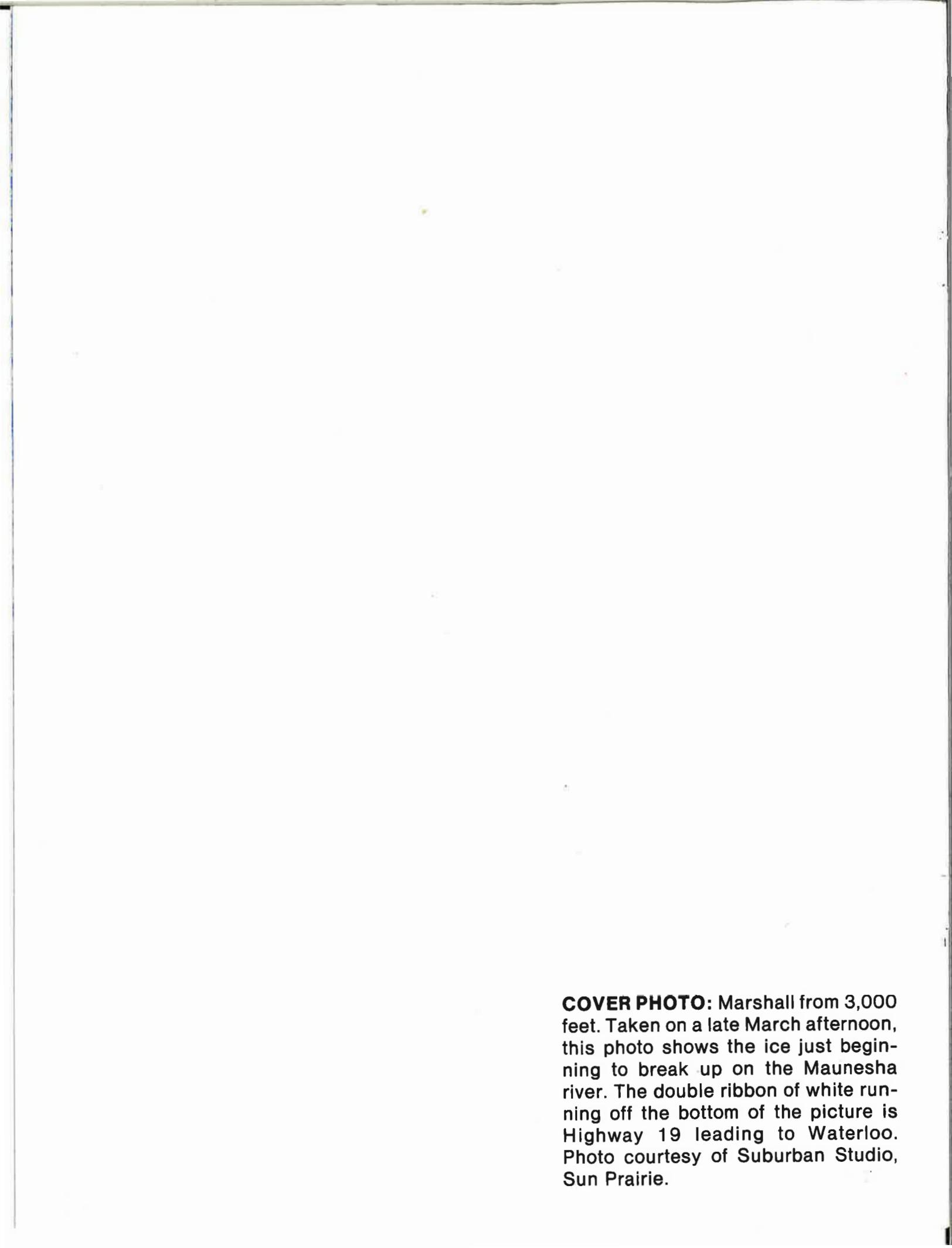


A NOSTALGIC LOOK AT

Marshall





COVER PHOTO: Marshall from 3,000 feet. Taken on a late March afternoon, this photo shows the ice just beginning to break up on the Mauneha river. The double ribbon of white running off the bottom of the picture is Highway 19 leading to Waterloo. Photo courtesy of Suburban Studio, Sun Prairie.

FORWARD

When the idea for this Bicentennial booklet was first conceived some eight months ago, it was our original intention to present an in-depth study of the history of Marshall covering the 139 years of its existence — the life and times as it were, of the village from the day the Bird brothers and Aaron Petrie first laid claim to this land, until the present. Between these few pages we had naively hoped to offer a comprehensive insight into Marshall's proud heritage for this and future generations.

We quickly discovered that such an ambitious undertaking was beyond our modest means and capabilities. Memories that have dimmed, records and pictures that have become lost with the passage of time, plus our own inadequacy in research and wordsmithing, have resulted in a history that at best is but a brief, outline sketch — certainly not complete, perhaps not entirely accurate — and also affords us the opportunity to apologize for unintentional errors, omissions or disproportionate photo-coverage.

Had space permitted, we would like to have recounted each person's contribution to the community over the years. Those many individuals who tirelessly give of their time and effort in a myriad of vital, unglamorous, and often thankless tasks that make up the backbone of our society. It is they who have truly paid their dues towards making Marshall and the world a better place to live. Perhaps their friends will recognize them as they read between the lines. We sincerely hope so, for it is to them that this booklet is dedicated.

*Stan Trachte
Don Woerpel
February, 1976*

When the Marshall Bicentennial Committee was formed in the summer of 1975, we undertook the restoration of the historic, octagon-shaped village bandstand as our primary goal for this Bicentennial year.

An integral part of Marshall's heritage since February 23, 1895, when Mrs. Mary Wakeman and Miss Susan M. Hatch each donated a small parcel of lot 28 to "erect a suitable building for the use of the Marshall Coronet Band and other village purposes," the bandstand was a familiar and reassuring landmark of downtown Marshall for seventy years.

Early sessions of the village board were frequently held in the lower portion of the structure, as was the charter meeting of the fire department, and the meetings of many other local organizations. All of this in addition to the numerous band concerts that entertained village residents throughout the years — until the building was moved to the Jack Skalitzky farm in 1965.

Mr. Skalitzky kindly donated the bandstand to the Bicentennial Committee, and on October 24, 1975 Henry Wild, Jr., and Stan Haakenson (both of whom donated their labor to the project), along with the Marshall Chapter of the FFA, moved it back to the village — to a new permanent home in Firemen's Park. There, on September 12, 1976 the building will be rededicated.

Proceeds from the sale of this booklet will be used to help defray restoration expenses.



Marlin Skalitzky poses with Bicentennial sign he erected on his property just east of the village on highway 19. The attractive sign was painted by Mrs. Robert Hurst.

A project of this nature can only be successfully accomplished with the cooperation of many different individuals all working toward a common goal, and we particularly wish to thank the following for their contributions and help in compiling this booklet:

Mrs. Adella Harland, Mrs. Fay Porter, Mrs. Lenora Ratzlow, Mrs. Laura Schuster, Mrs. Lyla Cobb, Mrs. Harold Freidel, Mrs. Harold Kuhl, Mrs. Helen Langer, Mrs. Florence Kleinsteiber, Mrs. Warren Stark, Mrs. Fred Holzhueter, Mrs. Fred Gmeinder, Mrs. Dave Motl, Mrs. Vernon Counsell, Mrs. Joe Freidel, Mrs. Clarence Lee, Ernie Deppe, Harry Streich, Maynard Sorenson, Helmer Lothe, Wallace Peck, Dan Myers, Leo Benesch, Raymond Heiman, Ernie Blaschka, Harvey Heiman, William Grunwald, Francis Skala, Alvin Reamer and the Rev. Dan Anderson.

Our thanks also to Marshall librarians Mrs. Owen Sanderson and Mrs. Charles Johnson, and High School librarian Mrs. Marge Witt in helping us locate books and documents relating to Marshall's history.

For those further interested in the history of Marshall we direct your attention to *History of Dane County and Surrounding Towns*, Wm. J. Park & Co., Madison, Wis., 1877; *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Vol. XLVII, Spring, 1964, published by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin (an excellent account of the Marshall Academy); *History of Dane County*, published by Western Historical Association, 1906; *Cyclopedia of Wisconsin*, also published by Western Historical Association, 1906, and a pictorial *History of Dane County*, Inland Photo Co., Milwaukee, 1956.

MARSHALL . . .

1837-
1976

The year was 1837! Surviving veterans of Lexington, Tippecanoe, Bunker Hill and Yorktown were in the twilight of their lives — aging old men in their seventies and eighties. Martin Van Buren, a Democrat from New York, occupied the White House as the eighth President of the United States; Queen Victoria was beginning her first year of reign in England; Pope Gregory XVI headed the Catholic Church from the Vatican and, the 28-year-old son of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln was struggling to build a law practice in Springfield, Illinois.

That year the scarred and shell-pocked masonry walls of the Texas Alamo Mission were still fresh with the blood of young Davy Crockett; George Armstrong Custer (not yet born in 1837) was 41 years from a fateful rendezvous with Sitting Bull's painted Sioux warriors and, another Indian leader, the fiery, hawk-nosed Chief of the Sauk, was living out the last few months of his life on an Iowa reservation.

1837 was also the year the first attempt was made to reclaim from the untamed Wisconsin wilderness the land that is now known as the village of Marshall.

It had been two hundred and three years since the Frenchman Jean Nicolet, the first known European to visit this region, landed near the present-day city of Green Bay. For more than a century, from 1634 until all French possessions east of the Mississippi were ceded to the British at the end of the 1763 French and Indian War, Wisconsin was a province of the Republic of France. British claim to the land lasted until the last shot was fired in the Revolution (when Wisconsin was incorporated into the Northwest Territory), but it wasn't until the War of 1812 that the area's des-

tiny was fixed as part of the total development of the United States rather than a province of European countries.

In the first eighteen years of the nineteenth century Wisconsin became, in rapid succession, part of the Indiana Territory (1800), Illinois Territory (1809), and the Territory of Michigan in 1818. It would be another eighteen years before Wisconsin was organized as a separate territory, and twelve years after that before it achieved statehood. In the meantime the discovery of rich lead deposits in the southwestern corner of the state heralded an unprecedented increase in Wisconsin's settlement, and provided the spark that ignited the bloody 1832 Black Hawk War.

In 1804 the Indian nations signed a treaty with the government agreeing to abandon all land east of the Mississippi. In return they would be paid an annuity of \$1,000 and the right to retain their old, familiar hunting grounds. Not realizing the full implication of such a pact, they moved peacefully across the river into Iowa. With them went 37-year-old Black Sparrow Hawk, chief of the Sauk tribe.

When lead was discovered in 1825 a rush of immigrants poured into Wisconsin taking advantage of the growing market for this mineral used in manufacturing paint and shot. Farmers, land speculators, merchants and professional men followed closely on the heels of the miners — the new frontier boomed. That year the state's population numbered two hundred whites, mostly trappers and fur traders. Within the next twelve months it would swell to over four thousand.

As the pioneers moved in, they began encroaching on land the Indians thought rightfully theirs. Abused and mistreated for years, and claiming the government had deliberately misinterpreted the treaty, they felt cheated and deceived. Their resentment grew daily.

When the Indians returned from their 1831 winter hunt and found sacred burial grounds desecrated by the whites, the militant Black Hawk threatened to forcibly remove the squatters from "his land." A major uprising was averted at the last moment only after ten companies of army regulars demonstrated in front of the Chief's village. This show of force persuaded the tribe to sign yet another treaty — a treaty in which they agreed to stay west of the Mississippi entirely.

Black Hawk was not appeased. When a Winnebago chief, promising support from the Winneba-

goes and Pottawatomies, induced him to break the pact shortly after it was signed, he moved once again into Wisconsin and began a skillful, calculated campaign designed to strike terror in the hearts of the settlers. The army countered by sending small patrols of militia against the renegades, but they were no match for the Sauk warriors, and were ambushed and slaughtered in the dense underbrush. Flushed with these initial victories,



Village pioneers Samuel Marshall (left), and William F. Porter. Photo is from a tintype taken about 1870.

Black Hawk grew bolder. As the uprising spread the territorial governor called for volunteers to help the hard-pressed regulars — over a thousand frontiersmen responded, and slowly the pioneers began to fight back with some measure of success.

By July, Black Hawk was losing his war. The Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies had failed to join him as promised, and he was forced steadily northward under the unrelenting pressure of the militia. Although defeating a force almost twice his strength in a brilliant holding action near Sauk City (the battle of Wisconsin Heights), his tribesmen were all but annihilated a few days later when they came under the guns of the steamboat *Warrior* at the mouth of the Bad Axe river near Prairie du Chien. Defiant to the last, but hopelessly outnumbered and outgunned, the beaten Black Hawk gave up, surrendering to Colonel Zachary Taylor at Camp Crawford.

With the issue of Indian resettlement thus resolved, the expansion and development of the state progressed at a rapid pace. In 1836 the Territory of Wisconsin was hacked out of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and parts of North and South Dakota. Henry Dodge, a miners representative who had gained fame commanding a company of U.S. Dragoons during the uprising, was appointed by President Andrew Jackson to serve as first territorial governor.

To complete the organization of the new territory, a legislature had to be elected. On the basis of a census ordered by Governor Dodge, assembly seats were apportioned. The total population of the territory numbered 22,218, of which more than half lived west of the Mississippi. The remainder of his jurisdiction comprised the four counties (Brown, Crawford, Iowa and Milwaukee) that were then within the limits of present-day Wisconsin.

On October 25, 1836 the legislative assembly convened at Belmont, a temporary capital chosen by Dodge. One of the burning issues of the day was the selection of a permanent location for the future capital — a selection that included a \$20,000 federal grant for the chosen city. As many as sixteen different sites were discussed, debated, and subsequently voted down, before Judge James Duane Doty, a promoter par excellence, persuaded the assembly (there were hints of corruption and “rascality”) to decide on Madison — a “paper city” he had discovered and staked out just a few short days before. Three commissioners, headed by Augustus Allen Bird, were elected to supervise the construction of the new statehouse in Madison.

Bird, and his ruins

By the end of June 1837, Bird’s workmen had started work on the new capitol. The forty-five man party had just completed a rough ten-day trip from Milwaukee, making their roads as they came, fording rivers and streams, threading their

way around swamps and marshland, much of the time under a drenching rain.

The land between Milwaukee and Madison was still unbroken wilderness, with only a few signs of civilization evident. A brace of log cabins near Waukesha and, another, a half-day’s journey further west. Near Watertown the three Setchell brothers were preparing homes for their families, and a Mr. Goodhue was in the process of building a dam and sawmill. At Lake Mills the Atwoods had a comfortable abode.

Twenty miles east of Madison the men entered a prairie opening of five hundred acres. There the Mauneshia river (called Nauneesha, or “crooked river” by the Indians, but mis-pronounced by the whites) wound its way lazily south, eventually flowing into the Rock river near Watertown. Three members of the party, Andrew A. Bird, his younger brother Zenas, and Aaron Petrie, all from Little Falls, New York, made a mental note of the idyllic location.

Upon reaching Madison these three entered into a mutual contract. Zenas would purchase eighty acres near the Mauneshia (sold by the government for \$1.25 an acre) and erect a frame building suit-

Interior and outside views of German Methodist Church. The building was located two miles south of Marshall on highway 73 at the time. Later, the building was moved from that location and used as a machine shed. It still stands today on the Ronald Goth farm. Photos were probably taken about 1910.



able for public housing. Aaron and Andrew would improve the river's water power and construct a sawmill along its southern banks.

By the end of October the following year Zenas had completed his public house according to agreement, and his two partners had most of the lumber needed for the sawmill cut and gathered at the building site. All that remained to finish the project was to acquire some miscellaneous equipment and machinery for the mill. Petrie and the brothers Bird drove a team the hard twenty miles to Madison to purchase the needed items.

While they were gone the dry, brown grass of the late autumn prairie caught fire. After the flames had subsided all that remained of many months of back-breaking labor was a smoldering pile of charred and useless lumber, and the burned-out shell of Zenas Birds building.

The enterprise had ended in financial disaster, consumed by the fire driven before a brisk October wind, but from the ashes a name was born — Bird's Ruins — and the present-day village of Marshall would be thus known for more than a decade.

Settlers, sermons, and firewater

Volney Moore, Eleazor Moore and Henry S. Clark became the first permanent settlers in the town of Medina when they purchased section seven (about a mile west of today's village limits on highway 19) in June 1839, and erected a simple dwelling. Eleven months later their families joined them from Milwaukee. Here in their crude cabin of logs they lived in solitude for almost two years. The nearest house east was at Lake Mills; their closest neighbor to the west in Madison. A son, William, was born to the Volney Moore's December 28, 1842, becoming the first child born in the township, while the marriage of Volney's two daughters a few years later — the eldest to Charles Lawrence of Token Creek, and Sarah, the youngest, to Henry Clark, heralded the township's initial weddings.

