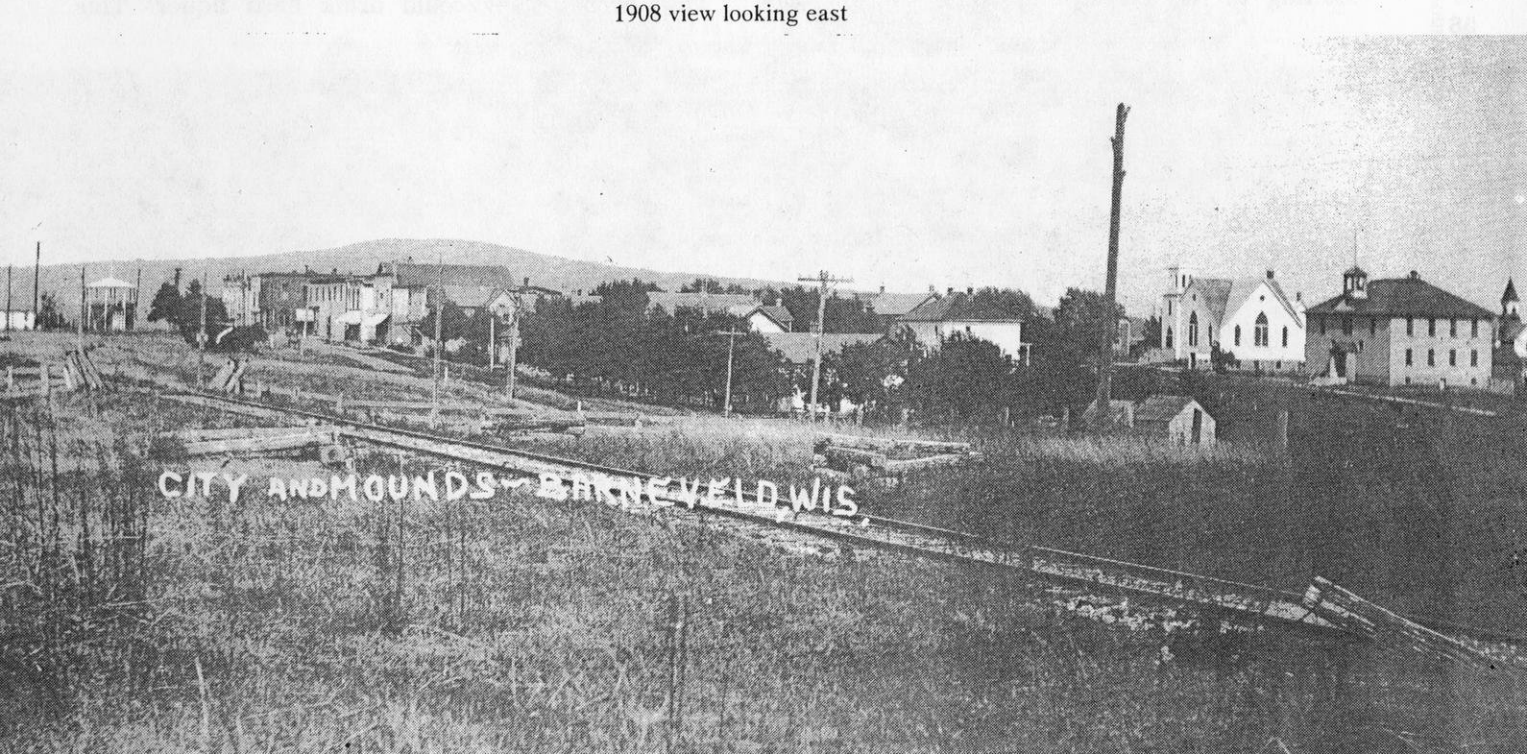
It took longer than T. I. thought. Not until 1906 did Barneveld incorporate as a village. On March 26, 1906, a petition which was signed by 315 people (the Arneson, Cassidy, Weehouse and Lampop families objected to being included in the village

and subsequently were left out) which was then given to the Circuit Court for incorporation. On April 27th, 1906, the citizens voted at the Barneveld Opera House for incorporation. The vote was 46 yes and 16 no. The first village officers were: Byron Jones, President; Harvey Jones, assessor; Frank Roach, clerk; Ed Williams, treasurer; B. Jones, supervisor; Thomas Jones, Jr., constable, and E. Powell, Justice of the Peace.

The new village set about the task of providing for the health and safety of its citizens, including animals. The following ordinance was passed Dec. 2, 1907:

> An Ordinance to prevent the abuse of horses and mules by leaving them hitched in inclement weather.
>
> The Village Board of the Village of Barneveld do ordain as follows:
>
> Section 1: It shall be the duty of every person who shall hitch or tie, to any post, railing or other place, in the Village of Barneveld, any horse or horses, mule or mules, in freezing weather, if such animals be heated from riding or driving to immediately blanket the same and to keep such animal or animals blanketed while they shall remain hitched or tied.
>
> Section 2: It shall be the duty of every such person so hitching or tieing such animal or animals, if it be snowing or sleeting, or if, while such animal or animals remain hitched or tied, it should begin to snow or sleet, or if the cold is extreme, to blanket such animal or animals, and to keep the same blanketed while they remain hitched or tied.
>
> Section 3: No person shall leave hitched or tied to any post, railing or other public place in the Village of Barneveld any horse or horses, mule or mules, for a longer period than five hours without feeding and watering such animal or animals; provided that in stormy and severe weather the length of time a horse or mule may stand hitched as above shall be limited to two hours.
>
> Section 4: Any person violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not less than one dollar nor more than ten dollars and the costs of prosecution, and in default of payment of said fine and costs, shall be imprisoned at the county jail of Iowa County until such fine and costs are paid, but not to exceed ninety days in all.
>
> Section 5: It shall be the duty of the marshal to make complaint before the police justice, or, in case of his sickness, absence or incapacity, to act then before some justice of the peace residing in the Village of Barneveld, against all persons who violate any of the provisions of this ordinance.
>
> Section 6: It shall be the duty of the marshal to take charge of all animals left hitched or tied contrary to the provisions of this ordinance, put them into shelter, and if, in his judgment, it be necessary, give them food and water, the owner or owners of the animals to pay such marshal a fee of one dollar, and also the costs of caring for said animal, before taking possession of them again.
>
> Section 7: This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.
>
> Passed Dec. 2, 1907.
>
> Byron Jones, President
> Frank Roach, Clerk

1908 view looking east



1908 postcard of Barneveld.

Because fires were an ever-present danger in those days of all-wooden buildings and cast iron stoves, the following ordinance was passed in 1907:

> It shall be the duty of every furnace owning person in the Village of Barneveld, that has a chimney or chimneys, to have such chimney or chimneys, cleaned at least once in each year.

The "license" question was a topic of controversy that was fought out on election day. The first election decided that Barneveld would be dry. The next year a few of the temperance people must have been sick, as the "drys" had their way. The following years continued this pattern of "wet" one year and "dry" the next. The victory margin was always less than ten votes.

In 1907 the village put up the following notice:

> The Village of Barneveld will give a reward of twenty-five dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person who shall sell or give to, or for, or purchase or procure for or in behalf of any person to whom the sale of malt, ardent or intoxicating liquors is forbidden in accordance with the provisions of Section 1554 of the Revised Statues of Wisconsin of 1898.

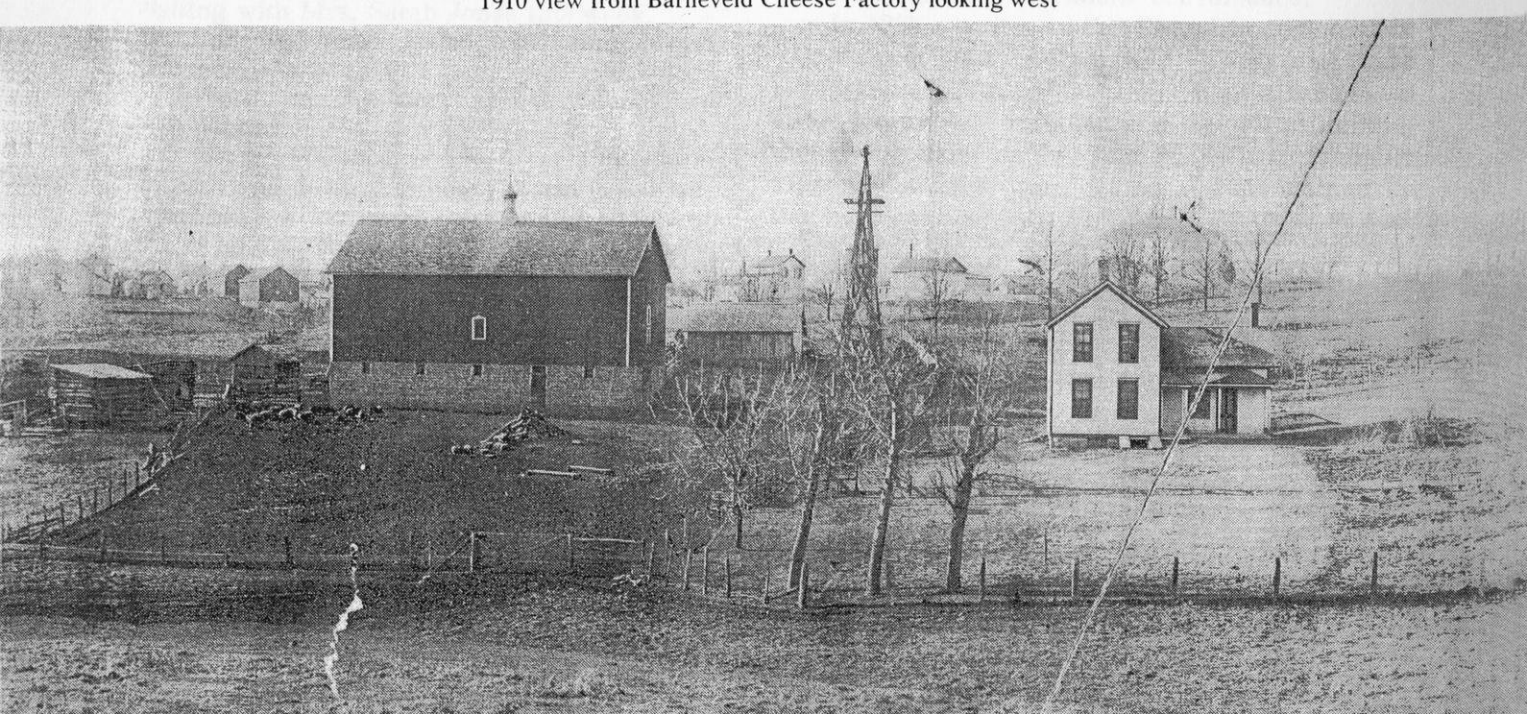
The question of licensing was settled by the Federal Government in 1919 when Prohibition became the law of the land.

The "church people" must have been chagrined at the ease with which the "saloon element" obtained their "ardent spirits."' One merely had to drive to Pine Bluff to find a ready supply of alcohol.

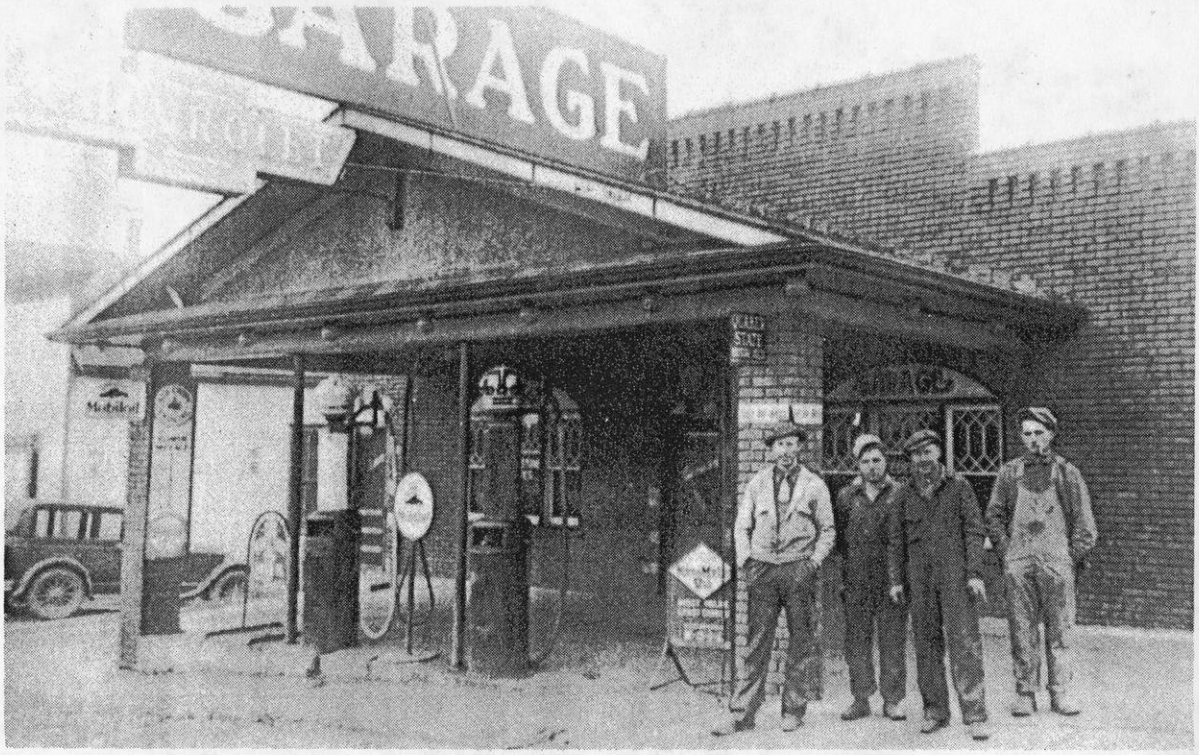
Eventually Prohibition was repealed in 1933 and sometime in the 1930's, Barneveld had taverns again.

From the 1930's to the 1960's Wisconsin had an unusual drinking law. People aged 18 to 20 could drink beer and once the age of majority (then 21) was reached they could drink hard liquor. This

1910 view from Barneveld Cheese Factory looking west



The right ⅔ of this building was removed in 1905 for the present bank building to be built. The part of the building with "Wisconsin House" on it is still standing today and houses the Recreation Center.



The Klusendorf Garage in the 1920's. From left to right: Fred Klusendorf, Henry Gerke, Irving Williams and Stanley Dauck.

resulted in two types of taverns: the "beer bars" and the "21 bars."

Barneveld had beer bars until 1968 which were watering holes for the young men from Hollandale and Ridgeway besides the local imbibers. It wasn't until the 1960's that attitudes changed so that a young girl could go into a bar and not be thought of as "loose."

For a number of years in the 1960's, the "saloon element" tried to get Barneveld to allow hard liquor to be sold. This was again fought out on election day. The Lutheran minister created a stir among his flock when he spoke from the pulpit against this. Eventually the church people lost out and hard liquor was sold in Barneveld.

Over the years the village government has provided more and more services to the residents. Sometime in the 1930's the village streets were paved. In the late 1950's snowplowing and garbage pickup were provided. In 1971 the Village of Barneveld — with the help of the Federal Government — built a $5,000,000 sewage and water system. In 1976 a 100,000 gallon water tower was built at the cost of $240,000.

The population of Barneveld has grown slowly from the 400 inhabitants in 1891 to 526 in 1976. Prospects for further growth are good because of the nearness to Madison, of tourism in the area, and of the reputation for having good responsible citizens and government.

The cleanliness and tranquility of the village are insured by the presence of Virgil Jabs and Albert Miller. Virgil is the village's only full time employee. He picks up the garbage, plows snow, mows grass and monitors the sewage and water systems. Albert is the village constable whose eagle eye keeps rioting in the streets to a minimum.

Chapter Nine - Farming

Farming is a way of life in America. Traditionally American agriculture has been done by "plain folk" being their own boss on family owned farms. In addition, the farmer has been portrayed as hard working, honest, church going and not concerned with the frilly and luxurious things in life.

Farming as a way of life has changed much over the years. It has gone from being horse powered to tractor powered. The types of crops have changed from wheat and tobacco to corn, oats and hay. Animals raised have changed from hogs, beef and chickens to almost exclusively dairy. Lighting has changed from oil lamps and lanterns to electricity. Diseases and weeds are controlled by modern chemicals. The automobile, radio, telephones, and television has ended the farmers isolation and loneliness.

Yet in many ways farming hasn't changed. The animals must be cared for every day. A farmer still works long hard hours in all types of weather. He still pays taxes in a democracy. His success is still dependent on the weather and the cities for markets and supplies. And, as always when the going gets rough or someone is in trouble, farmers get together and help each other out.

The first farming of any significance in the area started in the early 1840's with the wide ridges and valley bottoms being taken first. Wheat was the main crop in pioneer days. Hogs were the main animals first raised for market, with beef cattle being raised in larger numbers as the years rolled by. The first buildings were crude affairs being made of logs chinked with mud to keep the weather out. In the late 1840's sawed lumber became available for building.

As in most frontier areas, there were disputes over land ownership. Some disputes were caused by shady characters who used the law and others' good intentions to their own benefit. Sometimes disputes arose when a farmer "squatted" (lived illegally) on the land until he could get enough money to buy it. When someome else bought the land before he did, the farmer got nothing for his effort and expense in creating fields and putting up buildings. Quite frequently on the frontier farmers resorted to vigilantee methods to protect themselves. These vigilantees would use intimidation and if necessary force to prevent speculators from buying squatters' land. In the fall of 1849 a Claim Protective Association was organized at Arena to do just these things. They met at a store to organize and decide that hereafter three members present was a quorum to do business at any time of day or night if necessary. It isn't known how long this organization lasted.

Hogs were the first animals to be raised in large numbers as they could forage for themselves better than any other type of stock. They ate anything even garbage in Adamsville and Pokerville. In Walnut Hollow they grew fat on acorns. John Adams in Pokerville in the 1850's had a packing plant of sorts to put up pork in barrels for the logging camps up north. Eventually some

James Smith farm and mill about 1900. Left to right: James L. Smith, ——— Short, Annie Smith, Ray Smith and Allen Smith.

The latest in farm equipment at Tom Jones Hardware in 1906.

About 1900. People and place unknown.

farmers like the Theobalds and McCutchins became skilled at raising huge porkers for market.

In the 1860's farmers tried raising tobacco in the area. These were nearly always Germans or Norwegians with their thoroughness and capacity for hard work and their large families. In 1872 there were more than 600 acres of tobacco planted around Pokerville.

As farm prices were generally low in the 19th century (except for the Civil War), a number of farmers used their talents from the old country to bring in additional income. Shoemakers like the Helmensteins of Pokerville during the winter time would travel to Kentucky and Tennessee making shoes. Masons like Evan D. Evans would build homes that are still standing today like the Tom Harris residence. Others traveled to the north woods and cut lumber during the winter.

At first all farm work was done by hand. Oats, wheat and hay were cut with a scythe and loaded by hand with pitchforks. Threshing was done by flails, while corn was picked and husked by hand. A good man could only get seven or eight bushels of wheat or a wagon load of corn done in a day.

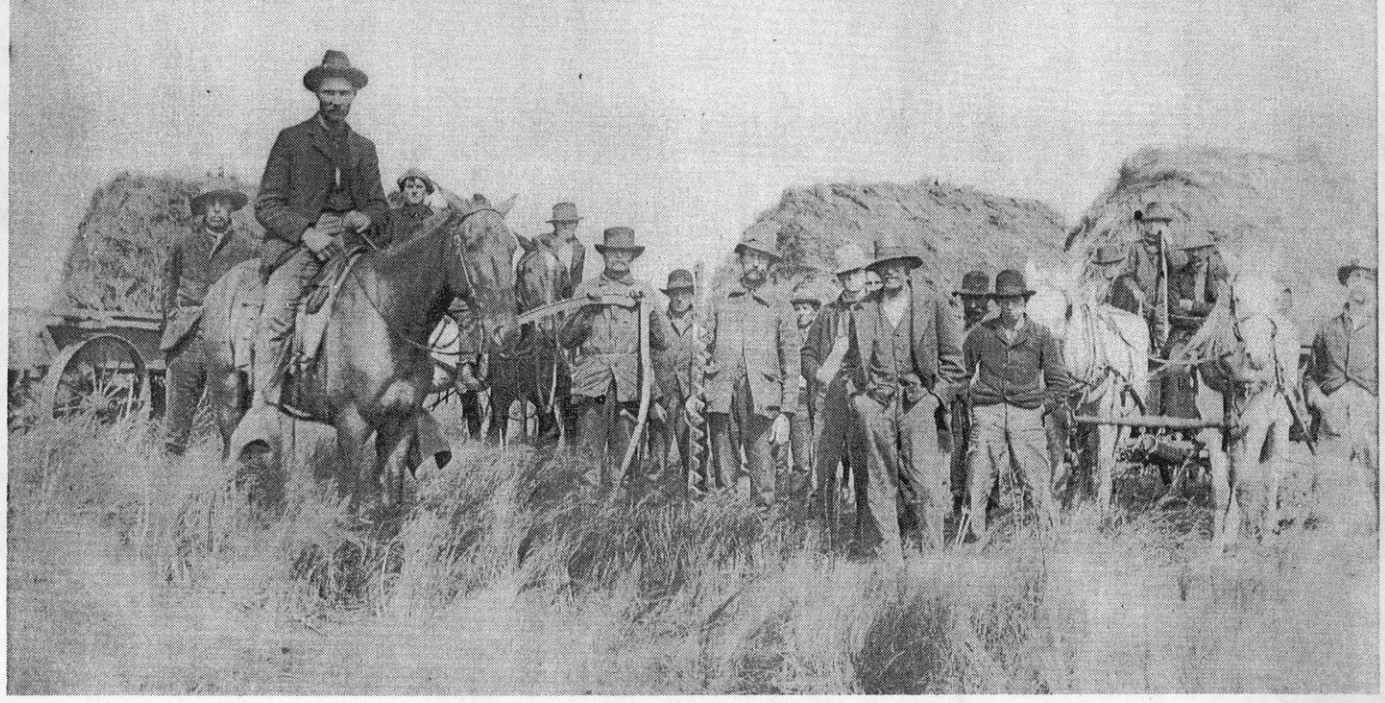
American ingenuity soon came to the rescue and aid of the farmer. In the 1840's threshing machines began to appear on the scene. At first they were quite crude like the groundhog threshing restored to working condition at Stonefield Village in Cassville. It was called this because it was low to the ground and chewed up the grain like a groundhog going through dry soil. Each year brought improvements to these machines until they achieved the size and appearance that our older citizens are familiar with.

Even so they still were expensive machines that only the richest farmer or a group of farmers could afford. Those that owned threshing machines would have a regular circuit of farms in their neighborhood that they'd do custom threshing for. Because it took so many men to bring the oats from the fields to the machine, farmers began to exchange work during threshing time. When the threshing machine came to your place all your neighbors would help and then you'd go to their place to help thrash. The number of men on a threshing crew varied from ten to fifty. Feeding this many men at one time was a monumental task and all the neighbor ladies would pitch in and help.

To many a generation of farm youth, threshing time was the event of the summer. The excitement of the big day began to build a week ahead of time as the men on the farm would be gone from early in the morning to late afternoon doing their turn of work at the neighbors. As the time got closer, mother was busy all day making pies and cakes and peeling potatoes in preparation of the big day. Soon you could hear the roar of the steam engine and the hummmmmmm of the threshing machine as it gulped down bundle after bundle of grain at the neighbors. You could watch from your place the steady coming and going of the teams and wagons as they carried towering loads of golden grain to the machine.

Finally the great day you had been waiting for was here, the huge grimy steam engine had slowly rattled down the rough road to your place the night before. After the men had left, you stood there in staring admiration of this wonderfully powerful and mysterious machine. Perhaps if no one was looking you quickly climbed up on the seat of the steam engine and imagined yourself piloting this machine down the lane and up the steep hill. Reluctantly you got down and went to the house. Cleaning up quickly you went to bed without being told, so you could get up early the next day and not miss a thing.

On the morning of the big day, you were out of bed before the sun came up. Gulping down a quick breakfast, you raced outside to watch the thresher fire up the steam engine. Perhaps if it was Fred Klusendorf, he'd tell you about the machine and



Unknown haying crew in Barneveld area about 1900.

explain how you had to be careful to keep the flues clean or you'd get no power.

Now the neighbors started getting there after doing their morning chores and you rush to watch them. Big men, little runts like you, fat men like the Theobalds, skinny men like the Jabs' and Owens', old men and young men. Some were jovial and would greet you and tease. Others, by nature were silent or too tired from the summer of hard work, and pass by without giving you a second glance.

Considering yourself an authority on horses, you appraised the various teams brought in to work. After all didn't you feed and groom your dad's horses, and hadn't you been promised a riding horse on your next birthday? You saw teams that looked ready for the boneyard and remembered your dad and uncles saying that their owners didn't take care of them. You saw young horses, old horses, frisky horses and docile horses. Your hair stood on end in awe when a team of positively huge Clydesdales passed.

Soon the threshing machine was spewing out clouds of dust and straw into a pile and the golden grain poured into sacks so fast two men could hardly keep up to the flow. The steam engine was roaring and blowing out a black column of smoke. You became intrigued by the big drive belt stretched between the steam engine and the threshing machine. You grabbed some straw and were amazed at how quickly it was whisked away by the streaking belt before someone yelled at you to get away from its dancing and swaying before you got hurt.

Walking around the machine you stared as it gobbled up bundles of grain as fast as the men on each side of it could pitch them onto the conveyor. Getting used to the noise and hubbub, you climbed up onto the stack to see how thick the dust was. For that you got a few well placed whacks on the seat from your dad. That was a "no, no," walking on the straw pile put holes where water would collect and rot the straw.

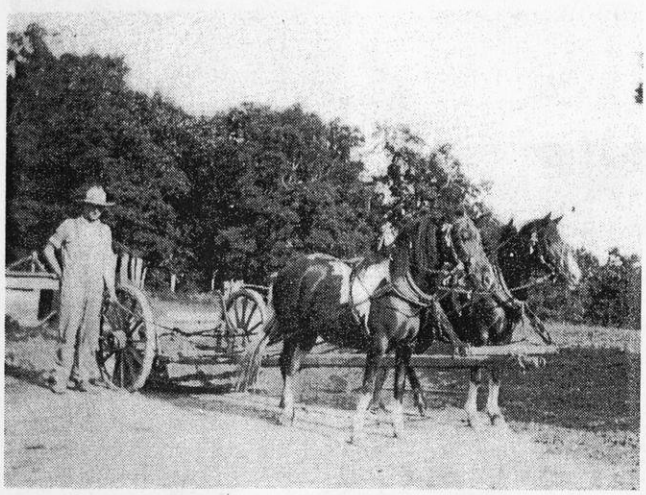
Walking out into the fields, you followed the men on the ground with their pitchforks as they tossed up the bundles of grain into the wagons. You wondered how they could get the bundles up so high in the air.

Mealtime arrived and everybody stopped work. You were hungry as a horse yourself, but you were so busy watching these tanned men with huge arms and hands gulp down tons of food that you could hardly eat. Finally you got down to the business at hand and sampled a little of everything. There was a lot of different things that you didn't get to eat every day. Ham, roast, beef, biscuits, cookies, pies, cakes, sauce, and coffee made the table sag. You had never seen so much food before.

Quickly finishing up, you hurried outside and found a group of men gathered in a circle. Pushing your way between their legs, you saw your older cousin Willie wrestling with strangler Lewis. That Lewis fella was pretty good, but he had to work hard before he finally pinned Willie. When you got older, you realized that hi-jinks like that were a part of every threshing crew.

Later in the day you noticed one of the Irishmen was having difficulty putting the bundles of grain in the conveyor and when he came to get a drink of water, you noticed a strange smell on his breath. Upon asking your dad what was wrong, he just said, "Oh, the boys are passing the bottle around."

Other high jinxs occurred when a Norske started teasing the Germans about not being able to



Albert Miller and his first road grader.

ski and drowning in the snow. A very substantial German ended the discussion by depositing the offending Norske in the water tank.

Too soon the day was over and the threshing rig moved on. You hardly remembered going to bed that night, you were so tired from packing your little head full of memories that would last you a lifetime.

Other machines were invented and put on the market to make life easier for the farmer. John Deere's steel plow allowed farmers to till more acres than ever before. McCormick's reaper made endless acres of wheat in the west possible. Mechanical hay mowers and loaders, discs and harrows and corn shredders made farm work easier and allowed each farmer to produce more.

These developments and changes didn't occur all at once or even at the same rate throughout the country. By 1849 a farmer could go to one of two merchants in Mineral Point to buy threshing machines. Then, by the 1860's you could go to Dodgeville or Arena or Madison to buy them.

Wheat as the main crop in the Town of Brigham declined in importance in the 1870's because of the cinch bugs and competition from the Great Plains. The Chronicle of 6-28-78 commented on the situation: "If the bugs don't eat the farmer out, the machine agents will. They are more numerous than the bugs, now by two to every square foot."

After the decline of wheat, area farmers began to turn to dairying for their main cash income. Thanks to the missionary efforts of W. D. Hoard of Fort Atkinson and the University of Wisconsin, farmers in the area soon became convinced of the benefits of cheese factories. Fred Theobald of Middlebury speaking at an Iowa County Grange convention started his speech with "Cheese it." He then went on to speak enthusiastically on the benefits of cheese factories.

Dairying made good use of the rough land in the Town of Brigham as it could be used to pasture the milk cows in summer. Hay, corn, and oats grew well in the deep dark soil and were used to feed the cows in winter.

