

The 1919 Homecoming and Chatauqua of Albany With Pioneer Reminiscences & List of Attendees

Albany Vindicator, April 3, 1919

The Invitation:

Did You Ever Live In Our Town

Did you ever live in our town?
If you did, you are kindly welcome there once more
To the pretty little village of your childhood
Nestling close along old Sugar River shore.

It's going to be the scene of great rejoicing
For our soldier boys are coming home to stay
And our joy will be as great on their returning
As our sorrow when we saw them march away.

In the month of the golden rod and aster
Ere summer time has scarcely passed its noon
There will be gladsome days for old friends united
And gala nights beneath her harvest moon.

Then come back to the old scenes of your childhood
Where once you shared our sorrows and our joys
And help us with a rousing celebration
To welcome home our gallant soldier boys.

Come and shake the hand of your old acquaintances
And renew the golden days of Auld Lang Syne
While we all give a welcome to the ladies
Who helped to chase the Kaiser o'er the Rhine.

Dear Friend:

Our Albany homecoming is planned to honor and welcome our soldier boys who we hope will all be back by August. We know from every letter received from camps and overseas that home has been much in their thoughts and that they would all like to come back when the country's need of their services is over. We hope when you receive this paper you will be homesick to see the beautiful Sugar River and old friends who are here. Just to start your thoughts wandering among the memories of early days, I want to give you a few leading items that will suggest others to you.

Previous to 1829, this part of the country was the home of the Winnebago Indians. In that year, the government and the Indians made an agreement giving white settlers

permission to locate west of the Sugar River in what is now Green County. The remainder of the land in Green County was secured in 1833.

The first settlements in Green County were at Clarno and Exeter—the latter a famous lead mining town. Clarno has the record of the first marriage in 1831; the first school house in 1837 and the first preacher **Daniel Howe**. (Transcriber's note, see later letter from H.M.F. regarding the fact that the name should be Henry rather than Daniel Howe.)

The first settler to locate in Albany Township was **James Campbell** who came in 1839. He took up a claim on land now owned by **Gotfried Klossner**. Of course, the beautiful spring was the attraction there. With him came **John Sutherland** and together they cut logs and built a log cabin. The next year Mr. Campbell married and brought his bride to his pioneer home. Campbell's Ford was Albany's first name. It was not long until other settlers moved into the township. One was **Hiram Brown** who built his home by another fine spring. This farm is now owned by **Richard Croake** and is occupied by **E.L. Gillette** and family. Mr. Brown came in 1842 and so did **John Broughton, and Joshua Whitcomb**. Very shortly after **Christopher Meinert, S.L. Eldred** (whose son **Stephen** was the first white child born in the township), **Daniel Smiley, Samuel Mitchell, Asa Comstock, Thomas Pryce, John Chase, Richard Hamer, John Wood and George Bagley** followed. Just looking over these names, I remember every one of these men, sturdy, strong characters, they not only built up splendid farms but were prominent men in county affairs. Three of the farms of these early settlers, those of Joshua Whitcomb, Asa Comstock and Daniel Smiley, are still in the possession of the heirs.

Now, for the early settlements in Albany

By

Mrs. M. I. Tibbetts

In the spring of 1845, **Dr. S.F. Nichols** and my father **Capt. E.O. Pond**, of Newark, New York, decided to go west. They had no definite place in mind but when they came to southern Wisconsin it seemed an ideal place and they decided to locate at "Campbell's Ford". In the spring of 1846 they built a double log cabin on the ground now owned by **George Billings** and occupied by Schisser's Bakery. This log cabin served as shelter for the two families until the fall of that year when a frame building was built by my father on the ground now occupied by Robert's Drug Store. This building contained the post office, grocery, merchandise, and furnishings accommodated for the travelers passing through Albany from Janesville to Mineral Point by stage. This building was soon replaced by a larger and more permanent house which in later years was moved and is now owned and occupied by Colonel Dixon. My father was the first merchant and post master and Dr. Nichols was the first physician in the village.

The first 4th of July celebration in Albany was in 1846, the year of our coming. It was a picnic on the Litel Bank grounds. 73 were present, and four are living today: Mrs. **Louisa M. Warren**, of Janesville, Wisconsin; **Mrs. Chloe Hewett** and myself of Albany and **Mr. M.V. Nichols** of Beatrice, Nebraska. **Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flint** were on their wedding trip from Janesville to their new home two miles west of Albany and reaching here at noon were our guests. **Dr. S.F. Nichols** welcomed each arrival and at

the appointed hour explained our object to building a village. We sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and other melodies. The same year was our first wedding. A young man thought it nice to charivari. **Dr. Nichols** being equal to the occasion prepared the usual treat but he flavored it with ipecac and these young fellows were soon looking for a place to rest, on the ground or anywhere. For a long time it was not safe to mention charivari to these boys and the remaining daughters were allowed to marry unmolested.

The first hardware store was conducted by my brother-in-law **Captain Hewitt**. The first jeweler was **Andrew Burger**. The first teacher was **Jas. Barnes** and taught in a little stone school where **John Nichol's** house now stands. The first teacher on the east side was **Ed Rockwood**; the school house stood where the present one now stands.

I was married to **Zebina Warren** in the fall of 1850 and the following spring we moved into our newly finished house and this has been my home ever since. Count up the years that this kindly old brick house has sheltered me and let me know if any of you have occupied your home as many years as I have.

Albany's part in the Civil War, our disastrous fire in the '80's, I leave to others to recount. By this story I have told of earlier days and because I am nearly 92, I do not want you to infer that I am a feeble old woman sitting by the fire and living in the past. I planted and tended my war garden and my neighbors tell me it was a good one. I am making plans to put in my victory garden. I have contributed my share in all the war fund campaigns and have followed with interest our progress in the war and rejoiced when our boys turned the tide of impending defeat into victory. Now I have my Chatauqua arrangements made and expect to meet and greet our soldier boys, both from the Civil War and World War with my good friends at the homecoming next August. I shall look forward with interest to the letters in the Vindicator from friends who are now living away from here.

Albany's Attitude Towards the Civil War

(Transcriber's Note, I believe this is attributed to **D.S.Hulburt**)

Albany and vicinity surely has not been slack during the world war, both in sending young men and in doing her bit in work, furnishing money and in every other conceivable way. Let us look back 58 years and see what attitude she bore towards the Civil War. War began on April 12, 1861 when the Confederates fired the first gun at Charleston, answered by one from the North from St. Sumter. On May 10, just a month later, Albany sent out her first men, **Rodney Johnson and Robert W. Raynor**, both enlisting in the 5th Wisconsin and on May 13, **Robert H. Hewitt** enlisted in the 1st Wisconsin as a band master, the latter serving the three months for which all the first soldiers enlisted, then coming home and enlisting again for a longer term in the 18th Wisconsin. **Abner Webb**, now a resident of Albany, enlisted on April 22, 1861 from Monroe, the county seat. He was the second man to enlist from the county in the 3rd Wisconsin Regiment.

From time to time many others enlisted; we are unable to give the exact figures or even a rough estimate although Albany Township is credited with a total of 99 from October of 1863 to the end of the war, her quota being 95. And we know that prior to that time her credits reached or over reached her quota.