In 1842-43 seven more families moved into the town, and others arrived the following year. Some of these early pioneers were: Charles Wakeman, Moses Page, Martin Bostwick, Daniel S. Cross, Judge Reuben Smith, Sardine Muzzy, Willard Cole, Peter Seifert and Asa Cross. Many came



Baptist Church with Academy in the background. Church was built about 1848 and used by the Baptists until near the turn of the century. Later, St. Mary's congregation used the structure — as a church until 1921, then as a fellowship hall. The building was razed in the 1950s.

from Medina county, Ohio — lending that name to this area when the precinct of Sun Prairie was sub-divided into the township's of Bristol, York and Medina in the late 1840s.

Zenas Bird sold six "eighties" of land to John Douglas in 1845. Douglas then built a two-room frame house in Bird's Ruins and started erecting a sawmill. The house was finished in a matter of weeks — the mill wasn't completed until 1847, and then by Dr. Seely, the first physician to settle in the area.

One room of the Douglas house was used for religious services. G. W. Day established a general store in the other. From a book loaned him by Thomas Hart, George Smith dispensed sermons in one room — Day dispensed whiskey (from the only barrel in town) across the hall. As the storekeeper drew one gallon of whiskey the stock was replenished by adding a gallon of water. With the onset of cold weather, the contents of the barrel froze solid, and whiskey drinking was suspended for the winter. Judge Smith, an active temperance worker, took advantage of this opportunity by quickly organizing a Washingtonian Society. However, when the keg thawed out that next spring, many of the members violated their pledge and the temperance lodge soon closed.

During the summer of 1845 Susan Tracy attempted to familiarize local youngsters with the basic three "R's" at classes held in Judge Smith's house. Until schools "free and without charge for tuition" were provided for in the 1848 State Constitution, most of these "pay schools" were sup-

ported solely by parents of children enrolled in them. Teachers salaries ranged from \$1 a week to \$15 a month and, depending on the size of the class, a family's share toward meeting this expense could run as high as 50 cents a week, putting a severe strain on the household budget.

Martin Mead buried his wife in early 1846, the first recorded death in Medina, and other incidents of note for that year were the construction of a mill dam in the village, and the organization of the Close Communion Baptists. During the following winter the Baptists held their first protracted meeting, conducted by elder Green, at the home of William Parsons. Later the Baptists built a fine brick church on Beebe street (next to today's Catholic church), where services were held until shortly after the turn of the century.

In the summer of 1847, a short time after the Baptists held their first meeting, the Methodists organized with the help of O. W. Thornton. Services were held at the home of S. V. R. Shepherd and conducted by the Reverend Allen, the circuit minister residing in Portland. Two years later they utilized a small, red-brick school house at the foot of north Beebe street and, in 1869, the congregation built a wooden structure on Pardee street that served as their house of worship until 1952.

Among those who settled in the village in 1847 were E. E. Persons, Urbane Parsons and Asahel M. Hanchett. Hanchett bought the John Douglas property, set up a store and, with Urbane Parsons, established the first postal service in the communi-

ty. Prior to this the nearest post office was at Lake Mills. Settlers passing through the area picked up the mail as they traversed the stumpy, rock-strewn wagon tracks between the two villages. Parsons at once saw a need for better mail service and circulated a petition that eventually resulted in a post office at Bird's Ruins. A. M. Hanchett was appointed postmaster.

It was also in 1847 that George Smith organized a short-lived lodge of the Sons of Temperance. Smith, the only son of Judge and Mrs. Reuben Smith, was to later become a widely-renowned lawyer and politician, famous throughout the mid-west for his stirring oratory. Besides serving terms as Dane County District Attorney and Madison Mayor, he was state Attorney-General in 1854-55 and, in 1872, made a spirited but unsuccessful bid for a seat in the United States Senate. His attempt to rid Bird's Ruins of old John Barleycorn however, fared about as well as his senatorial campaign. The lodge remained in existence for only eighteen months, then died of natural causes and a general lack of interest.

Township organized

The Township of Medina was formally organized in 1848, splintering off from the southern part of the precinct of Sun Prairie. At a meeting held in Louis Morrill's home in Bird's Ruins in April of that year the following officers were elected, their salaries being set at \$1 per day for actual services

At right is Methodist Church built on Pardee street in 1869 and utilized until 1952.

Feed mill built by Hanchett in 1852. Bought by William F. Porter in 1860, and remained in the Porter family for forty-eight years. Phillip Eimerman operated the mill from 1908 until 1921, when it passed into the hands of the Blaschka brothers.



rendered: Chairman: Charles Lum; Supervisors: William Rood, Henry Clark; Clerk: Urbane Parsons; Treasurer: Aaron Piney; Highway Commissioners: William Parsons, Martin King, Daniel Munger; Tax Collector: S. V. R. Shepherd; School Commissioners: Oliver Thornton, Milo Currier, Charles Rickerson; Justice of the Peace: Oliver Thornton, William Parsons, Daniel Cross; Constables: Stephen Shepherd, Nathaniel Larrabee; Assessors: Sardine Muzzy, Volney Moore, Aaron Piney; Sealor of Weights and Measures: Jesse Leach; Fence Viewers: Jacob Miller, Moses Page, William Munger.

No record showing the number of ballots cast in this historical election has survived the years, but eighty-three eligible voters turned out for the next town meeting in 1849, at which time a resolution was passed for the "selection and fencing" of a suitable burial ground. A tax was also levied in 1849 to cover the \$100 operating expenses needed to run the township for the year.

Until a town hall was built on the corner of Farnham and Beebe streets in 1871, meetings were held in various business places in the village, usually Seifert's or Hanchett's store. In 1861 the position of "swine pound officer" was created to enforce an order stating that "no swine shall be allowed to run at large in the town of Medina . . . penalty for each and every offense being set at 25 cents and all necessary and reasonable charges."

The enterprising Mr. Hanchett

During the middle years of the nineteenth century the village and township continued to prosper and grow. More pioneers settled in the area every month, including William and Jane Knapton. Their son, Isaac Christopher Knapton, drove a breaking plow for fourteen years, and has been credited with probably turning over more of the original sod in this area than any other man in the county.

A brick school house, spacious enough to accommodate seventy students, was built in 1849 and paid for by a tax on the district, which at that time comprised about half of the township. Built on the corner of Farnham street and Deerfield road, this school served the elementary educational needs of area youth for seventy-six years. A new graded school was built in 1925 and the old structure used as a corn drying plant until razed in the 1950s.

If any one person could be credited with bolster-

ing the economy and welfare of the community during this era, it would have to be Asahel Hanchett. He was instrumental in luring several badly needed businesses to the village — including a blacksmith shop and grist mill — and in honor of his public service the name Bird's Ruins gave way to Hanchettville in early 1849.

For many years there was no "smithy" nearer than Lake Mills or Madison. Settlers would put their broken log chains in a sack, sling the sack



The Academy, a familiar landmark for over ninety years. Built in 1866 and later used as a high school, the building was razed in 1959.

over their shoulders, and hike the distance to the blacksmith shop to have them mended. It was reported that Henry Clark could take the "shear" of a huge and cumbersome breaking plow upon his shoulders and carry it to Madison to have it sharpened, returning home again the same day — a round-trip distance of close to forty miles. It no doubt brought a weary sigh of relief to the broad-shouldered Clark when Louis Stone, his nephew Jesse Stone, and James Thompson brought an anvil and bellows into the village and set up shop under the shade of a large tree — if not exactly Longfellow's spreading chestnut, an equally adequate large burr-oak.

Until the enterprising Hanchett remedied the situation in 1852, the nearest grist mill was also at Lake Mills. During the rainy season when roads were impassable for oxen travel, villagers would take bags of corn on foot to the distant mill to have it ground into meal. This meal was the settlers basic staple, and provided the almost unvarying menu of Johnny cake for breakfast, Johnny cake for dinner, and Johnny cake for supper for many

months, often times accompanied by a paste-like substance of flour or meal known as “Wisconsin gravy.” As times became more prosperous, sweetening in the form of cheap molasses was added, and the more well-to-do indulged in sweet-corn bread (considered a great luxury, and eaten with gusto) at least once a week, usually on Sundays.

In addition to the grist mill built by Hanchett in 1852, he relocated the sawmill, and constructed a new dam about twenty rods below the old one. As transportation facilities improved, pine lumber from northern Wisconsin became more easily accessible, and the sawmill eventually closed, having accomplished its mission of converting thousands of feet of primitive oak into workable lumber. The grist mill however, continues in operation yet today.

The late Howard City

As soon as they could clear and seed a piece of land the settlers raised excellent crops of winter wheat (yielding thirty-five to forty bushels an acre), oats, barley and corn. Raising the crops in the fertile soil was one thing — selling it quite another. Cut off as they were from the main centers of commerce by the poor roads, their market was severely restricted. Only a small profit was realized, barely enough to pay taxes and purchase a few essential items.

All of this changed when a plank road from Watertown to Madison was laid down in 1852-53. The building of this thoroughfare, connecting as it were the seemingly isolated districts with the busi-

ness world, resulted in untold benefits and advantages to the pioneers. It also brought an epidemic of typhoid fever that hit the community hard in 1853. It wasn't until Dr. H. H. Beebe, who had previously resided in Peckham's Corners, moved to Hanchettville later that year that the dreaded and often fatal disease was brought under control.

By 1856 railway officials had interpreted the development of the plank road as their opportunity to promote even further trade between the merchants and the farming community, with possible profitable returns for their stockholders. A finance proposal of \$25,000 for assistance in building the Madison-Watertown line was brought before a special town meeting, and subsequently defeated by a narrow two-vote margin after a lively and heated debate.

But the railway people persevered. By 1859 the Madison, Watertown and St. Paul Railway Company had gathered the required amount of pledges and began construction of the Madison Branch Road, locating a depot at Hanchettville, and another at Deansville. Village residents anticipated great results from the effect this line would have on the local economy, and in their jubilation changed the name of the village from Hanchettville to Howard City — in honor of a railroad man who was one of the leading promoters of the project.

Unfortunately the expected wave of prosperity never materialized. The railway soon made default in payment, and went into insolvency long years before the line was actually completed. On the eve of the Civil War, Asahel M. Hanchett found himself property poor, and obliged to sell his substantial land holdings to a pair of Madison real estate brokers — William F. Porter and Samuel Marshall.



Medina Town Hall, favorite meeting place from the early 1870s until moved to the Darrell Langer farm in 1961.



Mrs. Herman Streich in typical rural scene, circa early 1920s. Farm is first on right past bridge on highway 19 west of the village. Note log construction of outbuildings.

It's Marshall now

Not much is known of Sam Marshall except that in 1861 he christened the village in his own name with such vigor and ceremony that the title Marshall remains to this day.

Porter came from a long line of sturdy New England stock, his grandfather having served in Washington's Continental Army eighty-five years earlier. In 1860 he came to Wisconsin with his wife and son, settling first in Madison, then moving to Hanchettville after the railroad fiasco. In 1865 he returned to his native Massachusetts.

His son, William Henry Porter, remained a prominent and influential citizen of Marshall until his death in 1905. He held property in partnership with Sam Marshall for several years, then became sole owner of the Maple Avenue Farms and Marshall Roller Mills. He was one of the founders of the Academy and the Marshall Bank; served as village postmaster for eighteen years; Township Chairman for thirteen, and was a member of the state assembly in 1890-91. A daughter-in-law, Fay (Mrs. James H. Porter), and Clarissa, a granddaughter, still reside in the community.

Hancock's Volunteers

Shortly after the first Confederate shell exploded over Charleston's Fort Sumter in the spring of 1861, Captain Bradford Hancock (Marshall postmaster 1861-1868) organized a company of volunteer infantrymen from Marshall and the surrounding area. Over eighty men heeded the clarion call to arms, leaving their shops and fields to don Union Army blue. Another fourteen were impressed into service by the draft.

Four years later, when Johnny came marching home after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, twenty-four of Hancock's volunteers and conscripts remained behind, buried beneath the war-ravaged earth at Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and a score of other bloody Civil War battlefields. They were: Aaron Twining, Silas Hatfield, Peter Lusk, Daniel Norton, Edwin Hancock, Hiram Miller, William Berge, Abraham Wilsey, Carl Kappin, Charles Matthews, Isaac Warren, John Cruger, Charles Wendt, Hiram Smith, Lucius Gregg, Delbert Lee, William King, Charles Lintner, John Agnew, Charles Calkins, Butler, Merrey, Kinney and Hays.



William Henry Porter in portrait taken while he was a member of the Wisconsin State Assembly in 1890-1891.

The Academy

By the mid-1860s a need for additional educational opportunities became apparent, and the citizens of Marshall sought to establish a private academy of the type New England settlers had introduced in Wisconsin. These academies, of which sixty were in existence when statehood was attained in 1848, were the chief college preparatory schools of that period. In addition to being the training institutions for elementary school teachers, they also served as the pre-professional and finishing schools for those who could not attend a liberal arts college. They were to the country towns and villages what the high schools were to the cities.

On April 4, 1861 the state legislature approved the incorporation of an academy in Marshall and the villagers, behind the energetic leadership of E.B. Bigelow, proceeded to set up a joint stock company, incorporated as the Marshall Academy, with the stipulation that no religious test or qualification should be required of any trustee, officer, teacher or student.

The next step was to raise money for the structure. Popular subscription was the accepted method at the time, and even though the Civil War was seriously draining the economy and money was scarce, local citizens contributed most of the labor that went into the building. White brick was hauled by oxen from the Watertown

kiln, and by the end of 1866 the rectangular, three-story structure was completed.

A central hall divided the first floor into two recitation rooms, one of which also served as a chapel. In the hall a rope dangled from the large, mellow-toned bell in the belfry. On the second floor were the living quarters of the headmaster; quarters for the preceptress, and more recitation halls. A dozen rooms where the students might board and sleep occupied the top floor. Firewood and food was brought from home by the students. Water and wood was carried up the steep stairs, waste and ashes down. The regular English department offered courses at \$3.50 per three-month term; the higher division of the English department for \$5. Classic languages were available for \$6 a term, lessons in instrumental music for \$10 — with the students paying an extra \$2 for the use of a piano, or \$1 extra for a melodeon.

The new institution opened January 2, 1867. The Reverend J.J. McIntire was principal and taught ancient languages and math. Miss Mary Cuckow taught German and oil painting, in addition to being preceptress. Jacob Edmonds was in charge of the English department, while Mrs. Thad Bigelow and Miss Belle Boorman instructed those interested in music.

By the middle of the first term eighty students had enrolled, most of them from Marshall and the nearby area, but some from as far away as New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Minnesota. Strict rules of conduct were established, and just as strictly enforced. Study hours were from six to eight in the morning, and from seven to nine at night. A free hour from nine till ten was allowed before lights out at eleven. Since many of the students were husky young men with a superfluous reserve of unfettered energy, one of the prerequisites of the headmaster was proficiency in maintaining proper decorum. A story from that era recounts the time several boys piled buckets of ashes at the end of the stairs, and then started a rumpus. When the master headed up the stairs to investigate the disturbance, the youth tipped the ashes down on him. Such pranks were commonplace, but in this particular instance the instigators of the “joke” were forced to clean up the mess, and then submit to a severe “cane beating.”

By the end of 1869 the school was in deep financial difficulty despite a relatively large enrollment.

The stockholders, mainly through the efforts of the Reverend O.J. Hatlstad of Milwaukee and John Anderson Boe, a Marshall grocery store owner, seized the opportunity to sell the property to a Norwegian Lutheran group, the Augustana College and Seminary of Illinois, on the condition that the new proprietors would operate an American classical academy in addition to their theological seminary, and thus afford the youth of the area some education beyond the common school.

Behind the Norwegians' move to Marshall lay a complicated history of a religious and nationality nature that had caused dissension in the Synod — a dissension that would continue to plague the operation of the school for several years until, in 1881, the decision was made by the Synod to move the Academy to Iowa.

When this news reached the village there was widespread opposition to the move, led by William Porter. The greatest resistance and concern was centered around the removal of the school bell. The bell had been a gift to the school from Endre Endresen Eidsvaag, father of John Anderson Boe, and the villagers considered it an integral part of the building. As the Norwegians prepared to load their books, household items and other furnishings — including the bell — into a railroad car, the sheriff arrived with replevin papers and took possession of the disputed object. The issue was eventually settled out of court two years later, and the bell returned to the Synod. It now graces the campus of Augustana College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota where it is rung on special occasions.

For several years after the Norwegians left,

Early view of south Beebe street. Note well located in middle of road for easy access from both sides of the street.



various organizations tried unsuccessfully to operate a school in the historic edifice. On August 24, 1885 the local school district purchased the property and the following year Medina Free High School was established there with William Hodge as principal. Fifty-four years later a new high school was constructed and the old academy building sold to American Legion Post 279, and used as a community center. Francis Keiner bought the property and razed the building in 1959 and, in 1968, the new Marshall Municipal Building was located on the site of the old and time ravaged academy.