By 1873 Evan Jones had built a cheese factory a mile north of the Middlebury Church. Two or three more were built in the 1880's and the 1890's saw such an explosion of new cheese factories, that by the start of this century there were 20 cheese factories in the Town of Brigham. See map on page 72. Over the years since the number of factories has declined to only one still operating in the Town of Brigham, the Barneveld Cheese Factory run by Bill Ienatsch.

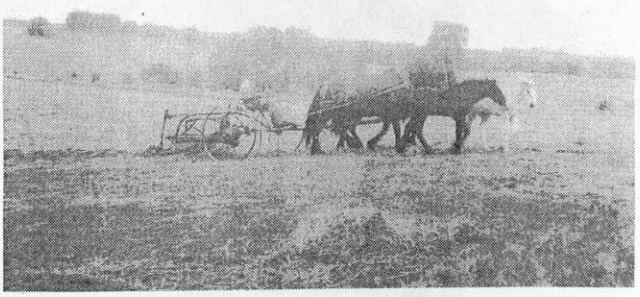
Most of the factories were owned by the farmers who sent their milk there. Representative of this is the Prairie Grove Factory. This was started in 1895 at a capital stock value of $1050 divided into 35 shares. The organizers were Ole Oimoen, Mrs. Andrew Arneson, Ole H. Aavang, A. E. Arneson, Christian G. Christopher, William Thousand, and Barnard Slayer, all owning five shares each.

The bylaws said each shareholder was to "furnish milk from at least 25 cows if necessary to run the factory." It also allowed non-shareholders to bring their milk as the Board of Directors saw fit. The board was composed of a president, a treasurer and a secretary. Later by-laws required each shareholder to pay $10 toward the buying of supplies.

Christ Zimmerman was the first cheesemaker being paid at the rate of 10 percent of the sale price of cheese and butter. Over the years this per cent paid ranged from a low of six per cent to the 13 per cent paid Dave Baumgartner, Sr.

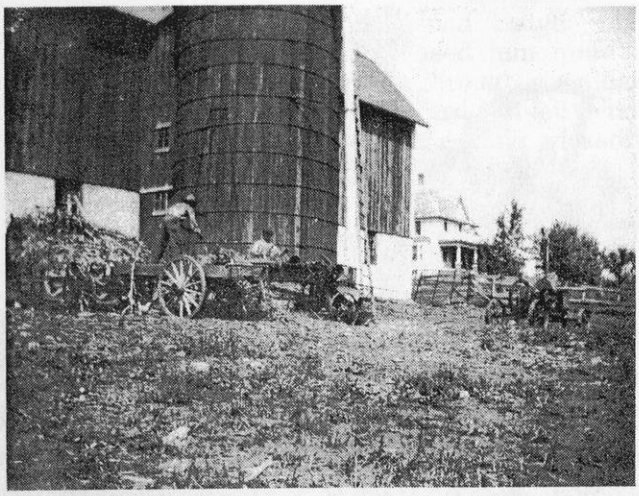
Prairie Grove prospered over the years due to the hard work of its members. Sometimes the sharp pencil and eagle eye of Kenneth Powell insured that extra edge of profit that area farmers enjoyed during World War II. The Prairie Grove Cheese Company was finally dissolved and the factory building sold to the last cheesemaker, Russel Showen, for use as a home.

Barneveld area cheesemakers made good



Albert Miller raking hay with two colts tagging along.

A number of area farmers during the winter months would work in the North Woods for extra income.



Silo filling in 1921, with a mounted engine that had to be towed to each place by horses.

cheese, with Fred Moser of the Brunner Factory winning a prize for his limburger at a Cheesemakers Convention in Milwaukee.

Horses were the main source of power for farmers well into the 20th century. Even the early threshing machines were powered by horses using an ingenious gearing device. The horses walked in a circle around the gears, being attached to it by a long pole. The gearing device speeded up the revolutions and transferred the power to the threshing machine by a series of shafts staked to the ground.

The first steam engines began to appear in the area in the 1880's and gasoline powered tractors appeared just prior to World War I.

One of the most distinctive of all the tractors was the John Deere with its two cylinder engines that produced a unique "Putt Putt" sound.

These "Johnny Putt Putts" were started by first opening valves (petcocks) on each side of the engine to lessen compression and make cranking easier. Then the fuel valve was turned to the gasoline tank for quicker starts. Grabbing the big cast iron flywheel mounted on the side, you gave a mighty tug to spin it and hopefully start it. Once it was running, the petcocks were closed and the fuel valve switched to the kerosene tank for the field work to be done. Occasionally these lovely beasts backfired and flung many a light man or boy crashing into the fender and axle.

There were different models of John Deeres depending on the number of bottom (plows) each could pull. There was the three bottom Model G, the heavy two bottom Model A, and the light two bottom Model B. The Model A and Model B were the most popular. The main drawback to the Model B was their lightness. They could get stuck going through a good sized "cowpie."

Not all farmers bought John Deeres and many a lively argument was waged over the respective merits of each tractor. There were those who swore by (and at) Farmalls bought from Tommy Jones, while others would buy only Case equipment from Russell Stenseth. Occasionally you would find an Oliver or a Massey Harris or those ugly Fords and Fergusons. On rare occasions you'd run across an Avery or a Co-op tractor.

Sometimes farmers bought those ugly and uncomfortable Allis-Chalmers tractors. If you were a little kid and your dad was dumb enough to buy one of those things, you avoided driving it like the plague. If you were forced into driving it, you ended up with a sore butt and backbone from slidding over the hump in the steel seat to put the brakes on. But they sure could run rings around those pokey John Deeres . . .

Over the years tractors have gotten larger and more luxurious. Enclosed cabs, radios and air conditioning have pushed the cost of these ten plow monsters to over the $40,000 level.

Many area farmers have tried to learn as much as they could about farming. In the 1870's and 1880's, the Granges heard speakers giving advice at nearly every meeting. After the Grange died out, Farmers Institutes were held from the 1880's to the 1920's. These were sponsored at times by local farm

Albert Miller and his prize horses, Salty and Pepper.

About 1900.
The name Doescher is on the back of the original.

clubs or local merchants and at other times by the University of Wisconsin Extension Service. Here, too, those attending would hear speeches and advice from local farmers who were known for their ability. Otto Oimoen once lectured at a Farmers Institute at Barneveld on the raising of hybrid grains and seed corn. These Farmer Institutes were generally held in the off season at the county seat. But a number of them were held in other places, including at least three held in Barneveld.

On the 16th and 17th of January in 1891, a Farmers Institute was held at Davies Hall in Barneveld. Quite a large number attended from all over the county. Many stayed with friends they had made at other institutes and those without Barneveld friends filled both the Wisconsin House and the Hotel Starry.

In 1885, the University of Wisconsin started a "Short Course" program for farm youth which was held in the winter. Young men from all over the state attended and lived in the dorms especially built for them. You could take courses in a variety of subjects from full time professors in the College of Agriculture to learn the latest and most advanced techniques. Perhaps if you were lucky, you'd get a Department Chairman like Herbert R. Bird II, head of the Poultry Department to teach your class. YES, Herbert R. Bird II was really the head of the Poultry Department, the author having lived with his son, Herbert R. Bird, III, at college. The son was a scrawny little rooster, but at least he didn't crow in the morning.

Area farmers like Norman Duesler, Myrl Helmenstine, Lester Paulson, and Otto Oimoen have taken advantage of this excellent program.

In the days before trucks and cars were available to take cattle to the stockyards, farmers had to drive their cattle on foot. Generally several farmers in the neighborhood would take their cattle to market at the same time. Some men would ride alongside the cattle on their horses while others would lead or bring up the rear. Children were sent ahead to shut or open gates and warn the other farmers of what was happening. Occasionally the stock would get away into somebody's field or knock down clothes drying on the line. Sometimes incidents like the following reported in the Chronicle would occur.

> 10-2-1891 — On Monday a number of Middlebury farmers were driving their cattle to the yards at Barneveld. The excessive heat caused the cattle to become exhausted and just a little before reaching the town, one steer flopped down and soon died, the others stormed through the village in a crazed like condition, but all were safely driven into the stockyards with the exception of one, which, on reaching the tracks "stopped never to go again" and it was at once seen that the animal was not to be fooled with and everyone kept their distance.
>
> He held his post for some time, but when a number of the farmers were coming across from the yards he charged at them and James H. Theobald unfortunately fell his victim. At first Mr. T. made off to catch the animal by the horns but not being successful he took to

running but the animal soon caught him between his horns and chased him quite a piece in that position when through a sudden hoist the man staggered forward and fell to the ground, and as the maddened steer wickedly followed his victim up, a touching cry-out and screaming shrilled through the air uttered by women and men who with fear were witnessing the sight, while a dozen or more of the men raced to the spot with weapons of all shapes and nature. At this time Mr. Theobald had gotten from under his assassin and crawled on the opposite side of a near sidewalk and by means hidden his head beneath it, which, by the extent of exhaustion and blindness of the steer, he was not detected by the latter and so Mr. Theobald was saved without being serious hurt. The steer died about an hour afterwards. As an eyewitness, the writer can sincerely congratulate Mr. Theobald on his good fortune, while we extend sympathy to Mr. John Theobald for losing two steers which had been sold for $80.

Today the threat of being mauled by an animal is still very real, as the Junior Ken Powell will attest to. Wait until his wife goes to the powder room before you ask him about it. She's heard him describe the story so many times she's sick of it.

Besides losing animals from heat exhaustion, farmers in the past lost cattle to diseases that have been pretty well controlled with modern chemicals since the late 1940's.

The length of the farmer's workday was limited to daylight hours until the advent of electricity about 1930. Oil lamps and lanterns didn't shed much light besides being a fire threat. Without electricity to run radios or TV's or lights to read by, it's no wonder there were large families resulting from those long, dark winter nights.

After World War I, some farmers began to buy gasoline powered generators and banks of storage batteries to electrify their farms. This helped to make the rest aware of the benefits of electricity and want it. However, the cost of providing electricity was too great for the farmers to do it themselves.

In 1937, the Rural Electrification Administration, a New Deal Federal agency, helped area farmers get dependable 24 hour electricity. The Wisconsin Power and Light Company built generating plants and strung lines to sell electricity to area farmers. See map on page 74.

After the experience of the Barneveld farmers in the great ice storm of 1976, many farmers again are buying gasoline powered generators. Let's hope their experience with them isn't as bad as Ray Thompson's during the ice storm. One generator that he got slid out of a truck and smashed to pieces before he could even use it. The second one he got was also smashed when the bulk milk truck slid into it.

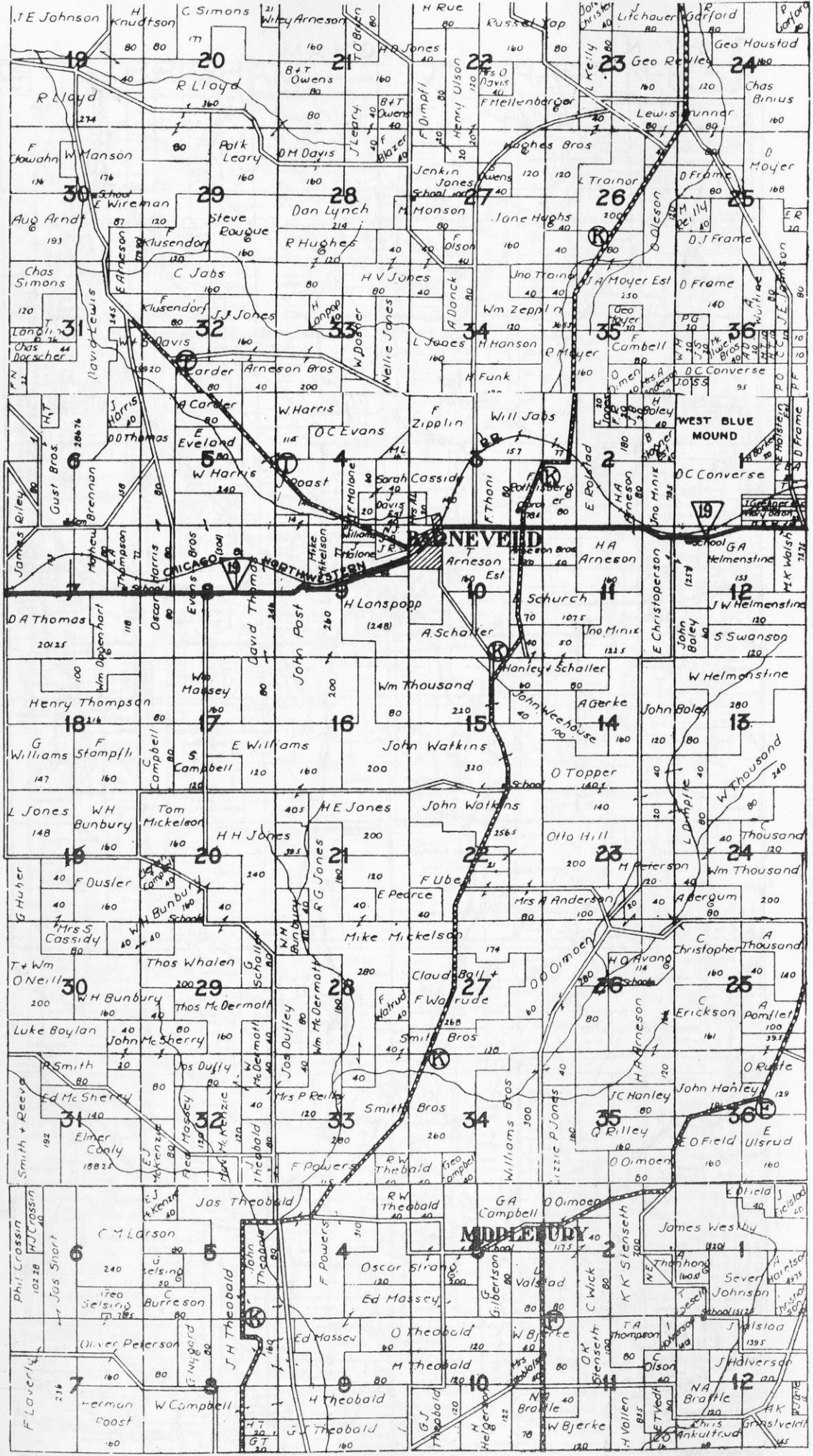
Farm prices have varied greatly over the years. During most of the 19th century, prices received for farm goods were low in comparison to costs of supplies. During World War I, American farmers enjoyed great prosperity. After the war prices dropped and dropped and dropped until the mid-1930's. A number of area farmers lost their farms during the Great Depression, such as Clarence Mickleson and Ole Arneson.

With the start of World War II, prices went up. Evidence of this is the salaries paid the teachers of the one room schools. Without exception the salaries doubled from 1939 to 1945. From the 1940's to the 1960's farm prices were moderately good. Throughout the 1970's farm prices have been very good.

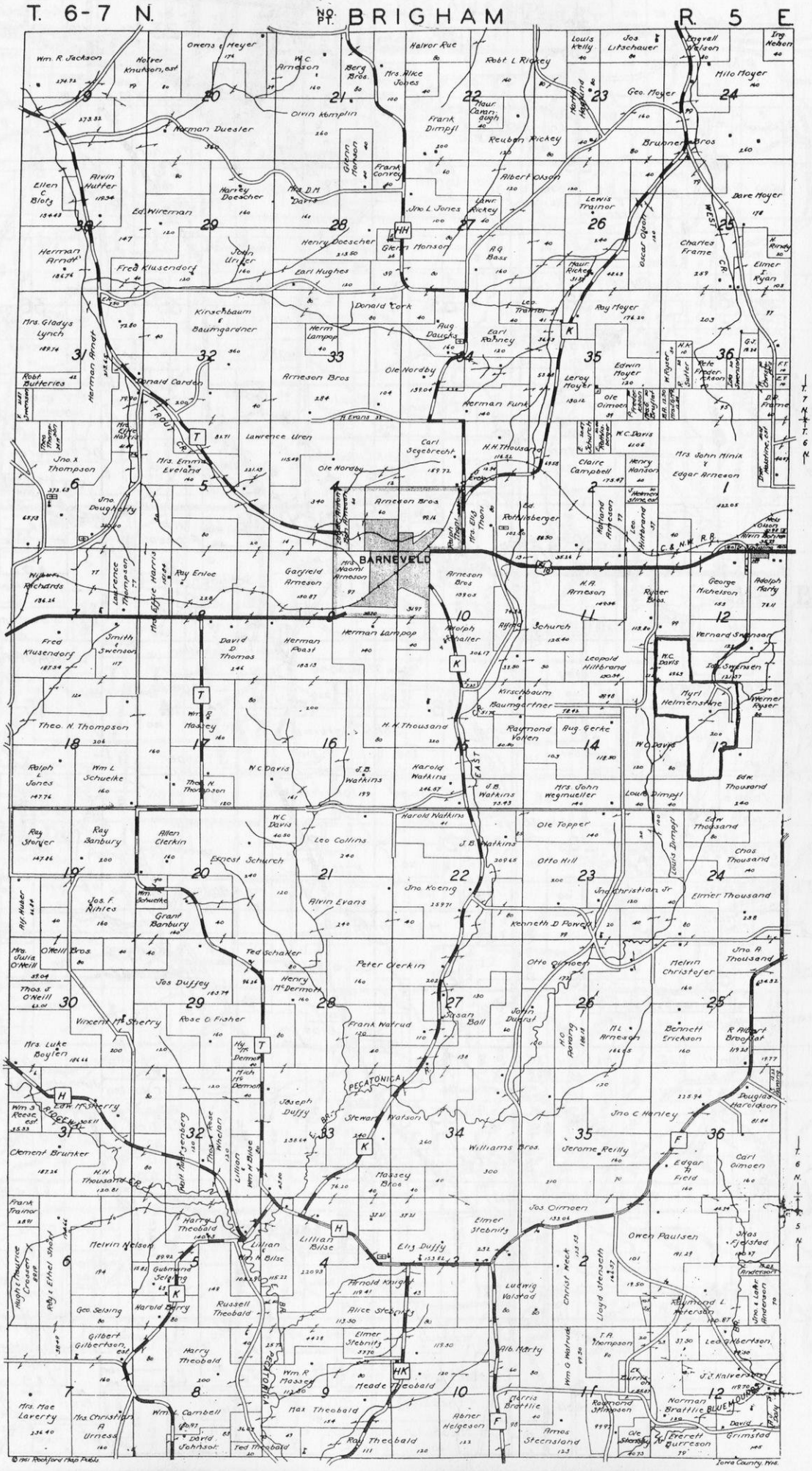
Costs too have gone up. In 1840 you could buy land from the government for $1.25 per acre. In 1900 Will Massey bought the first $100 per acre farm in the Town of Brigham and today land brings over $1000 per acre.

Farming has been good to the people in the Town of Brigham and the future looks even more promising as world population increases.

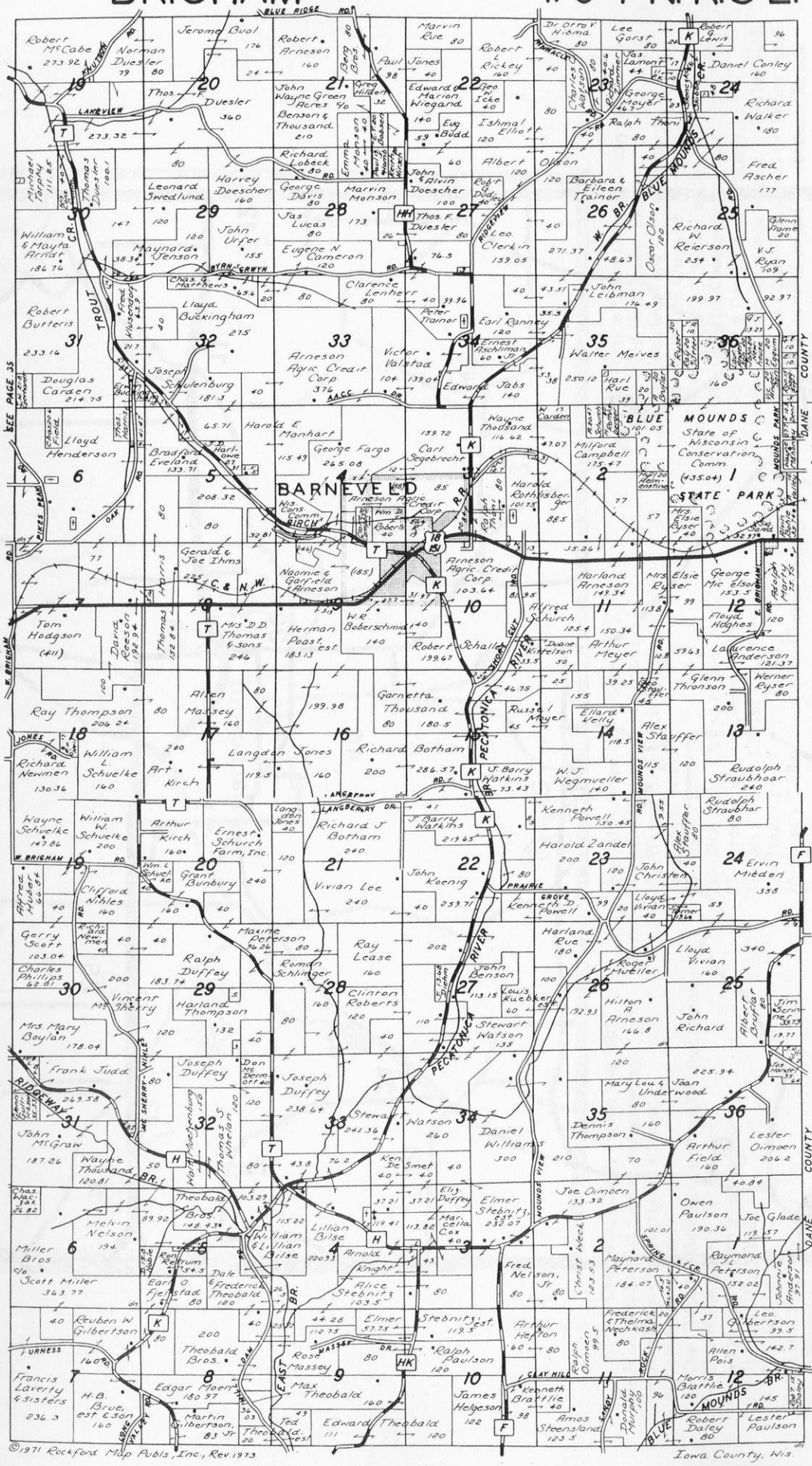
1876 map of Iowa County.



1930 plat mat of the Town of Brigham.

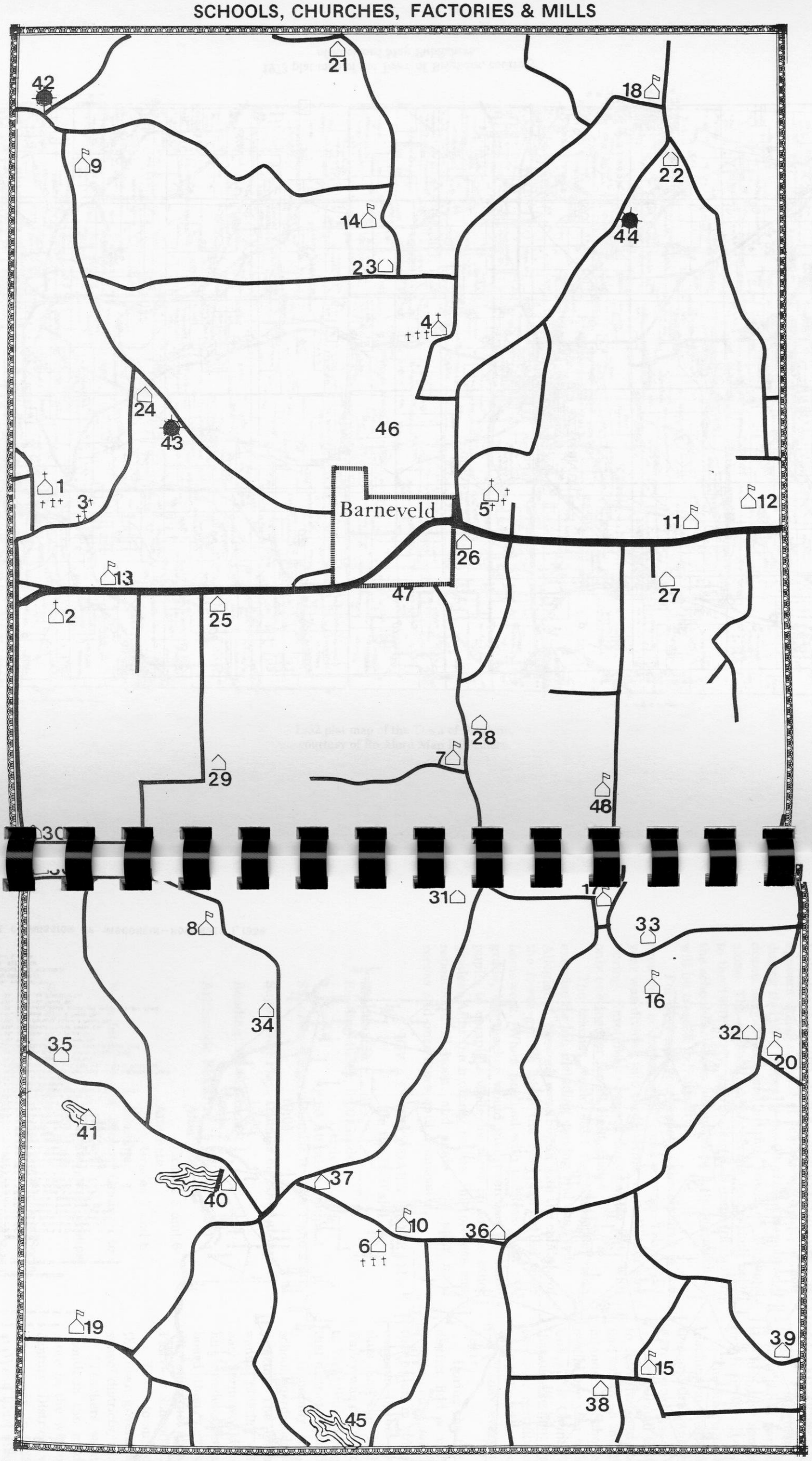


1952 plat map of the Town of Brigham, courtesy of Rockford Map Publishers.



1973 plat map of the Town of Brigham, courtesy of Rockford Map Publishers.

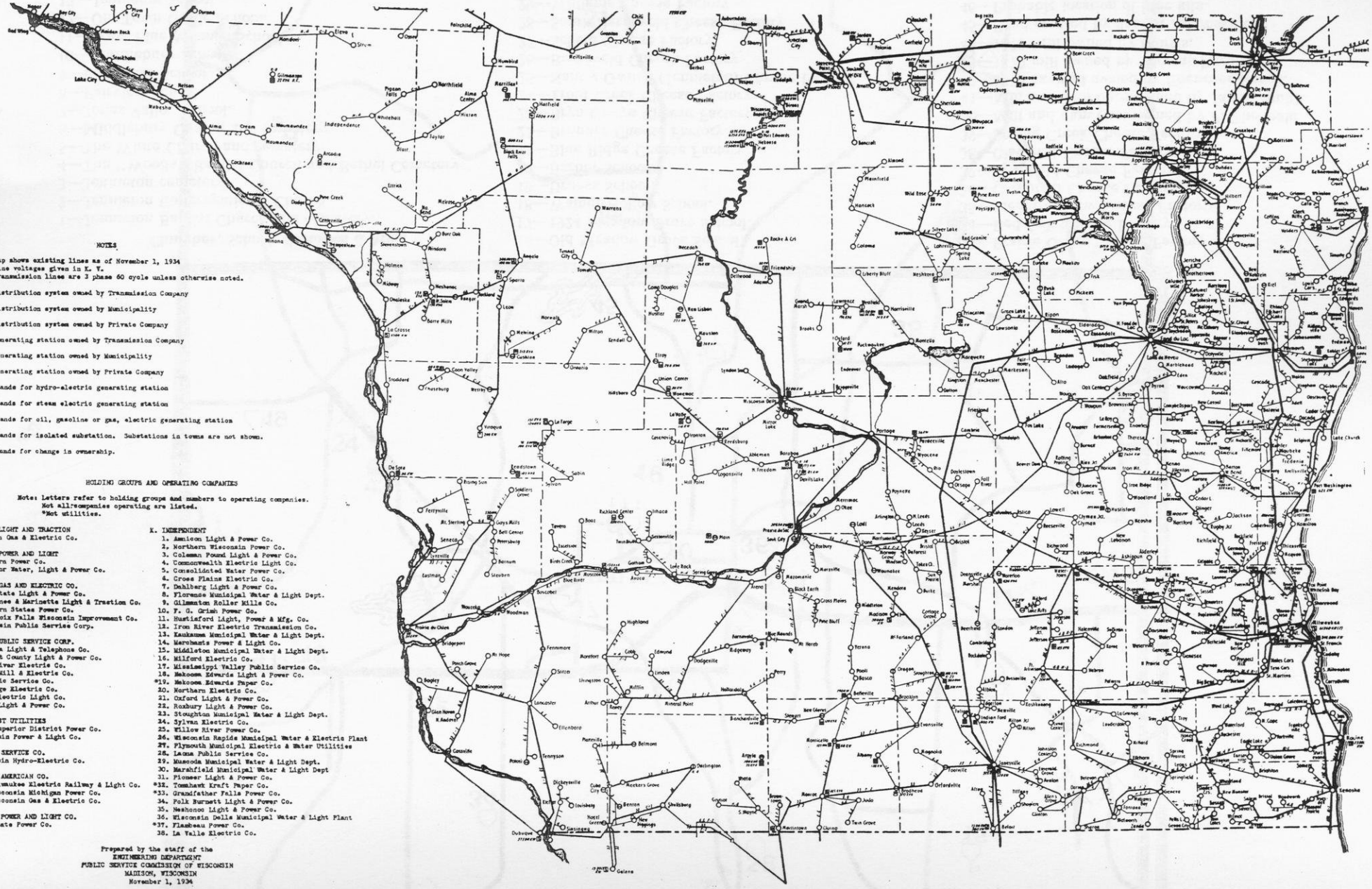
SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, FACTORIES & MILLS



Churches, School, Factories & Mills

1—Jennieton Baptist Church and cemetery.
2—Jennieton Congregational Church.
3—Jennieton cemetery.
4—The "Woods" Baptist Church and Bethel Cemetery
5—The White Church and cemetery.
6—Middlebury Church and cemetery.
7—Jones Valley School.
8—Fairview School.
9—Fairbanks School.
10—Middlebury School.
11—West Blue Mounds School.
12—Old Town Grade School.
13—Jennieton School.
14—Larsonville School.
15—Clay Hill School.
16—Old Meadow Grove School.
17—1924 Meadow Grove School.
18—Walnut Hollow School.
19—Urness School.
20—Barber School.
21—Blue Ridge Cheese Factory.
22—Brunner Cheese Factory.
23—Bryn Grwyn Cheese Factory.
24—Trout Creek Cheese Factory.
25—Nant y Gwilan (Jennieton) Cheese Factory
26—Barneveld Cheese Factory
27—Scheid Cheese Factory
28—South Barneveld Cheese Factory
29—Williams Cheese Factory
30—Crystal Spring Cheese Factory
31—Jones Valley Cheese Factory
32—Barber Cheese Factory
33—Prairie Grove Cheese Factory
34—Red Oak Cheese Factory
35—Meadow View Cheese Factory.
36—Campbell Cheese Factory.
37—Theobald Cheese Factory.
38—Clay Hill Cheese Factory.
39—Spring Creek Cheese Factory.
40—Mill and dam once owned by P. Theobald.
41—Mill and dam once owned by James Smith.
42—1870 sawmill owned by Ebenezer Roach.
43—1870 mill owned by Thomas Reese.
44—1870 Mill owned by Morris.
45—Pond created by dam at Adamsville.
46—Probable location of lime kiln.
47—Molasses Mill.
48—First Meadow Grove School.