Several parts of companies were organized here in the village by **Captains Burns, Hewitt and Flint**. Most of the men were trained here in the village in military tactics (took their first lessons in the awkward squad) and then went into encampments in different places, Prairie du Chien (Ft. Crawford), Madison (Camp Ramdall), Racine, Janesville and Milwaukee. The barracks in which they were placed were similar to those the boys have now except at Prairie du Chien. This was an old Indian fort made of solid stone 40 rods square, two story, the lower floor being used as a mess hall and the upper story as sleeping quarters; the bunks being four tier. In these barracks were jails, officer's headquarters and hospital quarters. The four corners were iron gates for passing in and out. The open well and flag poles were in the center of the fort. This stone enclave was large enough to enable a whole regiment to drill at once, a regiment consisting of 1,000 men (ten companies of 100 each.)

Of course, we are unable to give the casualties, wounded, or dead but know that they were great. The furloughs those veterans received were mostly sick furloughs, some often remaining at home for a month or more, were able to go back and others were not, having died at home or were so disabled that they remained at home being unfit for service. These boys were mustered out or honorably discharged as we say now, they were mustered out as they went in. For instance, the 1st Wisconsin being the first regiment to go it was the first to be mustered out. We cannot give an account of their home coming as those who have witnessed the present day boys returning to their homes will know how the Civil War boys.

The following are the few who now reside in Albany the rest having answered the roll call up yonder.

Abner Webb

F.D. Roberts

Thomas McMinniman (Mack)

Moses Sylvester

Preston Jordan

Ed Wessel

Alonzo Wilson

P. Edwards

Mr. King

E.S. Fessendon

Sebastian Duerst

A.R. Bennett

Jas. Root (in Attica)

Richard Burns and John Smith who were formerly residents of Albany but are now in the Soldier's Home.

Albany Vindicator, May 1, 1919

Letter from Silas Lewis

Mt. Pleasant Township

There are at present a few men here of the old pioneer families still living in the township of Mt. Pleasant and the surrounding country. They are: **T.O. Silver, son of Artemus Silver, John and Theophilus Lewis, sons of John Lewis, Silas Lewis son of Benjamin Lewis**, all Mt. Pleasant families. Also, **Elias and H.R. Lewis, sons of Benjamin Lewis**, both of Albany and **Alonzo Silver son of Christopher Silver** also of Albany.

Probably the first settler was **Henry Mitchell** of England who came to Wisconsin in 1832 and five years later did some breaking in Section 9 in the township of Mt. Pleasant. Later settlers were **A.F. Steadman** who settled on Section 18 in 1841; **John Troy and three Rimber brothers** settled on Section 28 in 1842; **Christopher and Artemus Silver and Pliny Colton** who came to Mt. Pleasant in 1845. A year later **John Lewis**, a native of Wales, settled on Section 19 where he resided until his death in 1895. About nine years later his brother **Benjamin** settled on Section 11. **Thomas Fenton** was another pioneer who settled on Section 1 in 1847.

It would be an interesting sight to many people today to see the ox teams the pioneers used in breaking, sometimes as many as six yoke of oxen hitched to a large breaking plow that cut furrows two feet wide and also cut off roots of trees five or six inches thick that might be in the way. Often wagon loads of people drawn by oxen would be seen on the way to visit friends. Usually the oxen went on low speed until they came to the descent of a long steep hill when they would go down in high. One of the tasks of the farm boys was to break in young cattle to the yoke. In the early days the farmer took his produce to Janesville and often to Milwaukee.

The first school in Mt. Pleasant was Monticello in 1845 in the home of **A.F. Steadman**. A few years later schools were established in other sections—rude log cabins that were filled to their capacity, having often 60 pupils in attendance. Some boys who had served in the Civil War came back to the old school house and attended school in their uniforms. As they marched in at the call of school they received many admiring glances from the younger pupils. **Hon. D.H. Morgan**, County Superintendent of Schools a resident of the town of Mt. Pleasant was a welcome visitor because he was so friendly and genial towards the boys and girls. The teacher had a practical education. They could call and yoke up oxen as well as teach Ray's High Arithmetic and bookkeeping.

The first poor farm purchased in Green County was in Mt. Pleasant and it contained 180 acres and was bought for 42,900 and is now located in Section 21 and owned by **Frank Feldt**.

The farms that raised sheep took the washed wool to a carding mill that was operated by **James Crompton** at Attica in Brooklyn Township. The wool was made into small rolls about two feet long from which mothers and girls spun and was woven into cloth. The

garments made from this cloth were warm and durable but not very comfortable when first worn. Later the Monticello Woolen Mill was established. It was established and owned by **Thomas Sears** who came to Wisconsin in 1849. This mill was equipped for weaving and is now owned by **D. Kennedy and Sons**.

Monticello, one of the prosperous villages in Green County, is in Mt. Pleasant Township. One of the old pioneer residents lives in that village. It is **Mrs. Martha J. Richards**, and mother of **S.E. Richards**, editor of the Monticello Messenger.

Letter from **W.L. Sadler**

The first time I came to Albany was in March of 1855. That time I think there were but two stores, one kept by **Burt and Harris** and the other by **Ephraim Bowes(?) Bowen(?)**. the grist mill was owned by the **Warren Brothers**, a saw mill and the little stone school house comprised a considerable part of the village. Soon after, the Warren brothers built a store and dwelling. Also **James Campbell** built a store and dwelling. He named his store "Headquarters" which he said was "the place to trade". I attended school there in the new school house when it was first occupied by **Ed Rockwood** as the teacher. In the fall of 1858, I came to Albany to live. I worked for **Parker Dodge**, making flour barrels. I was there during the presidential campaign of 1860. I was a member of the Wide Awakes commanded by **Captain Eugene Warren**. I was present at the Bar B Que in September of 1861 and helped roast the ox and incidentally some chickens.

One incident occurred in the fall of 1860—one evening uncle **Jim Campbell** was driving in from his farm with a load of wheat. It was just dusk. He was down by the river putting some hoops to soak. He heard a team coming down the hill on the east side on a fast trot. Then he heard a crash. He ran over there to see what happened. At the same time Uncle Jim came upon the bridge on the east side, the **widow Gillette** drove at a fast gait on the other end of the bridge. Uncle Jim's horses became frightened and backed off the bridge. The horses, wagon, wheat, Uncle Jim and all went into the river. As I arrived, Uncle Jim was crawling out of the water. I said to him "Uncle Jim, are you hurt?" He, in his stentorian voice, said "hurt, no, a man that is born to be hung will never be drowned." A crowd had gathered by this time and we rescued the horses, and load very little damage having been done.

Having been rejected from army service, I was married at Albany on the 2nd October, 1861 to **Maria Sylvester, J.B. Perry** officiating, **William Hudson and wife** being present. I then moved out of town to Sylvester and resided there until November of 1864. My wife's family (**C.R. Sylvester**) moved to Rock County and I also went with them. When we first came here it was a wilderness of pine and other timber. But the lumber jacks, axes and forest fires have left but little timber or wood of any description.

Letter from **Belle Harper**, Junction City, Oregon

We received a copy of the Vindicator a few days ago and an invitation to the homecoming week. How I would enjoy coming back and meeting old friends but as daddy and I are the only ones living on the ranch, I think it cannot be, but what a time it will be.