The post-Civil War era

By the late 1870s and early 1880s, as new homes and businesses sprouted up almost overnight, the population of Marshall continued to climb steadily. It had only been forty years since Henry Clark and the Moore brothers began home-



steading this part of the desolate Wisconsin wilderness, but in that short span of time the landscape along the banks of the Mauneshia had changed dramatically.

William H. Porter had just furnished his mill with steam power and large water turbines, making it one of the most modern in the state, while Samuel Blascoer supplied the village and surrounding farming community with the largest stock of general merchandise this side of Watertown — his annual sales totaling between thirty-five and forty thousand dollars.

Clerking for Blascoer at the time was young Ernest A. Sanders. The son of John and Emily Sanders, he had settled in Marshall with his parents in 1859. His father was a cobbler by trade and a Civil War veteran, having fought at Vicksburg with the



A westward-looking view of Main street on a winter morning.

Postmaster David Hames and clerk, Mrs. Ruby Doleshal, in front of post office (now Someplace Else Tavern) in 1912.

Doctor Beebe's home and office on Main street. Small garage to the right was used as his office, and both buildings still stand today.

11th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. In 1881 Ernest went to work for Blascoer and, in 1885, bought out his employer and opened a store in the Metcalf building. Three years later he constructed a new building on the corner of Main street and Deerfield road — a building that would serve as a post office in the distant future, and still stands today. In addition to selling dry goods, groceries and clothing, he bought and sold poultry, potatoes, beans, wool and other commodities which he shipped out in carload lots, establishing one of the largest markets for farm produce in this part of the

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Sickels (right) in front of barber shop. Building later housed grocery stores of Koclanes and Devine, and is now owned by Lyle Hansen.

Dairy barn built by James H. Porter in 1870. Sited next to the feed mill, the barn was destroyed by fire in 1913. Also destroyed in the fire besides the barn was the auto house and the old tenant house. Jack McCredie, who occupied rooms over the auto house, narrowly escaped the inferno with his life.

T.T. Pyburn with team and wagon used to deliver mail before the advent of the "tin lizzy."



state. His business slogan was "We buy and sell everything."

Knute Jargo ran a drug store — as did William P. Kelley — and their shelves were lined with an assortment of paints, oils, glass and a general stock of groceries, in addition to the usual drugs and medicines. John Lindsay and J.O. Nordell each owned a harness shop, while Herman Glasgow and J. W. King operated hardware stores. King later started a lumber yard near the depot, selling cedar fence posts at ten cents each. W.F. Blake moved his feed mill from York Center to Marshall in 1889 and dealt in grain, as did William Pickard; Cramer and Company dealt in general merchandise, while C.E. Bell sold and repaired furniture, and also kept on hand a good supply of coffins and caskets, advertising they could be "trimmed on short notice."

In 1875 Peter Van Loan bought the Ripson brothers blacksmith shop on Pardee street — E.J. McPherson also practiced the "smithy's" trade at another location — and did a brisk business building wagons and buggies until he sold the enterprise to John Deppe in 1885. By 1887 Marshall had seven thriving grocery stores, including one operated by J.E. Anderson, who also sold general merchandise; B.H. Wakeman's near the depot, and a store jointly owned by Sidney Smith and David J. Hames. In 1888 A.C. Unger took over the hotel, billiard parlor and livery stable from William Bateman; while William Parsons, son of Marshall pioneers Urbane and Nancy Parsons, opened yet another grocery store, and Mrs. C.T. Parsons



started a millinery shop in 1889. Thad Bigelow manufactured cigars in his factory on the edge of the village; Gustavus and A.J. Kaiser sold and repaired farm implements, and Frank Kaiser ran the Marshall Cheese Factory.

In 1884 James Stokes became the agent for Deering farm equipment, and carried a complete line of implements ranging from reapers and corn planters, to cultivators and threshing machines. John Hebl also sold farm machinery in 1885, and D.E. Palmer set up a machine shop in 1888. Matt and Frank Duane opened a cigar and confections stand on the south side of Main street in 1889; while the postmaster sold confections, stationery, cigars, tobacco and canned goods — in addition to stamps and money orders — at the local post office.

About the only business Marshall lacked at that time was a bakery, and that was remedied when Leschinger's wagon from Waterloo, loaded with fresh pastry and baked goods, visited the village three times a week in 1885.

Medicine, patent and otherwise

During this period Marshall could count five professional people as residents. George E. Allen was a highly-respected veterinary surgeon who also ran a livery stable. Dr. Frank Tilton had opened an office in the '80s and, together with Dr. H.H. Beebe, practiced their medicine on humans; while George H. Norton practiced law — specializing in collections. To take care of the village's dental needs, Dr. Wright opened an office in 1886.

Disease, especially the contagious kind, was the bane of the nineteenth century settler. They lived then with the same dread of small-pox, diphtheria, influenza and cholera as twentieth century Americans had for polio in the 1950s.

With the help of Dr. Beebe, area residents fought off an outbreak of typhoid fever in 1852, but twenty years later a small-pox epidemic, largely confined to the eastern states, but with a few scattered cases reported as nearby as Watertown, threw a scare into the local population. In 1886 diphtheria ripped through the community with



Father Christian Nellen stands on steps of old Catholic Church (top). Building was built by Baptists and bought by St. Mary's in 1908.

The Marshall depot as it looked in 1911. Note gas lanterns and early vintage auto.



Basketball players of the 1908-09 "city team." Left to right from the top are Wilfred Radis, Arnie Sanders, Ernie Deppe, Fritz Cooper and Walter Langer.





Ole Sorenson, popular farmer and active politician, at work in the Wisconsin State Legislature.

terrifying and devastating results.

For 25 cents one could buy a bottle of "Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar," guaranteed to cure everything from asthma to zoophobia; or "Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup" for coughs, colds and consumptions. The makers of patent medicine were reaping a fortune (no doubt one of these manufacturers was an ancestor to the future inventor of Hadacol), but home remedies and "snake oil" medicine couldn't take the place of a qualified, licensed physician.

The 'nineties'

Throughout the final decade of the nineteenth century Marshall bustled with activity. Under the guidance of pastor C. Kauhse the first meeting of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church had been held in 1888, and services conducted in the old Baptist church building, until the congregation built a new structure on the corner of Farnham street and Deerfield road in 1895. The Marshall

village band had been organized in 1889, and a Modern Woodman Camp in 1890.

In 1891 the tobacco warehouse on Depot street was being utilized again after a lapse of three or four years, and employed sixty people. It was also in that year that Cyrus Clark opened a writing school, Horatio Cowan started a shoe shop, and the Marshall correspondent to the weekly *Waterloo Democrat* noted that "because houses were then renting for the high sum of six to eight dollars a month, someone should open a boarding house." The five year-old Medina Free High School, now boasting a new 700-pound bell, was alive and well in 1891. Enrollment that year was forty-six.

Misses Catherine Cowan and Kate Overbeck formed a partnership in the millinery business in 1892; Charles Aspinwall opened a drug store in the Lindsay Building, and William Porter ran a



Shed built by Wilbur Lumber Company in 1898 (left), and Holy Trinity English Lutheran Church as it appeared shortly after construction was completed in 1914. The corner stone was set in place November 29, 1914.



thriving ice business — as did Messrs. Butcher and Rehm.

Wet or dry! At a town meeting in 1893 the often discussed question of “license or no license” was once again brought up for a vote. The correspondent to the *Waterloo Democrat* editorialized: “During the past eight or ten years we have existed in this village, and businessmen have prospered, without any saloons or other public dispensaries of spiritous drinks, and the prevailing opinion . . . {seems} to be that we can get along without a liquor establishment for an indefinite period.” How the township voted at this time has



The Marshall Graded School located on the corner of Deerfield road and Farnham street. A new school was built in 1925 to replace this structure, then seventy-six years old.

An early view of Farnham street, then called Resident street, showing large, shady trees and a board sidewalk. Trees were cut down in 1942.



never been ascertained, but shortly thereafter liquor licenses were granted.

Prussian-born William H. Raman went into the furniture and undertaking business in 1895; the bandstand was erected on Main street; a stage and dance floor added to the Town Hall, and Dr. George Lewis Gibbs hung out his shingle and began making house calls.

Lorin F. Kelley, whose father-in-law (Carl W. Kaiser) died of wounds received in the Civil War, and whose maternal great great-grandfather took part in the Boston Tea Party, established a drug store in the village in 1896. He would continue in business at the same location for the next forty-five years. It was also in 1896 that John Copeland and Albert Deppe bought out John Deppe’s interest in the blacksmith and carriage shop, and added a new line — McCormick-Deering farm machinery. Wilbur Lumber Company of Waterloo opened a yard in Marshall later that same year, with A.D. Kelley as foreman, and in 1898 improved the property by constructing a large shed.

However, the biggest news of 1896 was a disastrous fire in August that destroyed four downtown stores and threatened the entire business district on Main street. The Ariens building, occupied by the Schneider brothers as a general store; Charles Hart’s restaurant and grocery; Matt Duane’s residence and barber shop, and W.H. Raman’s furniture store all went up in smoke. Estimated loss was set at \$12,000.

1897! A child born that year had a life expectancy of only forty-eight years; a Hungarian named

Building used by Maynard Larson and his father as a general store. It later housed stores operated by George Kleinsteiber and Robert Nelson. Today the building is owned by Stan Haakenson.



An interesting view of St. Paul Evangelical Lutheran Church as it appeared around the turn of the century.



Schwarz became the first man to successfully fly a dirigible, lifting the metal and fabric monster off Berlin's Templehoff airfield; Bob Fitzsimmons KO'd James J. Corbett in the fourteenth round in March for the world's heavyweight title, and a three-year-old thoroughbred with the apt name of Typhoon II won the 22nd running of the Kentucky Derby and a purse of \$4,850.

Closer to home, John J. Zimprich of Deansville was gaining local recognition as a carpenter of quality and integrity; *The Marshall Record*, a weekly newspaper founded two years earlier, was purchased by Charles H. Lake (Currie G. Bell had published a monthly newspaper, *The Effort*, for a brief period back in 1879); 159 acres of choice Medina farmland, including house, barn, and other outbuildings, sold for \$10,000; and Marshall's *Uncle Tom's Cabin Company* was on the road. Playing under canvas, and carrying one of the best bands in the state, this theatrical group was drawing raves and large crowds wherever it went. However, if the drama critic of the *Waterloo Democrat* is to be believed, the primary reason for their success lie with the excellent band, as the show was "strictly on the bum."

Musical groups seemed to be the "in thing" in those days as in 1898 Marshall had, in addition to the Village Band (playing for free until 1913, after which they received compensation) and the Uncle Tom group, a Concert Orchestra, a Military band, and the "Zobo" brass band — the latter being comprised of a select gathering of York Center musicians.

John Lindsay built a two-story brick building on the corner of Main and Beebe streets that year (the location of the present post office building), and fitted the northeast corner of the structure for a bank by installing a huge vault. The front west side was utilized as a store (where Lindsay sold general merchandise), and the balance of the building served as a fourteen-room hotel — complete with kitchen, dining room, large bath, clothes press and water closet. The entire unit was steam heated, and the basement contained a well-lighted sample room for the convenience of traveling peddlers. A few months after it was completed, fire threatened the entire building, but it survived for better than half a century, finally being consumed by flames in the middle 1950s.

Little information has been garnered on the Marshall Bank, but it is assumed it was organized shortly after the completion of the Lindsay Building. The Bank continued for several years before closing, and in 1937 a branch of the Waterloo Farmer's and Merchant's State Bank opened in the same building.

Also in 1898 D.E. Palmer and F.C. King put up a plant to generate electricity; a week-long Union Camp Meeting was held in Porter's grove in June, and Tony Harte purchased the Marshall Meat Market.

After the sinking of the *U.S.S. Maine* in Cuba's Havana harbor in February, Marshallites were involved in their second war in thirty years. The village raised over \$3,000 in government bonds, and several men enlisted in the army — including



Three different views of Marshall's main street, and St. Mary's Catholic Church as it looked shortly after it was built in 1921.



W.D. McNeill. A private in Company A, 1st Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, he died of typhoid fever while training with his regiment in Jacksonville, Florida. On a hot, sultry August afternoon, young Willie McNeill was laid to rest in Medina's rapidly expanding cemetery by his friends and relatives.

RFD, and a new century

Although a post office had been in existence in the village for nearly fifty-two years, it wasn't until 1899 that those in the rural areas began having their mail delivered practically to their front door step. With the establishment of three rural routes in September, William Pyburn, Eugene P. Sorenson and Conrad Unger were appointed carriers. Roads at that time were little more than wagon tracks, dusty in summer, sticky with mud in the spring, rough and rutted after the first hard frost of early autumn, and icy and snow-filled in winter. Horse and buggy moved the mail during the



warm-weather months, horse and cutter when roads were packed with snow. Mail boxes were crude, makeshift affairs — some wooden, others only tin pails — but they served the purpose, and patrons soon grew accustomed to regular daily mail service.

Pyburn resigned a few months later to open a livery stable, and this vacancy was filled by Adelbert Dewey. In 1901 Dewey resigned because of ill health, and his place taken by Thomas T. Pyburn, Sr. For the next three decades Pyburn and his buggy or sled was a familiar and welcome sight on the back country roads radiating out from the village. After he retired in 1931, he reminisced about the time the road was knee-deep with mud and he stopped his pony about a mile from the

usual watering place to tie up its tail. This was done to keep it from becoming caked with the gooey, red clay and, he recalled, "I gave it an extra hard yank, and 'ol 'trusty' lit out, mail wagon and all, stopping only after it had reached the watering hole, and leaving me with fur coat and overshoes to catch up."

Sorenson carried on route No. 3 until December 1901, when William McNeill (father of young Willie) temporarily replaced him. McNeill's daughter Isabell was soon permanently appointed to take his place. In the meantime, Walker Johnson had gathered enough petitions from farmers in southeastern Medina for route No. 4, and Johnson was appointed carrier in that district.

The post office at the turn of the century was located on the north side of Main street, in the



building now housing the Someplace Else tavern. It had been previously located in the bandstand; moved to the site of Bergholz' grocery in 1893, and into the Sanders Building in 1912. The postmaster in 1899 was David G. Hames, grandfather of present day postmaster Stan Trachte.

While the establishment of Rural Free Delivery here (Marshall was the second village in the state to inaugurate rural postal service) provided a long-needed service, it was also the primary reason why the Hamlin (York Center) post office was discontinued in 1900.

In 1902 William B. Sickels moved to Marshall from Columbus and purchased Matt Duane's barber shop. This tonsorial parlor, together with the downstairs portion of the bandstand and the Deppe and Copeland blacksmith shop, became the favorite gathering places for local menfolk.

In 1903 another physician moved into the village when Dr. Clark B. Devine, just recently graduated from the University of Wisconsin and the Rush Medical College of Chicago, opened a medical practice.

Shortly after the turn of the century, in addition to the many businesses prospering in the village, the rich, fertile soil of this eastern section of Dane county provided many successful farming and dairy operations. A few of the more prominent farmers in this area, as listed in an early edition of

Two views of hardware store owned by A.J. Kaiser. This building was later the home of the Strasburg and Treichel Implement Company, and now houses a hardware store owned by Joe Hellenbrand. Shown at bottom is E.P. Sorenson and John Copeland with horse-drawn hearse in 1908.



the *Western Historical Association Directory*, were:

John D. Johnson, breeder of a fine strain of Durham cattle; Milton F. Peck, who had settled with his family in the township in 1867, had a large Holstein herd; Adelbert Klecker, for many years a Marshall blacksmith now (in 1904) a successful dairy farmer, James A. Wood, specializing in shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale horses; Loren Baker, stock raiser with many fine coach horses and a large herd of Durham cattle; Lorenzo Hatch, a retired farmer whose grandfather and great-grandfather both fought in the Revolution; Will Ladwig, raiser of registered Poland China hogs, one of which took first place in the Beaver Dam Fair in 1904, and Mathias Lindas, a dairy farmer and manager of the Medina Creamery.



Village incorporated

With Marshall steadily growing in size — the population in 1905 was 467 — the question of whether or not to incorporate the village became a much-discussed topic of conversation. On January 24, 1905 an election was held at the Town Hall to resolve the issue. One hundred and nineteen votes were cast — sixty-six in favor of incorporation, fifty-three against. At an election held in February, the following slate of village officers were chosen:

President, W.H. Tasker; Trustees, C.L. Palmer, G.L. Kaiser, Dr. Gibbs, J.H. Porter, A.J. Blaschka and J.F. Deppe; Clerk, Charles H. Lake; Treasurer, L.F. Kelley; Supervisor, Frank Pyburn; Assessor, William McNeill; Constable, Theodore Schueler; Justice of the Peace, John Fallows and, Police Justice, F.C. King.