ELECTRIC TRANSMISSION LINES IN WISCONSIN
1934



NOTES

Map shows existing lines as of November 1, 1934
Line voltages given in K. V.
Transmission lines are 3 phase 60 cycle unless otherwise noted.

- ○ Distribution system owned by Transmission Company
- ⊖ Distribution system owned by Municipality
- ⊕ Distribution system owned by Private Company
- □ Generating station owned by Transmission Company
- ⊟ Generating station owned by Municipality
- ⊞ Generating station owned by Private Company
- W stands for hydro-electric generating station
- S stands for steam electric generating station
- O stands for oil, gasoline or gas, electric generating station
- △ stands for isolated substation. Substations in towns are not shown.
- -|- stands for change in ownership.

HOLDING GROUPS AND OPERATING COMPANIES

Note: Letters refer to holding groups and numbers to operating companies.
Not allcompanies operating are listed.
*Not utilities.

ERICAN LIGHT AND TRACTION
- Madison Gas & Electric Co.

ERICAN POWER AND LIGHT
- Northern Power Co.
- Superior Water, Light & Power Co.

'ANDARD GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.
- Interstate Light & Power Co.
- Menominee & Marinette Light & Traction Co.
- Northern States Power Co.
- St. Croix Falls Wisconsin Improvement Co.
- Wisconsin Public Service Corp.

IDERAL PUBLIC SERVICE CORP.
- Augusta Light & Telephone Co.
- Burnett County Light & Power Co.
- Clam River Electric Co.
- Davis Mill & Electric Co.
- Electric Service Co.
- La Farge Electric Co.
- Polk Electric Light Co.
- Viola Light & Power Co.

IDDLE WEST UTILITIES
- Lake Superior District Power Co.
- Wisconsin Power & Light Co.

ILITIES SERVICE CO.
- Wisconsin Hydro-Electric Co.

RE NORTH AMERICAN CO.
- The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co.
- The Wisconsin Michigan Power Co.
- The Wisconsin Gas & Electric Co.

ILITIES POWER AND LIGHT CO.
- Interstate Power Co.

K. INDEPENDENT
1. Amnicon Light & Power Co.
2. Northern Wisconsin Power Co.
3. Coleman Pound Light & Power Co.
4. Commonwealth Electric Light Co.
5. Consolidated Water Power Co.
6. Cross Plains Electric Co.
7. Dahlberg Light & Power Co.
8. Florence Municipal Water & Light Dept.
9. Gilmanton Roller Mills Co.
10. F. G. Grimm Power Co.
11. Hustisford Light, Power & Mfg. Co.
12. Iron River Electric Transmission Co.
13. Kaukauna Municipal Water & Light Dept.
14. Merchants Power & Light Co.
15. Middleton Municipal Water & Light Dept.
16. Milford Electric Co.
17. Mississippi Valley Public Service Co.
18. Nekoosa Edwards Light & Power Co.
*19. Nekoosa Edwards Paper Co.
20. Northern Electric Co.
21. Oxford Light & Power Co.
22. Roxbury Light & Power Co.
23. Stoughton Municipal Water & Light Dept.
24. Sylvan Electric Co.
25. Willow River Power Co.
26. Wisconsin Rapids Municipal Water & Electric Plant
27. Plymouth Municipal Electric & Water Utilities
28. Laona Public Service Co.
29. Muscoda Municipal Water & Light Dept.
30. Marshfield Municipal Water & Light Dept
31. Pioneer Light & Power Co.
*32. Tomahawk Kraft Paper Co.
*33. Grandfather Falls Power Co.
34. Polk Burnett Light & Power Co.
35. Neshonoc Light & Power Co.
36. Wisconsin Dells Municipal Water & Light Plant
*37. Flambeau Power Co.
38. La Valle Electric Co.

Prepared by the staff of the
ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT
PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION OF WISCONSIN
MADISON, WISCONSIN
November 1, 1934

SOURCE: PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION OF WISCONSIN—NOVEMBER 1, 1934

SOUTHERN SECTION

Chapter Ten - Education

According to a number of written histories, the first school was held in the log cabin of Richard Williams near the White Cemetery, in 1849. It appears that a number of schools were in operation during the 1860's, and by the 90's there were over a dozen school districts in the Town of Brigham alone. The earliest school records found date back to the 1890's only, and finding newspaper items on the schools has been hit and miss. Later each school will be treated individually.

For over 110 years most of the children in the area were educated in one room schools. The school year was divided into three terms: Fall, Winter and Spring. Enrollments ranged from two to forty with only one teacher for all eight grades.

The teacher would start the school day with exercise for all, including singing and the Pledge of Allegiance. Lessons were begun with the children of the lower grades while the rest read or did their homework. When finished with the lesson for one grade, the teacher would give exercises for those pupils to complete while he went on to the other grades. After the morning recess, this process was repeated until noon, and again until after noon recess and once more until dismissal.

IOWA COUNTY DAILY PROGRAM
(In the 1950's)

Music: 8:55
Reading Block: 9:00 Grade 1
Grade 2
9:30 All other groups
Supervised Play: Dismiss Grades 1 and 2 at 10:05
Supervised Play: Dismiss all other groups at 10:35
Reading: 10:45 Grade 1
Grade 2
Arithmetic Block: 11:15 Grades 3 and 4
Alternate
Grades 5 and 6
Alternate
Grades 7 and 8
Combined
Noon Intermission: Dismiss Grades 1 to 4 at 11:45
Dismiss other groups at 12:00
Social Studies Block: 12:55
Grade 1 — Science, Health, and Social Studies
Grade 2 — Science, Health, and Social Studies
1:15 Time divided between all other groups
Supervised Play: Dismiss Grades 1 to 4 at 2:05
Dismiss all other groups at 2:30
Language Arts Block: 2:45
Period to be divided among the groups for language, spelling, and writing

At times part of the day would be devoted to preparing for some special program like Christmas or Arbor Day.

The one room schools changed very little in the teaching methods used over the years. Memorization and drill work were used in 1850 and 1950, as were spankings.

Initially all that was required of a teacher was to have finished the eighth grade. Later teachers had to attend institutes held by the County Superintendent of Schools. By about 1920 teachers had to attend one year of higher learning either at a State College or County Teacher College. In the 1930's that requirement was expanded to two years. These two year certificates for teachers were good until the 1960's when the one room schools were phased out. Today every teacher must possess a college degree.

During the time of the one room school, each district had a number. How the numbers were determined is not known. It probably had to do with the order in which they were established. For example, Barber was the last district organized and thus has the highest number. However, Jones Valley was district number one, but evidence points to West Blue Mounds having had a school first, yet, that district's number was eight.

Generally the school district was run by a school board consisting of a clerk, treasurer, and a director. The major decisions were made at the annual meeting when the voters decided how long each term would be, how much to pay, whether to hire a male or female teacher and other things. The board then carried out these decisions at their discretion, not always to the voters' satisfaction (see Fairview School).

Taxes to support the schools were collected by the town government and then distributed to the school districts, as it still is done today.

Teachers salaries ranged from $10 to $20 a month in the mild weather terms and $5 to $10 more in the winter months during the nineteenth century. Districts varied in their ability or willingness to pay. In 1932-33 Roy Rolstad got $85 a month at West Blue Mounds and over at Jones Valley, Vernice Zepplin got $80 a month.

The Great Depression drove salaries back down from the $100 per month that Hazel Cretney got at Jennieton in 1930-31. By 1933-34 she was being

paid $70 a month. The pay at other district schools dropped as low as $60 a month.

World War II and the inflation following it drove salaries back up. At Jennieton, Jayne Rule was paid $125 a month in 1943-44. By 1952 they were paying Gladys Lynch $260 a month.

The following descriptions of the one room schools in the Town of Brigham will attempt to say something unique about each school and to use these descriptions to point out some things common to all schools. For the area covered by each district see the map on page 78 and for the location of the school see map on pages 72 and 73.

DISTRICT ONE JONES VALLEY

One hundred years ago the first Jones Valley School was built and it still stands today although unused.

The citizens of Jones Valley took an active interest in their school as this summary of the 1941-42 Community Club shows.

> President-Mr. Watkins, Vice President-Mr. Thousand, Secretary and Treasurer-Mr. Schurch. Eight meetings were held during the year. Many useful topics were discussed and helpful suggestions made. A donation of $5 was sent to the Empty Stocking Fund of Madison at Christmas time. A school water fountain has been purchased. 4-H and Homemakers Club in the district are very active, having our 4-H representative win the Nat'l Dairy Luncheon Demonstration in Tenn. Congratulations to Doris Watrud whose partner was Mary E. Williams of the Meadow Grove School District.
>
> At one meeting the men of the club served the refreshments. Our entertainment varied from the discussion of Salvage for Victory to talks on trips, musical and reading selections from our own school and neighboring friends.
>
> The attendance at each meeting averaged near forty persons. A school picnic was held May 22.

Irilla Paul left the following note dated 5-16-1944 to the teacher for next year.

> Dear Teacher:
>
> As the school year draws to a close and I look back over the year I have the feeling that it has been a successful one. May your stay in Jones Valley be one also.
>
> The pupils that I am leaving have been very fine pupils. Some of course better than others. You will find them all very fine to work with. (Her discussion of each pupils progress will be deleted.)
>
> There is a thriving Community Club and every one is supreme here. I am sure you will enjoy your sojourn here.
>
> Sincerely,
> Irilla M. Paull

Little did she know that the next year the school would be closed forever, as there was only six children of grade school age. It was easier to send the kids to Barneveld Grade School than to operate a school for so few.

DISTRICT FOUR FAIRVEW

The existing record books for Fairview start in 1897, however, there was an item in the Chronicle in 1878 mentioning a Thomas K. Ryan as teaching at District Four.

As befits its placement on Irish Ridge, quite a number of the teachers had Irish names like Lynch, Bunbury, McDermott, McSherry, Murphy and Sweeney.

Moreover as befits its location on this ridge better known as Rumpus Ridge, it has been the scene of a number of good scraps. The biggest fight of all didn't involve kids at all. In the 1920's, after an annual school meeting, one of the elected board members moved to the Village of Ridgeway. However, he continued to serve on the board and helped hire a teacher. Others in the community didn't feel this was right and so held another school meeting and elected a new board. This board too hired a teacher, a different one. On the first day of school, there were two teachers at Fairview, each expecting to teach. This situation called for another meeting. The two factions literally met head on in the schoolhouse. A real knock down, tear 'em up, hair pulling brawl resulted that reaffirmed the name of Rumpus Ridge. One of the women even had a fistfull of hair yanked out of her head that ended up in a court case. The jury decided that the handfull of hair presented as evidence was "nothing but combings." The situation more or less got resolved when the second teacher decided the risk wasn't worth it and got another job.

Despite the neighborhood being full of Irishmen, the school remained open until 1963 when all one room schools were closed.

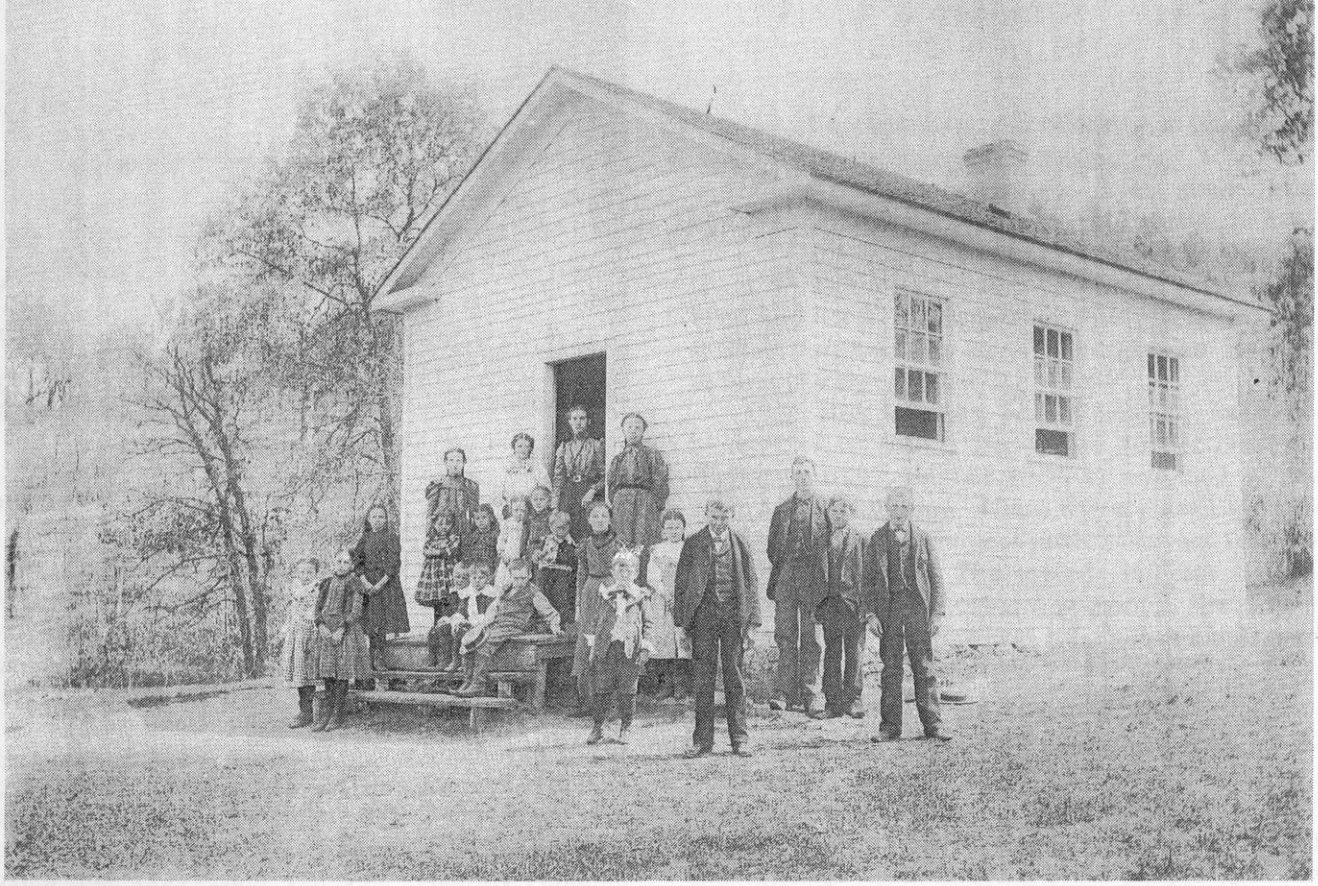
DISTRICT SIX FAIRBANKS

This school was going strong already in 1879 as the Chronicle mentioned that Mary Ellen Thomas was going to teach there.

Fairbanks being located in a beautiful valley with a nice spring nearby was a good place to go to school.

They also must have had some good kids going to school there as the following quote from the Chronicle shows.

> 4-10-1891 — School in District Six, Town of Brigham, which has been under the skillful management of Miss Nelly Burns, closed last Friday evening with an entertainment, which was the best ever held in the neighborhood. Recitations, dialogues, songs, and tableaux



Fairbanks school in June, 1899 with teacher Clara Cebster and the children of Tom Lewis, William Owens and Tom Lynch

were delivered in the best of style by the pupils, showing skill and thoroughness which was a credit to both pupils and teachers.

Fairview went the way of most one room schools. By 1947 there were only seven kids and it was then closed in 1948. The building is not standing today.

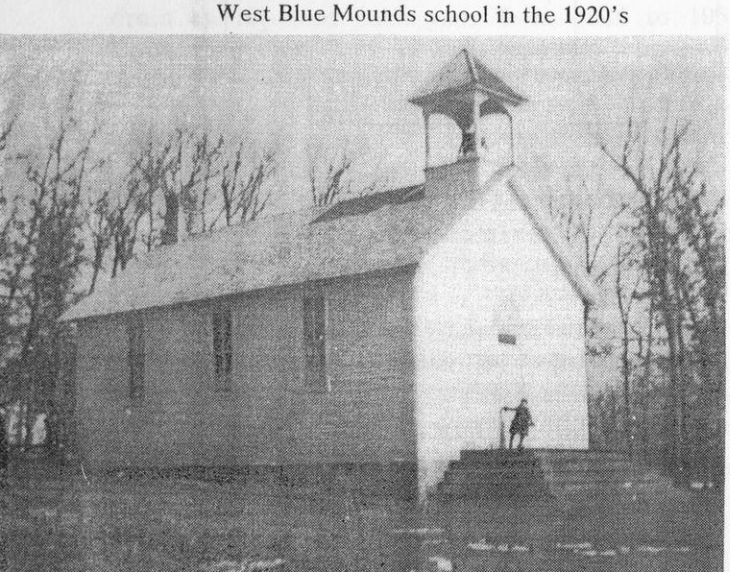
DISTRICT SEVEN MIDDLEBURY

Middlebury like the people in the neighborhood proved to be long lasting. This school started around 1850 and lasted until 1963. The building is now a home.

Like most schools, Middlebury used a big Hammond and Stephens grade book. Hazel Helgeson (bless her heart) teacher there from 1960-63 noted the birthdays of her students, like Donnie Paulson 1-30-48 and Anita Roberts 10-20-49.

These grade books also had space for a record of visitors. Various visitors here were Mabel Olson, County Supervising Teacher-9-14-43; Gladys Waddel, Supervising Teacher-11-21-49; Mrs. Earl Reynolds, Jamestown, South Dakota-12-1-50; Lillian Ellis, County Superintendent of Schools-12-15-52.

West Blue Mounds school in the 1920's

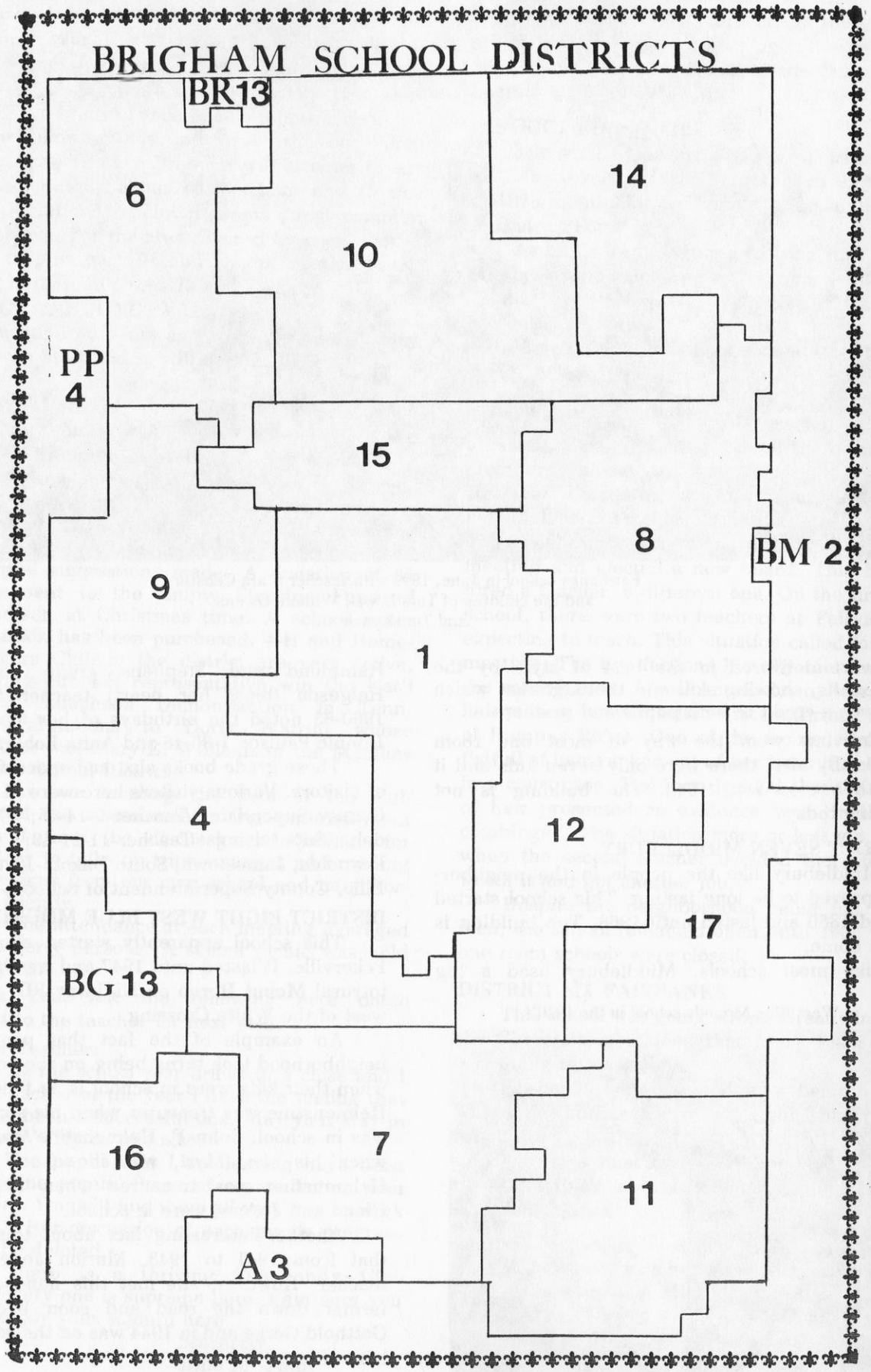


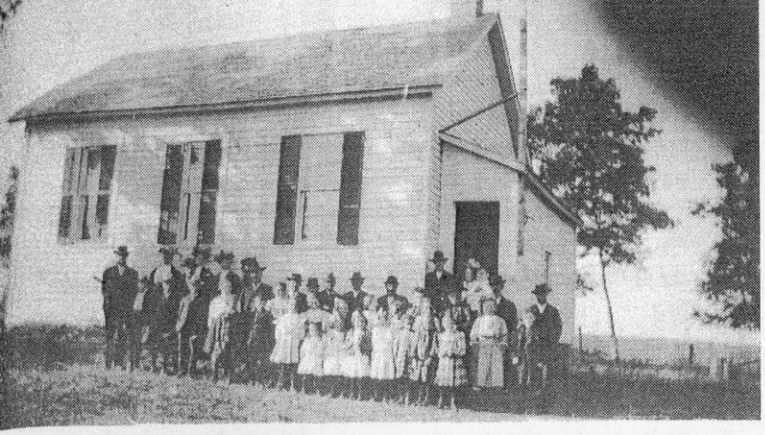
DISTRICT EIGHT WEST BLUE MOUNDS

This school apparently started about 1850 in Pokerville. It lasted until 1947 and was later moved to rural Mount Horeb on Highway PD, a half mile west of the White Crossing.

An example of the fact that people of the neighborhood took turns being on the school board when their kids were in school is as follows: W. J. Helmenstine was treasurer when his son, John F., was in school. John F. Helmenstine was treasurer when his son, Myrl, was in school, and Myrl Helmenstine was treasurer when his children, Glenn and JoAnn, were in school.

Another interesting fact about this school is that from 1941 to 1943, Marion Jones was the teacher. However, she met this handsome young farmer down the road and soon became Mrs. Gotthold Gerke and in 1944 was on the school board herself.


BRIGHAM SCHOOL DISTRICTS
BR13
6
10
14
PP
4
15
8
BM 2
9
1
4
12
17
BG 13
16
7
11
A 3



Larsonville school, pre World War I

DISTRICT NINE JENNIETON

Jennieton School was started in 1861 and didn't quite make 100 years of educating all of them Welshmen out there, as it closed after 1959.

Walter "Watt" Thomas of the famous Thomas clan recently completed a History of the Jennieton School. He found that "The taxable inhabitants of the district who were involved in determining location and construction of the schoolhouse were: E. D. Evans, Charles Evers, Owen Jenkins, Thomas Hamble, Walter Thomas, John Owens, John Murdick, Ben Evans, David Roach, David Waltern, David Thomas, David Williams, George Thomas, Thomas P. Jones, Thomas Ferry, Peter Murray, and Daniel Thomas."

Watt Thomas also found that the 1868 census revealed there were 48 male and 35 female school chilren in the district.

He also researched expenditures and found that in 1863, 25 cents was spent for a broom and $3.50 for firewood. In 1875 they paid James Baylis $30 for building two outhouses and in 1889 paid $25 for a globe.

DISTRICT TEN LARSONVILLE

Larsonville lasted as a functioning unit until the very last, being closed after 1962-63. The unused building still stands today.

Each year the teachers in these one room schools wrote out a list of suggested repairs. At Larsonville, Lois Phillips requested that the sink drain be repaired each year from 1948 to 1951. Upon becoming Lois Powell in 1951, she asked again for a sink repair and then added, at least a pail. It wasn't until 1957 that this request for a repair stopped.

DISTRICT ELEVEN CLAY HILL

This school like the substance it is built on, stuck around a long time, functioning through the 1962-63 school year.

The male students from Clay Hill over the years acquired a reputation as being very handy with their fists. They weren't bullies, but if they got into a fight they usually won. It didn't make any difference if it was a Helgeson or a Brattlie or a Valstad or a Grimstad or a Weck or a Marty, you didn't monkey around with those guys.

Today's school districts with their huge budgets couldn't hold a candle to Clay Hill. In 1947, the Clay Hill Athletic Department spent $5.99. They spent $3.85 for the luxury of having a basketball hoop and backboard complete with net, $2.00 for a softball (for their long shots?) and 14 cents for a roll of tape (for the softball?).

Clay Hill was the only school to have two bankers on its board. The school district borrowed $350 on 8-16-47, $500 on 10-10-47 and $600 in 1950 from Abner Helgeson. Abner was a piker compared to Morris Brattlie who lent money at least 20 times from 1945 to 1953. The records indicate that no interest was paid for using this money. Great Scot! Banker Jerome Jones would roll over in his grave if he heard that.

DISTRICT TWELVE MEADOW GROVE

This school has existed since the middle of the nineteenth century. The first school was held in a dugout just north of the present school. Then for a number of years school was held in a log building near Hilton Arneson's present driveway. The present brick building was put up in 1924 and used until 1963. Today it is used as a residence by Karen Powell.

When the school district dissolved, the following list of school property was prepared for the dissolution records: desks, books, globe, recitation table, low table, furnace and fuel tank, oldest folding chairs (painted white), old sand table, maps, swings, merry-go-round, hektograph, duplicator, one box nearly full of chalk, flash cards, half ream duplicator paper, four dictionaries, 1950 edition of the World Book Encyclopedia and Rebus word, phrase and sentence cards.

Meadow Grove, 1955 — front row: Gordon Dimpfl, Harvey Duerst, Donna Vollen, Tina Schmitz, Patti Callahan, Christi Mueller. Row 2: David Powell, Diane Gerke, Patsy Mueller, Janeth Mueller, Don Dimpfl. Row 3: Irene Gilbertson, Karen Powell, Marilyn Mueller, Kenneth Powell, Wayne Christian.

DISTRICT FOURTEEN WALNUT HOLLOW

This school, dating back to the 1880's, closed in 1963. Today the building is used as a home.