In February of 1893 we sold our holdings and came to Eugene, Oregon and lived there during the summer and in the fall bought and moved onto the farm we now occupy. Our family is all married except the youngest boy who is in the service, aviation section. When we heard last, he was near Bordeaux, France. WE are on what is known as a Pacific Highway, ten miles north of Eugene and if any of the old Albany people come out here call on us. Our road will be paved this summer.

Editor's Note: **Mrs. Belle Harper's young name was Belle Baker**, sister of **Charlie Baker and Mrs. Sylvester Purinton**. Her letter is just the kind of hearty friendly message we would expect of the Bakers to write. There are other folks from near Eugene we are hoping to hear from.

Letter from **Dennis Martin**

It has been a pleasure to read of the old settlers, their letters many of whom we remember very well. Although it has been more than forty years since we left Albany, we hold many memories of the village and neighbors and it remains the old "home town". We hope to attend the homecoming and greet old friends.

Editor's Note: In the house that stood until a few years ago, close to where **Jacob Rhyner's** new house is now built, Dennis Martin and his bride went to housekeeping. On December 24, last, at their Iowa home, they celebrated their Golden Wedding. Mr. Martin is an uncle of **Mrs. S.L. Gothompson** and a warm friend of many early residents.

Letter from **S.R.Park**

Not being an old resident, and I do not want to qualify as such, but I think I am eligible for the adopted son's committee and please say to **Bluff Fleek** that I report that I stay sober and would ask that he and **George Atherton** try to deport themselves in the best way possible so as to have a nice, quiet time during the festivities.

Editor's Note: Of course you are a resident, Sam, any one who can tell as many funny stories as you is entitled to an old resident's ticket.

Letter from **Mrs. L.M. Ensfield(?) Engfield(?)**, Kamteh, Idaho

I was much pleased to receive your special copy of the Vindicator and the homecoming sounds very good to me. It was a real treat to read Mrs. Tibbett's letter and her kind words about my father, **John Broughton** and your mention of my brother, John. I am now a long distance from my own home in Iowa with my daughter and can assure you nothing would give me more pleasure than to be in southern Wisconsin next August.

Albany Vindicator, May 15, 1919

Letter from **Harmon L. Crittendon** of Rockford(?)

I was born near your beautiful little city on March 1, 1864. My folks lived near the big rock in the Chamberlain woods. I went to school at the William Hill school house and **Charlie Morgan** was my teacher one winter. I was in Albany last summer again for the first time in 29 years and had a nice visit with **Dr. Morgan and his wife**. My father, **Leander N. Crittendon**, used to play the fiddle for the old time house parties or dances with **Andrew Wessel** around the neighborhood where we lived fifty years ago. I shall be glad to meet you all at the home coming this summer if I can possibly be there and I do not know of anything now that will hinder me.

Editor: In a recent issue of the Vindicator there was a letter from **Mrs. Patty Elliott** who is a sister of **Harmen Crittendon**. In our comments we mentioned Harmen who visited here last summer. His letter is very interesting to the folks who formerly lived in the old Hill and Sutherland neighborhoods and we would like to hear from some of them who participated in the parties he speaks of. We are glad this old friend is planning to spend his vacation with us in August and know he will meet old acquaintances of his boyhood days.

Letter from **S.M. Gilbertson**, 431 West 66th Street, Chicago, Illinois May 5, 1919
Please find enclosed \$2.00 for the Vindicator. Of course, we will be there for the home coming.

Letter from **C.W. Davis**, Whitewater, Wisconsin, May 5, 1919

I am quite interested in the home coming and anxiously wait for the time. I always speak of Albany as home but was much surprised a couple weeks ago visiting the old town to find so many new and nice dwellings. So after visiting until noon, I went out on the bridge where we used to run foot races across the old bridge and I do not think I have ever seen the Sugar River looking so nice. It does a person good to read the letters from the different ones but with sadness I read of **Ella Lemmel's** afflictions as the older ones will know that I was with the Lemmels most of the time while I learned my trade with **Will Lemmel**. I was born 49 years ago last November on what was known by the old timers as the **Sutton** farm now **Frank Stephenson** farm so I am an old settler. The old boys all looked good to me especially "**Dad Harrington**" one of the best old boys that ever lived in old Albany. Will be there with my hair in braids.

Editor: It's all right, Charlie, we expect you back and we will run foot races with you again across the bridge if you want to and beat you too but do not tell your kids all the tricks we used to be up to. We have our dignified reputations to maintain here and it is useless for us to deny any of your stories when you always have **Andrew Wessel** along with you to guarantee everything you say.

Letter from Shellnock, Iowa, **J.S. Neal**, April 28, 1919

Enclosed please find fifty cents for the paper until September 1. There is another party here besides myself and sister **Mrs. Lydia Rowley** who will enjoy reading the Vindicator. That is **Mary Jane Young, formerly Mary Jane Burkholder, daughter of Henry Burkholder** who at one time lived at a little town started across the river from

Albany and about two miles up the river. Thanks for the sample copy. One copy will do all three of us as Mrs. Young lives next door. We wish you all a happy home coming.

Editor: **Mrs. Neal and Mrs. Lydia Rowley are children of J.M. Whitcomb's sister Roxy Whitcomb Neal.** The old Whitcomb home in Mt. Pleasant is now owned and occupied by Andrew Oliver. We wish Mrs. Neal would send us a little more information about the town where she used to live. She may mean Attica. We hope she will clear this up if there was a town started we do not know of.

Evansville, Wisconsin, May 1, 1919

Enclosed please find \$1 for which please send me the Albany Vindicator

Mrs. Marvin Patterson

Editor: **Letitia Finn** is well remembered by old neighbors in and near Attica. She is a sister of our townsman **William Finn**. It was our privilege to know their mother **Mrs. Finn** during the last years she lived on the farm and the memory of that cheerful, helpful friend is one of our most precious possessions. Mrs. Patterson does not say if she is coming over in August but we are hoping to see her just the same.

Letter from **Mrs. Seth Hewitt**, Arlington, South Dakota, April 26, 1919

I want to thank you for sending the sample copy of the paper of the home coming. There is no place on earth dearer to me than Albany. Enclosed please find \$1 for the paper for the balance of the year.

Editor: The **Hewitts and the Bells** are well remembered in Albany. **Mrs. Hewitt**, before her marriage, was one of the popular teachers in our county. The old Hewitt home was in Mt. Pleasant and was purchased by **Christopher Malkow** who lives there now with his son Herman. We wonder if Mrs. Hewitt remembers when her father's home in Mt. Pleasant was burned. **Uncle Peter Bell** was at one of the neighbor's in the bottom of a well doing some repairs when the alarm was given. All of his helpers ran to the fire leaving him in the well. He got out but said he never knew how and followed the others to the fire. The house and most of the contents were destroyed. We are expecting the Hewitt family in August.

Letter from **Jonathan Swancutt**, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, April 30, 1919

On arriving home a short time ago I found a copy of the Vindicator awaiting my return. I was pleased to learn of the home coming to be held in Albany in August which I expect to attend. I met a number of friends from Albany and Monroe in Long Beach this winter. Also a large number at the Wisconsin picnic held at Sycamore Grove in Los Angeles. I think it will be a real pleasure to visit the old town near where I spent about three years of the early part of my life working on the farm, going to school, fishing and swimming in the old Sugar River and later going to school in Monroe and teaching in that vicinity. Yes, I am coming to see you all again and will have a royal good time and hope to meet many more old comrades at the home coming.