In the seventy years since Marshall was incorporated fourteen different men have held the office of president. Frank Lazars with twelve years in the chair, and Silas Pyburn with twenty, hold the record for local political endurance and longevity. Robert Harland's twenty-five years of yeoman's service on the board, including sixteen as village clerk; and Mrs. Ella Taylor's twenty-eight years service as village treasurer, attest not only to the high esteem with which they were regarded by Marshall residents, but also their competence in performing those vital tasks.

The street light committee purchased seven gas lamps to light Depot and Main streets in 1907, and



Livery stable and poultry store (top) of A.J. Kaiser. Norman Peck now has his plumbing and heating business on the site of the old poultry store. Photo was probably taken around 1912.

Fine interior shot of William Sickel's barber shop. Photo is interesting in its fine detail, and offers a nostalgic look at tonsorial parlors of sixty or seventy years ago.

the village Marshal doubled as lamplighter, being reimbursed ten cents each time he fired one up. These lamps continued to illuminate the two main thoroughfares of the village until 1916, when the Marshall Electric Light and Power Company commenced operation.

In 1905 however, the incandescent lamp was still very much a novelty, and when a carload of young men from the village journeyed to Lake Mills later that year to view a baseball game played under lights, the newspaper account of their trip rated a front page feature story.

Marshall had been wired for electricity back in 1898, and the Consolidated Electric Light Company of Waterloo began furnishing light and day power to businesses and factories in Sun Prairie, Waterloo and Marshall in 1906. Slowly the village began to emerge from the "gaslight" era — if not yet in the homes and on the farms, at least in the area of providing commercial energy. It would still be better than a quarter of a century, until the advent of the rural electrification program in the 1930s, before Marshall and the surrounding farming community became totally "electrified."

End of the bucket brigades

Uncontrolled fires have plagued mankind since the dawn of civilization. The typical early twentieth century building of frame construction, heated by wood-burning stoves, and lighted with kerosene lamps and other types of open flame, were particularly vulnerable to the ravages of fire. In addition, techniques and equipment to combat a major conflagration, especially in the villages and rural areas, had advanced little over the years. At the turn of the century Marshall had a volunteer fire-fighting organization known as the "Broom Brigade," but they were woefully under equipped and what little success they had depended on a variety of factors, not the least of which was a large portion of good luck. At one time however, sparks from the forge set the roof of the blacksmith shop ablaze, and the volunteers doused the fire with the usual bucket brigade and a lot of hard work. Doc Gibbs, who was atop the roof at the time, announced the fact that the fire was out by crowing like a rooster — and indeed, containing a blaze with buckets of water was something to crow about.

At a meeting held in Bill Sickel's barber shop on January 28, 1907, the first preliminary steps were



Harvesting ice was a necessary and lucrative business in the days before modern refrigeration. Top photo shows an unidentified crew busy cutting ice above the mill dam, while at bottom, the Calkin's crew pause long enough for a picture.

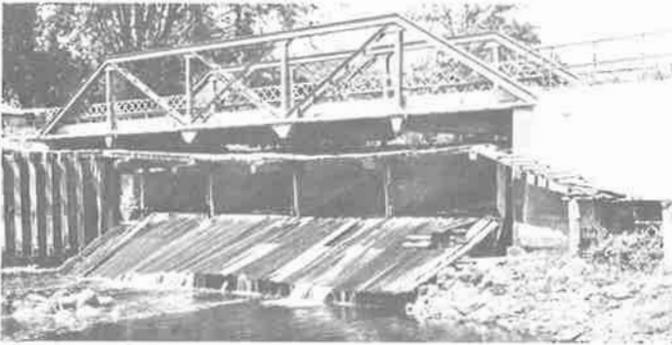
taken toward organizing a volunteer fire department in the village. A week later, on February 5, twenty-seven men met in the lower portion of the bandstand to elect officers, and draw up a Charter, Constitution and By-laws for the Marshall Fire Company. They were:

Edwin Hoyt, Jr., Arnie Sanders, William Sickels, B.W. Gaskin, Vern Gaskin, A.J. Kaiser, Earl Hart, E.J. Lange, E.A. Sanders, Walter Schultz, Leon Dewey, Clifford Harland, Frank Pyburn, J.F. Deppe, Frank Keller, T.T. Pyburn, Clark Baker, Christ Holbach, Charles Gaskin, W.H. Raman, Albert Cast, W.E. Chute, T.B. Sanderson, F.J. Streich, H.A. Betts, W.H. Tasker and Dr. G. L. Gibbs.

As these charter members huddled around the wood-burning stove that dominated the center of the bandstand that cold, blustery night, they elected W.H. Raman, President, and Edwin Hoyt, Chief. They also limited the membership to fifty, and set annual dues at \$1 per member. The original apparatus and equipment in the Company's



Main street looking east.



The bridge and mill dam as it looked in 1912.



Another view of the bridge with creamery in the background.



Village band participates in November 11, 1918 Armistice day celebration in front of Marshall Hotel.

spartan inventory consisted only of several buckets (inherited from the "Broom Brigade,") and white cover-alls for the running team. Later that year, after they had held several fund-raising events — including a 4th of July celebration in Bigelow's Park that netted over fifty dollars — and with an appropriation of \$150 from the village, a horse-drawn, hand-powered pumper was purchased and stored in the barn of S.M. Hatch on Beebe street. The fast ringing of the Baptist Church bell, with location rings intermittent, as: Depot street, one ring; east end of village, two rings; west end of village, three rings, was used to summon the firemen. Members were fined twenty-five cents for failing to respond to an alarm unless excused by the Chief.

A training session, under the direction of a Chicago firm, was begun in 1908, and slowly the Company began to build up its equipment inventory.

A fire bell was bought in 1909; a hose cart in 1912, and in 1913 the Company could boast of its first motor pumper — a unit mounted on the chassis of a Model T Ford. The old fire bell eventually gave way to a hand siren; an electric siren was purchased in 1920 and, in 1929 the siren was hooked into the telephone system.

Throughout the years the Company continued to upgrade its equipment, replacing the older models after they had served their usefulness. Some of the more notable vehicles were a Howe Chemical and Water Pumper on a Chevrolet chassis bought in 1926 for \$495 (the chemical tank had to be emptied each winter to avoid freezing), and a Pirsch Special Pumper purchased in 1931. The Pirsch remained the Company's first-line vehicle until a new Seagrave unit mounted on a Dodge chassis was bought in 1949. Among the benefits of the new Dodge was an enclosed cab that was particularly appreciated during sub-zero runs to the far corners of the district. This vehicle was in turn replaced as the Company's number one unit by another Seagrave in 1964 — mounted on an International chassis. The Pirsch and the 1912 hose cart are today used solely for parades and other special functions.

When the Company was first chartered equipment was housed in Hatch's barn. In 1913 a shed belonging to the Hartwig Brewing Company on Beebe street was rented for that purpose, and in



Area residents survey train wreck in the Deansville marsh. The engine and cars of the westbound Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul line were derailed August 8, 1908.

1931 a new 26x68-foot brick building was constructed on Main street. Today the Company (since changed to the Marshall Fire Department) has its meeting and apparatus rooms in the Municipal Building.

By 1907 the demand for better and more complete mail service in the rural areas was such that Route #5 was established. Edward R. Knapton was appointed carrier and his route took him to Deansville and across the newly laid-out marsh road where, in the spring, water was often so high the bridge was washed out.

It was also in 1907 that E. P. Sorenson bought the furniture and undertaking business from William Raman. Sorenson's father, Ole P. Sorenson, was a native of Denmark, immigrating to America in 1866 where he lived near Lake Mills until moving to Marshall in 1884. The senior Mr. Sorenson held several public offices, including treasurer of the School Board, a member of the Dane County Board and, in 1906, was elected to the State Legislature.

The Firemen held their second annual 4th of July picnic in 1908, this time in Porter's Grove, with the stipulation by Mr. Porter that the Fire Company put on a good celebration and eject all persons under the influence from the property.

That same year the mill was sold to Phillip Eimerman. The mill had been in the Porter family since 1860, and now Eimerman would operate it until he sold it to the Blaschka brothers in 1921.

Father Francis X. Hess helped organize St. Mary's Catholic Church in 1908, and the congregation purchased the old and vacated Baptist church on Beebe street from John Copeland.



Drill team of the Marshall chapter of the Modern Woodmen of America. Organized in 1890, this picture was taken in 1907.

Copeland had bought the edifice with the intention of transforming it into a blacksmith shop or public building, but a clause in the quit-claim deed stipulated the landmark be used exclusively for church purposes. Two years later St. Mary's purchased Ted Deppe's property (across the street from the church), and converted the frame dwelling into a rectory. Shortly thereafter Father Christian Nellen arrived in the village to become the first resident Priest here.

A howling snowstorm, the fiercest in thirty years, ushered in 1909 and paralyzed the community for three days. Later that summer the Freeport (Illinois) Bridge Company constructed a new steel bridge across the Maunasha at a cost of \$2442.

Land sold for \$85 an acre in Dane county in 1911 (as compared to \$465 in 1975); the graded school faculty consisted of Principal Schleck and the Misses Borchers and Hart; Henney and Janesville buggies were slowly giving way to the "tin lizzy," and a visit to the doctor's office would set the family budget back four bits. House calls were slightly higher — \$1 plus 50 cents for mileage.

Horse races were the feature attraction at the 4th of July celebration in 1912; Will Polzin ran a creamery in York Center; the village voted 64 to 37 in favor of going "wet", and the graded school and high school each graduated seven that year. For the outdoor sportsman hunting was plentiful in 1912, with open season on grouse, partridge,

plover, prairie chicken, woodcock, duck, geese, snipe and rail. Daily bag limits in most cases were at least ten, but pheasants were protected.

In 1913 Dr. A. R. Abell, a Waterloo dentist, visited Marshall each Tuesday, and a group of area farmers started the Marshall Creamery. Locating their plant on Waterloo road, they hired Hod Doolan as buttermaker. Doolan continued in that capacity until 1918 when Albert Hoeffke took over the job — a position he held until the business was sold to the Bowman Dairy Company of Chicago in 1946.

Holy Trinity English Lutheran Church was organized in 1913, with services held in the Town Hall until a Church was built the next year. The Church basement was dug by members of the congregation using a horse-drawn scoop, while the heavy timbers used to support the basement ceiling were cut on the Zickert farm and brought to town by horses; the gravel used in the cement work came from the Engelke homestead.

1913 was also the year that Ernst Deppe, in a continuation of the blacksmith and farm implement operation run by his father, started selling automobiles in Marshall when he obtained the Ford dealership for this area. Four years later he switched to Overland cars, long since gone the way of the Hudson, Edsel, and dozens of others. He moved back to Fords once again, and eventually was awarded the Dodge franchise, which he continues to this day. Deppe built a new garage and gas station in 1926 and, in 1931 the twentieth million Ford to roll off Detroit's assembly lines was brought to the village to promote that year's model.

William Pieh sold his meat market and slaughterhouse to William Langer and Frank Doleshal in 1914; the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

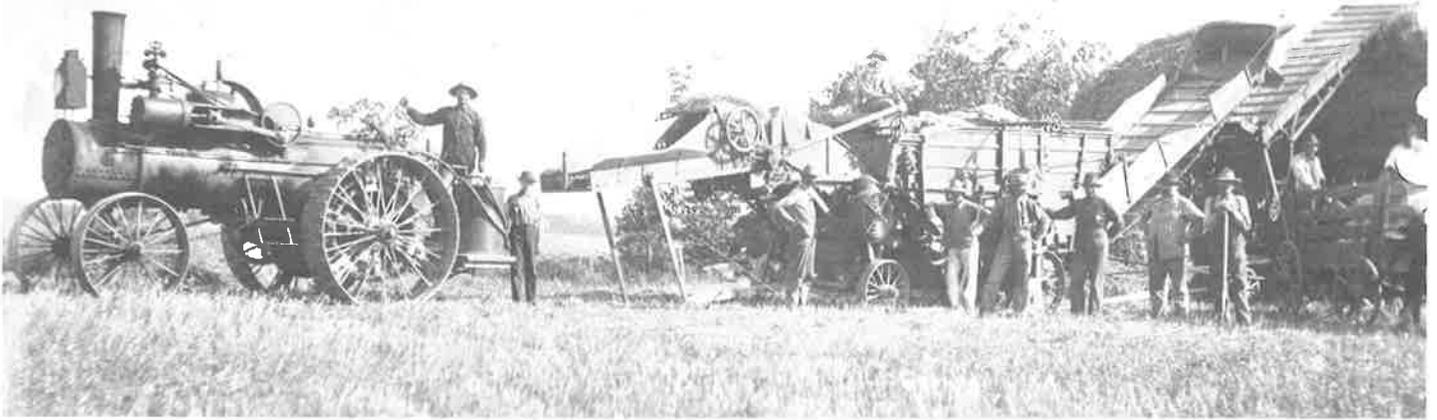


E.P. Sorenson poses in front of store shortly after purchasing furniture and undertaking business from William Raman in 1907. Sorenson was a respected and well-known figure in Marshall for many years.



Another view of 1908 train wreck (bottom left); a peaceful scene above the mill dam about 1917 (above), and E.A. Sander's Main street store. Left lower portion of the building served as post office from 1912 to 1963.





Two typical scenes of rural Marshall for many years. A three-team hitch (right), and the threshing crew of Albert Fullert and George Miller. Fullert is shown standing at the throttle of the engine.



had ten trains stopping daily at the Marshall depot in 1915; Theodore Schueler opened a grocery store near the depot that same year, beginning a business career in Marshall that would span forty-one years; and E. A. Sanders retired after twenty-three years in 1916, selling out to Frank Kuhlman.

With the outbreak of war in Europe, many from here left to serve “over there,” among them, William Luther and Edward Hampshire. Luther, a private in Company A, 343rd Infantry, died at Portsmouth, England October, 1918, a victim of the deadly influenza epidemic then sweeping the globe. Hampshire, stationed in the south of France, also succumbed to the dreaded influenza a few weeks before the Armistice. He was a private in Company K, 341st Infantry.

The mill dam gave way under the steady pressure of water, causing the north end of the nine year-old bridge to collapse on an otherwise peaceful July Sunday morning in 1918; minimum wages for teachers in 1919 was set by the state at \$60 a month; the Doleshal slaughterhouse burned to the ground in 1920, and St. Mary’s congregation started breaking ground for a new church that same year.

Legion post formed

Over one thousand World War I doughboys, part of the Allied Expeditionary Force still in France in the early spring of 1919, gathered in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower in March of that year to

found the American Legion. Sixteen months later, on July 22, 1920, eighteen Marshall veterans met at Ed Ehlenfeldt’s barber shop (located at 202 West Main) in a meeting organized by the Reverend R. S. Scott and Dr. C. B. Devine to charter Marshall Post 279.

The post was named in honor of Luther and Hampshire, and Doctor Devine was elected Commander. Other initial officers were: V. E. Haberman, Vice Commander; Ernie Martin, Adjutant; Frank Doleshal, Finance Officer; Laurence Tasker, Chaplain; Leslie Palmer, Historian and John Langer, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The newly-formed organization held their next several meetings in private homes until they rented a building on Main street owned by Joshua Knapton — himself a veteran of an earlier conflict. Their next home was the Medina Town Hall, where they remained until the early 1940s, when they purchased the old Lutheran Academy building from the local school district. When that building was sold and razed in 1959, meetings were held in the high school until the Post moved into their new permanent clubhouse along the south banks of the Maunessa river in 1968.

Mrs. Betty Marek Hyatt, in memory of her late husband, Curtis Marek (who can forget the stir-

ring, booming cadence of “Goog” Marek as he put the drill squad through their paces in post-World War II Memorial Day parades), donated a parcel of land to the Legion for a building site in 1965, and construction of the new clubhouse began May 31, 1967. Built almost entirely by Legion members, the two-story structure contains a large Auxiliary meeting room with kitchen facilities on the main floor, and a spacious Legion meeting room on the ground level. The building was dedicated September 8, 1968.

After Vernon Pearsall was reported lost in the Phillipines in 1943 his name was added to that of Luther and Hampshire, the post now being officially know as Luther-Hampshire-Pearsall Post 279.

The “twenties” and “thirties”

In 1921 Charles Lake turned over control of *The Marshall Record* to his son Victor; Mrs. Grace Langer accepted the position of graded school principal, holding that office for the next six years; Adolph, William, George and Frank Blaschka bought the feed mill from Phillip Eimerman and constructed a new dam and flume; a 60-foot flag tower was erected on Main street in time



for the 4th of July celebration that year; the American Legion held a festival in the Porter spring pasture that attracted over 4,000 visitors, and St. Mary’s Church was completed by December.