One of the duties of a teacher was to hold fire drills every month and to make out a report to the state.

This copy for your files

Record of Fire Drills

Pursuant to Chapter 395, Section 4022 (7), Statutes of Wisconsin, 1947, the following report shall be filed in accordance with instructions on the reverse side of this form, at least 10 days prior to the termination of the school year.

Name of School Walnut Hollow

Address Blue Mounds, Wisconsin

Number of Floors One

Number of Exits Each Floor One

Date and Time of Drill	Number of Students	Time Required to evacuate Building
July ..... 19 ... O'clock	9	
August ..... 19 ... O'clock		
September 19 1952 9:13 O'clock	9	20 seconds
October 16 1952 11 O'clock	9	15 " "
November 3 1952 (11:30) O'clock	9	16 " "
December 19 1952 1 O'clock	9	9 " "
January 12 1953 10 O'clock	8	10 " "
February 5 1953 10 O'clock	9	15 " "
March 3 1953 2 O'clock	8	9 " "
April 23 1953 11:30 O'clock	9	10 " "
May 1 1953 2:15 O'clock	8	15 " "
June ..... 19 ... O'clock		

Signed by Orpha P. Arneson

Title Teacher

Date May 15, 1953

(over)

Form K-11
Industrial Commission of Wisconsin.

DISTRICT SIXTEEN URNESS

This school dates back to the 1870's and was closed in 1962.

In September of 1878, the teacher, Libby Campbell, daughter of Archibald, was killed by a tornado that demolished the place where she was staying.

DISTRICT SEVENTEEN BARBER

This district was created in 1924 because the old Meadow Grove district was too large. The still standing beautiful brick building was put up the same year.

The financial records show that the district borrowed $250 from the Blue Mound State Bank and paid Sylvanus Aavang $25 to teach in 1924-25. In 1930-31, they paid Roy Ralstad $880 to teach, but as a result of the depression, they only paid $520 in 1933-34. Salaries didn't reach the 1930-31 peak until 1942. The war and inflation drove the salaries up to $1200 in 1944, $1460 by 1945, $1600 by 1947, and $2200 by 1953.

The last teacher there was Helene Torgeson, who became Mrs. Rueben Espeseth in 1945. She taught Barber from 1941 to 1963 and is now finishing her last year of teaching in Verona.

A Joint School District was one that got its students from two government units like a village and a town or having pupils from two towns. The following were Joint School Districts: Barneveld Grade School, Fairview, Clay Hill, Walnut Hollow, Urness and Jennieton.

Some students attended Joint School District Schools that were located outside the Town of Brigham, as described in the following paragraphs.

ADAMSVILLE

Joint 13 located in the Town of Moscow, started in the 1850's and closed by 1958.

BLUE MOUNDS

Joint 2 located in Dane County, started in the 1830's.

BLUE GRASS

Joint 13 located in the Town of Ridgeway, closed by 1962.

BLUE RIDGE

Joint 13 located in the Town of Arena, closed by 1962.

PIKES PEAK

Joint 14 was created from other districts in 1914 and located in the Town of Ridgeway and closed in 1962.

JOINT DISTRICT FIFTEEN BARNEVELD

The first school built in the village appears to have been built in 1882 with a large two-man bell being added in 1883. The school was often closed in winter because of sickness from 1887 to 1890.

In 1897 the oldest student was 23, however, he was there only 39 of the 170 days taught. This was in the same building that occasionally had students as young as four attending. Generally the attendance of the boys was dependent on the season as they were needed to help on the farms. Some boys like the 23 year old above did go to school when they could.

In 1900 a four room, two story brick building was put up. This was used as a grade school and later a high school until it was torn down in the 1950's.

Sometime before World War II, the district began a two year high school, that was later expanded to three years. In 1924 it was expanded to a four year high school.

Previous to 1924, students that wanted to finish

$123.54 **TAX OF 1914.** No. 110

STATE OF WISCONSIN, } ss.
IOWA COUNTY

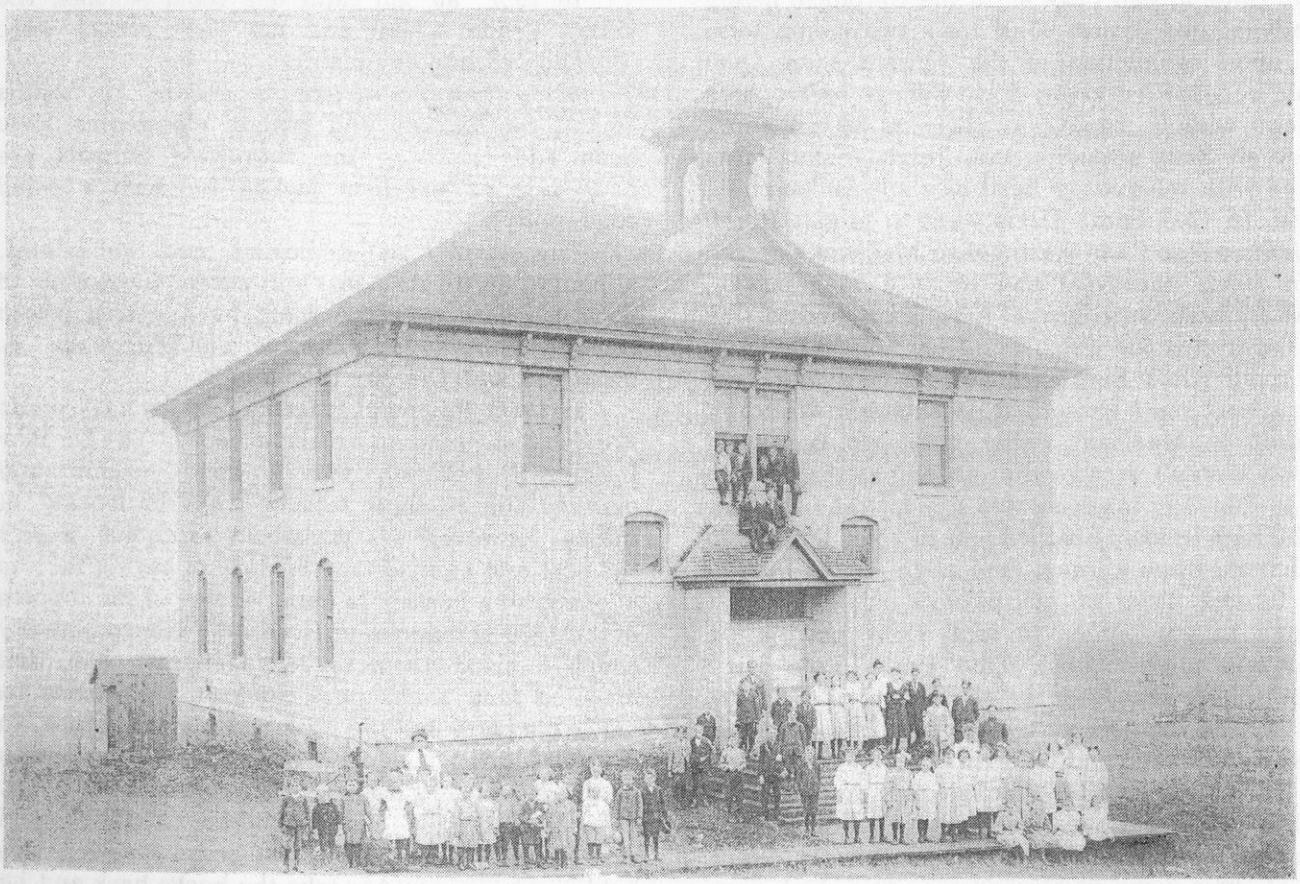
TOWN OF BRIGHAM, Jan 8th 1915

Received of John F. Helmens Jr. the sum of One Hundred twenty-three Dollars and fifty-four Cents, in full for State, County, County School, Town, School District, Delinquent Road, Village or City, and Personal Property Tax, for the year 1914, on the following described property in said Town, to-wit:

DESCRIPTION	Sec.	Town	Range	Acres	Total Valuation	State, County, Co. School and Town Tax	School District Tax	Delinquent Road Tax	Village or City Tax	Road Tax	Taxes Unpaid Previous Year	Total Amount of Taxes
E½ SW¼ NE¼	35	7	5	30	600	3 07	1 20			45		4 72
W½ SW¼ NE¼	13	6	3	20	1200	6 13	1 08			90		8 11
W½ NW¼ NE¼	"	"	"	20	1200	6 13	1 08			90		8 11
E½ NW¼	"	"	"	80	6000	30 66	5 40			2 25		40 56
NW¼ NW¼ NE¼ SW¼	"	"	"	80	6600	33 99	5 94			4 99		44 97
Personal Property					2525	12 91	2 27			1 89		17 07
Penalty												
TOTAL												123 54

ORIGINAL

H. C. Ramey Treasurer.



Barneveld Grade School, about 1910.

Barneveld High School about 1916.

high school had to go to Mount Horeb or Dodgeville. In 1895, the Dodgeville High School ran a two column, half page ad in the Chronicle listing its advantages. It cost $5.00 for a two month term and upon completion of the courses there, you would be admitted to any State College or Teachers College without having to take the examination. Those students attending these high schools often stayed with relatives or lived at a special boarding house. In 1912 Sarah Davis went to Mount Horeb High School and Leroy Emmel to Madison Central. Even when Barneveld had its own high school, those students from several miles away had to stay in town during the week.

Even when Barneveld got its own four year high school some concerned parents still sent their children to Madison. Either they felt Barneveld schools weren't very good or as long as they had to pay tuition they might as well pay for the best.

The high school remained part of Joint District 15 until 1948, when a Union Free High School District was formed. Prior to this, parents outside District 15 had to pay tuition to send their children to Barneveld High School. This Union Free High School charged no one in the Town of Brigham tuition. The high school had its own board, as did Barneveld Graded and each rural school.

The Union Free High School tore down the old brick building and put up a modern building. They then rented classrooms to the Barneveld Grade School. The gymnasium and ag shop had been built in the 1930's by the Works Progress Administration with materials that were salvaged from an army camp in Illinois.

In 1962, all the rural one room schools, the village grade school and the high school were consolidated into one district.

Since then a new gym, a parking lot, tennis courts, bus garage and several classrooms have been added. Today the Barneveld Schools are housed in an excellent facility for such a small community.

The faculty is dedicated and competent, although not all residents will agree. A number of good teachers over the years have gotten rotten treatment because someone disliked them or disagreed with the way they taught.

In 1960, Raymond Peterson had his 11th grade English class read an excellent book, "The Ox Bow Incident." Peterson was a good teacher and exposed the students to new ways of looking at things. However, his classroom discipline wasn't the best and he made the mistake of saying he was at one time a beatnik (a tame version of the hippies of the 1960's) "Horror of Horrors!" The community couldn't stand to have a degenerate like that teaching their simon pure children. He had to be put in his place and the book was a good excuse. In the Ox Bow Incident, there is a paragraph describing a nude woman in a painting over a bar. "Lewd!" "Dirty!" Those children shouldn't read that "filth!" A special school board meeting was held and he was told to take the books back and be careful of what he taught. Being a responsible

July 11 - 1944

Form No. 2
1943
15M

Place Only ONE Name on a Line

SCHOOL CENSUS

FOR THE

YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1944

District No. I

Town or Towns of Brigham

County of Iowa

IMPORTANT: The school census must show the number of persons between four and twenty years residing in the district on the 30th day of June, 19__, except in cities of the first class, where the census is reported as of the 30th day of May 19__. By that is meant that you must include the names of all persons who have passed the fourth anniversary of their birthday, and have not reached their twentieth. As soon as you have taken the school census you should make your annual report to

2

NOTE CAREFULLY: Count age at last birthday previous to July 1, 19__. Include all children who

	Names of parents or other persons with whom children live	P. O. Address Give street No. or R. F. D. route	Distance from schoolhouse	Names of children between 4 and 20 years (One child on each line)	Age in years	Date of birth			Sex B or G	Has the Child Attended		
						Year	Month	Day		Public school only	Both public and parochial school	Private or parochial school only
1	H-H- Thousand	Barneveld	1 Mi	William	17	1926	Nov	16	B	"		
2	" "	"	"	Wayne	14	1929	May	8	B	"		
3	H. Watkins	"	¼ Mi	Barry	11	1932	Aug	4	B	"		
4	" "	"	"	Jomar	7	1936	July	27	B	"		
5	Alvin Evans	"	1 Mi	Dorothy	10	1934	Feb	19	G	"		
6	" "	"	"	LeRoy	5	1938	Dec	29	B	"		
7	Leo Collins	"	1 Mi	Madeline	18	1926	Jan	17	G	"		
8	" "	"	"	Kathryn	16	1927	Dec	24	G	"		
9	Walter Jabbe	"	1½ Mi	Larry	5	1938	Sept	18	B	"		
10	" "	"		Karen	4	1940	May	30	G	"		
11												
12												

Mrs. Elaine Hughes, school secretary. She was the one who really runs the school.

person, he did as he was instructed, but lost all enthusiasm for teaching and merely went through the motions the rest of the year. Peterson's contract was not renewed and he is now working in a book store. Too bad, he was a good teacher.

Thanks to the school board, those books did get read. Two of the smaller juniors slipped through a window at noon and stole all the books back. Everyone in school read and enjoyed them. Everybody was a little disappointed, for other than the paragraph describing the nude in the painting, there was not another paragraph or sentence that was in any way dirty.

Other silly narrow minded uproars still occur over teachers actions. In 1970, Mr. Grubb wore a peace symbol on his arm during a nationwide Vietnam war protest. Many townspeople were aghast, for they "knew" that it was the symbol for some underground group that was trying to take over the country. In 1972 Mr. Shinko wore a ski sweater exactly like the Olympic team was wearing then. This sweater was red, white and blue with stars and stripes on it. Several people were upset over his "defammation of the flag."

Barneveld takes pride in having its own school, while other little towns (Ridgeway, Hollandale, Arena) have lost theirs. Pride like everything else costs more these days. Grumbling about the cost of schools has always existed in nearly every school district nationwide. The extremely dry weather in 1976 brought this to new level. In July the voters turned down the proposed budget because it was too costly. Everybody and his brother has a plan to cut costs. Some mentioned dropping art, music and kindergarten. Some radicals even suggested doing away with athletics.

Despite such incidents and controversies, cooler heads nearly always prevail. The community survived the closing of the one room rural schools with no great calamity befalling them and so should surmount this problem. The prediction can be made that Barneveld will continue to have a reasonably good school program for many years to come.

SENIORS

Marvin Arneson "Marv"

Basketball 1, 2, 3
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4
Band 1, 2, 3, 4
Class Play 3

Anna Conley "Annie"

Chorus 3, 4
Glee Club 1, 2
Cheer Leader 2, 3, 4
Octette 4 - Declam. 2
G.A.A. officer
Class officer 3, 4
Sec. & Treas. of School

Viola Frame "Vi"

Glee Club 1, 2
Chorus 4
Class Play 3
G.A.A. 4

Kathryn Gust "Gusty"

Glee Club 1, 2
Class officer 3
G.A.A.
Cheer Leader 2, 3
Class Play 3
Salutatorian
Mag. Sec. 2, 3, 4

Franklin Harris "Icky"

Band 1, 2, 3, 4
Class Play 3
Athletic Manager 4

Ida Hiltbrand "Idie"

Class Play 3
Glee Club 1, 2
Chorus 3, 4
Octette 4
G.A.A. 4
Class officer 4
Declam. 2. 3. 4

Aldro Jones "Jenks"

Band 1, 2
Athletic Manager 3

Garnetta Moyer "Moyer"

Glee Club 1, 2
Class Play 3
Class officer 3, 4
G.A.A. officer 4
Valedictorian

Raymond Pailing "Ray"

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4
Class Play 3
Basketball 1, 2, 3

Edward Rolstad "Jim"

Class Play 3
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4
Chorus 3,4 & Band 1,2,3
Oratory 2, 3
Class officer 3
Play contest 3, 4

Robert Theobald "Bob"

Basketball 3, 4
Class Play 3

Ernest Zurbruegg "Ernie"

Baseball 3
Basketball 3

Seniors pictured in the first Barneveld High School Yearbook
in 1936

Front row: H.Kvernen, A.Conley, G.Hainer.
Second row:W.Hurd, V.Peterson,E.M.Campbell,E.Campbell,P. Arneson, L.Thompson, Mr. O'Neill, R.Davis.
Third row: T.Arneson, F.Strang, P.Starry, T.Harris.

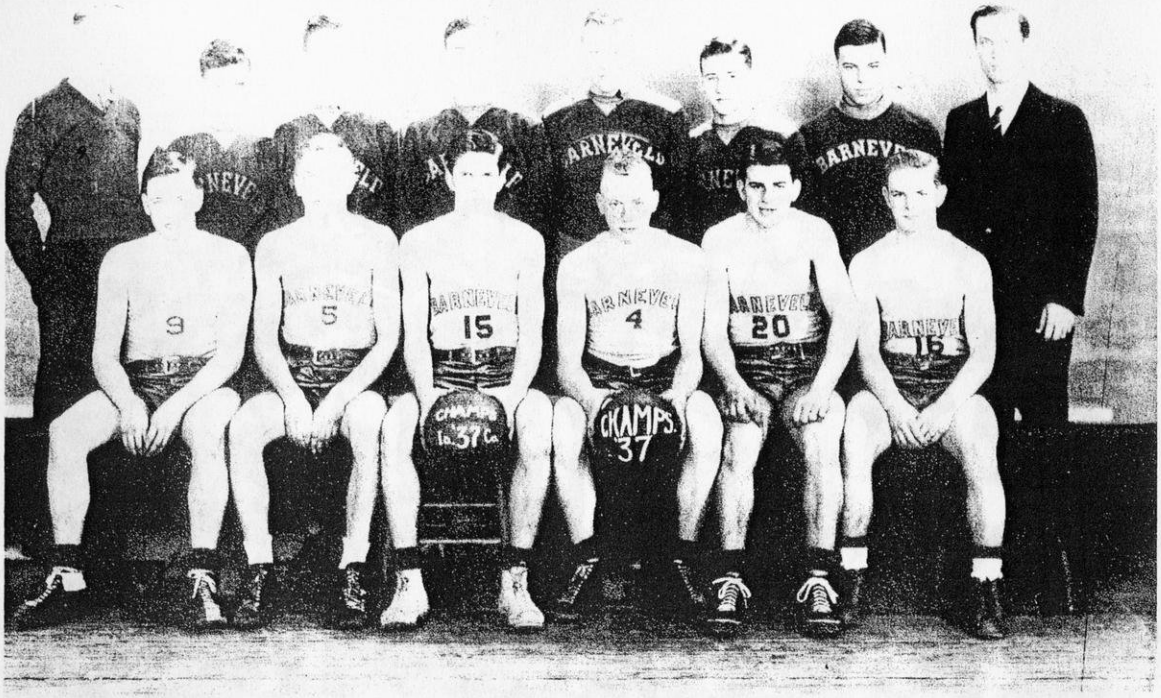
PEP BAND

Under the leadership of Mr. O'Neill, assisted by Philip Arneson, our Pep Band was organized. Since this is a new activity, we mark it an improvement of 1935-36. It was organized for the purpose of furnishing music and pep at our basketball games. Eleven members of the Band were chosen to take part, cornets: Philip Arneson, Lyle Thompson and Mr. O'Neill, drums: by Bill Hainer, Bobbie Davis, and Bill Hurd, trombone: Thomas Arneson, baritones: Paul Starry and Thomas Harris, horns: by Vivian Peterson and Esther Mae Campbell,bass: by Fern Strang, and clarinet: by Eleanor Campbell, make up our peppy organization.

Our cheerleaders, Helen Kvernen, Anna Conley and Glenna Hainer, assisted by loyal fans,contributed much to Barneveld's winning basketball team.

The Pep Band also participated in the supplementary tournament held at the Barneveld gymnasium March 19, 20, and 21.

From the 1936 High School Yearbook

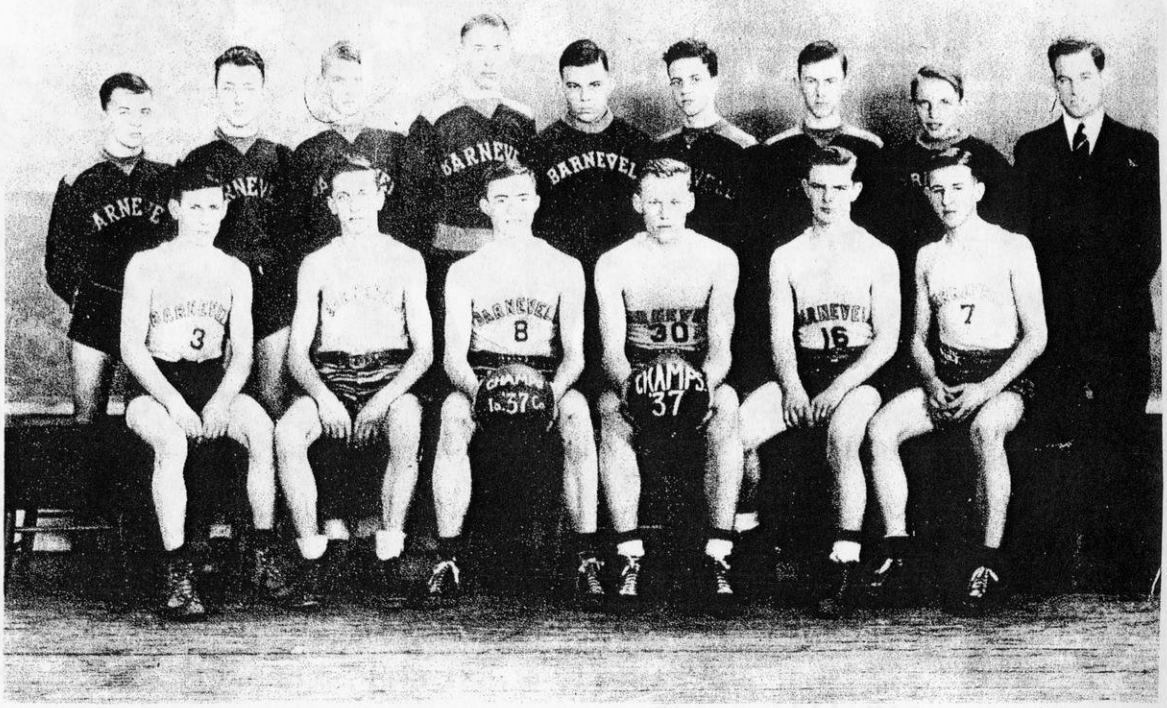


Front Row: T. Lauber, H. Thomoson, W. Hainer, H. Roethlisberger, R. Thoni, R.W. Thomas
Second Row: Manager Leary, T. Harris, L. Thompson, P. Arneson, N. Watrud, F. Rickli, Manager Davis, Mr. O'Neill, coach

Basketball Schedule

Barneveld "A"	"B"	Opponents	"A"	"B"
28	15	Alumni	23	11
30	41	Cobb	3	4
30	10	Highland	23	5
36	31	Linden	13	4
18	10	Ridgeway	9	4
30	25	Montfort	8	5
22	19	Rewey	20	10
19	28	Rewey	20	10
32		Dodgeville	25	
34	35	Cobb	18	0
18	16	Highland	15	8
32	23	Linden	13	6
18		Spring Green	21	
13	14	Ridgeway	11	9
17	30	Mt.Horeb	15	20
25	32	Montfort	17	9
20		Madison East "B"	18	
		Mt. Horeb Tournament		
34		Arena	22	
22		Blanchardville	20	
18		Mazomanie	14	
		Monroe Tournament		
13		Argyle	24	
29		New Glarus	24	

From the 1937 High School Yearbook



Front Row: T. Harris, L. Thompson, P. Arneson, N. Watrud, R.W. Thomas, F. Rckkli
Second Row: L. Thompson, J. Olson, V. Thousand, Managers Leary and Davis, P. Starry, R. Davies, W. Kvernen, Coach Saxe

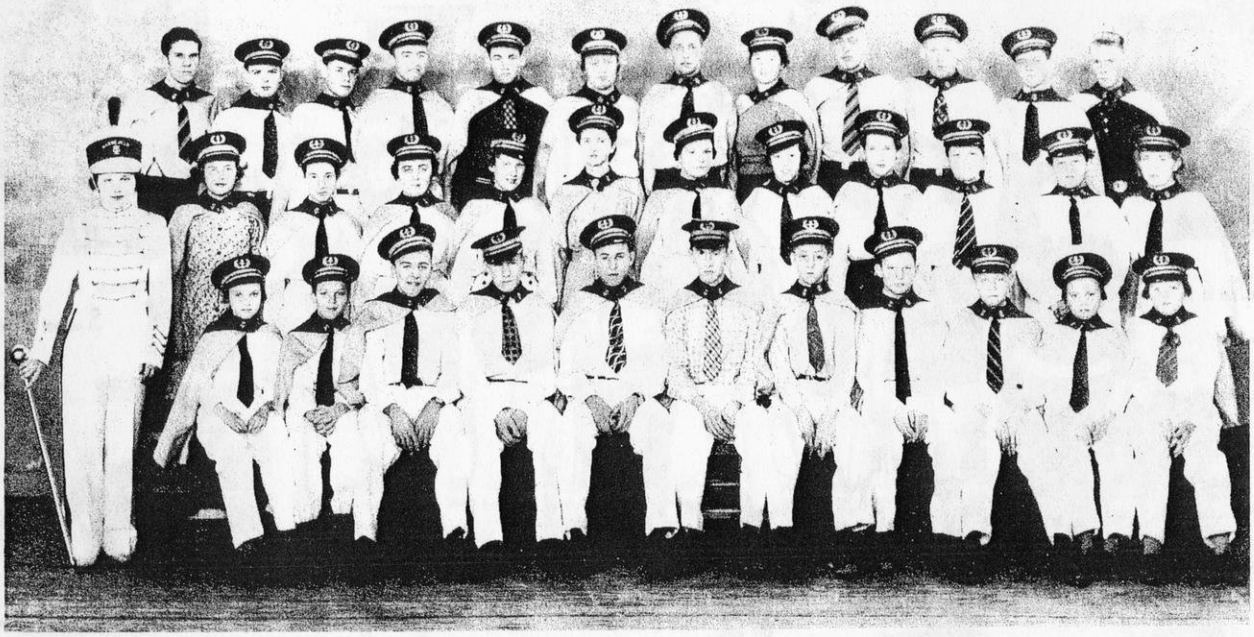
Basketball

For the third straight year Barneveld High School's basketball team won the Iowa County League chamoionship, and it lost out for the third year for a chance to get a berth in the State Tournament. This years team won 19 out of 22 games played, winning the Iowa County League, the Mt. Horeb tournament, and consolation at the Monroe regional meet. The team did succeed in getting revenge in the Mt. Horeb tournament by defeating Mazomanie, the team that defeated Barneveld for a state berth three years ago.

The "B" team completed its season for the second year without suffering a single defeat.

The "B" team, composed of nearly all juniors, will represent our school next year as the "A" team will loose four members by graduation. We hope that the air of determination will again dominate this aggregation.

From the 1937 High School Yearbook



Front Row: E.Campbell, R. Arneson, J. Starry, L. Thompson, T. Harris, F. Rickli, R.Davis, W. Hurd, M. Campbell, T. Arneson, B. Arneson, D.J. Watson
Second Row: P. Smith, V. peterson, M. Zepplin, E.M. Campbell, V. Smith, H. Davis, C.M. Kendrick, A. Schuelke, K. Campbell, U. Collins, M.A. Stebnitz
Third Row: W. Hainer, R.W. Thomas, G. Oimoen, P. Arneson, A. Williams, E.Mickelson, L. Thompson, D. Thompson, D. Williams, H. Thompson, N. Watrud, P. Starry, T. Arneson

Band

The Barneveld band was organized in 1930 under the direction of Mr. Hanneman. Tuesday and Friday mornings of each week are devoted to band practice.

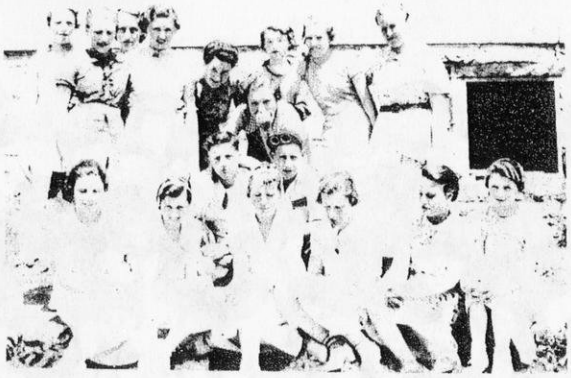
In 1936 our band placed in the first division of Class D at the district tournament at Mineral Point. We are planning to enter the Festival at Mineral Point this May, but we will compete with the Class C bands. Solo and ensemble groups will also compete.

Eleanor Campbell is the drum major for the band, and Philip Arneson is the assistant director.

The brass sextette members are: Philip Arneson and Lyle Thompson cornets; Paul Starry, baritone; Vivian Peterson, melophone; Thomas Arneson, trombone; and Robert Warren Thomas, bass.

From the 1937 High School Yearbook

Johnny



Are we all here?

Mixed Sundae!

"Pals"

Come on boys, lets go!!

Professor In a hurry

What Harmony???