Editor: The old **Swancutt** home was purchased by **J.N. Davis** who still resides there. The writer of the above letter was widely known in this part of the country as he taught in a number of schools and his many friends here are glad that he is planning to come back in August. We just have an idea that he can tell us a lot of good stories of the days when he and **Richard Davis** were boys together. We understand that Mr. Swancutt has two daughters attending the University Of Wisconsin.

Letter from **G.W. Bartertscher & Company**, Brodhead, April 30, 1919

Thanks for sending the copies we enjoyed reading them. Enclosed please find \$1 for our subscription.

Editor: We presume the “& Company” you refer to are the twins you are so proud of.

Letter from **Florence McCormick**, Coconut Grove, Florida, April 29, 1919

Please find enclosed post office money order for \$1 to send me the Vindicator for one year. I received the home coming number that you forwarded to me. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed them for they have told me so much about the people I used to know in the long ago and I am so glad to hear about them again.

Editor: When we asked **Mrs. Maggie Hewitt Bishop** to tell us something about **Florence Montgomery**, she said “I do remember her. She went to school with me and so did her two brothers. She had beautiful, dark, curly hair and she was a mighty good little girl”. The old **Montgomery home** with its fine trees and beautiful view of the river is still one of the most pleasant places in Albany. It is now owned and occupied by **M.E. Murrey**. **Mrs. McCormick** was a young lady when she sent away from her home and we expect to find her looking just the same when she returns.

Albany Vindicator, June 26, 1919

The letters have been coming in so thick and fast that we have had no opportunity to tell you about the many old Albany friends **Addie Davis** met during her winter sojourn in Long Beach, California.

She returned to Albany a little more than a month ago and she commenced talking “home coming” as soon as she stepped off the train and has not lost a bit of interest yet. She met so many friends in California who formerly lived here some we have not heard of in years and as she got rested from her journey she told us about them.

Her headquarters in California was the home of the **Warren girls**, as she always speaks of them. Their home is a sort of clearing house for Albany people and few get by Long Beach without calling at their home or at the store where **Grace and Genevieve** are employed. **Mate** is the gracious hostess of the home, the same as she was in Albany however now, we are sorry to say, she greets her friends from her wheel chair.

While **Addie** was there **Jonathan Swancutt, Seth Hewitt and wife and son** were spending the winter in Long Beach and were frequent guests to the Warren home.

Orpha and Jetta Hulburt and **their uncle Loren** lived only seven blocks away and are neighbors just as they are here. **Bessie Cleveland Kennet's** husband was a first lieutenant stationed at Fort McArthur and they occupy a house in the officer's quarters, a beautiful house overlooking the sea. **Addie and Grace** spent one Sunday with them and they cannot speak too highly of Bessie's kind husband and two beautiful children. Since the war closed, they have returned to Salt Lake where he is an engineer for the mines.

We wonder if you remember "**Preacher Meredith**", as he was affectionately called. He used to live here and preach in nearly every school house in the early days. He was a brother of **Mrs. Ephraim Owens**. Well, his son, **Edwin**, from Iowa, was out there for a winter trip and was glad to meet old friends from Albany.

Now another name that we older ones will recall is **Marsh Kellogg**, brother of **Timothy Kellogg** and at one time a partner of **W. H. Knapp** here. He is living out there. **Will White**, who clerked for W. H. Knapp, was another old acquaintance who makes his home in California.

Mr. Bartlett, in his letter, mentions **Ed Noble** who conducted a hardware store here in the early days. His son Henry was born and raised here. He is a nephew of **Mrs. Florence Babcock** of our village. **Henry Noble** has made his fortune in Oklahoma and was out in California last winter looking for a home. Charles Babcock informs us he has purchased a home there. Another name mentioned by Mr. Bartlett was **H.B. Jobes** who had a general store here. Any number of us remember his son "**Earnie**" but do you know that he holds an important position as head of the silk department in a Los Angeles department store?

Fred Gelbach and his two children are living in Long Beach. Fred went out there to spend the winter but the climate proved so beneficial for the children that he has bought a lot and expects to build and make Long Beach his permanent home.

Among the other former Albany people were **Mrs. Warren Howard and her daughter Ella Howard Hatch**.

The Fulton family was well represented in California last year. **Mrs. Alma Fulton Baker and her mother** live at Pomona and her sister **Elizabeth** in Los Angeles. **Fred Humiston and wife and daughter** of Madison, **Henry Stephenson and wife and daughter** of Janesville were there through part of the winter and it is needless to say they enjoyed their family reunions in that beautiful land of sunshine.

Harvey Bouton and wife and Mrs. Sarah Bouton were winter visitors in San Diego. Addie was surprised one day while strolling across the beach to run across **Duane Ross, son of Nettie Jones Lewis**. He was out there enjoying himself and working to pay his expenses. Before she returned home she visited her brother **Will Davis** and family who live in Pasadena.

Letter from **George W. Bartlett** of New Glarus, Wisconsin

Reading some of the letters from the old timers somewhat gives me a little inspiration in that line being one of the old timers myself. I arrived in Albany as a boy with my father and his family in the fall of 1857 moving from Beloit. My father was a carriage and wagon maker and had his sloop in the second story of the stone building; blacksmith shops underneath run by **Mr. Dunkleberg** and pain shop next door. On the west side of Water Street next to the river a new building, south was a harness shop run by **Joe Graham**, next south a small grocery store and next a shoe shop run by **John Hahn** who lived upstairs over the shoe shop where **Mrs. Katie Reynolds** was born. At the north end of Water Street Was **Warren Brothers Dry Goods and Grocery Store** and on the opposite side of the street was James Campbell's large dry goods and grocery store, meat market, hardware and implements by **E.B. Noble, then E. Bowen, J.F. Chapman and Tray & Kellog, Burt and Harris** and others, general merchandise. The old grist mill was on the west side of the street and **E.B. Dorr's** blacksmith shop south of the mill. North of the mill was **Cooper Dodge's** cooper shop where hundreds of barrels were made for the flouring mill. Having no railroad at the time, all the flour had to be hauled by wagon and team to Brodhead, the nearest station. **Captain Furst(?)** had a large wagon made to carry extra large loads of flour with a four horse team. Many good teams were employed in the same business but only a few years later the chintz bugs got so numerous and destructive to wheat raising the farmers had to quit raising wheat and in the year, I think it was 1868—well, I am not sure of the year but it was after the big snowy winter and extremely cold winter that the spring following that winter we had the big flood. The river was the highest ever known and the ice being over three feet thick was carried down the river sweeping everything before it. **Warren's Grist Mill**, the saw mill, sash, door and blind factory, carding mill, dam and race, bridge and everything that was in the course of it. I remember seeing a large mill stone with a wooden hopper on top filled with wheat and a big rat sitting on top eating the wheat and apparently ticketed for New Orleans, floating down the stream as complacently as you please. That was one of the blue days for Albany as all those industries were its main support but the iron will of its citizens went to work to see what could be done. E.F. Warren, one of its most enterprising men, came to me and said "George", as I was but a boy then, "if you can take a subscription paper and set the people to subscribe \$3,000 in cash to be paid back to them in grinding or mill stuffs or cash in one year so I can have ready cash, then I will rebuild the flour mill at once". I myself drew up the subscription paper and circulated it and raised the full amount in two weeks time and turned it over to Mr. Warren. The next day he called me into the store and asked me to try on a fine overcoat and asked me how I liked it. I said "it fits well and looks good, but what about it?" He said "I wish to make you a present of same." The subscriptions were paid in and he built the mill that was burned down a short time ago and **Dr. Morgan** then built the beautiful new mill on the same power where the Warren mill stood south of where Dr. Morgan and Co. built the Albany Hardware and Specialty Factory one of the important industries of Albany, a purely home production from invention to completion.