A new graded school was built in 1925 at a cost of \$60,000; a concrete highway between Sun Prairie and Marshall was finished by the end of 1926, and in 1927 the Marshall American Legion Auxiliary was chartered after an organizational meeting in the home of Mrs. Frank Doleshal, who also served as the unit’s first president.

The Strasburg Hardware and Implement Company was founded in 1927 by Edward Strasburg, a business he managed until his retirement in 1952, at which time he turned the company over to William Treichel. Before starting his implement firm, Strasburg had managed a creamery, tavern, dance hall and general store in Deansville, and was in the automobile business in Marshall with Julius Packel until Frank Lazars bought that enterprise.

Marshall was the center of a violent, county-wide milk strike in 1933, an event that was the basis for the novel *All Is Not Butter*, (Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1954), written by James Wheelwright. A graduate of the Marshall schools, and a descendent of Marshall pioneer E.B. Bigelow, Wheelwright wrote under the pen name Robert Banning.

On February 16, 1933 Joshua C. Knapton, Marshall’s last surviving Civil War veteran, died on the family homestead. He had moved to Medina in 1848 with his parents, and when war erupted south of the Mason-Dixon line enlisted in the Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. After three

Two more early views of Marshall’s Main street, and an unidentified Medina township road crew at work in 1910. Raymond Heiman maintains the town roads today.



Walter Korth pauses from his work long enough for a picture showing to good advantage all the implements of the blacksmith's trade. Note also the pot-bellied stove in the background. August Lange later worked at the trade in this same shop, which was located next to Martin's Service Station. Korth, in addition to his blacksmith enterprise, also was involved in a variety of other businesses in the village.



years in the Union Army he was honorably discharged in 1865. Near the end of the campaign he was captured by a rebel patrol and spent the last eight months of the war behind Confederate wire.

The village purchased ten acres of land next to the river in 1935 and began grooming a community park. Two more acres and a baseball diamond were added the next year and, in 1937, the park was turned over to the Fire Department for development and control.

It was also 1935 that Robert Harland and Harry Streich opened the Marshall Service Station and Electric Shop, and Walter Kuemmin began twenty years in the grocery business. Lawrence and Victor Martin bought Haldemann's service station in 1936, and the Farmers and Merchant's State Bank of Waterloo opened a station in Marshall in 1937, where banking was conducted in the old Lindsay Building until a new facility was completed seventeen years later. Frank Motl served for many years as President and Chairman of the Bank's Board of Directors.

The village hired Marvin Gaumitz as constable in 1938, little realizing they would get a one-man utility in the bargain. Until his retirement a few years ago, he was Marshall's water superintendent, park commissioner, Fire Department maintenance engineer, rubbish collector, weed commissioner and street maintenance man.

That same year Thane Klug began his teaching and coaching career in the Marshall schools under principal J.O. Beadle. Klug was named high school

principal in 1953 when Leonard "Squig" Converse retired after eighteen years as teacher, coach and principal, and held that position until 1959 when Leonard Schmitz succeeded him.

In 1938 the Fullert brothers operated a garage in Deansville; William Borchert was a well-known plumber in Marshall; Mrs. Lydia Zimprich was secretary of the sixty-three year-old Medina Mutual Insurance Company, and Vencle Skala was engaged in carpentry and cabinet making. The Fire Department also began their first modern-day festivals in 1938, replacing such earlier fund-raising events as dances, horse races, and coon hound field trials.

During the late 1930s and early '40s a basketball craze was sweeping the nation, and Marshall was caught up in the hysteria. Practically all games were guaranteed sell outs, and any contest between Marshall and Waterloo was a sure-fire cure for low blood pressure.

In addition to fielding excellent graded school and high school teams that won many conference championships (coached by Klug and Converse respectively — Raymond Woerpel also coached the elementary teams prior to Klugs arrival in Marshall), two "city" teams sponsored by the Lazers Motor Company — the "Hot Shots" and "Lazers Motors", — waged a fierce campaign in the semi-pro basketball wars. A game that might possibly qualify for inclusion in the *Guinness Book of World Records* was played January 16, 1939.



The "Hot Shots" were up against a team sponsored by the Madison Spanish Tavern, and after *three overtime periods* the score was knotted at 43 apiece. To keep the contest from continuing indefinitely it was decided to settle the game with a free-throw "shoot-off" — each player from both teams to have one shot from the foul line. After *five rounds*, or fifty free throws, the Madison team wavered, and the "Hot Shots" emerged victorious. On the "Hot Shots" team that January night were Fritz Brumm, Phil Motl, Jim Taylor, Herb Woerpel, Cyril Motl and Art Woerpel.

Meanwhile the old academy building was still functioning as a high school by making yearly additions and repairs. When the building was condemned by the State Board of Health, Marshall taxpayers were obliged to build a new facility, and in 1939 the Medina Free High School was added to the graded school building. Enrollment that year

was eighty-nine in the high school, seventy-seven in the lower grades.

Marshall had always enjoyed a reputation of being a leader in the educational field, and it should be noted that in 1912, when educators were beginning to realize that public schools should prepare young people not only for college, but non-academic pursuits as well, Marshall High School was the first in Wisconsin, and one of the first in the nation, to introduce a systematic four-year course in agriculture.

Water and war

In 1940 Phil Motl bought Roy Allen's Cafe next to Martin's Service Station; Charles Hames purchased a half interest in the Doleshal Meat Market; Martin Vallesky was named manager of the Marshall branch of the Farmers and Merchants Bank; the Fireman donated \$50 for a proposed library; Kleinschmidt's feed mill and grain elevator burned to the ground in June, and the village voted in a new water supply system.

The Chicago Bridge and Iron Company completed the "spherical, elevated" tower in 1941, along with a well on Depot street, for a total cost of \$7,390.

With much of Europe already in flames under a German Blitzkreig, and the Japanese rattling sabers in the far east, 139 men from this area between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-six regis-

The Homer Calkins family in front of their home about 1880. The house at that time was on Main street, on the site of the Silver Fox tavern, and was later moved to Porter street. Mrs. George Rice presently resides in the building.

Ernst Deppe, his father John, and friend in Deppe's garage (bottom) during the early "teens."



tered for the first Selective Service Draft in 1940.

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and their initial string of victories in the Pacific, Marshall residents anxiously awaited word on the fate of two of its "boys" — James Taylor and Vernon Pearsall — both of whom were garrisoned in the Phillipines when that island capitulated. Taylor survived the Bataan death march and almost four years in a Japanese prison camp — Pearsall did not, and American Legion Post 279 added his name to that of Luther and Hampshire.

During the conflict Marshall men and women saw service in all major theaters of war, fighting on battlefronts all around the globe. Those on the homefront bought bonds, collected rubber and scrap metal, and suffered the minor inconvenience of rationing. A six-day school week was given a month's trial in 1942, ostensibly to shorten the school year to allow students to assist in the national defense program, while more than one public meeting that year was prematurely adjourned because of practice blackouts — an occurrence frequently imposed on Wisconsin's cities and villages



Top photo is gathering of Marshall World War I vets shortly after Legion Post 279 was organized. Gentleman in the center with beard is Joshua Knapton, Marshall's longest surviving Civil War veteran. Another photo of Woodman drill team (right) shows Henry Meyer, B.W. Gaskin, Walter Meyer, Ernie Deppe, Charles Gaskin, N. Stangler, Harry Larson, A. Krause, Vern Gaskin, Earl Hart and Leon Dewey. Photo was taken in 1907.



by the office of Civil Defense during those uneasy times.

The Fire Department maintained a Honor Roll on the front of the fire station listing those in the armed forces, as did Fred Battist, who covered one wall of his popular barber shop with snapshots of those who had signed up for the "duration and six."

In addition to Pearsall's death at the hands of the Japanese in 1943, Herbert Woerpel and W. James Porter also failed to return home after the war. Woerpel, a fighter pilot with the Thunderbolt-flying 79th Fighter Group, was killed by German groundfire August 13, 1944 while strafing an air-drome near Marseille, France. Porter was the great-grandson of Marshall pioneer William F. Porter, and an AAF B-29 photo officer. He drowned in the surf off Guam September 16, 1945 attempting to rescue a buddy caught in the treacherous undertow.

Frank Kuhlmann retired in 1945 after twenty-six years of selling general merchandise in Marshall — James Weigen opened a drug store and "Sandwich Shop" in the vacated half of the Sanders Building; Bill Sickels, who built the first "drive-in" filling station in the village in 1925, sold the station and a bulk plant to the Home Oil Company of Waterloo, and a fire badly damaged the ancient Marshall Hotel that same year. Mrs. John Copeland owned the historic landmark at the time.

In 1947 Ernie Blaschka operated the feed mill, a continuation of the business run by his father and

uncles since 1921; Lawrence Frey ran the Deansville Garage; Walter Korth had a grocery store in the village and, in 1948, twenty-two Marshall women organized a local chapter of the Woman's Club. Mrs. Grace Langer was elected president, and other officers were Mrs. Della Hotmar, vice president; Mrs. Eveleyn Treichel, secretary; Mrs. Laura Hand, treasurer, and Mrs. Viva Kuemmin, auditor.

The Allen Johnson's sold their Depot street grocery store to Thorwald Larson in 1950 and, also that year, Maynard Larson sold his long-established dry goods and grocery store to William Ortman and opened a real estate and insurance agency. Ill health forced Ortman to retire a few weeks later, selling the business to Robert Nelson, who operated it for several years before George Kleinsteiber bought him out. Kleinsteiber had been in business in Marshall since 1931, previously owning a tavern next to the store. Elmer Scheibel also owned a tavern on Main street, and the Dug-Out Tavern in the hotel saw several changes of ownership during these years.

During this era Pete Koclanes was running a grocery store started by his father (next to Scheibel's tavern) and Eldon Bergholz was just starting in the grocery business up the street. Les Meyer had a barber shop; Arnie Weber hauled milk; Owen Sanderson hauled livestock, and Robert Freund and Merle Virchow bought the Marshall Meat Market from Joe Hotmar and Art Meyer. In 1952 the Methodists realized a long-time dream when they constructed and dedicated a new church in November.

The Marshall Band Mothers, an organization designed to promote interest in the school bands, and also to help purchase uniforms and other incidentals not allowed for in the school budget, was formed in 1950. A direct descendent of the Band Boosters started in 1944, the organization changed its name to Music Mothers in 1955 to include the choral and other non-instrumental departments of the music classes. Mrs. Raymond Woerpel, Mrs. Peter Koclanes, Mrs. Owen Sanderson and Mrs. Alfred Wenzel were the first officers of the group. Active in several fund-raising projects, the Music Mothers goal for the Bicentennial year is to sponsor and finance a trip to a nation-wide music festival in St. Louis in May. Present officers are Mrs. Dave Motl, Mrs. Curtis Hanson, Mrs. Bill Retallick and Mrs. Maurice Rogers.



A good view of Charles and Frank Doleshal at work in their meat market (top left); Lazer's garage in the late "teens" or early "twenties" (bottom left), and an addition being put on the garage (right). Frame structure in photo at right is Frank's harness shop, destroyed by fire several years after picture was taken. The bank building presently occupies that location.



On June 25, 1950 the cold war that had been simmering between the United States and the Communist-bloc nations boiled over into a first-class shooting war. Once again, for the fifth time since the Bird brothers and Aaron Petrie first gazed upon the Maunasha, Marshall's youth went to war — this time to the cold, rugged hills of Korea. As the *Inmun Gun* (North Korean People's Army) moved south, United Nations forces withdrew across the Naktong River into the shrinking Pusan perimeter — fighting desperately to keep from being pushed into the sea. There, on the banks of the muddy Naktong, Clifford Otis met his death September 1, 1950. On February 11, 1951 Donald Wolfe, a graduate of the class of '47 turned rifleman with the 1st Cavalry Division, was killed in a fire fight with Chinese "volunteers" near Chipyeong-ni and, in August 1955, Edmund Larson died on a target range in Hawaii after being struck by a stray rifle round. The uneasy



truce between Korea's north and south was already two years old in 1955, and the bullet that killed him was manufactured in Pittsburg instead of Peking, but young Eddie Larson was just as dead as Otis and Wolfe, or the 30,000 other Americans lost in the Korean "police action" — and he was dead for the same reasons as those killed "on the line."



Country, one-room schools. Deansville school (top) in 1919; what is believed to be Pierceville school (middle picture) about 1912, and the Pyburn school.



A Civic Club to replace the defunct Lion's Club was formed in the early 1950s; Eugene Manthey was station agent at the depot; construction of a sewage plant started in 1951; "Squig" Converse retired as high school principal in 1952, entering a new career as general contractor — his addition north of town popularly known as "Squigville;" a village garage was completed in 1954; and a modern bank building erected that same year. The facility, with Werner Feutz as manager, was extensively enlarged and remodelled in 1967.

Al Schiek resigned as manager of the Wilbur Lumber Company in 1956 after fifty-two years with that organization; Harold Dehnert bought the Marshall Hotel; Harold Angus ran a sheet metal shop; Charles Hart bought out Sorenson's furniture and undertaking business, and workmen started laying a new bridge over the Maunasha river — finishing the project in 1957.

Two previous attempts to establish a village library, once in 1919, and again in 1930, had died for lack of support. Now, in 1956, a group of women headed by Mrs. Wayne Weidemann opened a public library in the fellowship hall of the Methodist church, with Mrs. Dan Cummings and Mrs. Jean Chadwick as librarians. Starting with a total inventory of 500 books, over half of them donated by local citizens, the library remained in the church basement for several years, then moved into the school. After a brief stay there, it moved



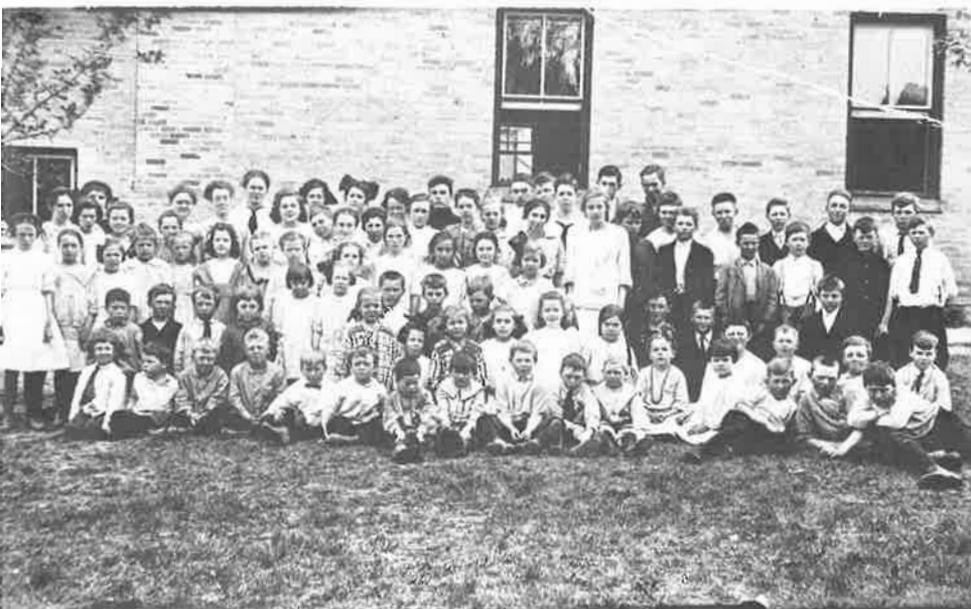
to the Town Hall, then back once again to the school.

An organization known as the Friends of the Library put on talent shows, community auctions and other fund-raising events to help support the library as it bounced from one location to another. A temporary site was set up in a rented building on Main street, but it wasn't until the Municipal Building was constructed in 1967 that the library found a permanent home. Now supported by taxes supplemented by monies and books received from individual donations, memorials and estates, its well-stocked shelves hold over 10,000 hard-cover volumes and 900 paperbacks, plus a vast array of magazines, records and tapes. Two full-time librarians are employed to keep up with the demands of over 600 library card holders.



In 1958 Ray Pavlak bought out the old Bowman Dairy plant near the depot and formed Dairyland Fertilizers, Inc.; the Roy West's purchased the Thorwald Larson grocery store on Depot street; Martin's Service Station, operated by Lawrence and Victor Martin and Billy Trachte for better than twenty years, conducted their business from a new modern facility completed that fall and, with a financial boost from Miss Mary Lazars and Mrs. Frank Motl, a swimming beach was opened in Firemans Park.

The continued success of the annual Fireman's festivals have allowed the department to gradually improve and beautify the park until today it is one



The upper grades of Marshall elementary school (top) probably taken about 1932; unidentified picture of country school with students and teacher (middle), and the Marshall Graded School (bottom) about 1917.