All grins

Real Irish Feet

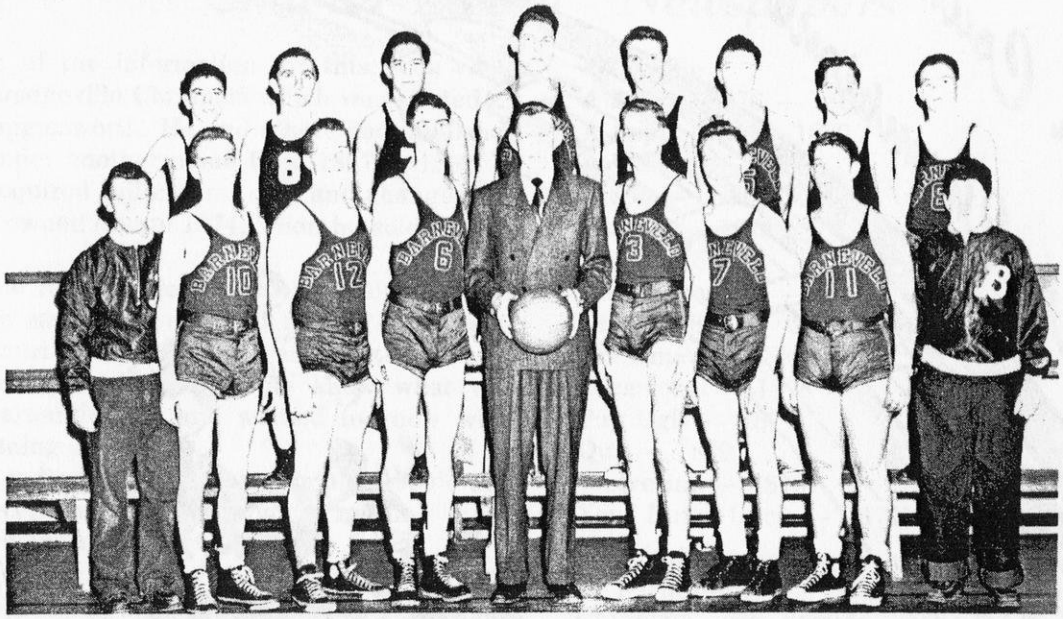
Belleville Bound

Beautiful Customs

How Green!!

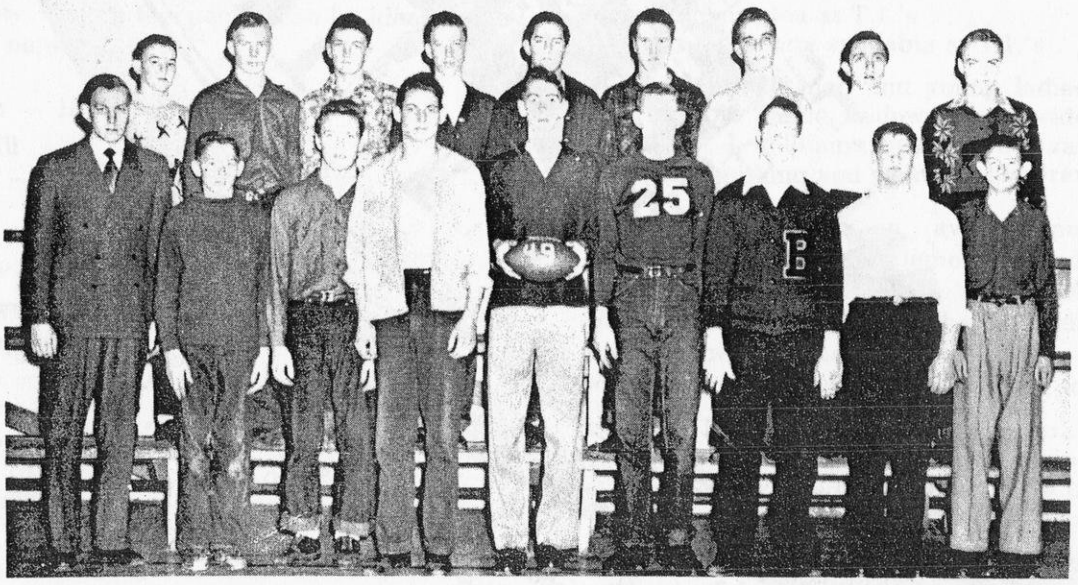
Dickens!

BASKETBALL SQUAD



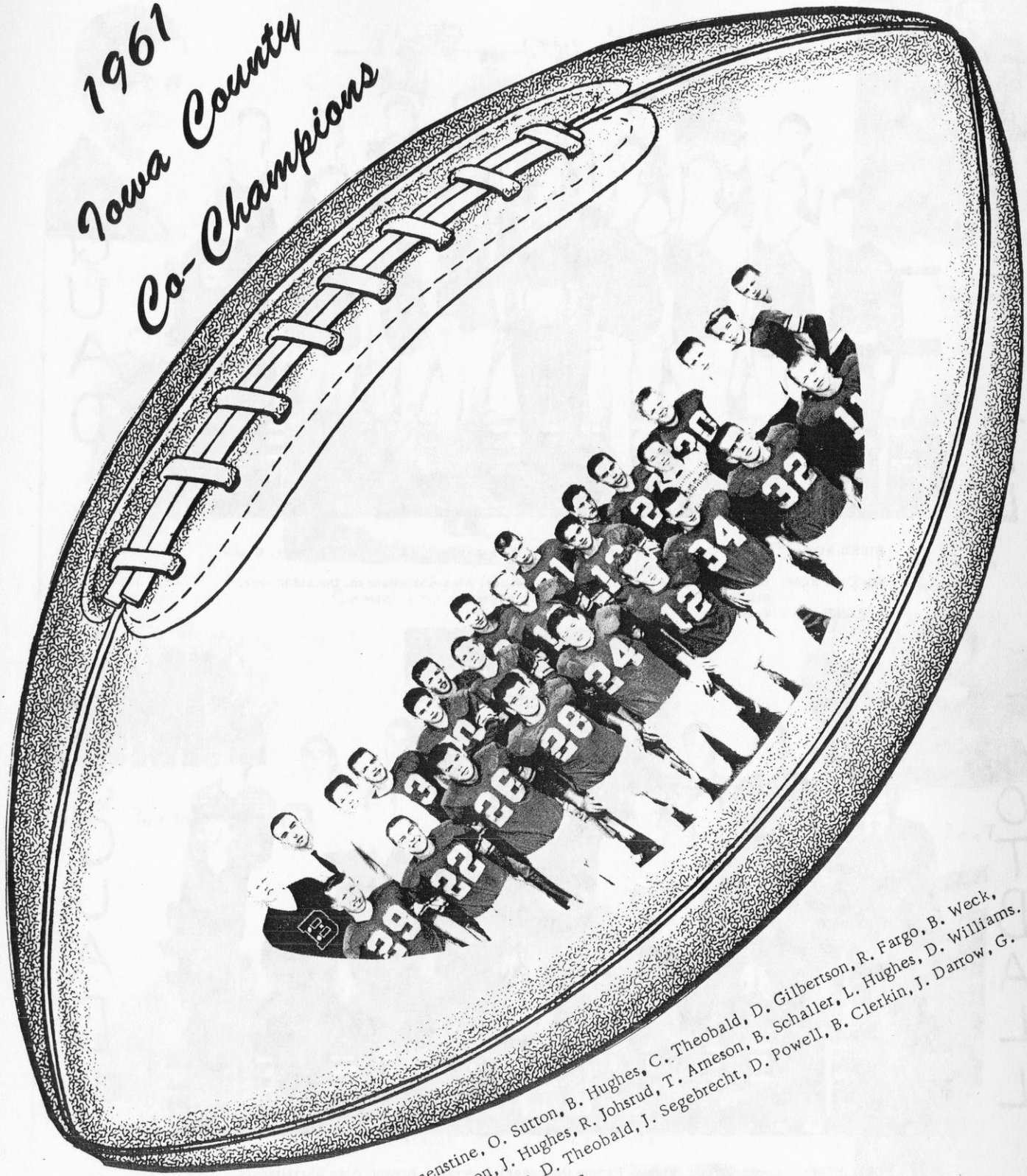
FIRST ROW: Harold Cushman (Manager), Barry Watkins, Joseph Ryan, James Leary, Coach Strand, David Opsal, Lawrence Arnold.
SECOND ROW: Jerry Watson, Frank Short, Elroy Miller, Alan Christiansen, Donald Moyer, Bill Campbell, Rush Watson, Danny Williams.
ABSENT: Vernon Kelly

FOOTBALL SQUAD



FIRST ROW: Coach Strand, Vernon Frame (Manager), Lawrence Arnold, Alan Christianson, James Leary, David Opsal, Joseph Ryan, Bud Erickson, Vernon Christianson (Manager).
SECOND ROW: Danny Williams, Eugene Gilbertson, Biil Campbell, Ralph Peterson, Elroy Miller, Donald Moyer, Barry Watkins, Frank Short, David Arnold
ABSENT: Vernon Kelly

From the 1950 High School Yearbook



ROW I: R. Moyer, J. Helmenstine, O. Sutton, B. Hughes, C. Theobald, D. Gilbertson, R. Fargo, B. Weck, J. Helegson. ROW II: W. Arneson, J. Hughes, R. Johsrud, T. Arneson, B. Schaller, L. Hughes, D. Williams. ROW III: R. Anderson, Coach Boucher, D. Theobald, J. Segebrecht, D. Powell, B. Clerkin, J. Darrow, G. Dimpfl, L. Pollock, B. Williams, L. Paulson.

From the 1961 High School Yearbook. This eight man football team won the first championship ever in football.

Chapter Eleven - Newspapers

Much of the information for this book came from the Dodgeville Chronicle which was started by W. S. Wrigglesworth. He and others had published a paper under another name from 1857 to 1862. In 1862 he acquired full control of it and changed the name. He owned it until 1874, when he sold it to A. S. Hearn.

For the first 60 years, a majority of the news items were state, national, and foreign in content. About a fourth of the paper was devoted to area news. This was because people knew what was going on around them and wanted to know what was happening elsewhere.

Once radio became popular in the 1920's and 30's, the content of the Chronicle became much more locally oriented.

Both Wrigglesworth and Hearn were avid Republicans. It appears that this tradition of being Republican in orientation still exists today.

Starting in the 1870's the Chronicle began to publish letters from people in each area of Iowa County. Some of these contributors were regulars, while others wrote only occasionally. Very rarely did they sign their real names to their letters, but instead used a catchy nick-name. The following list contains nick-names, approximate dates of writings, and locality. Only a few people can be identified by their real names.

Arena
Sand Burr — 1870's

Hydes Mill
Spectator — 1878
F — 1878

Jennieton
Baptist — 1881
Dick — 1816
Francis — 1877
Jack Frost — 1883
Jack Robin — 1874
Mount Hope — 1875
Mouse — 1876
Peter — 1870's
Prairie Chick — late 1870's
Philantropist — 1878
Observer — 1875
The Wisconsin Eagle — 1870's
(D. D. Evans)

Barneveld
John Gloomy — 1881
Rhiw Un — 1881
Jones Valley Scribe — 1891
The Ridgeway Stroller — 1880's
(Anton Emmel)

Pokerville
A Relire of '76 — 1880
A Republican — 1880
A Bachelor — 1880
Aleph — 1880
Farmer — 1879
Ione — 1878
New Departure — 1878
Nil — 1881
Norseman — 1880
Occasional — 1878
Pug Ugly — 1877
Quil — 1879
Wolverine — 1878
Your Dutch Uncle — 1870's

With the coming of the railroad and the growth of Barneveld, the Barneveld Department of the Chronicle was opened with Thomas I. (T. I.) Williams as editor and manager. A native Welshman, T. I. was quite intelligent and hard working. He must have been rather overweight, for in 1897 he won the Fat Man's Race at Barneveld's 4th of July celebration. He ran a general store in Barneveld and his column in the Chronicle is interspiced with ads:

> Buy your tea at T.I.'s . . . .
> Fresh oysters available at T.I.'s . . . .
>
> Young men and young ladies, bachelors and old maids, widowers and widows, call on Thos. I. Williams and buy your valentines. He has anything you want, and warranted to hit.

He, too, was an avid Republican and continually chided the Democrats and the democratic newspapers (7-15-'87): "Mr. McArthur of the Sun was here this week; probably forcing his sheet on those who do not want it." Even in reporting local news he added thinly disguised political digs:

> Mr. A. Torphy, our town clerk, met with a serious misfortune. He was removing a tree when it fell on him. It must have been quite a large tree to catch a man of such small stature.

Torphy was a confirmed Democrat and probably T.I.'s chief opponent. On a number of other occasions, T.I. made fun of Torphy.

T.I. had a wonderful sense of humor:

> We had a call from a long dude this week. He was long enough to take hold of one of the stars and smash it up, if length would do it.
>
> T.I. had got it at last. He has bought the most electric soap known. No more rubbing nor wrenching and sweating, but just carry a cake in your pocket and you will be clean.

The Board of Review of the Town of Ridgeway met last Monday and many came to meet it representing the greatest wealth in the town; but on that day they were all as poor as Job's turkey. I was lucky that day, for I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and rubbed it on my hair, or else it would have been gray in one hour. (7-15-81)

Mr. Evan Morgan returned this week from the south. Mr. Morgan has been south so long that he forgot overcoats are needed here in the winter. (2-4-87)

We met a dude on our side-walks last week. He was an over-grown dude. His pants were up to his knees. With a stovepipe hat on his head, he was too tall to look at small folks. (4-30-86)

We had quite a conversation at the post office, last week, about the greatness of The Chronicle as an advertising medium. One man lost a mitten and it was found through The Chronicle. A lady lost a pair of gold specks, and they also were found. There was a widower present during the conversation, and he got up and said, "Go-dango, Tom, how much it will cost to advertise for a wife?" Seeing it was a matter of such great interest and the widower was a subscriber to The Chronicle, we agreed to do it for nothing. Look out for the ad soon. (1-2-91)

Sometimes T.I.'s humor was unintentional. The Barneveld Department, on 5-4-1883, mentioned that "Mrs. Thos. I. Williams is suffering with a felon." Hmmm. What was he convicted for?

By 1885 Barneveld had its own newspaper, the Register Friend. It was started by Hugh Jones as a politically independent weekly, issued on Fridays. In 1892 Anton Emmel joined him in partnership. Then from 1893 to 1911 Emmel published the paper by himself.

Like most newspapers of the time, the front and back pages were devoted to national and state news with local news appearing on the inside pages. There were special columns devoted to Mt. Horeb, Blue Mounds, and Pleasant Valley.

There were advertisements by local merchants like Harvey Jones, Plano Farm Machine agent and D. L. Williams, Agent for cemetery monuments. The Fair, one of the Barneveld stores, advertised 100 feet of galvanized wire clothes line for 25 cents and men's good summer underwear at 35 cents per suit.

Area merchants advertised in the Register Friend: Dodgeville's Hotel Grand; O. Hanson, Mt. Horeb, and Grinde and Evans, Mt. Horeb.

Only one known copy exists. It would be a good idea if as many copies as possible could be found and put on microfilm so it would be available to all.

The Barneveld Banner in 1892 gave competition to Emmel's weekly. R. J. Roach started it as a politically independent weekly, issued on Thursdays. However, when the Register Friend went Republican, Roach had his become a Democratic paper. The Banner lasted until 1899 when it merged with the Mount Horeb Times. The Banner was a traveling newspaper. Originially Roach published it as the Ridgeway Enterprise, then he changed it to the Barneveld Banner, although it was still printed in Ridgeway. Eventually it then ended up in Mount Horeb.

Two years of the Barneveld Banner are on microfilm at the State Historical Society and they would welcome finding more of it.

Not to be outdone, another enterprising Barneveld businessman started a third newspaper. J. I. Pryor ran The New Era from 1898 to 1903. This weekly issued on Fridays was logically politically independent. No known copies of this paper exist.

Even though the railroad missed them, Adamsville joined the modern age with their own newspaper. The Adamsville Argus was a weekly newspaper printed by the Mount Horeb Sun from 1889 to 1892. No known copies exist.

Blue Mounds even had its own newspaper, the Blue Mounds News from 1883 to 1897. After 1897 it was published as the Mount Horeb News and eventually merged with the Mount Horeb Mail in 1932.

After the Barneveld newspapers folded, area residents continued to get their news from the Dodgeville Sun or Chronicle or the Mount Horeb Mail or the Hollandale Review.

With the advent of the automobile and trucks, the Madison daily newspapers started to be more widely read in the 1920's. You could tell a person's political party by the paper he read. If he read the State Journal he was a Republican. If he read the Capital Times he was a Democrat. Eventually in the 1950's both papers came to be owned by the same company and put together in the same building. However, to their last day at work, some of the older reporters refused to talk to or even ride in the same elevator with their former competitors.

Since 1950 the Barneveld Advancement Association has sponsored the Barneveld Shopper. This mimeographed tabloid carries advertising, notices of meetings and society goings on.

Chapter Twelve - The Pick-Up-Man

From approximately 1930 to 1960, a writer for the Dodgeville Chronicle, Ed Mundy, had a regular column about his travels in the county. Each week he'd visit a different area in his truck, hence, the name of the column, "Pick-Ups." Over the years he visited every village and farm in the county, most of them several times.

The following paragraphs are representative of his visits to the Barneveld area over the years. These are his words. Any explanations on my part will be in parenthesis.

Ed Mundy, wrote Pick-Ups for Dodgeville Chronicle 1922-56.

1931 — As the Pick-Up-Man neared Hyde this day he could see evidences of much activity. The old mill had taken on a different appearance and a tent in the valley, with flags gaily fluttering from the poles, hinted of much festivity. A closer scrutiny, however, showed that the little traveling tent show, with its moving pictures and vaudeville at night, was feeling the stint of 12-cent eggs and 80-cent milk. The tent was patched, full of tiny holes and had many black spots which promised to give way under the first heavy rain or wind. No doubt, their box office receipts were barely enough to keep the wolf from the door.

The old Hyde Mill, however, did show signs of prosperity. Purchased by the Sawles this spring, it is undergoing great improvements. The roof and sides have been covered with flint coat roofing and the interior is being remodeled. The flood gates have been opened and new cement pit built to house the turbine. A new channel for the flume was wanted so holes were punched in the black soil and 300 pounds of dynamite exploded at one charge. a vast quantity of real estate went up in the air and the water soon cut a neat channel. The home, which was also purchased from Louis Johnson, is being remodeled with large kitchen and sleeping porch added. When completed the Sawles will have an efficient water power mill for grinding feed and furnishing electric power, and neat home. Ted Sawle will be in charge and will move there shortly. The mill, the second in the Town of Ridgeway, was built in 1856 by William Hyde. It burned in the year 1873 and was rebuilt by Thomas Reese. It has always been known as Hyde's mill and from it the community gets its name. To the credit of the new owners, who have respect for history, may it be said that they are doing their best to perpetuate the old mill and the old name. A bright new sign near the eaves of the mill proclaims to the world that this is still "Hyde's Mill."

The scribe turned up McCutchin hollow this day as he had not traversed that road for several years. One who is at all agriculturally inclined cannot help but envy chairman "Bob" and brother those many fertile acres in the junction of the two valleys. With the acres of shocked grain it could easily take the name of Golden Valley . . . .

At the head of this valley is probably to be found the truest example of pioneering farming in the county. Many years ago William R. McCutchin purchased one hundred acres of rough, brush-covered land.

By hard work he cleared the best acres for crops. With his own hands he built a log home, log chicken house and two log stables. The platforms in front of the barns are of large split logs, the bridge across the creek is of logs and even the corn crib is of split rails. This has been the home of Mr. McCutchin for fifty years and there isn't a single frame building on the place. The buildings are sheltered by walnut trees, planted in the early years by Mr. McCutchin. The home site is attractive and peaceful looking. The whitewashed house with its many colonies of bees at the rear, the vineyard and large garden in front are a combination of simplicity and plenty. The proprietor was busily wielding a hoe in the garden where weeds are not tolerated, and proved a genial host. Ponce de Loen in his search for the fountain of youth should have visited this region as there must be something

in the water which prolongs life and youth. Mr. McCutchin stated that he was past 82 years of age which seemed almost unbelievable for one of his appearance and activity.

1932 — Driving east of Ridgeway on Highway no. 18, the Pick-Up-Man turned north on the lane, a short distance east of the Jennieton school. It leads back across the railroad tracks, through a blind crossing to the old Evan D. Evans farm on the left and the Benj. Evans farm on the right. These were pioneer settlers in what was then a strong Welsh community, and although they possessed the same name were no relation to each other.

The Benj. Evans farm is now the home of Evans Brothers, as three sons and two daughters, who were born and reared on the premises have remained single on the old homestead. The eldest is Tom, who will be 82 next month and yet the scribe found him out hoeing potatoes. The two other "boys" at home are John B. and James and the sisters are the Misses Mary and Louise. There are ten children in the Evans family now living and only three of them have ventured on the somewhat dangerous yet thrilling voyage of matrimony. The youngest of the ten is now past fifty, so wedding bells for them are about as likely as the return of war-time prosperity . . . .

The Evanses are thoroughly steeped in the history and traditions of that community and their comfortable farm home proved a hospitable place to visit. Like their parents before them, they are thrifty and have amassed one of the largest estates in the township. Everything on the place is kept in good condition and the large, modern barn is the third on the same foundation. When the first barn was built, the elder Mr. Evans gave a benefit for the old Jennieton church. No, it was not a barn dance, and the Evanses were deeply religious people and cards and dancing were taboo. A big dinner was served on the 4th of July in the newly built barn and people assembled for miles around. Quite a sum of money was realized from the day and the minister, Rev. Evan Jones, who, by the way, was a practical farmer and donated his talents free to the church, was so grateful to Mr. Evans that he presented him with a farm bell, hauled up from Arena. That old bell is hung in a tree by the gate and is still used to summon the men to meals. The elder Mr. Evans showed the scribe the family's first carriage standing in the shed. It was purchased many, many years ago from the late F. W. Stratman and used only on special occasions. Aside from dust, it is practically as good as new, although it was last hitched unto about twenty years ago. The Evans farm is an interesting place to visit, the family very cordial and it was with reluctance that the Pick-Up-Man moved on.

Evan D. Evans was another pioneer settler in that community and being a stone mason by trade erected a home in the year 1877 that was a credit to the craft. Stone was quarried in the winter time and while they were soft were sawed into perfect building pieces. In fact the work was done with such precision that each rock was numbered and all were ready for laying before the actual work of building was commenced. The result is a home, which with occasional re-roofing, should stand for centuries. The corners are decorated with projecting pieces which crisscross each other like logs in a cabin. Of late years they have alternately been painted red and white which makes them stand out more prominently. The present owner is Oscar Harris who moved his family back to the farm this spring after spending three years in Barneveld. Mr. Harris is a grandson of the late Evan D. Evans so the farm is likely to remain in the family many generations. Mr. Harris still operates the garage in Barneveld and leaves the farming mostly in the hands of his four sons, the eldest of whom is John and luckily, he likes farming. The place is well equipped with buildings, including a large barn, cement stave silo and milk room adjoining the barn which is supplied with running water. There are plenty of trees for shade on the premises and it is no wonder that the family is glad to return to such a home.

The Jennieton factory, where Swiss cheese is made, is in charge of John Kernan for the third year. It is a farmer-owned factory but the patronage is not too heavy. Swiss cheese commands a good price this year and for April month the patrons drew about $1.30 per cwt. of milk which is far above that paid at American factories. The Kernans have two children, the youngest, a boy of about two years. The parents and little sister have to keep an eagle eye on him to prevent him toddling out onto Highway No. 18 in front of the door and being struck down by a passing car.

Another old family in that community is represented by David D. Thomas, a wisp of a Welshman who had accumulated considerable property in his 72 years. Mr. Thomas has a 347 acre farm which is one of the best hay producers in the country and he has about fifty tons held over in the barn from last year. He has enough buildings for a fair grounds and his latest improvements are a new poultry house and woodshed. On this farm is to be found what is unquestionably the largest rock barn in the county. Mr. Thomas' father, assisted by the boys, hired man and three Welsh stone masons erected the barn in 1882

and '83. It is entirely of stone except the roof, eaves and doors. The building is 101 feet long and 27 feet, 9 inches from the plinth rock to eaves. The walls in the basement are 24 inches thick and those above are 19 inches. The work was well done and the building has not settled an inch or opened a crack. The doors and windows are crowned with one of three types of arches, semicircle, eliptic or segment. These are of carefully hewn rock and show real skill in the art of building. The work entailed in quarrying, hauling, hoisting, and fitting these hundreds of tons of rock is hard to estimate. The roof is carried by a bridge type frame which allows no side thrust against the walls. It would take a small fortune to erect such a building today. Yes, Mr. Thomas is a Welshman but he decided there were other good nationalities so took for his wife a Swiss girl who has proven a good helpmate. With such a large farm, Mr. Thomas has to have hired help and has been ably assisted the past winter by Frank Convey, an experienced farmer.

1932 — The first farm visited was that of Geo. Mickelson which is the old Geo. Helmenstein place. It's an attractive looking farmstead with good buildings and shade trees. The barn was fragrant with newly stored alfalfa hay which the scribe considers the best crop to be grown on any farm. Threshing was in progress so the neighborhood was well represented here. Mr. Mickelson bought the farm three years ago and as one of the neighbors put it: "If George can't pay for it I don't know who can," which is a pretty fair recommendation.

Just before reaching the Dane County line, the highway passes thru the regular little settlement where lead ore was taken from shallow diggings. Messrs. Carter and Giblett built a hotel and the latter being a professional gambler, the game of poker was much played. In fact poker was as much of an industry as mining so the place was dubbed "Pokerville."

The settlement has a queer newcomer who arrived from Madison a few weeks ago, with his wife and is living in quiet seclusion. He receives no mail and the neighbors know little about him. He was very gracious to the Pick-Up-Man, however and confided that he was a Spiritualist healer. When pressed for information he stated that he had possessed these powers since childhood and in early days his queer talk led people to think he was demented. Various doctors, however, could find nothing wrong, however, and as he grew older he learned to hold his tongue. When patients come to him he goes into a trance, runs his hands over their bodies and remarkable cures result. He makes no charges, accepting whatever they wish to contribute.

1933 — Turning back to the Adamsville factory again, a right hand turn was made for the purpose of visiting more of those Theobald farms. Just at the east edge of the valley is the original George Theobald home, now occupied by a son, Ray. It is an attractive place with many fine shade trees and acres of good land.

Following a side ravine the home of Max Theobald was reached, the building being located on a high knoll surrounded by trees. Max has been pitcher for the champion South Barneveld kittenball team and keeps in good physical trim. Five beautiful angora kittens were playing in the yard, the first litter raised from a cat he bought in Madison last year. He plans on keeping most of them as he wants the place rid of rats and mice.

No one was home at the Mead Theobald farm except the hired man and he was having the fun and excitement of digging potatoes alone. It's a rather cozy little place, hidden back a few yards from the road. The scribe noticed that the lady of the house has had a nice enclosed porch added to the home, an improvement which every housewife desires.

1938 — The Pick-Up-Man headed for Barneveld this bright October day, traveling from Ridgeway over the newly constructed Highway No. 18. It is a wonderful piece of engineering with curves and hills almost eliminated. The road passes right through the house yard on the Ed Paull farm where the house had to be moved. At the Dan Thomas farm a deep cut was made through solid rock and the private driveway to the house is a narrow canyon through the rock. A similar cut has been made for the main road at the David Thomas farm but for the private driveway, sections of the old road have been left but with a sheer drop of eight to ten feet if one should lose control of car or team.

Although this highway, from Ridgeway to Blue Mounds is to be paved with concrete next year, it is being covered with two coats of crushed stone this fall. And anyone who now travels it will testify to the clouds of blinding dust which rise from every passing car. The village of Barneveld is fairly smothered with dust, every bush, shrub, tree and building look as if a volcano had thrown ashes over them. Druggist Pryor ought to be a very busy man handing out pills, powders, and other medicines for dusty throats.

Turning south down Jones Valley the first farm call of the days was made at the Ernest Schurch farm, which was occupied for a number of years by Ernest Zubrugge who moved to Mt. Horeb. A son, Alfred Schurch, is now in charge of the place and brought an

attractive bride there from Black Earth last June. The buildings are sheltered in a little side valley and the family enjoys the convenience of electricity and gas cooking.

John Wegmuller has occupied the Rudy Schaller farm for the past 12 years so must be a satisfactory renter. Dark haired 15-year-old Ruth answered questions of the Pick-Up-Man to his entire satisfaction. Over near the gate a vegetable garden was bright with fall flowers and a row of ground cherries was too tempting to be passed up. A thrifty bunch of belted hogs in the farm yard shows that they will be interested in the price of pork this fall.

A great hue and cry has been raised in recent weeks about the marijuana weed and in many places government men have been sent out to destroy it. There is no question but that its use is very demoralizing and should be stamped out. Yet most people would know nothing about it if such a fuss had not been made over it. The John Weehouse farm buildings are located a half mile east of the main road and in the valley leading to them grows enough marijuana weeds to supply a whole county. Mrs. Henry Vollen and son Raymond are employed on the farm and live in a fine brick house. The confession is made that this is one farm where the great home paper is not in demand the reason being that a former publisher had different political beliefs than Mr. Weehouse. He is loyal to his party and one cannot help but wonder what his actions would be if he ever took the notion that he had been woefully misled . . . .

The Leo Collins family is living on the Clerkin farm, formerly the Thos. Mickelson place. They were rejoicing over the fact that Mr. Collins was returning that day from St. Mary's Hospital in Madison where he had undergone an operation for ruptured appendix only ten days earlier. A large new hog house was being erected and repairs made to the barn. Giant white pines line the road in front of the house and under the roots of one of the trees the Pick-Up-Man spied a nest containing 19 eggs. Ten-year-old Katherine, a pretty girl with long black curls, came out with a pail to gather the eggs and in a business-like manner examined each one to see that it was good.