I readily recall the incident related in **Mr. Sadler's** letter of **James Campbell** going off the bridge with team, load of grain, wagon and all. I was one of the first to be there and remember it well. Not long after my brother **J.E. Bartlett** then a young printer, was taking a ride with a lady friend and was met on the same end of the bridge and horse and

buggy, girl and self went of eth bridge on the north side, landed side up in the water and non one hurt except for the fright.

Among the annals of those we do not want to forget is the building of the railroad in Albany. This old line was called the Sugar River Valley Railroad and was started in the days previous to the commencement of the Civil War and was graded from Brodhead to Albany, **S.A. Pond, Dr. Nichols, Jas. Campbell and the Warren brothers** being the heavy stock holders. At that time the Civil War broke out and the building of the rail road was abandoned and of course the stock became depreciated in value and many times attempts were made to rehabilitate the building of the road without success. Finally, **J. H. Warren** and myself had a very spirited talk over the subject and he promised to go at once to Milwaukee and lay a project before **Alexander Mitchell**, president of the C.M. & St. Paul Railway, to the effect that the stock holders of the S.R.V.R.R. would give to the C.M. & St. Paul Railway the road bed and right of way free if they would put on the rails and rolling stock and operate the road to Albany. Mr. Mitchell was going to New York the next day to meet with the C.M. & St. Paul board and invited Mr. Warren to go with him and the project was laid before the board and they agreed with Mr. Warren that if they would give them a title to said railroad bed and right of way and pay for the ties put on same and leveling up the road bed they would put on the rail and rolling stock and operate the road. Now it would cost about \$8,000 to pay for the ties and Mr. Warren proposed to me that if we would get the people to give by a subscription the \$8,000 we could get the road built to Albany. Mr. Warren alone, as near as I can remember it, became responsible. Anyway, I went at it with the help of others and got the amount subscribed and the railroad was built from Brodhead to Albany and a very enthusiastic meeting was held after the road was completed in honor of J.H. Warren for the very effective work he did. **H.B. Jones** wrote a poem which was published in the Albany Journal called "Hon. H.B. Warren, the Moses of Albany."

One more incident I want to refer to is the time of the great Bar-B-Que held on the west side of the river, spoken of in a correspondent's letter. At that time, Albany had two rival bands, both "cracker jacks", the Saxhorn Band, composed of about eighteen pieces and the Young America Band, of about the same number, both trying to excel the other. I remember on this occasion the Young America boys had ordered their band suits and beautiful scarlet capes and how they came the night before the day of the Bar-B-Que. I was a member of the Young America Band at the time. The two brass bands and the two martial bands were in the parade that day. In one of the martial bands **Uncle Daniel Wessel and his boys Ed and Andrew and John Sherbonda** played. The other was led by **Captain Foust** and his two sons played and a fifer whose name I have forgotten. **Charles G. Williams** was the speaker on this occasion. It was the beginning of the Civil War and the objective was to get volunteers for service in the Civil War. It was estimated at the time that there were 15,000 people in Albany that day. A large portion of the band boys enlisted that day—nearly all the printer boys—in fact nearly a company enlisted that day and comprised Company E 13th Regiment Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers. Nearly everyone comprising the two bands mentioned have passed away and I am left to tell the tale.

One more thing I wish to call your attention to was the building of a small steamboat by **G.L. Halliday**. Soon after the completion of the railroad Mr. Halliday built the boat and carried passengers up to Reuben's Cave about two miles up the river which was a very pleasant affair while it lasted but not having a park built as he had anticipated it would not pay him so became a financial failure sorry to say.

Editor: We are safe in saying that **Mr. Bartlett** was in business in Albany longer than anyone who ever lived here. Just a few weeks ago he retired from business life here and with Mrs. Bartlett moved to New Glarus to be near their son **Robert**. His letter so full of interesting remembrances of the early days of Albany told from the point of view of the business life of Albany is one of the most valuable contributions to our sheaf of letters.

Letter from **Richard Pryce**, Thayer, Nebraska

In regards to the home coming at Albany I am reading with much pleasure the many interesting letters from former and present residents of Albany and as I was a resident of Albany for many years I will try to give a little sketch of what I know of the early days of Albany life.

I was born in Wales in 1837 and came to America with my parents in 1845 and having a large family of five sons and four daughters my father decided to make a home in Green County, Wisconsin as there was plenty of government land. He bought 560 acres on Sections 22 and 27, Township 3, Range 9 East afterwards named Albany. There were few settlers at that time. The village was not born yet. There was no bridge across the river. Teams could cross at what was known as Campbell's Ford starting on the east side a little south of the present flouring mill coming out on the west side about the west end of the present bridge on Main Street but a bridge was built within a year. We had to get our mail and do our trading at Exeter known as the "Sugar River Diggins" which was a lively mining camp at that time. Within a short time **Dr. S. Nichols and E.O. Pond** with their families arrived. Dr. Nichols erected a double log house on Block 13 where **Mr. Billings** now resides at the corner of Water and Warren Streets where the family resided for a time. **E.O. Pond** built a house at the southwest corner of Block 13 where he lived and opened a small store in Albany. **James Campbell** opened the next store and Albany soon had a post office. **R.H. Hewitt** started the first hardware store on Block 13. The first school was taught by **Mrs. Carter** in a log house at the northwest corner of Section 34 with 18 pupils—there were no districts established at that time. The first school house in the village was a stone building where J.A. Nichols' residence now stands.

The first few weeks after we arrived in Albany we lived in a rail pen covered with hay on the **J. B. Chase** farm. Then we erected a log pen on our land and covered it with hay which we occupied until about Christmas of 1845 when we built a better log house. Wages were low in those days about fifty cents a day for a man in harvest and a hired girl could get fifty cents a week. Milwaukee was our market for farm produce, very few horses in the country, the hauling being done mostly with ox teams. The farmer would haul his wheat to Milwaukee and sell it at 30 to 33 cents a bushel and for his dressed hogs he would get \$1.50 per cut. He would then buy a side of leather, take it to **John Dick** at the "Diggins" who would shoe the family for the winter. In the summer all of us went

barefoot. The first wheat we raised was threshed with a flail and cleaned with a sheet in the wind. The first threshing machine was a one horse tread power. The first blacksmith was named **Canfield** and his shop was on the west side of Water Street

I would be pleased to come to the home coming but it is impossible. I came to Nebraska in 1882. We have a farm of over 500 acres which is heavily stocked and help is scarce besides it would be a pretty big trip for me to make.