John and Ernie Deppe (top) in 1915; another view of the interior of Deppe's garage (about 1931) in the middle picture showing, left to right: Ted Waddell, Al Steltner, Walter Korth, Ernie Deppe, Ben Blaschka and Adolph Blaschka. A grain elevator near the depot tilts crazily after being struck by a tornado in 1928, in the bottom photo, and Ernie Deppe poses with friends and Henry Ford's 20th million auto in 1931 at bottom right.



of the finest in the state. On any given summer afternoon the beach and playground area are both overflowing with humanity as residents and non-residents alike avail themselves of the excellent facilities. A shelter house and rest rooms were constructed in 1962, offering an all-weather haven for family reunions and other gatherings, a new hamburger and refreshment stand was added in 1974, while a Fire Department-sponsored baseball team provides wholesome Sunday entertainment.

In 1959 Helen and Victor Lake sold the sixty-six year-old *Marshall Record* to Don Woerpel, who in turn sold it to Dwayne McLaughlin nine months later. McLaughlin continued the weekly enterprise for six months, then suspended publication. In 1964 Jerry Belanger founded the short-lived *Town & Country News*, and Jack Erb began publishing the *Marshall Shopper* in 1973.

A broken hip forced the early retirement of Miss Mary Lazars after twenty-four years service as postmaster, and Stan Trachte succeeded her May 1, 1959. Miss Lazars' interest in the well-being of Marshall's youth was well known and a few hundred young men and women are today able to swim and survive in the water because of her efforts in promoting Red Cross-sponsored swimming lessons.

The population of the village, which had remained comparatively constant since the turn of the century, began to swell rapidly after Helen and Cyril Motl developed Riverview Heights in 1959. The need for additional housing increased almost overnight, apartment houses were built, and five more plats developed. With the completion of Motl's 200-unit mobile trailer park and the Evergreen Mall shopping center in 1970, Marshall began experiencing a growth in building and population not realized for decades. In the past few years





more builders and developers have recognized the advantages of suburban living, and Marshall continues to boom. Compared to a 1960 village census of about 600, today's population stands close to 2,000.

Schools, and the "sixties"

By the middle 1950s the rural, one-room schools that had served so many, so well, for so long, were gradually phased out of existence as districts consolidated and merged. With the passing of such schools as Maple Center, Deansville, Pyburn, York Center, Lone Oak, Pierceville, Smith and Box Elder Grove, everyone connected with those charming segments of rural Americana felt a twinge of nostalgia, and perhaps something in them died just a little. Some of these schools were incorporated into the new Marshall school district when it was reorganized in 1960. At the annual meeting held in July, John Kindschi, Glen Henke, Darrell Langer, Ray Kuhl, Cyril Motl, Harvey Paskey and Raymond Woerpel were elected to serve on the new school board.

Marshall's Public School, new in name, new in curriculum, and with a new 13-room addition, was



Mrs. Eda Hart with her second grade pupils in 1927; fourth, fifth and sixth graders in 1930; Charles Hames and Bill Langer in their meat market; the Marshall Coronet Band with Gene Sorenson (top right), and Deppe's garage about 1931.

The Rocko farm (top right) located 1 1/2 miles south of Marshall as it appeared about sixty years ago; two classroom pictures of Pyburn school in the 1920s; and the O. Biederman farm (bottom) taken in 1917.



completed and ready for the 1960 fall term. Offering twenty-five different courses in the high school alone, including a foreign language for the first time in more than fifty years, and with a faculty numbering close to thirty, Marshall's schools had come a long way since 1845 and the three "R"s as taught by Susan Tracy.

A 20-acre site, only a few hundred yards from what used to be known as the Porter spring pasture (scene of early picnics, festivals and 4th of July celebrations), was purchased in 1966 after a referendum election in January indicated the desire of the district's electors to proceed with a new high school building. The facility, containing over 42,000 square feet of space was completed in 1967. Donald B. Mayo was school administrator and high school principal at the time, while James Langer, who had been associated with Marshall schools since the 1940s, was in charge of the elementary and junior high schools. Members of the school board were Jerome Freidel, Glen Henke, Harold Kuhl, Donald Langkamp, Kenneth Martin, Cyril Motl, Harvey Paskey, Ted Waddell and Chester Zimmerman. Six years later, in 1973, the needs of the rapidly expanding district dictated an addition to the school.



Ernie Martin retired as rural mail carrier in 1960 after forty-one years service, having replaced Ben Duane shortly after World War I; the Wisconsin Gas Company began laying pipeline to service local customers in 1961; a county park, named in honor of former county supervisors George Riley and Ernst Deppe, was established on the outskirts of the village in 1963; and that same year the post office was moved out of the old Sander's Building (owned at the time by local carpenter Ben

Voelker) it had occupied since 1912, and into a new structure on the corner of Main and Beebe streets. Besides housing a modern postal facility, the building also furnished office space for Dick Noel's barber shop and Lester Martin's insurance agency. Martin was village president in 1963 and spoke at the November 10 dedication of the building along with Postmaster Stan Trachte, Congressman Robert Kastenmeier and postal representative LeRoy Anderson. That same day the neigh-



Snow-packed Kuhlow's hill south of Marshall during the memorable winter of 1936.

boring village of Deerfield also dedicated their new postal building. Leo Offord, a Marshall native and 1927 graduate of Medina Free High School, was Deerfield's postmaster then.

In 1967 another Marshall serviceman died on foreign soil — this time in the unpopular Vietnam war. James Shepard, a recent graduate of the Marshall schools, and a Marine corporal, was killed June 27, 1967 near Khe Sanh. His body was returned to Marshall and he was buried in Medina cemetery with full military honors.

The Spirit of '76

We can but only guess what life in Marshall will be like in the year 2076. We can no more envision the future modes of transportation, standards of living, or the means by which 21st century Americans will spend their leisure hours, than our ancestors of a hundred years ago could foresee the pop-

ular usage of the private automobile, inexpensive world-wide air travel, the total-electric home, or the impact of television on our everyday lives. Of one thing we can be almost certain however, a Tricentennial committee will undoubtedly be formed, and perhaps a booklet published on "the way it was back in 1976."

The amateur historian of that period might recount that in the Bicentennial year Shirley Bergholz and family operated a supermarket in the village, as did Bob Mercer in Evergreen Mall; Charles Hart was in the furniture and undertaking business; Dick Noel ran a barber shop; Ernst Deppe was still selling automobiles and repairing farm machinery; and the 124-year-old feed mill established by Asahel Hanchett was still in operation — now run by Ernie Blaschka.

Bill Blaschka repaired and customized autos in the old Lazer's garage; Barry Motl owned an



George Miller farm as it was photographed in 1917. Farm is located just east of Riley-Deppe county park.

electric shop, as did Harry Streich; Lyle Hansen was in the antique furniture business; while Harvey Heiman, Dick Ireland, Denny Capacio and Victor Riddle each operated a filling station. Edna and Owen Boss sold beer and package goods in their liquor store; Georgia Severson's beauty shop was located in the Mall; while Susie Wendt and Vickie Vick ran a similar operation in the Pache building — site of August Lange's and Walter Korth's blacksmith shops in the 1940s and

earlier. William Pache, in 1976, was a master plumber.

The Motl brothers, Tom, Dick and Dave, were in the construction business; William Skala, Henry Wild, Jr., and "Squig" Converse were engaged in the home building industry; John Stuntebeck did brick and tile work; Tom Breunig and Jim McFarland both specialized in television sales and service; David Zimbric owned a pharmacy; Bob Woelffer and Bob Freund operated the meat market; while near the now-idle depot John Nelson and Lee Pledger ran a lumber company.

Herb Hellenbrand repaired small engines in the former village council rooms and fire station on Main street; Joe Hellenbrand had a hardware store in the old Kaiser building, and also bought and sold used auto parts; Charles Counsell managed a diner; Betty Slama ran a cafe (bought from Mrs. Don Rice) in the old Sander's Building; while Bob Mercer was part owner of a bar and supper club.

Bob Lazars operated a bus line; Fred Gmeinder was in the welding business (a continuation of the blacksmith shop owned at one time by his father); Myron Mather had a laundromat on Depot street, as did the Evergreen Mall managed by John Barry. Frank Netzer had the franchise on a car wash; Owen Sanderson's trucking operation was still thriving, as was Arnie Weber's milk hauling enterprise. Norman Peck and son were in plumbing and heating, and also did excavating — as did Don Schleicher. Ted and Charles Johnson had a shoe repair shop; Jack Erb and Vernon Yelk each sold insurance. Erb also published the *Marshall Shopper* and Yelk dealt in real estate, in addition to their insurance businesses, while Phillip Freidel owned a real estate agency.

Mearl, Ken and Melvin Martin and Carl Wendt had a feed and seed company and fuel oil business in Deansville; Max Janisch ran a tavern there; while Harold Bloomfield owned a tavern in York Center. In the village Russ Hamachek and Dick Brescia each operated a tavern. Lloyd Moon had a dairy equipment service; the Dane County Farmer's Co-op was located on the site of the old Bowman Dairy plant; William Myer managed a plant manufacturing aluminum products, and employed a large number of people, as did James Hoskins in his steel fabricating operation. Stan Haakenson erected livestock buildings; the Midway Equipment Company sold farm implements



Freshmen and Sophomores of Medina Free High School pose in front of the building in 1923.

Cutting grain on the Hubert Bartosch farm east of Marshall in 1946.



four miles south on highway 73; Frank Gietzel raised Arabian horses, while Jim Herman and Ted and Doug Waddell each had large farming operations. Lee Merrick had a rendering plant just outside the village limits.

A local chapter of the Jaycees was chartered in 1972; the Marshall Booster Club, recognizing outstanding school athletic and academic personnel, was formed at about the same time; the Future Farmers of America (one of the first chapters in the nation) is still very much active in 1976, as are various 4-H organizations. The American Legion and Auxiliary continue to provide vital civic functions and hold annual community auctions and a jamboree, in addition to other events; a snow-

mobile club was organized several years ago, offering a wide variety of winter activities; a girl and brownie scout troop was formed in 1974 and, the boy scout troop revived at about the same time after a lapse of several years. Father Joseph Dreis and Thane Klug supervised the scouts back in the '40s and '50s; Bob Berg served as scoutmaster in later years, as did Rick Farris and Robert Lange.

Marshall now has a fully-equipped two-man police force with Chief Jim Hannon and officer Mike Karls — the last of a long succession of law enforcement officers from Marvin Gaumitz to the present that includes Bob Peck, Louis Meyer, Terry Ellestad, Melvin Curtis and Don Schleicher. Elmer Grunewald continues to serve today as constable, as he has for many years in the past.

Alvin Lazars and Jim Beasley maintain the village streets and the water and sewage treatment



July 4th parade at Columbus in 1955 with Gene Sorenson, Carl Wendt, Edwin Herman, Don Herman and Bill Pache pulling 1912 hose cart.



Post office lobby when located in the Sander's Building. Arnie Sanders, Margaret Sanders, Charles Lake, Robert Harland, Miss Mary Lazars and Stan Trachte served as postmasters from this building, while T.T. Pyburn, C.C. Muzzy, Ben Duane, Gordon Freeman, Ernie Martin, Raymond Woerpel and Gene Norton carried mail from there, and Mrs. Viola Dall and Mrs. Art Wilke served as clerks.

Bill Sichel's hot dog stand in the 1950s.



plants; and the Fire Department, now almost seventy years old, with thirty-six active and six honorary members on its roster, has come a long way since the bucket and broom brigades of Doc Gibb's era. Its rolling stock today consists of six radio-equipped vehicles, including two pumpers, two tankers, a salvage-rescue truck, and a rig especially designed to reach off-the-road emergencies. Dick Motl was elected Chief in 1975, replacing Fred Gmeinder who stepped down from that position after serving ten years in that capacity.

With Marshall's many businesses and fine organizations; a school system second to none; dedicated public servants; one of the better parks and playgrounds in the state; a new post office, library, bank and municipal building; and with attractive homes sprouting up each month at a rate rapid enough to claim the title of the "fastest growing community in Dane county," that as yet unborn historian of 2076 may wistfully reflect upon life in Marshall in the Bicentennial year, nodding agreement to those who would say, "ah, yes, those were the good 'ol days;" — and indeed, that they are.



Police Chief Jim Hannon and Officer Mike Karls



Firemen's Park



Evergreen Mall Shopping Center



Municipal Justice Dan James



Marshall Village Board

1976 Photo Potpourri



Cub Scouts



Float in Homecoming Parade



Street Department Alvin Lazars, Jr., and Jim Beasley



Marshall Graded School



Marshall Junior High School



Marshall High School



Fire Station



Firemen in informal pose



Municipal Building

ADDENDUM

As we went to press two unrelated events occurred that should be included. First, the most destructive storm in recorded Wisconsin history crippled the area on the weekend on March 5 and 6. That same weekend the high school girl's basketball team won the state championship in the first girl's meet ever held.

The storm was heralded by freezing rain that lasted from Monday, March 1 until Thursday evening, covering everything with a crust of ice. With tree branches already cracking under the strain of the heavy weight, strong winds delivered the *coup de grace* Friday morning. Branches dropped on power lines causing an almost total blackout for 48 to 72 hours. Without electricity, food spoiled in now useless refrigerators, plumbing failed to function, and furnaces sat idle as household temperatures dropped steadily. Farmers were even harder hit. Stock tanks went dry and milking and other chores were done by hand. The total damage by the storm has not yet been ascertained.

On the brighter side, the girl's basketball team ended a perfect season by capturing the state championship with a 40 to 36 win over Bloomington in the U. W. Field House Saturday afternoon. Only one other Marshall athletic team has won a state crown — the high school girl's gymnastic team in 1973.



Main Street in 1976



Scouts



4-H Club



Bicentennial Committee



Interior of bank



Librarians Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Sanderson



Postoffice crew

The Bicentennial Committee, with Mrs. Janice Freidel and Mrs. Charlotte Counsell as co-chairmen, and Ernst Deppe honorary chairman, have coordinated and scheduled a number of community activities for 1976. With the exception of the recollections of several senior Marshall residents being gathered on tape, and a community church service planned for Sunday, July 4 at the high school, proceeds from all other projects will be used to help defray expenses accrued in restoring the bandstand as a permanent memorial to Marshall's pioneers. Placed in the bandstand will be a time capsule containing memorabilia to be opened in 2076. For your convenience the dates of these events are listed below:

Marshall Bicentennial Activities

February 14: Dance at American Legion clubhouse

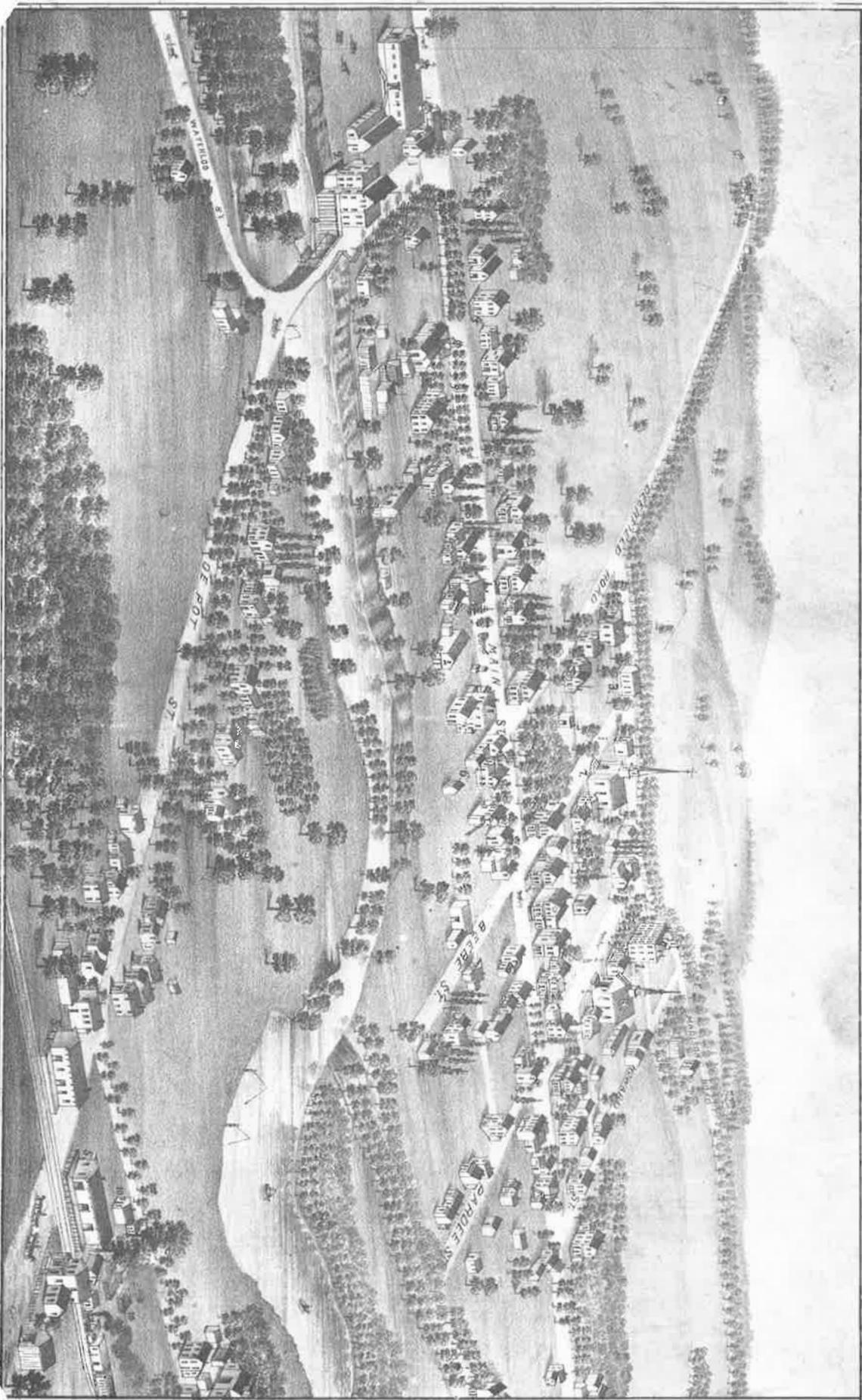
April 5 and 6: Tree sale by FFA members

July 4: Community church service at high school

August 27 and 28: Pageant depicting history of Marshall. (One performance each evening at Firemen's Park, written, produced and directed by Mrs. Marge Witt.)