The real landmark of the entire valley is the Claud Ball farm home, a large hewn rock structure erected by Wm. Jones in the eighties. It was this family which gave the valley its name. The owner, by the way, is a real "Cousin Jack" who came from Truro, Cornwall when a youth of 19. Asked if he wouldn't like to go back for a visit he replied that all his relatives and chums have left that country, many of them having gone to Australia and Africa. Mr. Ball represents the old fashioned integrity which is woefully lacking today. He borrowed money from a wealthy neighbor to pay for his passage to America. Reaching here he followed the trade of mason for several years and soon repaid his benefactor. He also continued to support his mother in far-off England until her death. Twenty-two years ago he bought the present farm, has paid for it and educated his two daughters. No, it was not an easy task as he went without many things which would have been nice to have had. Now he has contentment of mind and security which are rich rewards for his efforts. Of course, he married a Norwegian which made all this possible.

1938 — There certainly was some contrast in the weather this day to one week earlier when a jacket was very comfortable. On this late September day the thermometers stood above 80 and a hot breeze was blowing. The countryside was very dry, but one thing is certain and this is the heat and drouth ripened all corn whether planted early or late.

A shower caught the Pick-Up-Man in Barneveld but was of short duration and made the air seem even warmer. Brief calls were made on Druggist Pryor, the Chronicle correspondent who knows everybody and all things; on Dan Davis, the veteran hardware dealer of forty years who wonders what possible changes the next ten can bring; and on Fred Klusendorf, who had just sold his 55th Chevrolet this season, which is some record for a small village.

Driving east on Highway 18 it was interesting to see the changes being made in location of the highway. That hill just east of the village will hardly be noticeable when grading is completed and Harley Arneson, on the edges of the Mound, will no longer have cars whizzing between his house and barn as the new road will cut across the fields, south of the buildings.

George Mickelson, farther east, will see little change except that motorists will drive even faster past his gate and when the family motors out onto the highway they will have to be very alert and lose no time in making the turn and getting up speed. Field work is well caught up on this farm and father and son were busy painting the hog house. The silo had been refilled but they were already feeding the dairy herd from it to keep up the milk flow.

Turning off Highway 18, the Pick-Up-Man followed the road which leads down to the Meadow Grove school. The first farm house on the right is a very large structure on the Sersch farm which George Sersch purchased last fall and where he will move from Dodgeville next spring. Griff Jones is the renter and had a crew of men busy filling silo.

He has already rented a nearby farm so he won't have to worry all winter about where he will live next.

At the Scheide factory a sign on the door read: "This door is to keep out flies and agents" but the scribe walked boldly in and was given a cordial welcome. Fred Ast is the maker and built just right to juggle those wheels of Swiss cheese. The milk deliveries have dropped to just about one-third of what they were during the flush season and indicates how the dairyman's income has been cut this summer.

1942 — Descending into Walnut Hollow a visit at the LeRoy Moyer farm, found no one at home as all were away helping a neighbor fill silo. This gave the caller an excellent chance to sample the snow apples which hung temptingly from a tree in the front yard. That steep hill, back of the building, is dotted by large hard maple trees which add much to autumn beauty. The effects of the war had reached down into Walnut Hollow where walnut trees on the Will Zepplin land had been slashed to furnish material for rifle butts, leaving the dead tops in disorder on the ground. . . .

A well graded road leads west around the brow of a ridge to the Lewis Trainor home where the parents are fortunate in having the assistance of two sons, Leo and John, and a daughter Catherine. Mr. Trainor owns three farms and he and the boys were over helping the renter fill silo on the Black Earth farm this day. One son, Joe, is with the American forces in Iceland and naturally the family is greatly interested in his letters. . . . .

Ernest Aschlimann has operated the Brunner cheese factory for the past 18 years, but plans on retiring some day to his farm west of Ridgeway. Mrs. Aschliman is a mite of a woman, but very active and she and the girls have been the main helpers in the factory for many years. One of the largest springs in the county is located between the factory and road and a hydraulic ram furnishes an endless supply of cold water in the factory the year 'round. . . .

Probably few Chronicle readers are aware that hidden among the trees and craigs at the north foot of Blue Mounds, is a popular rendezvous for young Madison cyclists. Here in 1934 a Professor Dickinson built a substantial limestone house covered with a copper roof. Following his death it was turned over to the American Youth Hostel and during the summer months couples take turns acting as host and hostess for visiting youths, in this rustic setting. Reached only by a foot path, the house is located among rocks and trees, while on each side little streams rush noisily down their rocky channels. (Now the home of Gunnar Johansen?) . . . . .

Up on the north slope of the mound is a long stretch of benchland which comprises the Elmer Ryan farm. Here seven youngsters are being reared among scenic surroundings. First there are four boys, two in high school and two in the rural school two and one-half miles down the valley. The second group is three little girls headed by 5 year old Mary Ann, all of whom are yet too young to attend school. Mary Ann helped the Pick-Up-Man and his gate opener gather walnuts in the pasture, which overlooks a densely timbered ravine fringed with hawthorn trees, red with clusters of hawapples.

1943 — A week earlier it was prairie country which the Pick-Up-Man had visited. This week it was that rough, timbered country north of Barneveld, known as Trout Creek Valley, And it is rightly named, as more trout are planted there and more trout caught there than in any other stream in Iowa County. . . .

If the Nazis ever invade this part of the country they will meet trouble at the Bradford Eveland farm, where the buildings are perched high on the west slope and command an excellent view of that steep approach. A new porch had been added to the home since last the scribe called and apple trees in the yard are laden with green fruit, one of the trees being a delicous which is bearing for the first time. For years this farm has been known for its herd of purebred Holsteins, established by the late E. E. Eveland.

1949 — (On the Ridgeway-Hollandale Road) A few rods away is the home of Thos. L. Whalen, which is also perched on a sand knoll overlooking the valley. A new cement block garage is located at the roadside where the old frame garage also stands to shelter a tractor. On a ridge above barn and house is the well and reservoir furnishing running water in buildings. Mr. Whalen was just unloading the last load of first crop hay when the scribe arrived and was helped by his son, Thos., Jr., who is of age. When asked why he doesn't bring home a wife and let his parents retire, he replied that with so many grass widows available it was a buyers market and he could afford to be a bit choosey. He did indicate that it would have to be a nice filley with neat fetlocks and one who could wear a sweater to advantage.

When a stop was made at the Theobald factory the scribe thought a Swiss radio program was on but it was only Mr. and Mrs. John Stricker cleaning up after the day's run of milk. They have been located there for six years and find the community a fine place to rear their three youngsters.

1949 — (Visiting Jennieton) Every community has its landmark and in this one it is David Thomas who will be 89 years young next

February. He was comfortably located in the shade while his sons, Walter and Harold, assisted by the neighbors, were busy with the threshing. This venerable attorney farmer boasts of the biggest rock barn in the county, a substantial structure erected on that prairie in 1880 when rattlesnakes and Indians were common. He has a love for trees and has dense plantings of evergreens, American and Chinese elms around the homestead. Lawyer Thomas wouldn't sell for much on the hoof and in fact would dress out a poor canner. He keeps one eye closed like an opossum while through the other he sees faster and farther than many men 50 years his junior. It's a pleasure to parry thrusts with him.

1956 — (Going west from Larsonville School) For nearly a mile the smooth town road winds northwest down a deep, narrow ravine heavily timbered with beautiful red oak trees and finally bursts into a little open valley through which flows a lively stream fed by strong springs. On a nice slope to the south is the modern home of Town Clerk and Mrs. Norman Duesler. A host of outbuildings are neatly painted and in good repair. The big 874 acre farm includes valley and ridge land and many acres of heavily timbered slopes. The main helper is a sturdy son, Tom, a young man of 21 years, who already has an attractive wife and baby, Connie. Tom attended the University of Wisconsin last year where he is majoring in agriculture. His wife is employed with the State Welfare Department and during summer months, which they spend on this farm, drives to Madison each day. The daughter, Elsie Jane, a sturdy girl of 10 was operating the power mower on the spacious lawn.

As the Pick-Up-Man approached the home a strange thing happened. The Collie dog ran out, leaped in the air and grabbed a chain in his mouth. The chain was attached to a farm dinner bell which clanged widely. When the caller questioned the dog's antics he was informed that the dog always does this when a Republican approaches to warn the family. The scribe couldn't help wonder what this dog would have done if Harry Truman visited the premises.

Young Tom took the scribe to spring and showed him a pet trout which submitted to handling. Mr. and Mrs. Duesler insisted that the caller and lady passenger come into the home and be refreshed with welcome lemonade on this hot day. It was a fitting finish to an enjoyable day and despite the fact that there is little Welsh blood involved the Norman Duesler family would score 100 per cent in anyone's book.

1957 — (Jennieton area) On the left is the Mrs. Oscar Harris farm with its distinctive home of huge sawed stone which looks capable of standing for centuries. It was built in 1877 by Evan D. Evans who was himself a stone mason by trade. The kitchen leanto, also of stone, was erected many years earlier and has been covered with stucco. Nicely shaded and tastily furnished and decorated inside it is always inviting. A son, Tom, runs the farm for his mother and is old enough to have a family of his own. He indicated that he might be interested in the Miss America type but would expect her to be at least able to feed the chickens. What a golden opportunity this is for the right one. Mrs. Harris was especially gracious to the Pick-Up-Man probably because of the knowledge that he carried some Manx blood in his veins.

Chapter Thirteen - The Mounds

The Mounds, the "Sentinel of the Military Ridge," has been a guidepost throughout Wisconsin history.

Indians called it the Smokey Mountain and fashioned guide trees on it to point out the springs. They built rude lookout towers on it. To the Winnebago it was sacred.

To the early miners it was something constant in their daily lives of danger in an unexplored wilderness. Undoubtedly they beheld it with a bit of reverence, for it was simply called the Blue Mounds. No mocking or silly names were ever given to it.

Travelers from afar knew of the Mounds as a natural marker. Henry Schoolcraft, Rufus King, Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, and others knew where they were from its presence.

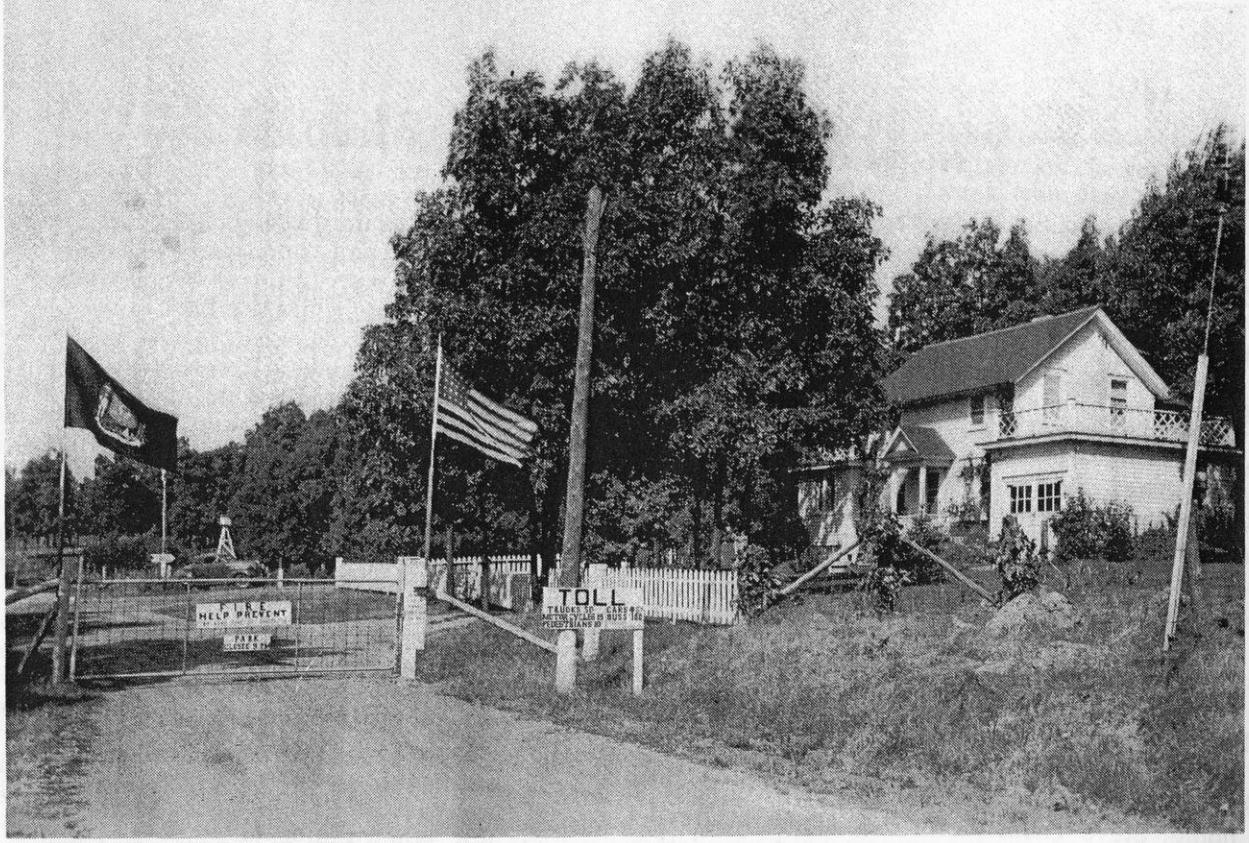
Many residents of the area know exactly at what point the Mounds comes into view; to them it is home. Steve Thoni instructing skiers at Devil's Head some sixty miles away, delighted in pointing it out to his students. He also knows that you can see it from the Cross Plains Valley. Coming from Madison on 18-151, the Mounds doesn't come into view until you're on the ridge past Alvin Dettwiler's. Driving north from Mineral Point to Dodgeville, one must go past the radio station before it comes into view.

Over the years the Mounds has been both a weather indicator and an influence on weather. In September, 1888, the Chronicle published the following article:

> West Blue Mounds as a Weather Indicator
>
> West Blue Mounds, better known in old Geographies as "Smokey Mountains," are situated 20 miles east of Dodgeville, on the county line dividing Iowa from Dane county. The summit of these historic mounds is 1160 feet above the level of Lake Michigan, and they are plainly visible for 40 miles in some directions, and from the village of Dodgeville the entire body of the West Mounds is visible in full relief, while the East Mound is hidden behind it. To the older residents of Dodgeville, whose observations have been acute of the scenes surrounding them, they have habitually noted that the appearance form the atmospheric changes continually taking place about the summit of the mounds, almost unerringly fortells approaching changes in the weather, especially in regard to rain or snow. A single glance at the mounds in the early morning, as has been almost invariably proven, will indicate to the obsever whether there will be rain or not during that day. When the atmosphere about the summit is so clear as to permit the distinct outlines of the trees to appear, a continued clear day may be predicted, notwithstanding the sky may be overcast at the time by threatening clouds. But, when the observation is made, however,

Matilda and John Minix on their wedding day, July 8, 1933, at the Little Brown Church.

Matilda Arneson and her best friend, Catherine McDonald, at Harper Hospital in 1919.



Minix home and toll gate to Blue Mound Park in 1937.

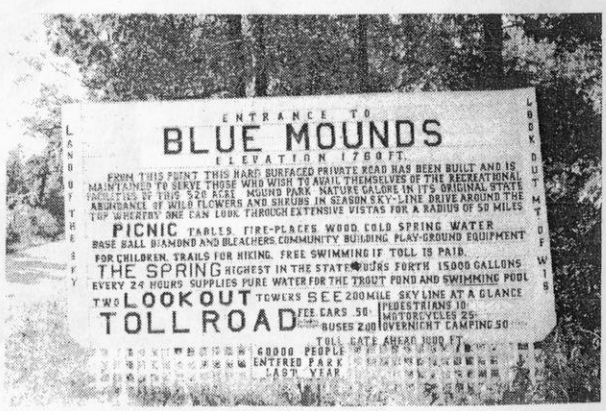
> clear the sky may be, however bright the sun may shine, and however promising the appearance may be of a bright and pleasant day, if the summit of the mound be enveloped in a far-away blue and smoky stillness, it is just as sure to rain on that day as could be indicated by any barometrical changes. Many other equally unerring changes of weather have been noted from critical observations of the atmospheric appearances about the mounds, which are not only curious as phenomenal circumstances, but are interesting to those who love to commune with Nature's grand, enchanting system of perfect laws. . . .

It appears as if the Mounds can affect rainfall. Area farmers will swear that it often robs them of rain. The Meyers, Arnesons, Vollens and Gerkes will get a downpour, while the Micklesons, Marteys and Boleys will get just a sprinkle. At the same time the people to the north of the Mounds will get nothing.

Supposedly the Mounds talk. The Indians professed to hear rumbling noises from the interior of the Mounds. They thought this was made by the Manitow, or sacred spirit.

Quite a number of area residents past and present will tell you that the Mounds "roars." At certain times you supposedly can hear a low pitched "Whooo" coming from it. Some say this is caused by the wind going through the trees. Others insist it is coming from a huge cave that's supposed to be up there.

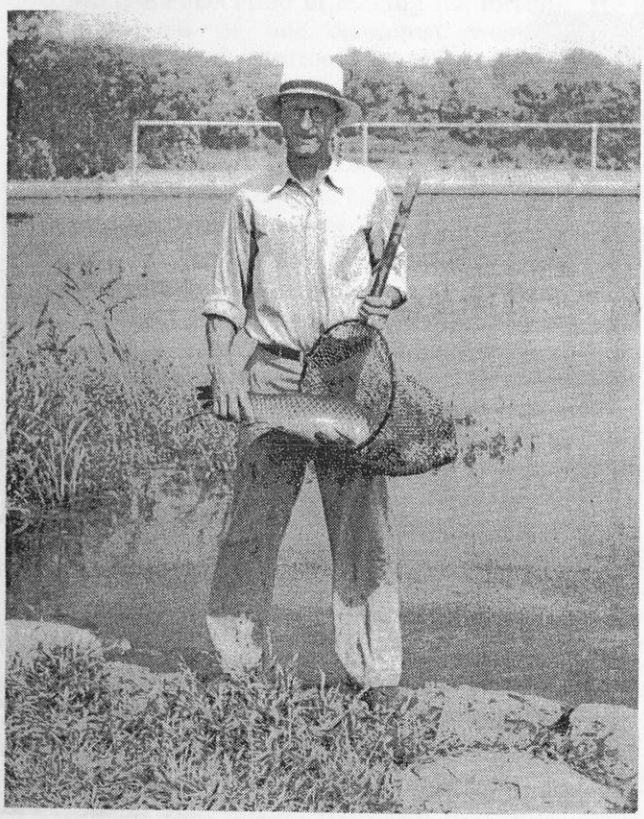
The noises on the Mound generally are caused by man and his activities. But the sounds of nature are there, too. Lying in a field half way to the top on a trafficless night can be an auditory treat. You can hear trees creaking as the wind pushes them about. In a gentler breeze the smaller branches can be heard scratching and rubbing against each other, while the long grasses softly rustle and sway. Perhaps you will be visited by a silent herd of deer. Upon frightening them you can hear the noises of their sudden passage through the brush, the whump, whump, as they leap and bound, their frightened snorts that fade away into the distance. The owls and other night birds render the silence with their ghostly cries and send chills down a listener's spine. Foxes talking to each other with short, shrill barks are very intriguing to hear. The first call comes from far to your left, followed by an answer off to the right. Every two or three minutes



1947 entrance sign.

they repeat their cry to find out the other's location. First from the left, then from the right, and getting closer; again from the left and the answer from the right. Suddenly a third fox answers, perhaps a half mile behind you, followed by a long pause. Then, a call comes from a hundred yards downhill from you, and then no more. Silence. Just you, the trees, the wind, and billions of incredibly clear stars twinkling across the sky.

The daytime sounds of the Mound, too, are intriguing: the constant chirp and song of the birds, the angry chattering of squirrels, and the scratch, scratch sound of their scramble to safety reward the attentive listener. A sudden explosion of sound startles you, as a pheasant frantically whirs away to safety. The distant rumble as thunder clouds gather to the northwest and roll in on us. As the storm gets closer the woods falls silent; no birds, no breeze, just an ominous lull. Suddenly the wind whips through the trees, scattering leaves before it. Between crashes of lightning you can hear the rain advancing through the trees upon you. When it arrives, the fury of the storm makes you feel insignificant in nature's scheme of things. Almost as suddenly as it came upon you, the storm is over. Amid the drip, drip of water from the trees, upon the return of the sun, you hear the first tentative "is it over?" chirp, chirp from the birds. Soon they are back into full song as the sun creates wisps of steam from the soaked ground.



John Minix enjoying his hobby at the fish pond in 1937.

John Minix's sheep at the springhouse on the Mound in 1935.

It is possible that the previously described delights prompted Cornelius Broadheed Arnold to buy the Mounds from the first owner, Louis Lewis, in 1853. Whatever the reason, Arnold loved the Mounds and owned it until his death in 1888.

Mr. Arnold was definitely a character that people would remember. Alfred Davis who probably was raised in Pokerville and remembered Arnold wrote the following poem:

THE MAN WHO OWNED BLUE MOUNDS

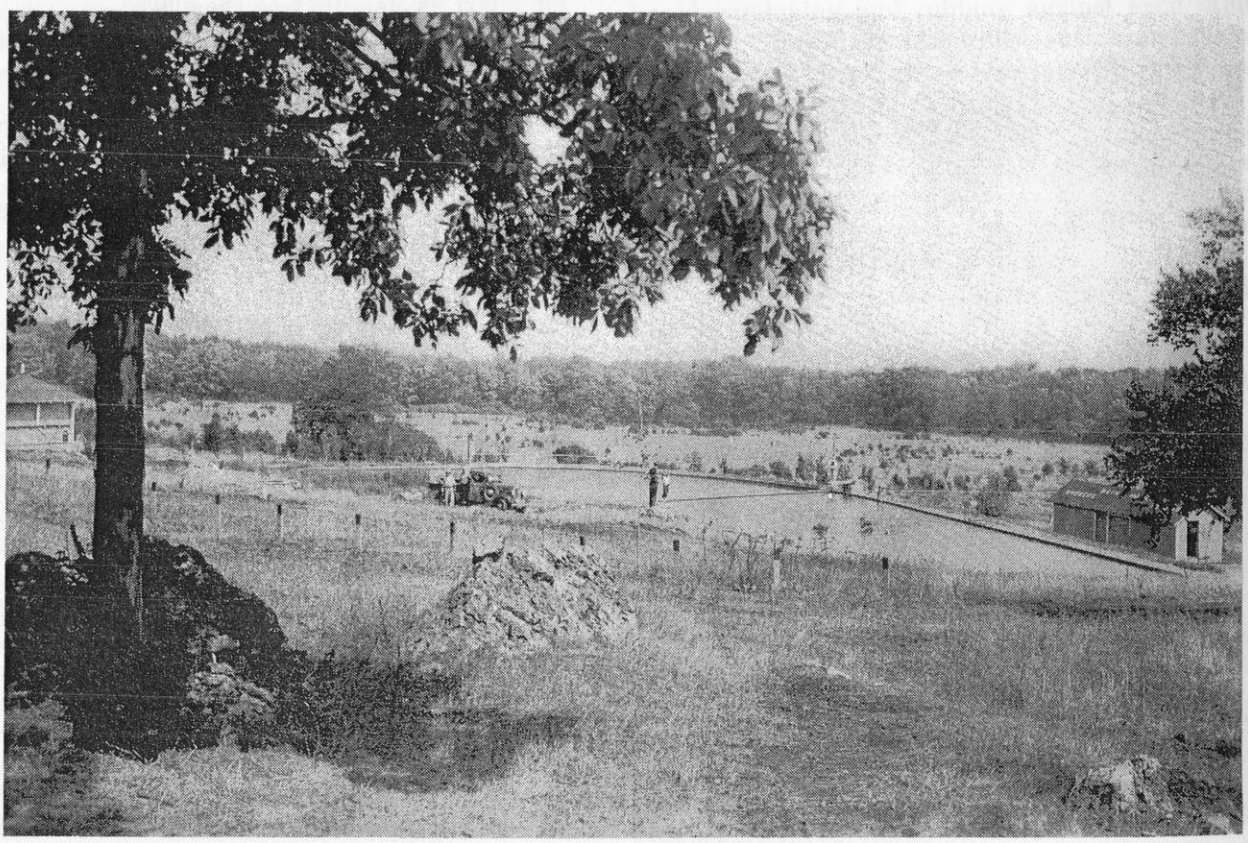
Old Arnold wore a coat of blue, the very one
the army knew.
A stove pipe hat of silken sheen was on his
head whenever seen.
His hair of brown in ringlets fell upon his
shoulder and lapel.
His beard, too, flowed down in waves to tell he
helped to free the slaves.
He had not shaved since Lincoln died, and
even this to him was pride.
However strange the thing now stands, the
people said he owned Blue Mounds.
Yet never grubbed nor plowed nor hoed, but
left the whole hill as it "growed."
And yet on Independence Day, instead of
raising corn or hay,
He boasted that the whole creation can't hold
a candle to our nation.
He swore he hoped to see the time when city
folks would come and climb,
The mounds to get a better view of earth and
sky, and this is true.
He proved to be a prophet bold and carved his
dream on earth and sky
When other left their vision die.

— by Alfred Davis, Minneapolis

Besides owning the hotel in Pokerville, he owned a store and a workshop there. He also did a little farming and lots of rambling around on the Mound. The following description of Mr. Arnold was in the December Chronicle of 1869:

> The whole of the west mound is owned by Mr. C. B. Arnold, the hotel keeper of the village. He has been probing and digging a

The swimming pool on the Mound in 1950.



Swimming pool on the Mounds in 1937.

little, here and there, about the surface of the mounds, opening springs, filling them up again, and trying a number of other experiments; and while thus engaged he has found many curious things, among which, while opening out a spring, at the depth of five and a half feet below the surface, he found a large deer's horn imbedded in a willow stump about six inches in diameter. Both were in an excellent state of preservation. He has also found indications of oil. Wherever he had opened out a spring the water is strongly impregnated with sulphuric and other gases. Bubbles will rise to the surface and burst which have the appearance and smell of genuine oil. Many are of the opinion that there is lead in great quantites in those mounds, from the fact that wherever the surface has been disturbed, there has been found what miners call beautiful dirt.

Mr. Arnold comtemplated seeing at some future day what these wonderful mounds are made of by boring, and is about making arrangements for a machine for this purpose. It is thought he can get a splendid artesian well. He is also thinking of improving the summit by making carriage roads through the timber, building an observatory, and making other attractions sufficient to induce the pleasure-seekers of our State to pay it a visit.

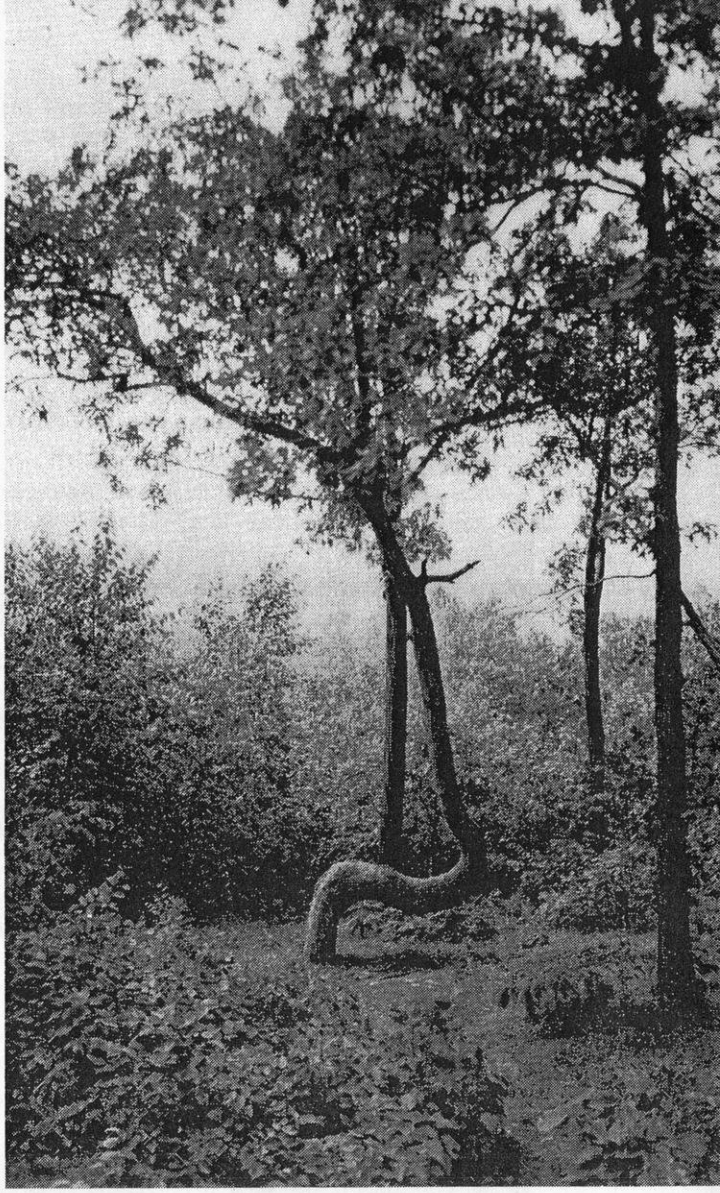
Mr. Arnold commenced keeping hotel at this place sixteen years ago, and, notwithstanding he was burned out twelve years ago, he has succeeded in making his fortune. He is now one of our strongest western men, friendly and courteous to all, with first rate business qualities. He is one of those men that succeed in whatever they undertake.