Editor: A lot of us have been hoping for a long time that **Richard Pryce** would write us a letter for his mind is a regular storehouse of memories of the early days. Of the five sons and four daughters mentioned in his letter only **Mrs. Eliza Bartlett** and himself are now living. He is a brother-in-law of **Thomas Gravenor** and Mr. Gravenor is in Nebraska now making him a visit and we are just guessing that he persuaded Mr. Pryce to favor us with his splendid letter. The land that Richard Pryce's father bought from the government was a tract adjoining Albany on the east. The log cabin he built was about a half mile east of the house now occupied by **Jas. Croake**. Three families of **Pryces— Benjamin, D.J. and the heirs of Thomas Pryce** own parts of the land bought by their grandfather.

Richard Pryce after he married **Martha George**, built and lived on the farm known as the **Jacob Rhyner** farm on the Monticello Road now occupied by **Jacob Rhyner, Jr.** From there, he moved to Nebraska. Wherever we turn with inquiries regarding this thrifty, kindly pioneer we are entertained with stories of his wonderful memory and his true Welsh humor.

Letter from **May E. Finn**, Hillsboro, Oregon

You published the last letter I wrote and the next day after I received the paper containing the letter, I received one from a woman in Portland who proved to be none other than **Margaret Hewitt, now Mrs. McCormick**. She had seen my name and address in the Vindicator and I was very glad to know I was so near an old friend. Enclosed please find my check for fifty cents for the Vindicator until September 1.

A card received from **D.S. Hulburt**, Almeria(?), Nebraska who wrote us the interesting Civil War letter, reads as follows: The home coming would be pretty hard for me to come to. The 50th annual reunion of my old regiment will be held in Janesville August 20. My sister's birthday is August 14.

Letter from **Cora (Briggs) Crawford**, Stratford, Dakota

I have received the paper and send fifty cents for it until September. I really enjoyed the letters although I was in Albany only one year yet I see many names familiar to me, people I knew when I was there. I hope you and yours are well. Do you hear anything from **Uncle E.T. Briggs**, former pastor of the M.E. Church?

Editor: There are many here who remember you as a young lady who made your home with your uncle, **Rev. E.T. Briggs and R.B. Atkinson (Russell)** and remember going to school when you taught in the little school house southeast of town. There are several

who remember you among them being **Maurice Murrey and his wife Jenny Francis** and the latter remember going to the Francis home with you and spending the evening when visiting her over forty years ago.

Albany Vindicator, July 3, 1919

Letter from **Mrs. W. H. Brown (Jennie Dodge)**, Chreokee, Iowa

We are living in Cherokee, Iowa making a home for my brother **Charles** who lost his wife three years ago and his only son two years ago. My brother **Alvin** lives about nine miles from here at Larrabee, Iowa. **Milo** is in Plainview, Texas. The **Al Slawsons** live about three blocks from us and also enjoyed reading the Vindicator. We expect to be in Albany for the homecoming also brother Charles. I also have a large collection of Sam Rockstead's productions that all look good to me and remind me of my happy school days.

Editor's Note: **Jennie Brown** was one of that jolly bunch of girls and boys who sent to school on the hill about the time **Judge John L. Sherron** was principal. She lived on the west side of the river where **Andrew Wessel** now has his home and her father was **Parker Dodge**, who is mentioned by everyone who writes of Albany's earlier days. **Will Brown** is her husband and he is a nephew of our townsman **Arnold Bennett** and used to live out on the Monticello road on the farm now known as the **Al Babler** place. Many a time have we gone to the old Sylvester post office for our mail when **Al Slawson** was postmaster there. The office was located where **Mr. De Haven** now lives and the mail was brought over from Juda twice a week by **Mage Stanley**.

Letter from **Thomas Gravenor**, Thayer, Nebraska

You will see that I am quite a distance from Albany. I am reading the Vindicator at **Mr. Pryce's** and am much interested in the letters from the old timers. I have been requested to write something of my early life in Albany.

I was born in south Wales on St. Patrick Day in 1840. At 8 years of age, I commenced attending school which was located in an old church which was erected in the year 400, that is 1,500 years ago. It was three miles distant from my home making me travel six miles a day six days a week. AT 11 years I left school and was apprenticed to a shoe maker to learn the trade. I served him three years and boarded myself to pay him for teaching me the trade. About this time, several of our neighbors emigrated to America. I wanted to come with them but father would not consent. We soon received glowing accounts from them stating they were in Albany, Wisconsin which increased my anxiety to come to America. I commenced teasing my father to come to American and on April 9, 1855(?) we started for our new home arriving at Albany May 31, 1855, being 52 days on the way. I found Albany as good as was ever expected and the name Albany still sounds good to me. There are now only four people living in Albany who were there when I came. While I have traveled around and lived in several different places but have always considered Albany as my choice for a home and no other place suits me as well as my old home town.

In 1855 Albany had as many stores and business places as it has today but the buildings were not so good. The principal merchants were **Warren Brothers, J.F. Chapman, James Campbell, Reeves and Wilcox, E. Bowen, E.B. Noble, Dr. S. Fayette**, and some others. Janesville was the nearest railroad point. The farmers who would haul their merchandise to market would load their teams with merchandise on return for the Albany merchants. Very soon the railroad came to Brodhead and it soon became a good market. **Grandpa Spangler** ran a one horse dray from Albany to Brodhead doing a thriving business. Sometimes his horse would get a little too much of "Oh Be Joyful" but the old gentleman would always manage to bring him through in fair time and good conditions.

Albany has had several good meat markets but they would only run a small part of the time. **Arthur Smith and Tom Gravenor** established the Pioneer Meat Market in the **Parker Dodge** building on the west side of Market Street and we were the first butchers to run a market year round which we did for 12 years.

The first wagon shop was run by **Samson and Edward Tilley** in a slab shanty on a lot where **Mort Tilley** now lives. They also made coffins. There were no undertakers in Albany and before I forget I wish to say something about this wagon maker Ed Tilley who deserves special mention in this narrative as he was by far the best man to help the sick and distressed I ever knew. He would leave his shop any time to go and sit up and watch with the sick and do what he could to help them. He was never known to refuse to go to help the poor and unfortunate in their trouble and it was all done freely and willingly. I would help him bury people when their relatives passed on the other side!! I will speak of one particular occasion. A man died of small pox on Section 30 of Albany and the people would not go to the house. Ed Tilley was requested to make a coffin and see to burying him. So he made a coffin and he and his aged father carried the coffin on their shoulders to the house and put the corpse into it and then they carried him across the field about a mile where they buried him on the **Thomas Flint** farm. This was all done without ever expecting a reward. This was Ned Tilley's religion. Should I be fortunate enough to be admitted to the happy hunting ground when I pass from this life I surely expect to meet my old friend and brother Ed Tilley enjoying that rest promised to the faithful as I believe he was worthy of such a reward.

I was at the great Bar-B-Que in Albany during the Civil War and ate some of the ox—it was poorly roasted.

There was a saw mill and door and sash factory at the head of the race on the west side of the river where I ran a feed mill for **Gilbert and Price**.