August 29: Arts and Crafts Show at Firemen's Park

September 12: Dedication of bandstand



W. J. STORER, MADISON, WIS.

1. Marshall Academy
2. School House
3. Town Hall
4. Old Pillsbury
5. R. H. Stanton

MARSHALL

DANE CO WIS
1879

6. Post Office
7. Protestant Church
8. Methodist Church
9. Marshall Flour Mills
10. Lumber Yard

BECK'S PRINT, LITH. MILWAUKEE

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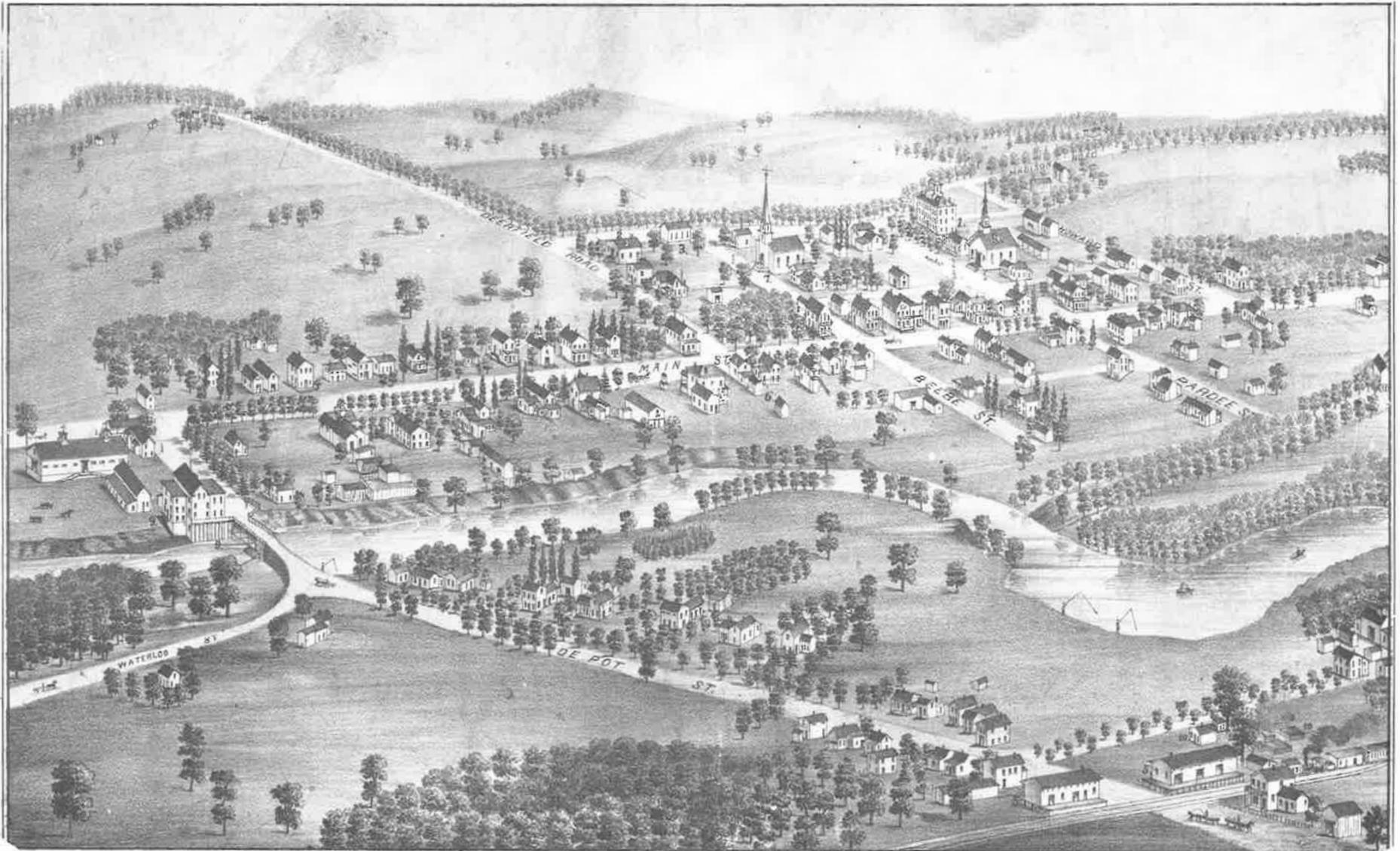
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J. J. STUBEN, MADISON, WIS.

1. Marshall Academy
2. School House
3. Town Hall
4. Old Village Hall
5. R. R. Station

MARSHALL

DANE CO WIS
1879

6. Post Office
7. Printing Office
8. Baptist Church
9. Methodist Church
10. Marshall Flour Mills
11. Lumber Yard

BECK & PAULY LITH. MILWAUKEE



Samuel Chadwick

the 1852 diary of

SAMUEL CHADWICK

By the fourth decade of the nineteenth century the trickle of immigrants pouring from ships' gangplanks onto the eastern shores of the United States had turned into a steady stream. Until the Immigration Act of 1924 slowed this constant flow of new arrivals from Europe, anyone who had the desire, the energy, and the money for passage across the ocean, was welcome. Some came to be free of religious and political persecution, others to escape the terrible famine that was sweeping the British Isles in the 1840s. For whatever the reason, all sought a better life in the new land.

Twenty-two year-old Samuel Chadwick of Yorkshire, England was one of the many who re-

nounced the old and familiar for the new and unknown in the summer of 1844. After landing at New York he proceeded directly to Wisconsin and settled in the Town of Medina. The first year he lived with Charles Wakeman and in 1845 Chadwick and Thomas Hart jointly purchased a small parcel of land from the government. A few months later he sold his interest in that property to his partner and bought forty acres of his own for speculation. During the next several years he labored tirelessly at clearing and improving his holdings — eventually selling part of section 26 of Medina Township.

January, 1848! Gold had just been discovered on John Sutter's ranch in northern California. As the word spread the greatest migration of fortune hunters the world had ever seen rushed westward. By 1852 young Samuel Chadwick, just recently married, and eight years and 4,000 miles from his native land, was also gripped by gold fever. In March of that year he bade farewell to his wife and family and left Hanchettville to Journey overland to California.

The account that follows, edited slightly for reasons of clarity and space limitations, but retaining the style and phrasing characteristic of that era, are excerpts of a diary he logged during his six-month trek across the rivers, plains and mountains to the California gold fields. It is a tale of hardship and sacrifice as they battled the elements in a day-to-day struggle to stay alive.

Tuesday, March 23, 1852: We left today. My partners are Frank Aldridge and his wife, and Jonas Boyer. We had four yoke of oxen altogether, and I had one yoke of oxen, a wagon and \$25. We made about twenty-seven miles today, putting up at a tavern called the Three Mile House just outside of Madison.

March 24: Made fourteen miles and put up at a Norwegian's house in a hollow on the left side of the road. Old man Boyer broke a hay fork handle and wanted to pay for it, but we thought we had already paid enough.

March 25: Made fourteen miles, mostly through prairie grass, to Blue Mounds. The going is generally pretty soft and the grass gets in the hooves of the cattle.

March 28: Made fifteen miles and camped ten miles beyond Mineral Point. Saw one nice lead of mineral, the first I've ever seen. It was about four or five

feet from the surface of the ground, and they had holes dug down to it in some five or six places, straight in a line. At one hole they were digging and blasting about fourteen feet deep.

March 29: We laid up all day at Mr. Whitesides and they were nice folks: treated us well, gave us a room to ourselves and a stove to cook on. Went to a meeting today at the church. This afternoon my partners wanted to look over our accounts. They wanted me to prize the cattle. Frank wanted \$15 more for his, which would be \$5 more than mine, so that would draw off my wagon considerable. I felt hard at them and told them I should not do it as I thought my cattle as good as theirs. We agreed to have Mr. Whitesides value them, and he valued mine as much as theirs.

March 31: At the Mississippi river. We had some rain today and at sundown it snowed some, and the road was pretty bad down to the river. The wind blew so bad we could not cross the river as they have only a horse ferry here. Further downstream, near Dubuque, they have a steam ferry.

April 1: Still waiting to cross, but wind blowing so hard we can't. We have enough hay for the cattle and we shot ducks along the river bottom. As there is plenty of snow on the ground we bought a tent from a California immigrant for \$3.

April 2: At the ferry they charged 12 shillings for four yoke of cattle, four persons and a wagon. We then drove in to Dubuque to wait for Doolittle and W. Salts from our neighborhood. Dubuque is a nice little place.

April 3: We drove about twenty miles to the north fork of the Maquoketa river. We had pretty good roads and a couple of men from Waterloo rolled in and stayed at the house we are at. We will travel with them a few days.

April 5: We are laying up at the north fork of the Maquoketa and today we killed ten prairie chickens. Left Maquoketa for Marion.

April 7: We made out to get to Marion village, and it was killing muddy. We bought a little hay from a blacksmith and put up for the night.

April 17: Left Marion. Had been laid up there nine days on account of the rain and mud. Now only three miles from Cedar Rapids which is the nicest stream we have seen since we left home. Went down to Cedar Rapids and bought some flour and baked some hard bread to take with us across the plains. We stayed one day at the Rapids, and it was raining, and

me and my partners had a settling up. Frank did not want to allow me for my wagon until we got to California. He said he did not have enough money, but I knew he lied. I thought we should have to split up. I told him I could not trust him for a wagon until I got to California, he might take his team off my wagon if he could not pay for it. I got a storekeeper in the Rapids to reckon up our accounts and he paid the bill, some \$20, and we travel on together. I don't much like the man at all because when a man lies to me once I can't place much confidence in him the second time. But enough of that. We cross the river at Cedar Rapids and they have a very good ferry — a rope ferry, but the rope is made of wire. They charged us 80 cents only for team, wagon and men. We made seventeen miles, but the road was pretty bad and soft. We broke a chain and a ring. It is the worse kind of luck.

April 21: Drove nineteen miles. Weather is cool and there is no grass yet. We are looking very anxiously for it as we have to buy hay and corn for the cattle until grass comes.

April 26: Laying up at Dr. Buckooes near Newton as one of the old mans oxen is lame. We went about a mile and bought fifteen bushels of corn and shelled it to stand us to the Bluff. We expect it will be high {the price of corn} from here to the Bluff, and found some who had paid as high as a dollar while we paid only 30 cents.

April 27: Drove to Fort Des Moines. There is no fort, but it is a nice little village. They have two ferrys crossing the river, one going into Des Moines and one going out. Paid 70 cents at one, 50 cents at the other. Bought some notions and a little bacon and one thing or another.

April 28: Drove twelve miles and camped on account of our lame animal. We are now in Madison county, Iowa, and travelling up what they call the Three River country.

April 29: Still in the same place, laying up on account of our lame oxen. We have turned the cattle out to the river bottom to get their own living, but we give them a little corn. We can't travel much on grass yet, but shouldn't have to buy any more hay. The old man and I went into the woods to hunt but found nothing. Here is the best timber we have seen since leaving Wisconsin. Pretty good sugarbush and the rest is cottonwood. This evening a man came along with a load of hay and we traded off our lame oxen to him for another one. We

traded even: a fat lame one for a poor sound one, but he appears to be a very good traveler and a good leader.

RIVER CROSSINGS

May 1: Wind blew very hard and we rested the cattle. Old man Boyer went out and killed a deer and sold part of it. We ate part of it and left the rest in the woods as it would not keep a great while. We are now about 100 miles from the Bluffs.

May 2: We had considerable rain last night, but it was quite comfortable as we had a good place to camp. This is a road that turns to the left when you cross the creek and is not so much travelled as the other, so we have plenty of wood, grass and water, but one pretty bad creek to cross. It was only about five feet wide but as soon as the oxen stepped in they went down to their belly. We made out by getting the cattle across first, then running the wagon in by hand and hitching on with chains.

May 2: Made twenty miles. Came onto the old road again and there is from twenty to thirty wagons, mostly in a string. I expect they will get thicker every day until we get to the Bluffs.

May 5: Made twenty miles and it rained and blew pretty hard. We had to cross a river by a saw mill. We ferried two yoke and the wagon across, and the other four yoke we forded. Then we hitched about thirty yoke together and a man rode in on horseback till he got the leaders across. It was a pretty bad place where the cattle drop down so they have to swim, but we crossed without difficulty.

May 7: Made about eleven miles to Klansville where we layed up to fish a little. Klansville is pretty well filled up with tents stuck up on both sides of the road: some gambling and one thing or another. Klansville is about eight or ten miles from what they call the Bluffs, or Traders Point.

May 8: Frank and I went down to the Bluffs to see if we could get some flour. They asked from ten to twelve dollars a barrel so we didn't buy any.

May 9: Still camped a mile out of the village. Bought 260 pounds of flour at \$6 per hundred, and brought four gallons of vinegar and some sugar and other notions.

May 11: We packed up this morning and started for the ferry. We came across

a man named Samuel Foss of Beloit. He wants us to let him put on his cattle and go through with us. We agreed to this: he was to sell his oxen to us for \$140 and give us what he had toward his outfit, and we take him through for \$60 and pay him \$80 when we get to California.

May 12: The wind blows so strong we can't ferry this morning, but I saw they crossed a few in the afternoon. I have heard of two deaths — the ferry boat sunk and one man drowned, and another man was run over. He was intoxicated.

May 13: Wind still blowing hard. Did not ferry until 2:00 or 4:00 when they put on five yoke of oxen and tied them to the railing and started over. They no sooner got into the current when they wheeled the boat into a snag and sunk the boat to save themselves. The oxen had to swim with the yokes on, and one yoke, and a part of the railing tied to their heads which kept them from swimming good. The owner jumped in after them to cut them loose, but the current was so strong he couldn't catch up with them. But they broke the railing off and swam out. I thought certain they would drown as they was heels up and all shapes till they broke loose.

May 17: This morning we have to get our wagons across the river. We was detained about eight days. We started out about ten miles and camped and joined the company called the Bee Town Company, calculating to cross the plains with them. About twelve wagons in the Company and about thirty men. We saw considerable Indians today, some with ponies, some without. The grass is very good now for cattle, and there is about 100 wagons camped here tonight.

May 30: Saw some boys from Hanchettville cross Wood creek today, and Mead and Seifert and several others that were laying up until tomorrow on account of the guide speaking of no water. But there was water that the teams could get so we drove and found water in the low places.

June 2: We drove about fifteen miles and it is a pretty warm day. We saw three graves of immigrants that were buried this year. It is right where the road strikes the river. Today we met two or three wagons returning back with some eight or ten children and a woman. Their father had died and the widows husband had died, and they turned and went back. They was from Indiana. The disease appears to be diarrhea and cholera.

June 3: Last night it commenced to rain and I have heard folks telling of the

Platte river storms being hard ones, and this was for certain. It thundered and lightened and blew and rained I think harder than I have ever seen. It blew most of our tents down and we lay and hid until we were almost like drowned rats, and all the bed clothes were wet, and it kept raining. The old man and I stood up and held one end of the tent up to keep the thundering big drops off the cattle. But our cattle did not run off as folks say they will in a storm. We found them all right the next morning, except two or three that had scattered off a mile or so, but we found them and rolled on. Made about twenty miles, plenty of grass, but wood is scarce. But there are plenty of buffalo chips and they made a good fire.

June 6: We are laying up and resting our teams and baking as we expect to have no more wood for the next 200 miles. A lot of teams passed us today and we saw some folks from Lake Mills. Brown was the one that owned the grist mill down to Prats and he said they had buried Hawkins from Lake Mills.