Eventually he did build an observation tower that lasted about a decade before it was blown down in a fierce storm in September of 1882. He also put buildings on the top and at the springs.

According to his granddaughter, Mr. Arnold was a deeply religious man, having read the Bible five times through. There is evidence that he was close with his money and a little bit feather-headed at times. This might explain why he left no will, and the family lost out on his property through a long costly court action, possibly because of outstanding debts. The cause of his death in November, 1888 — according to his daughter — was from a fall: his granddaugher gives the cause as gallstones.

Now the words of his favorite hymn in his last years came true:

Oh, come angel band
Come and around me stand
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.
I'm going home
I'm going home

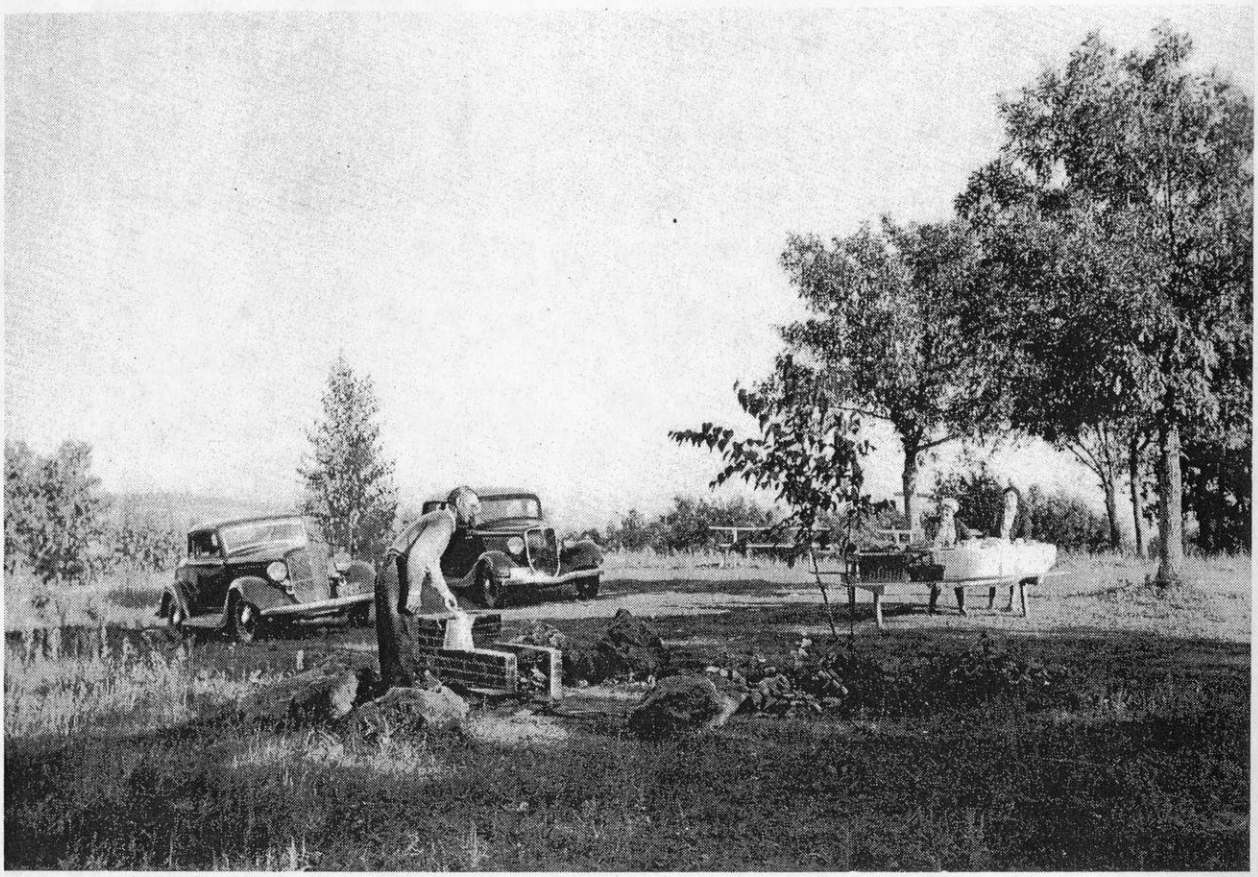


Indian marker tree on north slope of the mound

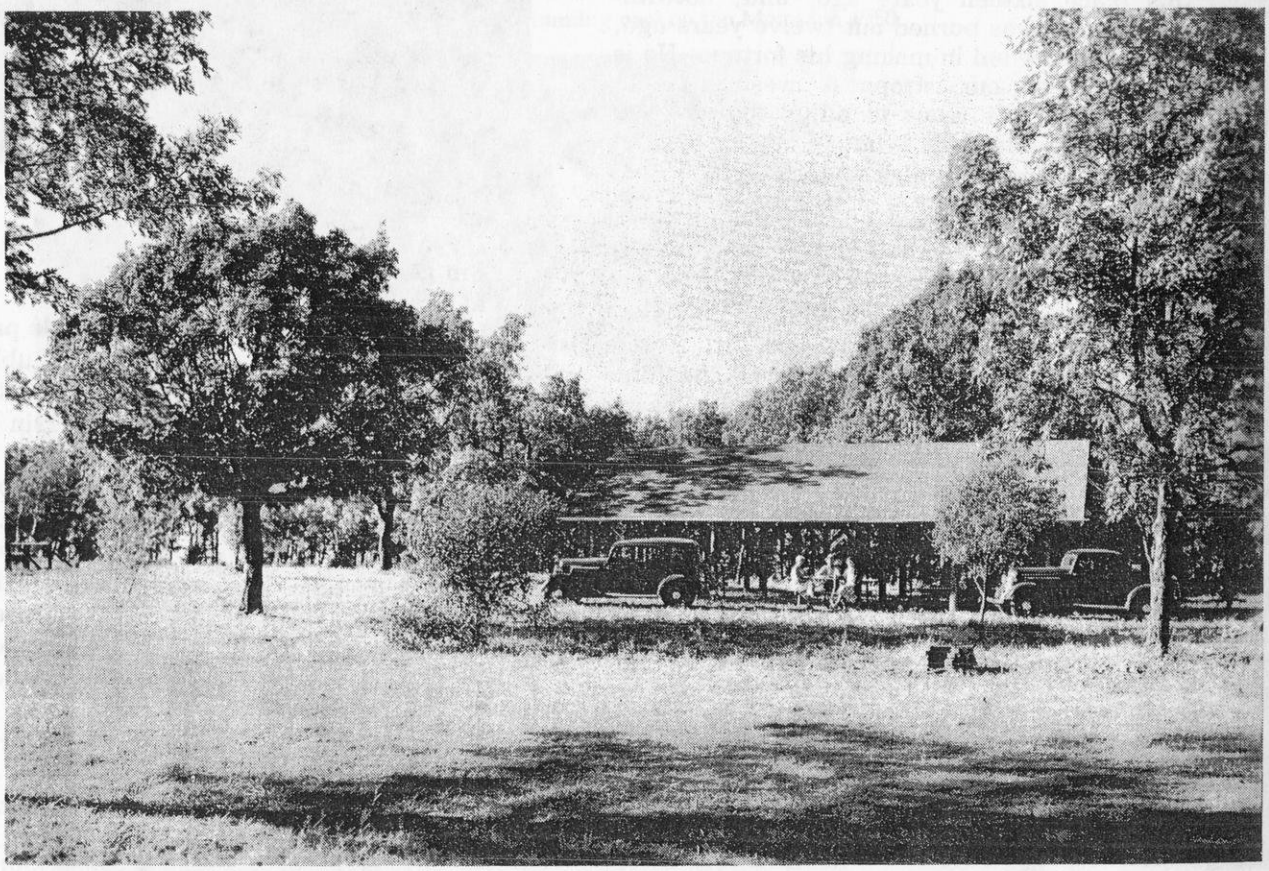
I'm going home
to die no more.

In 1890 the ownership of the Mounds passed to the hands of Charles Isley, Horace Rublee and Jerome Brigham. Sometime during the next decade they hired Sam Martin and Gilbert Klevin to build them a race track and observation tower on the top. Special trains came out from Madison on some Sundays bringing people to the Mounds to watch the horse races and enjoy the scenery. In 1897 a "grand 4th of July Celebration" was held on the Mounds with carnival games, dancing, food stands and a baseball game. Sometime about 1900 Fighting Bob LaFollette addressed a gathering on the Mound.

In 1911 Isley, Rublee and Brigham formed the Blue Mound Company with the principal office at Milwaukee (their home), with the capital stock valued at $12,000. The purpose of this company was to buy and sell real estate and to build and manage



Left to right, John Minix, Matilda Minix and
Ella Skogland at the top in 1936.



Shelter on the Mound in 1936.

John Minix and his pet dove in 1937.

a summer resort on the summit of the Mounds. Evidently it wasn't successful, for the next year they sold it to D. C. Converse.

Mr. Converse planned to beautify it with nursery stock, but this didn't materialize. It has been difficult to find out what was done with the Mounds while he owned it. It appears that in 1932 Howard Greene acquired it and that he and the Mount Horeb Bank went broke. The Bankers Farm Mortgage Company held it until August, 1933, when John Minix acquired it through a Sheriff's Deed.

John Minix, 57 years old when he purchased the Mounds, had been in business for years in Barneveld and had raised a family. After his wife died he eventually sold the business and married Matilda Arneson, a school teacher of history at Madison. She, a sister of Anton Arneson, had been a comely lass in the Barneveld School, when John Minix started farming with his father.

Mrs. Minix kept a diary during her years on the Mounds. Reading this, one sees a well educated thoughtful woman who really loved the Mounds and her family.

John and Matilda never had any children of their own and his were grown. But she loved to see her aunts and uncles, her brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews. On a regular basis she would mention family in her diary. "Alice G, Arlene and mother came up for luncheon" or "Edgar, Anton and family (in the rumble seat of the LaSalle) drove up at noon." "Anna and I drove to Barneveld for Philip's catechism and Philip and seven others came back with me until 10:00."

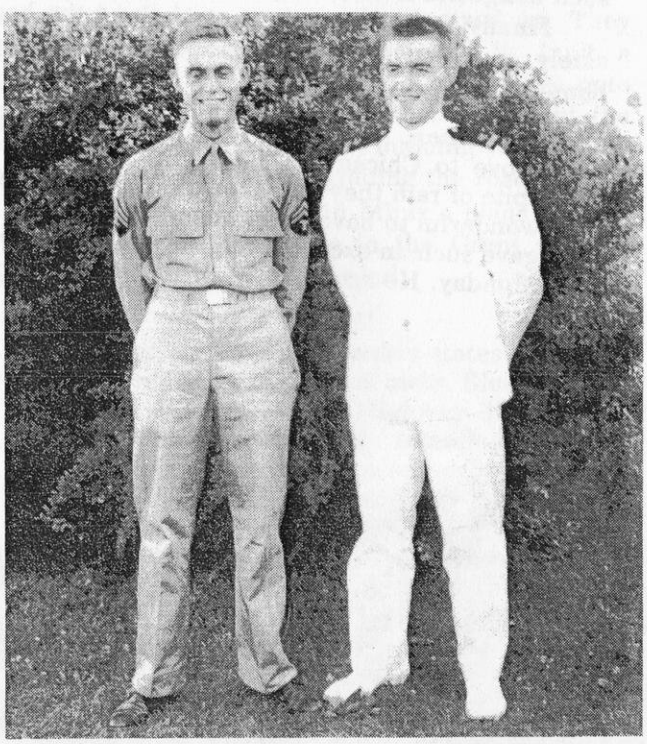
As Anton's family matured, the diary noted birthdays, basketball games, concerts, graduations and the start of college.

Reading this dairy of a knowledgeable woman, one can see the early rumblings of the coming World War II. On February 2, 1936, she attended a Civics Club meeting, where the subject was Ethiopia. (The Italian attack on Ethiopia in 1935 is often called the first step toward WW II.)

World War II burst upon America on December, 1941, and by 1944 Anton's boys were of military service age. In the diary on 9-24-1944, Mrs. Minix wrote:

> Phil is now in the Pacific and I pray for him that he be a good Lt. J. G. and the Lord will watch over him and keep him safe.
>
> Ted writes of changes to come but we do not know for certain what his news is. Such a critical time for all of them. God bless him and keep him too.

Later she wrote that "Ted writes between the lines that he will soon be sent across somewhere." This turned out to be the Pacific, the same place brother Philip was. There was a long absence of



Ted and Phillip Arneson home on leave in 1944.

Winter at the west tower in 1942

letters from the boys and the family became fearful. Then letters came from both boys. "Phil's ship was damaged in battle and many were killed, but he is OK, thank God!" Ted wrote that he took part in the Luzon invation and was building pontoon bridges. Mrs. Minix commented in her diary: "Ted writes such delightful letters, they're like a cherry tart."

Finally the war was over and the boys home safely, much to her relief. She writes of Philip's home coming:

> Anton, Agnes and girls including Chrissy drove to Chicago to meet Phil and Jean. In spite of rain they had a wonderful trip. It is so wonderful to have them home. Phil is fine. He gave such an excellent talk at the BB dinner on Monday. He spoke of the grimness of war and the necessity of working for a decent peace. He was given quite an ovation!

Not all her entries on the war were concerned with family:

> (April 12, 1945) President Roosevelt died at 4:30 P.M. at Warm Springs, Ga., from cerebral hemorrhage. The whole country — the whole world mourns.
>
> (April 13) All day the radio has been given over to tributes and sacred music. No commericals — tomorrow or a day of mourning throughout the country, declared by Pres. Harry Truman. Let us trust that a lasting peace can make Pres. Roosevelt's ambitions a reality.
>
> War is going better on Western front too, but all indications are for a long war . . . Rationing on meat, butter and all canned goods tightening.
>
> We hope the bill, which was passed by Congress becomes law, forbidding the 18 year olds overseas duty until they are 19 or have 6 months training. Peace rumors were abroad but were false but German resistance is crumbling. Let us hope the real end comes soon with unconditional surrender and that it will soon repeat in the Pacific. The San Francisco conference has begun. Some minor difficulties about China ironed out and hope that an organization with power and spiritual fire comes out of the conference that will be a memorial to all the sacrifices that have been made over the last six years.
>
> 5-8-45 VE Day

Baseball stadium on the Mound in 1936.

3-15-45 Spoke at the Young People's meeting — Anne went with me — Topic, "Building for Peace".

Our quota for sugar 24 lbs. for canning. It won't go far.

8-6 News of new atomic bomb used on the Japs entirely destroying Hiroshima and again Nagasaki. Most terrifying and powerful was weapon and as President Truman said in his speech "Thank God. We found it first and hope we are judicious in its use" — Russia takes up War against Japs

Sun 8-12 Everyone waiting for the report from Japan keeping it will be peace.

8-14-45 Peace

8-26 Barneveld Businessmen's picnic over 300 cars extra

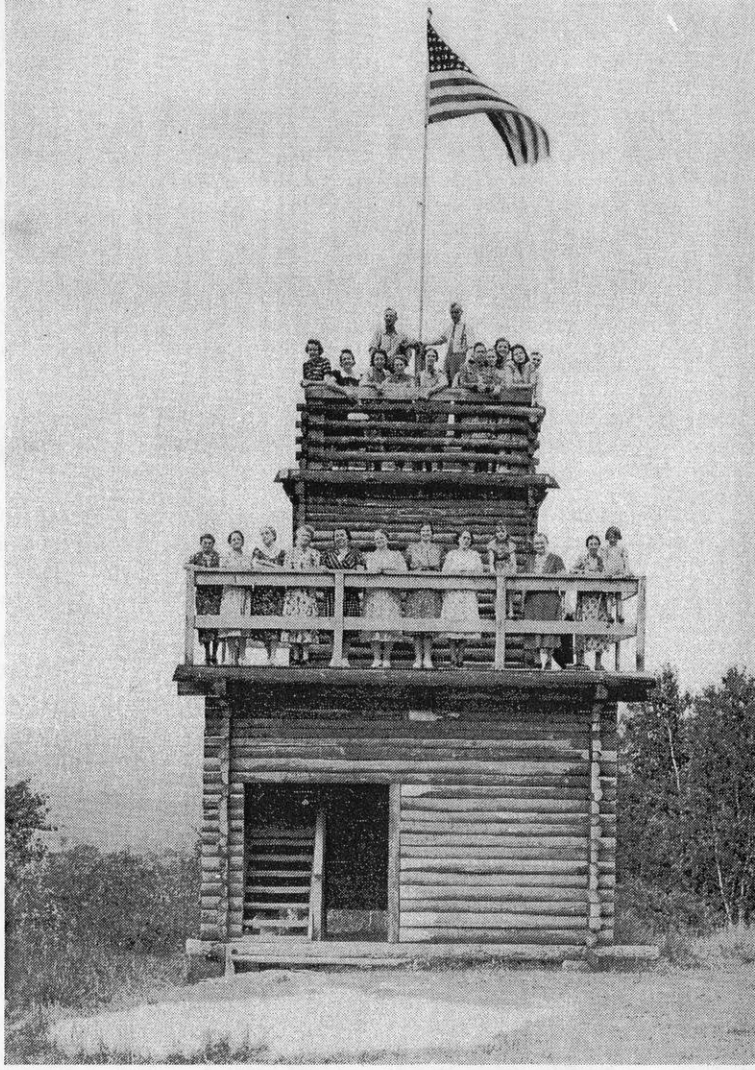
Mrs. Minix also wrote lovingly of the great outdoors:

> Anna and I walked into woods south of house to get wild crab blossoms . . . hawthorne and crab apple in bloom. Wrens building in our boxes. Planted seeds at kitchen door . . . Took a Trilium hike. Wild Lady Slippers more numerous than Trilium. More ferns than we expected — Columbine — many apples, Shooting Stars in great abundance . . . Hung out clothes and enjoyed the beautiful fall coloring in our back yard. Asked Agnes to bring mother. Anne, Mary and Christ to top for coffee. I am walking up. Ideal day. Sky blue. Beautiful fall coloring. Indian summer.

Both Minixs loved birds and put out feeders for them. But there was competition to feed the cardinals. On 2-3-36 she wrote: "John fed the Cardinals by the barn and I want them over by my feeding table.", and again, two days later: "John fed the Cardinals; he beat me at my own game."

Mrs. Minix also described the weather in the winter of 1945-46. She reported several heavy snowstorms, so severe that her husband had to use the horses and sleigh to go "down town" (Blue Mounds) to get supplies. She didn't get out for three weeks and commented "it was good to have the radio."

John Minix and another business venture on the Mound.



Blue Munds sewing club in the 1930's.

As soon as he bought the Mounds (July, 1933), Mr. Minix went to work getting it fixed up. They staked out the cellar and excavated it, built a foundation, and on August 18, moved a house onto it. They moved into it in November and spent the next year putting in sidewalks, building woodsheds, benches and signs, and in grading the road.

Not all agreed with John Minix's plans for the Mound. Perhaps this article in the Grant County Herald (1-1-36) changed his mind:

> "Don't You Do It, John."
>
> The Dodgeville Chronicle states that John Minix of Barneveld, who owns Blue Mound, the natural wonder on Highway 18 between Dodgeville and Mt. Horeb, intends to develop the property by putting an airport on the table land at the top of the mound.
>
> While the mound might afford a naturally advantageous point for taking off and lighting of planes, such is not, in our opinion, the proper use.
>
> Blue Mound is situated adjacent to hotels and a rest cure at it very summit. There should be a golf course, a swimming pool, winding walks and drives. There should be bits of natural woodland. And above all the peak with

its bracing air and altitude should be a place where people may go and get well amid pleasant surroundings.

The Mound is situated adjacent to millions of people. Some one with vision of cash, or both, has only to come along and make the place equal to its potentialities as a spot for rest and healing. That is what it is for — not an airport.

Over a period of years, John and Matilda did as instructed, with the exception of the golf course. While building up the facilities, the Minix's placed ads in Madison and Milwaukee newspapers, prepared brochures and joined the Blue Mounds Commerce Association to publicize their park.

Business was good on the Mounds with substantial numbers of picnickers and sightseers each year. The Cold Water Jones, the Kulbranders, Huseth, Hustad, Arneson, Dahles, and many more held their annual reunions there. The Barneveld Businessmen, Madison Pyramid Motors, Iowa County Holstein Association, Sunday Schools, Oscar Mayer and Grade Schools held picnics there.

John kept on building and by 1938 had the swimming pool and trout pond finished. That year one hundred trout were caught at 50 cents each. Most people were content just to sit and watch the fish swim lazily along in the dense green growth in the pool.

In 1940 the east tower was built and the west tower completed in 1941.

Mrs. Minix had a refreshment stand built of native stones that was designed by J. C. Caraway of the Taliesen Foundation. This stand is one of the few things not torn down when the State took over ownership.

A diamond was laid out on the top of the Mounds and many a home-talent baseball game was played there.

A spring house, changing rooms, shelter houses and baseball bleachers were built at various times.

On 4-12-46 Matilda Minix wrote:

Today John is celebrating his 70th birthday and the Mounds hums with activity under his management. New culverts, grading and widening roads, gravel trucks rolling in and out. All is readyness for reoiling and resealing of the blacktop road. I think it is the kind of celebration John enjoys most.

The diary ends on that entry for John Minix was killed when he jumped onto one of the moving trucks to check on the size of the load after being warned not to and fell under the wheels. A tragic end to a full and vigorous life. But the impression given by his lifestyle, is that's how he wanted to go out. Not lying in bed but while he was working.

Casting aside local jealousy, John Minix should be given honors by the hundreds of people who visited his park. He worked hard and long to make his beloved Mound a nice place to visit without charging an arm and a leg. It is fitting that a plaque honoring John Minix was placed by his widow on a huge flint rock similar to the many he moved in his lifetime.

After John Minix was killed, Edgar Arneson, Matilda's brother, helped her manage the park until it was sold to the State of Wisconsin.

In 1947 WIBA Radio Station in Madison built a 345 foot tower for relaying its FM broadcasts. The three red aircraft warning lights on the tower were a source of wonderment to kids growing up in the 1950's. "Wow! Who'd be brave enough to climb up and put in replacements?" Eventually, in the 1960's, it was no longer considered necessary and was torn down.

When the state took over in 1959, many things were torn down, to the dismay of local residents. The old log lookout towers, the swimming pool and changing houses, the spring houses, the barn and even the Minix home have been torn down. Worse yet, it seemed as if the State was never going to replace them. Eventually a swimming pool, lookout towers, and camp sites were built. Bitterness is still prevalent among area residents and some claim they'll do anything to stop the State from acquiring more property.

Today as in the past, Blue Mounds Park is a wonderful place to visit. Many visitors are impressed with the facilities and the cleanliness of everything at the park.

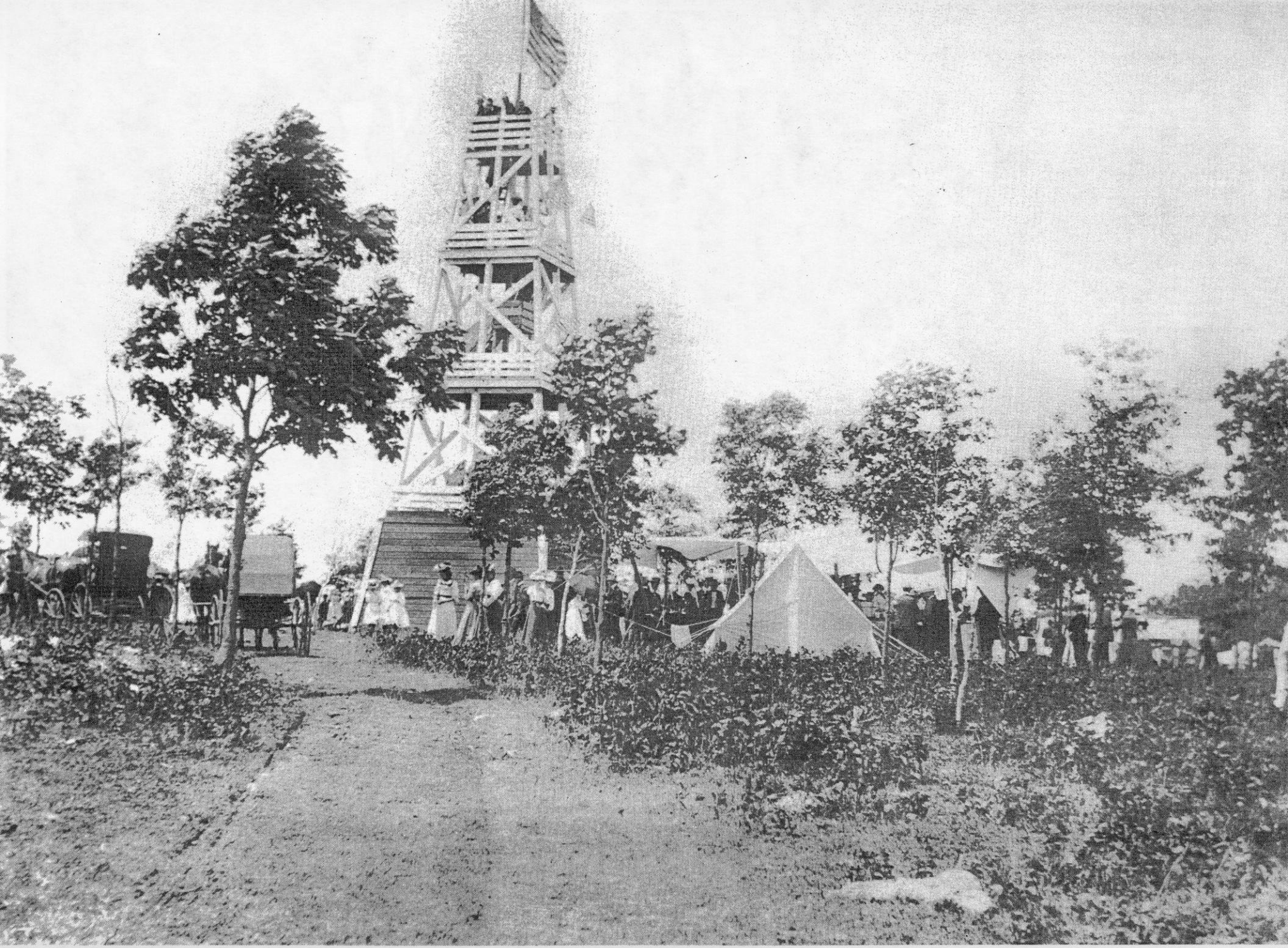
Perhaps it is best that the State of Wisconsin with its tradition of good clean government owns it. With today's insatiable demand for vacation homes and the attraction of the view, it could have been possible that it would've been subdivided with cottages staked out on top of each other and no public access to the top.

Yes, John and Matilda Minix, we love you for your care and concern for the Mounds while you had it.

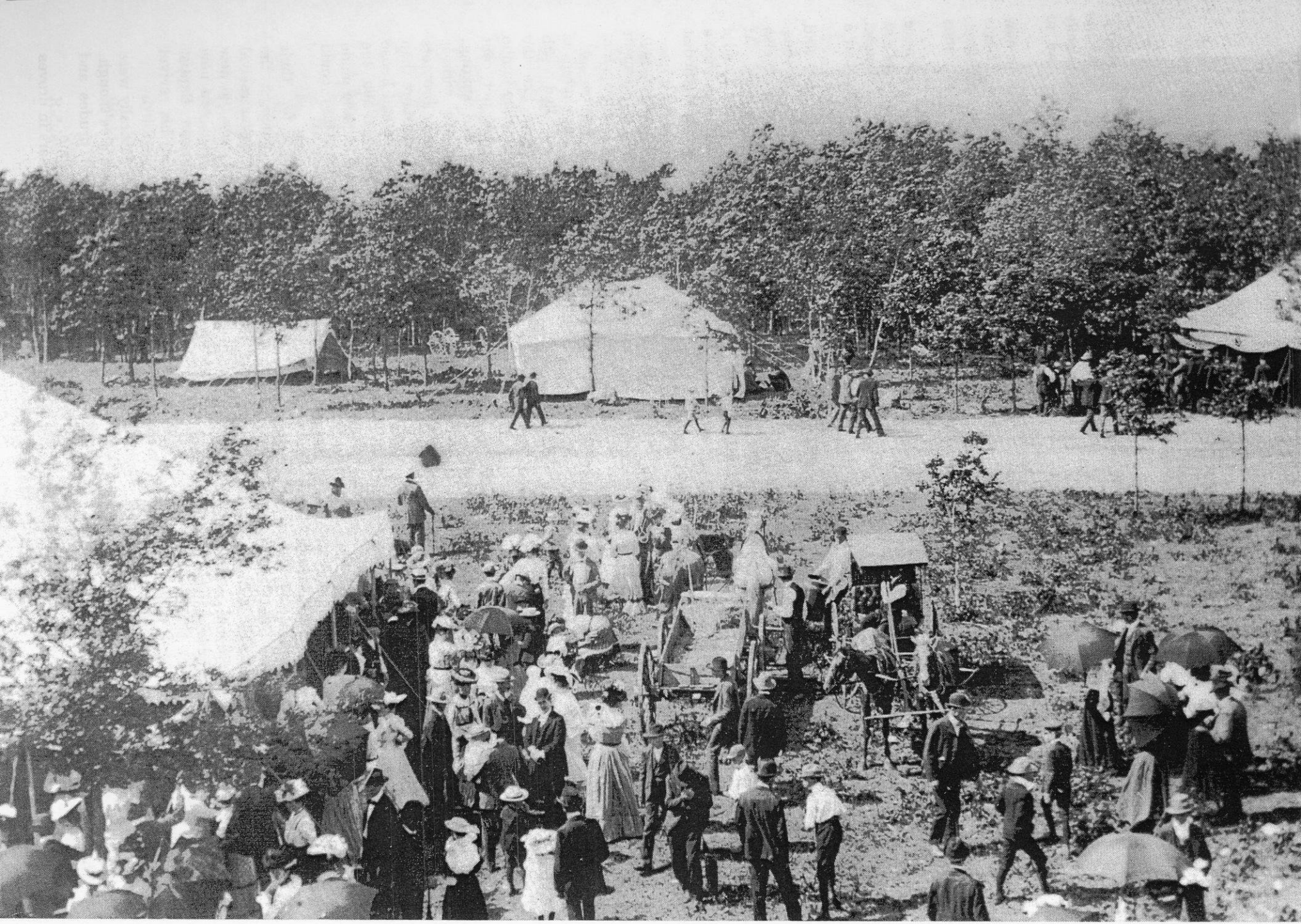
Nearly a century ago, the area was considered a good place to get away from it all and the same holds true today. The following excerpt from "Madison, Dane County and Surrounding Towns, being a History and Guide," William J. Park & Co., Madison, Wis. (published) 1877 serves to illustrate the point.