Letter from **Maggie Hewitt Bishop**

I must admit I am an old settler. And just now I am wondering where are the 100 people who went to school in the lower room of the old white school house on the hill during May, June, July and August of 1868 until 1877 and remember that school room? I can see those windows with the little pains of glass, one or more usually broken, quite by accident, of course, and how you wailed with grief when you were taxed five cents to

replace them. And those wonderful seats so artistically carved, how hard they were and how tired and uneasy you got sitting on them. You used to ask if I “had eyes in the back of my head”. After all these years I will tell you a secret. It was not eyes at all but ears. It did not take eyes to tell that **Fred Roberts** was trying to hug the girls I heard them giggle and each pair of feet had its own particular shuffle. And that stove!! I have gratitude in my heart today for those good boys (**Will Lemmel, Will Hahn, George Santers, Ike Rafton** and many more) who so willingly heaved the long chunks of wood into its greedy mouth. That broken hearth, where disappeared all that delicious gum! For particulars, inquire of **Dory Bryce**. Then that door with its broken panel; how refreshing the breezes in January! That old stove pipe that would occasionally fall filling the room with soot at which there was a great deal of rejoicing for one had a holiday. And another secret—the teacher did not blame them one bit.

And now, I am asking as a favor to every pupil of mine to register at **Will Robert’s** store during homecoming week.

Editor: Did you know that **Maggie Bishop’s** only son went overseas to France? He had specialized in chemistry at the University of Wisconsin and he was one of the teachers there. His country was very glad to use this knowledge so they put him in the gas department and he has served his country well. They made him a captain since he went overseas and now **Captain George Bishop** is coming home. Word has just been received that he has landed safely in the U.S.

Letter from **Hettie Morgan Wood**

We think as old time Albany is being written up that it would not be out of place to mention one place of amusement which we old time dancers used to enjoy very much—that was Pond’s Hall. It was built over some stores about where Hein and Francis’ store now stands. A big low room with windows on one side and a dining room on the other.

Once a week during the winter there were club dances in this hall and Brown’s Band furnished the music. As many as 200 couples have been known to attend dances. This hall held an unusually large party compared with our present day dances. This was mostly owing to Brown’s Band but partly because there were very few other sources of amusement. The leader of the band, **Wellington (Weck) Brown**, was said to be the best quadrille player in Wisconsin. He used to say he liked his violin better every time he played it. Of those in his band I recall his daughter **Jessie** and son **Willie, R.D. Searles, Jim Brown, Rinaldo Fleek and Eugene Bartlett**. **Frank Broughton** played 2nd violin and prompted. Many of the older ones will remember how clear and distinct his voice as he called changes and how he would frequently go down on the floor to show some of us awkward ones who did not understand the dance, how to do it. His patience and kindness added much to the evening’s pleasure.

Charles Morgan and John Broderick were frequent floor managers and **Mrs. Will Haden** furnished the suppers. Of the older ones who danced, I remember especially **Lemuel and Eugene Warren, Mrs. Storrs Smith, Mrs. Tibbits and Mr. Murrey**. The latter had a wonderful ear for time; he always brought his dancing pumps with him and

was really a wonderful dancer. Pond's Hall burned in the big fire of 1888 but these homecoming letters restore to our minds those places and people associated with days of our youth. May 8, 1919

Early Church History

Written by H.M.F.

In 1834, my father, **Henry Howe**, came from Ohio to Illinois settling in the extreme northern part and shortly after began preaching in that region and in southern Wisconsin, the latter still a territory. It was **Henry** instead of **Daniel Howe** as has been stated who did the first preaching in what was afterwards Clarno. Daniel, a much younger brother, had not at that time begun preaching but long afterwards served two pastorates at Monroe and was sometimes called to this vicinity to conduct funeral services and during his last pastorate was nominated for the Assembly on the Prohibition ticket and did some "stumping" in Albany and vicinity and so was better known by the younger generation than Henry, who had not been in this part of the state since 1856; hence the mistake in name no doubt. Of course, for several years after Henry began preaching. There were no church buildings or even school houses to hold any kind of public meetings so he preached in private houses and barns. After school houses were built he preached often at Albany. The names of a few which the writer recalls are **Truax, White and the Dunlops**. A small stone building on the opposite side of the road from the one now used near the **Annis'** farm, at that time the **Gleason** farm, and probably in the little stone one on the site of John Nichol's house mentioned in Mrs. Tibbitt's article and often at the little stone one still used in Decatur. The writer well remembers going there to a spelling school when 13 years of age with a sleigh load of Smiley school pupils there being a spelling contest on between the two schools. After the Smiley school house was built he held services in it every two weeks on Sunday coming for a time from his home at Mineral Point to which he moved in 1846 onto a quarter section of land, entered soon after locating in Illinois though he soon moved into this community living for a few months in a house on the **Gleason** place at the foot of the hill east of where the present house stands; one winter on the **Hiram Putnam** place and finally on the **John Wood** place.

Elder Patten, a Baptist preacher living near Juda, in those days they were called preachers not ministers though they ministered, preached on the alternate Sunday. Each one gained a large number of converts to their own faith. The writer recalls some of her father's: **Christopher Meinert and his first wife; Mrs. Comstock, mother of A.B. Comstock, Joshua Whitcomb and his two daughters, Mrs. Clarissa Wood and Miss Amanda, Charlie Tomkins and his sister Elizabeth**. Of the Baptists there was **Mrs. Dan Smiley and the Hulburts**.

It has been suggested that incidents occurring at that time in connection with church work would be of interest but only one has come to my mind it being for some reason strangely impressed on the mind at the time and just by way of illustration the bitter feeling existing between the religious bodies in later years than did at that time. It may be well to relate it. Until recent years the regular Baptists, as is known, practiced strictly closed communion, that is, did not partake of the institution of the Lord's supper with any others

than their own members. One good sister living near the school house did not agree with that part of the practices of her church, she being a sister belonging to the other organization whom she no doubt considered a Christian as well as herself; therefore she invariably attended the services of the other congregations and partook of the communion for which cause she was three times called to account by the authorities of her church but she stood by her convictions and would never promise to do so no more but she was a good Christian, faithful to her church in all other respects and one of the best paying members so the fault was overlooked.

Letter from **Mrs. P.M. Elliott**, Iowa Falls, Iowa

Thanks for the sample copy of your paper. I am very interested in the home coming events as I am a "shut in" at present. I may not be able to attend that great event so I hereby enclose \$1 for a subscription to the Albany Vindicator until January, 1920 so I can enjoy reading all about it. My early girlhood was spent in Sylvester and Mt. Pleasant Township and I knew all but one of those mentioned in Moses Sylvester's write up. I lived in **Amos Sylvester's** family two years in the Civil War days and while he still ran his saw mill. Later on I lived in Albany and was married there fifty years ago.

Editor: Do you remember the little settlement of houses that stood close to the sheltering big rock in the old **Hill and Sutherland** neighborhood in Mt. Pleasant? Not one stick or stone of those houses is now left but the big rock brooding over the silent fields could tell some jolly stories of the days when the **Crittendons, Houghtons, Linens, Kildays(?), Estes and Sockts** lived there and the children used it for a wonderful playground. Now if you remember all this, I do not need to tell you who **Polly Crittendon** is. Perhaps you have taken your shoes to her father to be mended or worn the beautiful straw hats her mother so skillfully braided or were fortunate enough to have Polly's help in your home. She married a soldier in the Civil War and has one son now living in Arizona. The **Crittendons** moved away about forty years ago. One of the sons, **Harmen**, who holds a responsible position with the Ingersoll Turret Lathe Co. in Rockford, spent a day last summer visiting former friends and scenes and took some fine pictures of the old rock and the little stone school house. We are sorry to see that Mrs. Elliott recently suffered a fracture of the hip which will probably prevent her being with us at the home coming but her old friends sent her greetings and want to know how much her letter is appreciated.