June 9: The road was pretty good and we passed Rattlesnake creek and Cedar Bluffs. Cedar Bluffs is a few scattering of cedars on the opposite side of the river from us. On the south side of the Platte we don't see much game, but there is plenty over the Bluffs and we see antelope and wolves and once in awhile a buffalo. Today we meet several wagons going back home on account of losing some of their Company by death. Made ten miles, passed nine graves.

June 10: We meet a team that was going back to Wisconsin and he took letters back from immigrants for 50 cents a letter.

June 12: We layed up most of the day on account of sickness. We had a man by the name of John Christian in our company and he took sick with cholera. He was unwell Friday night and Saturday af-

CHOLERA

ternoon we buried him. He had been taking down the names of all the immigrants that had died, looking at the head boards of every grave we passed. After he died we generally went right pass the graves as we thought he might have caught the disease by going to close to the graves. He had some children left behind, but no wife. He was a poor man,

working his passage through.

June 13: We had very poor grass where we camped last night so we hitched up and drove six or seven miles to have better feed for the cattle. While we were going along we had two more men of our Company took with the diarrhea and cholera. One of the men was Jerome Buck. He drove his team this morning almost to the campground then began to vomit as he sat in his wagon. He was very sick and old man Boyer drove his team for him to the campground, and then he was taken out of the wagon. He began to cramp and turn very black and he had the cholera very bad and appeared to suffer much. But we did all the Company knew how for him and the immigrants that passed would call and see him, but they said he was too far gone. After we had rubbed him and given him medicine and such like, he died and was buried on the same day. He had a wife and one child about two months old, and an orphan girl about twelve. The widow was left with two sows and two of the best and fastest yoke of oxen that I have ever seen on the road, and the wagon and provisions. But she had no money as he had none when he left the Bluffs and had paid his ferrying at Loupe ford with Indian meal out of his wagon. We layed up here all day on account of Fox has been sick too, but I think he will get well. The widow Mrs. Buck is going along with the company to California. The men of the company drive for her and take care of her team.

June 15: We made about eighteen miles today and ate our noon meal opposite what is called Chimney Rock. It is a rock on the south side of the Platte river that looks like a high chimney which can be seen for miles. Mr. Marsh was took sick with the cholera and the Company drove off the road to the river where they could get water. We saw a young man who had gone on ahead on a mule and he lay on the side of the road almost dead with cholera. We got him in the wagon and drove down to the water as quick as we could and camped. We gave the young man medicine and rubbed him, and did all we could for him. We had to sit up most of the night with him and Mr. Fox. My health is good but I am very much exposed to cholera.

June 16: Three of our wagons started out this morning with our two sick men and went about eight miles and nooned opposite Scotts Bluff. The rest of the Company soon came along with the news that they had buried Mr. Marsh. That leaves us with two widows now in

our company, each with two children. Mrs. Marsh is with her sister and brother-in-law and has teams and cows, and she goes along with the rest of us. She felt bad at losing her husband and having to bury him without a coffin, just wrapped up in a buffalo skin. We made about twenty miles and camped. Our young man was very bad with the cholera and with our sick man Fox, thought it best to camp and let the rest of the Company go on ahead. We had not been camped more than an hour when our young man died and he was buried right off. That makes four men that we have buried.

June 17: We buried Fox tonight.

June 18: I took two letters to the Fort Laramie post office, one for Foxs' wife at Beloit, and one for my wife. It is the beginning of the mountains and the road is very hilly and stoney. This is the worse day on the cattle's feet that we have had since leaving home, but there is a good spring of water in the hills.

June 25: We are in no Company now so we camp alone after making eighteen miles. There are plenty of camps all around us but the grass is poor and we don't expect much for seventy miles. We are now at the last ferry on the Platte river {southern Wyoming} where the immigrants all come together from the south and north sides of the river.

June 26: The weather is pretty cool and good for cattle. We have not seen an ox have his tongue out with the heat for more than a week. We meet Californians returning home with mules of the best quality.

June 29: We pass the Independence Rock this afternoon and strike the Sweetwater river. Besides the Sweetwater crossing there were several whiskey tents and some bacon might be bought here. Independence Rock is the most wonderful rock I ever saw. It is very

MURDER ON THE TRAIL

large granite rock with no dirt on it, all very high, but so flat people can run right up it and there is hundreds of names printed on it by the passing immigrants. We found our cattle about dark, but we could not find our tent. We hunted for the tent and after awhile we found it, and we was glad.

June 30: Last night while we were camped another team came up and camped beside us, so we are travelling

together today. We pass the Devil's Gate and I expected we would have pretty hard roads through the Devil's Gate, but the road is first rate. We are now travelling over what is called the Snake Mountains and we pass some ten or twelve dead oxen that had died on the road. They appeared as they had drunk alkali water as they had swelled to a large for their skin and it looked like a barrel of water had run out of their mouths which was of a reddish color.

July 2: We forded Sweetwater creek and travelled sixteen miles passing what is called Alkali Lake. There is a considerable number of dead cattle on the road and today we heard of a murder. A man from Michigan was fetching another man through with him and they had a falling out. The man from Michigan got the other fellow to go hunting with him, apparently in good friendship. The murderer had a double-barreled shotgun and the murdered man had a rifle. When they got to some lonely place the man with the shotgun discharged one barrel right in the back of his head and the other barrel in the middle of his back. When the murdered man didn't show up the others in the Company began to suspect something. Finally the man from Michigan confessed that he had killed him in self defense. But they found the dead man and examined him and saw how he had been shot and how he had been beaten with the butt of a gun after he was shot. They found the man from Michigan guilty and put two wagon tongues together and hung him until he was dead. We also heard of another man and his son who had been murdered. Their throats had been cut by a Frenchman, or some kind of Indian, and their wagon stolen. They caught the Frenchman and as there were some trees handy they hung him, and left him hanging in the tree with a sign saying "fresh meat for sale."

July 3: We cross another river today and one of the wagons turned upside down throwing all the provisions into the water. Across the river appears to be nothing but desert, just sage brush and sand. There was a buffalo chased by some hunters heading toward us and we saw him coming and everybody had their guns ready. We put a good many balls into him and brought him down. I eat some of the beef today. Off in the distance we saw mountains with snow on them.

July 5: We made eighteen miles and camped near what is called the South Pass {near the Continental Divide} and I

was on a snow drift eight or ten feet deep. I eat snow and throw snowballs on the 5th day of July! We forded the Sweetwater river again for the last time. We have forded this river now nine times, forward and backward, just as the road goes. It is not bad fording if people

FRONTIER JUSTICE

be careful and gentle with their teams.

July 6: Today we pass what is called the Pacific Springs. It is nothing more than a spring in a kind of a wet place like our marshes in Wisconsin. We drove about twenty-two miles to what is called Little Sandy where we found plenty of water. It was very dark when we got to Little Sandy and it was a very rainy night. We just took the yokes off the cattle and let them go. Then we got some sticks and struck up a little fire in a sheet-iron stove and made a cup of tea and layed down till morning.

July 7: We left Little Sandy and drove about eight miles and camped with Cloudy Company from Wisconsin. Cloudy Company got the start on us this morning owing to us getting in late last night, and the old man and I went after the cattle. We expected we could get them in a hurry as we had been with them till breakfast was ready. We ate breakfast and Frank and his wife was hurrying to pull up the tents and pack the dishes away while the old man and I went after the cattle. We looked and found them a mile away, so we had to go get them which threw us very late back to the wagon. When we get back Frank was very wrathful and began to jaw us around like two apprentice boys, and saying very provoking words and fussing. I had a yoke in my hand and was fixing the bow key when he came like a wrathful boss and plucked the yoke out of my hand, saying if it was going to take me all day. I thought I was average smart enough to put on three yokes to his two and told him so. The old man and I came pretty near to pitching him out and agreed to divide off with him. Well, when it came to it he would not do it, so we all started off in perfect hatred, as neither the old man nor I liked his company, and caught up with Cloudy Company.

July 8: We are travelling now with Cloudy Company from Wisconsin, called the Badger Boys. The road is very

good and we made seventeen miles, and camped along Sandy river. Here the road divided: one goes to Salt Lake the other to Green River. Some of our company went to Salt Lake and calculate to meet us again later. Frank and one of our partners had been making a bargain, unknown to the old man and me, to join Cloudy Company. When we get to the river Frank comes up with another wagon and says he wants to divide the provisions. But we told him to hold on, we got to settle first. We showed him our accounts and we had some considerable due us, but they was waiting to ferry our wagon across. So we crossed the river and the old man said he would call it even if I would say we agreed to divide off tomorrow.

July 10: We left the river this morning and drove ten miles and layed up for the day to rest our teams. Here the mosquitoes was so thick we could not stand it. We divided our provisions and our cattle with Frank.

July 11: The old man and I started out this morning with our three yoke of oxen. We sawed the wagon box off some and coupled it up shorter. Having only half the provisions and half the cattle it seems to go a great deal better. We have no hard feelings among us but I think we did well to divide up. We travelled part of the day with a company from Oregon.

July 13: Laying up here on Hams creek. There is considerable many Indians here and they have a good many horses and ponies which look very well, as they are fat. They have some French horses and some American horses, and there is some French men among the Indians and they trade a good deal with the Indians and the immigrants. The squaws make moccasins and sell them to the immigrants. There were two or three squaws rode up to our camp today dressed up and beaded off very nicely. They had a bay horse about as pretty as I ever saw. I visited a good many of the Indian tents today, and the immigrants traded lead and powder and guns for moccasins and deer skins and such like. There are fish in the creek and the old man shot one and we ate him along with some gooseberries we had sweetened up.

July 14: This morning as we were hitching up a fray took place between Holmstead and Dunmore. They was quarreling and swearing pretty hard at one another, and finally Dunmore pitched on to Holmstead while we sat eating breakfast. They was a scuffling in

the camp about a minute and when they parted Dunmore said that Holmstead had stabbed him and requested we get something out of his valise to keep him from fainting. He laid down on the ground and we asked him where he had been stabbed. He put his hand on his belly but did not say anything. We unbuttoned his pants and vest and looks, and sure enough, he had the knife in his belly. The wound did not bleed much but the blood came out of his mouth. He died in about ten minutes. Holmstead was walking about to and fro in the camp and I asked him how he felt about stabbing him and told him Dunmore was dead. He said he would give all the world if it had not happened. Some of the men were angry at him, others in his favor. He said that whatever the Company might do to him was all right with him. We decided to drive on as the teams were all hitched and wait until the next day to have a trial. Dunmore had left a wife and three children in Illinois, and Holmstead and Dunmore had been neighbors back there.

July 15: Condys Company is laying up today to have the trial but Boyer and I hitched up and started out and drove about three miles up Bear river and camped along with some other men from the Company who would not travel with it anymore because they did not like Holmstead. Some men came along and told us the jury had cleared him, that he was fighting in self defense. The jury was from another train and was smart intelligent men. Holmstead had a fair trial. I visited several Indian camps today and they wore buffalo and wolf skins and had a large owl they had tamed but kept him fast by a small board to his leg.

July 18: Today we passed the Soda Springs {Sulpher springs} which is about the greatest thing I have ever seen. The water boils out of the rock nice and strong.

CALIFORNIA

July 31: Made about twenty miles today and there is grass and water plenty. Camped beside a small creek that has warm water that comes from the hot springs two or three miles above.

August 1: Layed up this forenoon at the creek of warm water, and in the afternoon go ten miles and pass the hot springs. I could not put my hand in the

water a minute or they would be scalded. I could hardly believe it as there was a spring of cold water right next to it.

August 5: Camped on the bank of Marys river and drove our cattle across to feed. The river is not what I expected, it is only about two or three rods wide and 2 1/2 feet deep.

August 7: We started early this morning so as to get over the hills to the river again. We passed twelve or fourteen Indians — pretty good looking fellows — and they appear quite friendly. We had pretty hard roads that were very stoney and rocky, but mostly down hill. We forded the Humboldt river and camped.

August 8: We don't see so many dead cattle on this road now, maybe from four to six a day, but I see a great many lame cattle, and one of my oxen goes pretty lame today.

August 11: It is a very fine day, but dusty. We see packers passing every day now. Some left their teams of oxen off at Salt Lake and they buy provisions from the immigrants. We sold them considerable hard bread as food sugar is worth 50 cents, bacon 25 cents. Saw a young woman packing through with three young men. I don't think it looks hardly well of a young woman with young men sleeping without tents or anything.

August 19: We went down the meadow for about five miles this morning then layed up the rest of the day to cut grass for the trip across the desert that is ahead of us.

August 20: We are laying up yet on the big meadow cutting hay and baking bread and pies. There is traders here from California buying cattle and horses, and selling brandy, whiskey and tobacco, but no provisions to speak of. Yesterday the old man bought a few pounds of bacon at 38 cents a pound and a half pound of tea for \$1.00.

August 21: We left the big meadow and travelled twenty-two miles to the bank of the Humboldt. We got to the creek and I viewed it some. It looks to me like a lake and all around it is a valley about fifteen miles across, and where the water don't stand it is brushes and sage and grass, and begins to spread over the ground and forms what I call a large marsh, and sinks and dries like our marshes in Wisconsin.

August 22: We started out this morning for the desert. We took hay and water along and came to the boiling spring. These springs are very curious to me, they boil up just as hard as any water I ever saw boiled on a fire, and would scald a fellow to death very quick.

August 23: We got across the desert this morning all right. Saw several wagons that had been cut up and left on the desert, and one bull and one cow that was tied out and left. I also saw many that had died. We crossed Trucky river and camped the rest of the day. We got some fresh beef at a trading post for 30 cents a pound, and onion for 10 cents. I believe we are now in California.

August 24: It would be impossible to drive through this country if it wasn't for the rivers — it is almost perfect desert otherwise.

August 29: We drove six miles and watered our cattle, and then drove along to Begaths ranch. Here the road forks — one leading to Feather river, the other to 76. We took the 76 road.

August 30: We travelled to Feather river and sold our cattle and wagon for \$215. We took the pay in gold dust. We are within six miles of 76 and five miles of Jimison creek.

August 31: We are fixing this morning to pack. We packed about ten miles and camped with other packers. We throwed or gave away our guns, molds, powder and lead to a carpenter that was to work at the Rough & Ready Quartz Works. We sold our shovel here for \$1.00. The road is not fit for teams and wagons. The mountains are very high and roads very bad at this place. There is one store and it appears to be a gambling shop as I see the fixings. I think they get out a good deal of gold. They have good water power and good machinery here and the rock seems pretty rich. They get it out very high in the mountains and slide it down a kind of a race that they have fixed up. Then they have water power to smash it, and then grind it with mules and big hard-head stones. Then they wash it and get the gold.

September 1: We packed today and crossed some very hard mountains. It was hard work as we have very heavy loads, but we don't expect to pack more than a day or two. We meet several Spanish ladies which rode on mules, and some Spanish men. They was dressed in sheer silks. Then we passed on for a mile or so to Slate Creek House. Here is good diggings when the wet season is on, but not much going on now. The owner of the Slate House was killed this spring by three men who knocked him in the head with an ax and buried him in a hole. They found the men and hung them on trees in the front of the house. We travelled on from Slate House to Whiskey Town and bought some beef, and camped.

September 2: From Whiskey Town to Mountain Creek House is six miles, then from Mountain Creek House to Lexington House, where we bought three pounds of meat for 90 cents. There is houses all along this road, about every four miles, which keeps entertainment, especially whiskey.

September 3: We have been traveling with some man from Iowa, then took the left road down to the Uba River where there is plenty of digging going on. We looked around and found things out a little, and then we hired out for \$80 a month. We wanted \$100 a month, but the man said if after one week he thought we were worth it he would give of \$100 a month. So we got our things out and went to work the next day.

September 4: We commenced work today, and it is pretty hard work, but we have not worked for so long that we are not used to it. My work was helping to roll and pull rock out of the river bottom so we could dig.

September 12: I washed a couple of shirts and rested as we do not work on Sundays. I have been well all week and have worked mostly rolling rocks out of the river. We have a pretty good opening now ready to go down to the bedrock where we expect to find gold. There is about twenty of us here working for the Missouri Company. I work six days for \$80 a month, and now they like me they give me \$100 a month. Today I wrote a letter to my wife and sent a check for \$100.

Sam Chadwick reached California in late August and worked several months for the Missouri Mining Company. Eventually he left to return to Wisconsin, traveling by boat as far as Milwaukee, and walking the rest of the way home. Sewed into his belt was \$3,000 in gold. He continued to farm the old homestead (section 26) and at the time of his death in 1900 owned 192 acres of choice farm land. Part of the original building built by Sam Chadwick still survives, and is located on the farm now owned by Harold Kuhl on Missouri road a few miles southeast of the village.

Sam had married Rebecca La Suer in July 1850, and eleven children, seven sons and four daughters, were born to them.