"Persons desiring absolute quiet, pure air and water, cannot find a more suitable spot wherein to pitch their tent. As a resort for the fatigued brain-worker, this point is especially adapted. No one breathes this pure air without feeling a sense of exhilaration that is really astonishing."

July 4, 1897 on the top of the Mound.



July 4, 1897 on the top of the Mound.



July 4, 1897 on top of the Mound.

Chapter Fourteen - Off The Boat

America is a land of immigrants. We all "got off the boat" at one time or another. Evidently we liked it well enough that over the years six nationalities have settled here.

The first white settlers in the 1830's and 1840's were a mixture of Yankees and Southerners. There were Yankees like Ebenezer Brigham from Massachusetts and C. B. Arnold from New York. Others came from the old Colonial South like Dr. R. W. Jones of Pokerville. All of these were of English, Scotch or Irish ancestry.

There were also a few men from Cornwall in the area, but they decided to concentrate over at Mineral Point and Dodgeville.

Many of the English speaking peoples, including the Irish, Welsh, Scotch and Cornish, had occupational last names, such as, Smith, Cook, Carpenter, Baker, Dyer, Carter, Brewer and Wheelwright. Some had status names like Bond or Parsons. Other names, such as Brown, White, Gray, Long, Short were personally descriptive. Still other names had to do with place of residence. Green lived next to the village Green and Hall lived next to a meeting place.

The most common type of English name simply meant "the son of." Thus Williams is "the son of William." In this class of names are Thomas, Richards, Davies, Harris, Jenkins, Phillips and Roberts. Jones is a common form of Johns, meaning "son of John."

Uniquely Cornish names have prefixes indicating their place of origin, such as Tre- meaning house or hamlet or place. Tremain is "the place of rocks." There is a saying about identifying Cornish names, as follows:

By Tre, Ros, Car, Lan, Pol and Pen
Ye may know most Cornishmen.

WELSH

Wales, a mere hilly spot (8,000 square miles) in the vastness of the world had become an increasingly difficult place to live by the 19th century. The land was worn out from centuries of farming and grazing. The Industrial Revolution was creating havoc with the traditional occupational structure and hundreds were jobless. The people, hard working and thrifty, with a sharp eye for opportunities, reluctantly began to leave this land they loved. The Welsh eventually migrated to all parts of the world — Africa, Australia, Canada and America.

The Welsh, then, were the first large group of immigrants into the Barneveld area. The largest number of them arrived in the 1840's and 1850's, although a few occasionally immigrated up to the time of World War I. After World War I, practically all foreign immigration was stopped by laws of Congress.

The Welsh were hard workers and this new land rewarded them well. By 1881, Benjamin Davis owned 487 acres at Jennieton and Thomas Watkins, 517 acres at West Blue Mounds, where Evan Jones had 1000 acres.

Successful Welsh businessmen in 1881 were the Williams Brothers in the Drug store at Pokerville, and Thomas I. Williams in general merchandise at Barneveld. Thomas J. Jones had a thriving blacksmith shop at Hyde's Mill.

The Welsh were God-fearing people and eventually established quite a number of churches. The White Church was built by the Welsh Congregationalists prior to the Civil War. At Jennieton, there was a Welsh Baptist Church and a Welsh Congregational Church. Later there was a Welsh Presbyterian Church and a Welsh Methodist Church in Barneveld.

The Welsh Baptists, a fundamentalist group, (see page 72) were more prone to emotionalism in their ritual. The origin of the name of this branch of Christianity is obvious from their ceremonies.

To be considered accepted into the church as an adult, the Baptists weren't satisfied with sprinkling a little water on the head like the Lutherans and Catholics, with a little mumbo jumbo added in. The Baptists believed in 100 per cent immersion, complete with shouting and singing. They turned out in large numbers to witness baptisms, and sing and shout while their brothers were dunked in a handy stream. In 1890, more than 500 people witnessed a baptism by Reverend Reese in a creek on the Ben Davis farm. When the Baptists built their church in Barneveld, they made a large tin-lined hole in the floor so they could baptize year around.

Revivalists found fertile ground for their exhortations in the Barneveld area amongst the Welsh. In March, 1857, there was a religous revival in the Town of Ridgeway that added over 100 new members to the churches there. In 1888, ten new members were added to the Jennieton Baptist Church by Reverend J. T. Lloyd during his revival meetings there.

The Welsh, good church people, naturally were abstainers from alcohol. Other nationalities though, thought the Welsh were a bunch of prudes and stuffed shirts who didn't like a good time.

The Welsh joined the Good Templars in droves

Three good Welshmen in 1903.
Left to right: Tom Jones Jr., Joe Owens and Tom Jones Sr.

and tried to spread the word to their sinful brethren Not being content with dominating the three Good Templars Lodges around Jennieton and later Barneveld and Ridgeway, they formed their own Welsh Temperance Society of Dodgeville in the 1880's which had many members from the Town of Ridgeway.

The following account from the Chronicle of 4-3-1888 is a good listing of Welsh names and a good example of their habitual use of the Welsh language

> The Welsh Temperance Society of Dodgeville held a public meeting at Salem Church, Garrison Grove, Sunday, April 22d, Chairman Mr. Evan W. Williams. Lectures were delivered by Mr. Thos. Jones and Mr. Ellis Hughes of Dodgeville, the former on "Alcohol and the Effects" and the latter on the "Causes of Drunkedness and Intemperance". Quite a few young folks came together, although the weather was disagreeable.
>
> The society also held a public meeting at the Welsh Presbyterian Church in Dodgeville Friday night, April 27th, President Rev. Rhys Lewis. The program was as follows:
>
> Prayer by Mr. Price of Pennsylvania
>
> Welsh chorus, "Na roddweh flodau'ch dyddian" by the chorus
>
> Quartet, "The breaking clouds" by Wm. Wickham and party.
>
> Welsh lecture by the Rev. Sem Phillips.
>
> Song "Anchored" by Miss Davies of Ridgeway.
>
> Solo and chorus, "Twas Rum that spoiled my boy," Wm. Griffiths and party.
>
> Recitation by Mr. Price of Pennsylvania
>
> Song by Miss Davies of Ridgeway
>
> Lecture by Rev. J. Hardcastle
>
> Solo and chorus by Charles Williams and party
>
> Electing officers as follows: President, Mr. W. J. Hughes; Vice President, Mr. Thos. Jones; Treasurer, Mr. John Owens; Secretary, Mr. Ellis Hughes.
>
> Committee, Rev. Sem Phillips, John Owens, Samuel Griffths, David Powell, Thos. Jones, John O. Jones, John W. Williams, Ellis Hughes.
>
> Musical Committee, W. J. Wickham, John O. Griffiths, Wm. Griffths, Ellis Hughes.
>
> Votes of thanks were tendered to Rev. Hardcastle for his excellent speech, also Mr. Price of Pennsylvania. It was a credit to our meeting to have Miss Davies of Ridgeway to take part in it. She sang to please everybody. She has an excellent voice, well cultivated and full of harmony.
>
> Ellis Hughes
> Secretary

The Welsh held church services in their language up to the turn of the century. If they felt like reading Welsh, they could buy the Columbia, a Welsh newspaper, from T. I. Williams. The arrival of the Welsh Prize Singers direct from Wales was a great social event in Barneveld in 1888.

Other Welsh names not previously mentioned

are Jenkins, Lloyd, Morris, Richards, Thomas, Reese and Kendrick. Knicknames and initials were used to help keep unrelated people with the same Welsh name from being confused. There was Cold Water Jones, William X. Jones, J. D. Jones, R. W. Jones, Dave "Watt" Jones, Waukesha Jones, "Wash" Davis, Jingo Roberts and Mason Evans. The following poem about God naming Welshmen illustrates the difficulties of Welshmen keeping their individuality.

Welshmen keeping their individuality.
"Take ten," he said, "and call them RICE:
Take another ten, and call them PRICE;
A hundred more, and dub them HUGHES;
Take fifty others, call them PUGHES;
Now ROBERTS name some hundred score;
And WILLIAMS name a legion more;
And call, "he moned in languid tones,
"Call all the other thousands-JONES".

The document that started the process to becoming a U. S. citizen.

State of Wisconsin, } S. C. T.
CIRCUIT COURT, DANE COUNTY.

I, Wm Fehlandt Clerk of said Court, do hereby certify that on the second day of the month of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety one August Eckel an Alien, being a free white person, declared on oath before me, that it was, bona fide, his intention to become a citizen of the United States of America, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever, and particularly to William III. Emperor of Germany whereof he was then a subject.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court at the Clerk's office, in the City of Madison, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1891.

Wm Fehlandt. Clerk.

SCOTCH

Prince Edward Island off the coast of Canada was the scene of a settlement project by Lord Selkirk of England. In 1803, he recruited a number of poor Scots and took them there to settle.

A number of farmers in the Town of Brigham eventually immigrated from there, though not all were Scotch. William L. Williams-1848, James and Fred Theobald-1848, William Hyde-1850, G. Theobald-1851, E. C Simpson-1854, John L. Hayes-1854 and Archibald Campbell-1858 all came from this island.

Life in Wisconsin has agreed with these families as they and their descendants have all become very prosperous farmers.

Virility being a family trait of the Theobald clan, there got to be so many it was difficult to keep them all straight. Edward, Robert and James Theobald (all brothers) had eleven sons between them. What resulted was that the sons had their father's name tacked onto theirs by the community to keep things straight. There was Jim Fred, Bob Fred and John Fred, the sons of Frederick Theobald, while James' boys were called Will Jim, Roy Jim, and Arch Jim. Edward Theobald's boys were known as George Ted, Harv Ted, Charl Ted, Mead Ted and Orie Ted.

(DIGRESSION) At one time there got to be quite a few ladies by the name of Emma in the Middlebury Church. To know who you were talking about the community referred to them as Emma Jim or Emma George, according to their husbands first name.

GERMAN

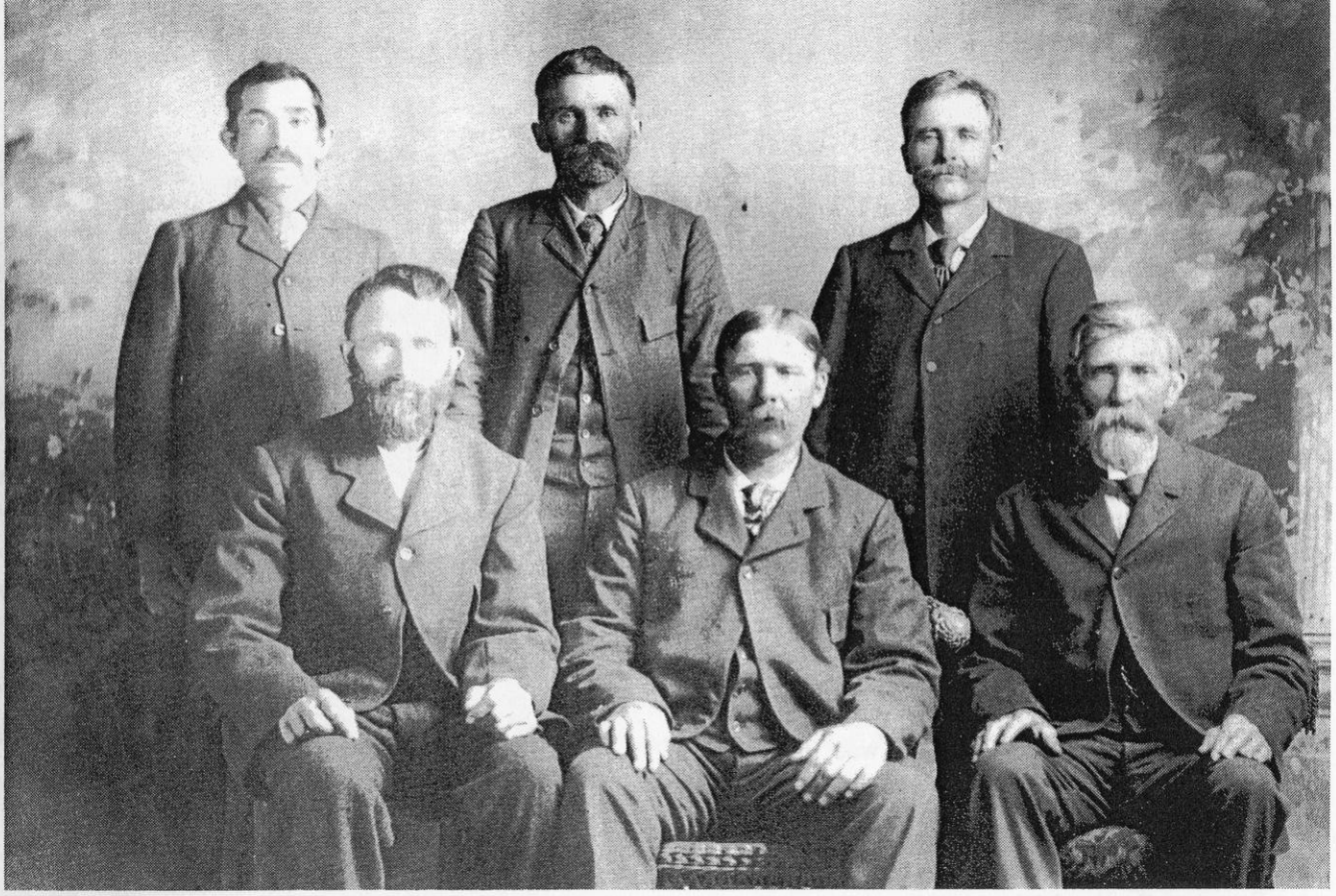
The next group of any size to arrive was the Germans in the late 1840's and through the 1850's. This migration brought in the Malones, Jabs, Gerkes, Dimpfls, Klusendorfs, Doeschers, Schuelkes, Brunners, Arndts, Cardens, Stagners, Evelands, Moyers, Zepplins, Segebrechts and many more of us.

With their habits of hard work and rounded bellies they settled in and have been quite comfortable here. It wasn't easy at first, they faced discrimination like any other new group. An example of this is an article in the Chronicle of 1864 about two robberies in the Town of Ridgeway. The Chronicle lists the name of a Mr. Evans as a victim, but merely says the other robbery was at the house of a German.

They too spoke in their native language as often as they could. German was spoken exclusively at home and social gatherings centered around the Church. The Lutheran Church in Barneveld held its services in German for many years, before they reluctantly switched to English. Many children started school not speaking a word of English, even though they were born here.

Not all Germans were in favor of speaking German exclusively. In the election of 1890, the Bennett Law was an issue in Wisconsin. This law

A good German lad. Randy Hauck celebrating his tag wrestling victory at the Barneveld Amateur Baseball Benefit in winter 1976.



A good Norwegian crop, the sons of Knute K. Kjorlien in 1910. Fron left to right, front row: Syver, Martin and Knute Jr. Back row: Gabe, Halvr and Harry.

only. In the 1870's and 1880's, the Norwegians in the Town of Moscow, organized the Norwegian Literary Society, to preserve their culture. They held regular meetings in Norwegian and had a library of Norwegian books. Yearly, on the 17th of July, they celebrated Norwegian Independence Day, with crowds of a thousand not being unusual. In 1873, they were on cloud nine, for Ole Bull the world famous Norwegian violinist, spoke and played for them. In 1887, they were just as high, holding the celebration on the Blue Mound.

Coming from a land of snow and mountains, the Norwegians took to skies as naturally as ducks to water. The Germans probably would add "with as many brains too!" In January of 1912, there was a ski tournament in Hollandale, that attracted more Norskes than ever to it. Reverend E. R. Anderson of Mount Horeb, occasionally had to don his skis to get to Blue Mounds and Barneveld to preach. Another Norske, Anton Arneson used his skis in 1942 to visit his sister, Matilda Minix, on the Mound.

Despite owning hilly land, either by choice or circumstances, the Norwegians prospered in the Barneveld area. Their thrifty, hard working habits have done them well. It helped that they turned to dairying quicker than the others and their experience with handling cattle and making cheese and butter in the old country helped there.

The Norwegians have probably left the most visible evidence of their presence here. Besides the heritage of Norwegian family names, we can thank the Norskes for lefse, lutefisk, Little Norway and the Song of Norway Festival.

The Lutheran Church has probably been the most important force in keeping their heritage alive. Most of the Lutheran Churches in the area were started by Lutherans and used the language in the services for years. To this day many parents would rather send their children to a Lutheran College, rather than to a secular State College tainted with sin. At Saint Olaf or Luther College, the parents know their children will get a college education in a good clean wholesome atmosphere. Right Wendell?

IRISH

Over the years a considerable number of Irish have settled in the Town of Brigham. They did not migrate in a short period of time like the other groups. Some were among the original settlers in the 1830's and others came after the Irish potato famine in 1848. Still more lived elsewhere before putting roots down here.

Enough of these fun loving hard working scrapers settled west of Barneveld to label a whole area Irish Ridge.

Quite a number of myths have grown up around the Irish presence here. Supposedly the

required all schools in Wisconsin to teach English as the main language and was aimed at Milwaukee where German was the main language taught. Anton Emmel, Barneveld shoemaker, businessman and newspaper owner, wrote the following letter to the Chronicle.

> The question has been put to your correspondent of late: "Why are you such a staunch advocate of the Bennett Law, seeing that you area foreigner?" In the first place he would say that he disclaims the title of "foreigner." How can he be such, when the fact is, that on the first day of November, 1886, in a vow before God and an authorized officer, he declared himself to become a citizen of the United States, and renounced forever all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign power? Hence, if he knows himself, he is a foreign-born American citizen, and that is all there is of it. And although he maintains a respect for his mother country, which he can not feel for any other foreign country, yet when it comes to Americanism, he is as true a citizen and with as warm a love for America, as to use a common expression, any "blue belly" yankee dares to be. Again: one reason that he upholds the Bennett Law is, he received his education in the Mother language under a strict compulsory law, which law compelled the parents to send the child to school from 6 to 14 years of age, 12 months a year to a public school where the legal language was taught. God forbid that he should ever be a hindrance to prevent any individual from being instructed in the legal language of his country!
>
> In conclusion, the writer would sincerely urge his fellow countrymen to put away partyism in the coming election and give the important issue in the present campaign an honest consideration from a commen-sense stand-point. We Germans, as a nation, have won the reputation of being one of the most industrious, educated, thrifty and law abiding people that have ever stepped on American soil. Hence, well we at this time indulge in a blunder, which if we do, will hang over our heads and will be thrown up to us and our children for the next century to come. This rebellion ought to be suppressed, all the more because it was brought about by a few bishops, Lutheran clergymen and quill-drivers of the German press who have raised the cry that the Bennett Law is unnecessary and unAmerican, when at the same time, their own consciences must tell them the contrary; for their sole reason for opposing the law is because it is against their personal convenience. But the question arises. Will the people of Wisconsin be ruled by a few of those who, in one sense of the word, have one foot in this country and the other in their "Vaterland?" If these "Herrn," or gentlemen, cannot appreciate the opportunities of this land of the free, but persist in opposing its laws, let them go back to where they came from and prosper under the advantages of "Bismarkism." Last, but not least, fellow-countrymen and voters, do not come to a decision on this important question while in a state of excitement or high fever, the consequences of hearing a radical speech or reading a Zeitung; but, on the other hand, give it a sound thought at your fireside while looking into the sweet bright faces of your children, and your correspondent feels assured that you will, or at least you ought to exclaim: "For the sake of my children and their future welfare, I am for the Bennett Law." Which means to vote for Gov. Hoard and also for M. J. Bennett and N. T. Martin for the assembly.
>
> THE RIDGEWAY STROLLER

The German custom of drinking beer as a beverage, quite naturally made them political enemies of the teetotaling Welsh. Quite a number of arguments over prohibition ensued between the two groups. Eventually enough Welshmen were converted, that there's not much danger today of Barneveld ever going "dry."

NORWEGIANS

The Norwegians started arriving in the middle 1850's and throughout the 1860's. Names like Arneson, Anderson, Ruste, Kjorlie, Boley, Helgeson, Hellickson, Hansen, Kringle, Olson, Severson, Frederickson, Oimoen, Rue, Dokken and Peterson began to appear on the tax roles and census.

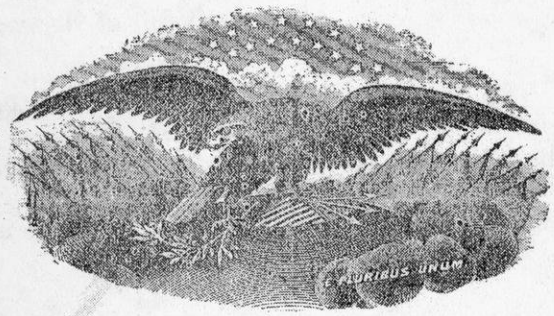
A number of present Norwegians in Barneveld occasionally grumble that their grandfathers bypassed the good prairie land to settle among the rough hills that reminded them of home. Bill Arneson says that if Grandpa Christopher Arneson had settled on the prairies, his ancestors wouldn't be known as the "poor Arnesons." Probably, by the time the Norwegians got there, there wasn't any good land left. Also, the Norwegians were poor and many had to work for others before they could accumulate enough cash to buy land.

After 1870, the flood of Norwegians to this country died off. They still occasionally immigrated, as the Chronicle of 5-15-91 shows.

> "Nine immigrants landed here from Norway last Saturday, six males and three females. All young people and looked well and hearty. That is the kind of people we want here and not paupers."

The Norwegians also, spoke their native tongue at home and at church. The Blue Mounds Lutheran Church for years held their services in Norwegian

CERTIFICATE OF CITIZENSHIP

UNITED STATES  OF AMERICA.

The Municipal Court of the County of Dane, State of Wisconsin :

BE IT REMEMBERED, *That on this* 19th *day of* September *in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and* Six

August Eckel

appeared in the Municipal Court, said Court being a Court of Record, having common law jurisdiction and a Clerk and Seal, and applied to said Court to be admitted to become

A Citizen of the United States of America,

pursuant to the several acts of the Congress of the United States of America, for that purpose made and provided, and the said applicant having thereupon produced to the Court such evidence and taken such oaths as are by the said Acts required, and having also produced to the said Court the evidence, oath and affidavit required by an Act of the Congress of the United States of America, entitled "An Act to Regulate the Immigration of Aliens into the United States," approved March 3, 1903, which said oath and affidavit were duly recorded upon the records of the said Court;

Thereupon *it was ordered by the Court that said applicant be admitted, and he was accordingly admitted by the said Court to be* **A Citizen of the United States of America.**

In Testimony Whereof, *The Seal of the said Court is hereunto affixed this* 19th *day of* September *One Thousand Nine Hundred and* Six *in the* 131st *year of our Independence.*

F. E. Currier *Clerk.*

A document that a lot of people traveled a long way for.

whole lot of them are drinkers and fighters, only interested in a good time. HUMBUG! That's no more true than the "Welsh don't know how to smile" or the "Germans spend all day drinking beer and let the women do the chores."

In the good old days before funeral parlors (about 1920), funerals were held at the home of the deceased. Friends and relatives would come over and sit up with the family the night before the funeral. Regardless of nationality, food and refreshments were brought in and everyone stayed up all night, hence the name "wake." Usually someone sat with the corpse and put wet cloths on the face so that it wouldn't swell and be discolored for the funeral the next day.

For some reason, Irish families gave out long stemmed clay pipes to those who attended the wake. The stems of these clay pipes had a distressing habit of breaking until there'd be a stub an inch long to smoke with. This was in the days before ready rolled cigarettes and when most men smoked pipes. Pipes were expensive and young men would often walk for miles to go to the wake of someone they barely knew just to get the pipes.

Supposedly the Irish served refreshments that were intoxicating at their wakes. A number of story tellers will swear on a stack of Bibles that there were wakes where everybody got so looped (drunk), that the corpse was sat on a chair and a lit pipe put in his mouth.

Not all Irish traditions were foolish or violent. It's been said that the Irish are very romantic and as the following poem shows also had a humerous streak.

IRISH VALENTINE

Louise Mavourneen, at night, noon and mornin'
Me hearte is still turning wid fondness for you;
Och! thin, charmin crather, have done wid ill-nature
And spake a kind word to a lover so thrue.

Bedad, I'm not jokin'; wid love I'm just chokin';
I can't schlape at night nor by day kape awake;
And even the petaties, like meself that so swate is,
Turn me stomach intirely, all far your sake.

Then aisy, my jewell, and don't be so cruel
As to give me the go-by for Teddy McGhee;
The kiss that he gave you was just to desave you;
'Tis meself that will love you for better nor he.

And let him be civil, the bog-throttin divil;
Sure a pig like himself shouldn't meddle wid crame;
If iver I catch him me shellalah shall teach him
That his dirty snout was not made for the same.

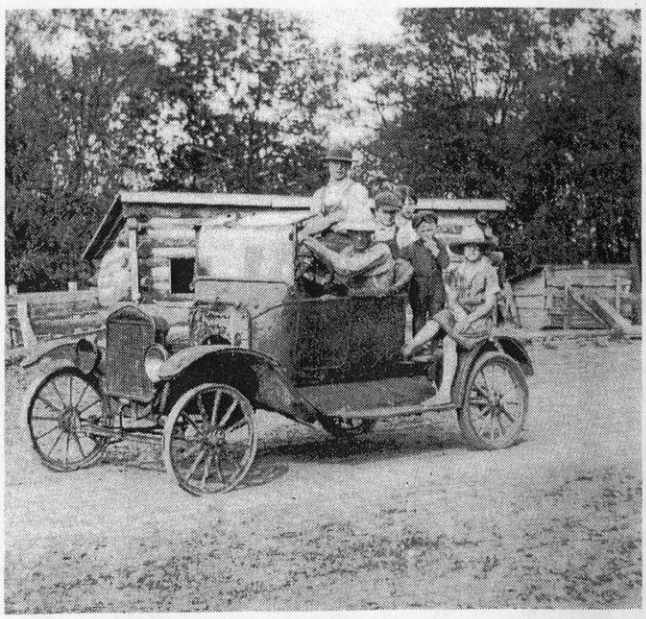
Do you moind that now!

I'll give you ould Brindle and the wheel wid no spindle,
Beside the big tom-cat that's wanting an eye,
Which old Mrs. McMirter one day made ine heir to —
Sure it's thruth i'm telling and never a lie.

We'll have a slug cabin that'll niver need scrubbin—
Clate mud for the walls and aswate earthen floore,
Where ye'll be a grand lady, like Mrs. O'Grady,
And ride in your cart wid your donkey afore.

No one shall bate us for swate maley petaties
And buttermilk from the cow in galore,
To feed you and the cat on and make the pig fat on,
With a peat stack as big as a church to the fore.

Then Louise, Mavaurneen, don't treat wid scornin'
Nor broomstick me out of the door for a fool,
But say yis, me deary, and father O'Leary
Shall make you in no time swate Mrs. O'Toole.



Irish fun. The Kelly clan clowning in their play car. It actually ran.

That should touch the hearts of people named Kelly, Brennan, Bunbury, Clerkin, Torphy, Duffey, Lawler, Laverty, Luby, Ryan, Short, Murphy and O'Neill.

SWISS

The Swiss are the latest group to immigrate to America and Barneveld. They were nearly all German Swiss and most started out as cheese makers. Most of them came over after 1870 and some like John Koenig (1920) and John Blaser (1926) are still coming over. This group is made up

of names like Baumgartner, Aschliman, Huber, Zurenberg, Albanalp, Asp, and Durtschi.

There got to be enough of them that they organized their own church, the Swiss Reformed Church.

CONCLUSION

And so, the ethnic makeup of the Barneveld has come to be a mixture of English, German, Irish, Norwegian, Scotch, Swiss and Welsh. After years of intermarriage, there are very few pure bloods left. Instead we've got a hybrid, just as strong as any of their ancestors to carry on the business of living.

With a mixture like this, perhaps it's be best to end this book with an Irish saying delivered to a room full of Norwegians and Germans honoring a Switzer.

May the road rise to meet you.
May the wind be ever at your back.
May the good Lord keep you in the hollow of His hand.
May your heart be as warm as your hearthstone.

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