Letter from **May E. Finn**, Hillsboro, Oregon, April 25, 1919

Dear Editor: Thanks for the announcement in your paper. I read it all and enjoyed it. I am enclosing a poem you may think worth publishing in connection with the home coming. It was taken from the Portland Oregonian.

Editor: The writer of the above is a daughter of **William J. Finn**, one of the stockholders and directors of the Albany Exchange Bank in this village. The poem will appear later.

Letter from **O.M. Covell**, Cherokee, Iowa, April 21, 1919

After receiving a copy of the Vindicator, I began to realize how time is fleeting by. I promised when visiting you last summer I would write occasionally and let you know how I am getting along. I have wintered fine, have not been sick or missed a meal since I

saw you. Lots of people have died in this country with the flu. I am boarding and rooming. I do not expect to go back to Wisconsin this summer but hearing of the home coming I may conclude to go back and be a few weeks board off of my old friends. I seem to have the greatest grudge against you as I always seem to stay there the longest. However, some bad news to tell you. I received a message the 15th of this month that my son **C.E. Covell** died in Albany, Oregon. I have not heard any further particulars. The last letter I got from him he said he felt fine and weighed over 200 pounds. I cannot imagine what was the trouble.

Editor: The writer of the above was brought up on a farm in Sylvester now owned by **Clayton Burt**. The many friends of this family will be sorry to hear of the death of his son Ed who will be remembered by his old school mates in the Searles district.

Letter from **Frank Rafter and John & Kate Hamer**

Billings, Oklahoma, April 22, 1919

You will please find a post office order for \$2 to pay for the Albany Vindicator. Please renew our subscription. We sure would like to be with you at the home coming and would be there if we could. There is no place like Albany and old friends. Albany is always home to us.

Editor: If Frank Rafter and Kate & John Hamer return to Albany for the home coming after 35 year's absence they would be surprised at the number of relatives, friends, and acquaintances they would meet. We hope they will send a representative from the firm of "Hamer and Hamer".

Letter from **Mrs. Clara L. Vincent**, Pittville, California

I will try and write a little to put in my claim as being one of the oldest settlers of Albany Township as my parents, **Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Brown**, moved there in March of 1842 when I was a little over a year old. I was acquainted with every one of the persons Mrs. Tibbitts mentioned in her letter and her sister **Ida** and me were quite chummy. **John Broughton** and I were young people together and I am sure he will remember me. I attended school when **James Barnes** taught school and he boarded with our folks and **John Chase** made his home at our house until he got married. I should like so much to be able to be at the home coming in August but I do not think I can.

Editor: Mrs. Vincent's father, **Hiram Brown**, was mentioned in Mrs. Tibbitts' letter as being the second man to settle in Albany Township and perhaps no man was more closely identified with Albany's early history than this lawyer and farmer. There is no more interesting chapter in the History of Green County than the "Reminiscences of Hiram Brown".

Mrs. Clarissa Brown Vincent spent her girlhood in the Brown home at the "Big Spring". The mention of her name to some of her old friends here furnished us a number of incidents all showing the influence of her gentle, helpful life. The old school mate mentioned in her letter, **Mrs. Ida Mitchell(?) or Mischell(?)** still lives in Albany. We will have to leave the question of the earliest living settler in Albany to Mrs. Vincent and

John Broughton to decide. There can be no doubt that one of them deserves the distinction.

Albany Vindicator, July 24, 1919

Letter from **W.L. Sadler**
Clear Lake, Wisconsin

I have been reading the letters of the old residents of Albany and it surely recalls to my mind the times and days of my youth and so many familiar names; the days that I spent in the old cooper shop of **Parker Dodge**, making flour barrels for the old Warren and Kellogg Mills.

I see by the letter of Thomas Gravenor that he thought the ox was poorly roasted but he should take into consideration that tastes differ and that it was roasted in such a manner as to suit every and all tastes, and those who preferred a rare article surely got it and those who desired a well done cut could be supplied. So I think the cooking of the ox was a complete success. The ox was donated by **Mr. Rockwood, Sr.**, although **Uncle Jim Campbell** offered to furnish the kill.

In reading the letters of the old settlers I saw the name of **Thomas Fenton**. It recalls to my mind the joke we had on Uncle Tom. He was a staunch Douglas Democrat and felt quite sure of his election. A cousin of mine, **Wallace Sadler and Byron Wood**, were threshing for him at the time of the election. He had an arrangement with some of his brother Democrats to get the cannon in case the returns favored the election of Douglas and fire a certain number of shots. The mail came in late; **Burger** was the post master and he refused to open the mail until morning but it happened that **J.H. Warren** came in from Janesville and brought the news of Lincoln's election. We got the cannon used by the Artillery Company and took it out west of town and fired it, just the number of times Mr. Fenton had requested. He was up listening and he was sure of the election of Douglas. He then routed the inmates of the house and they had a jolly banquet but when he came to town and learned of his mistake he refused to pay for the powder.

When I worked with **Parker Dodge**, I boarded with him and during the winter of 1859-60 **William Wood** brought into town a lot of sheep and killed them for the pelts. Of course, mutton was cheap and we had so much of it that it failed to taste good and one morning I looked out and saw Dodge going up the street with a carcass of sheep on his shoulder. We all went to the door and commenced to bleat. He stopped and looked around then started for the bridge and threw the mutton into the river and had beef for dinner that day.

My father, **Samuel A. Sadler**, lived in Albany one year, then moved into the **Harrison Lee** place near **Thomas Flint's** place. He died in September of 1864. His funeral was held in the church at Albany and he was buried in the cemetery there. He was politically what was in those days termed an Abolitionist. He was a great Bible student; any passage of scripture quoted to him he could tell off hand where it was found in the Bible.

He believed in the universal salvation of all. He was well posted in politics and when he came to town and met men of different political belief there was sure an argument which would attract the attention of a crowd.

If my health will permit me I shall be with you at the Home Coming. My wife is the third daughter of **Charles R. and Miranda (Hills) Sylvester** and was born in the town of Sylvester on the 4th July, 1843. She is still living and enjoying good health.

I will close this long spun out yarn with best wishes for the good people of Albany.

Editor: Mr. Sadler, we are going to see that **Byron Wood** who now lives in Monroe, reads this letter and perhaps he will come over when we have our Home Coming.

Letter from **Ann Morris Gravenor**

When I read the stories of 40, 50, 60 years ago, in and around Albany, I thought I would write of incidents of more than 70 years ago but found it to be a big job having somewhat forgotten some of the dates and did not know where to find them again so I gave up and waited for the outcome. But when some one sent me a Home Coming invitation and also a request to send all the names and addresses I could think of who were residents here, I was completely swamped. They are scattered here and there from New York to California, from Canada to Texas and some have gone over the Great Divide from which no one ever returns and I do not know which road they walked in, the broad or the narrow so could not say which country to address.

Now for a little personal experience. In November of 1846, 12 of us landed in New York from Wales after a four month travel and found navigation closed and were obliged to stay until the next June. When **Uncle James Trow** who had come ahead of us to get a place ready for us had to come back to New York to get his two sisters and us four children, being all that was left of the little party that left Wales together. The rest had been laid away in a vault in the city hall till that great day when we all shall be called forth. My father and brother were among those who died that winter.

We had to come by water most of the way to Milwaukee where **Uncle Edward Trow** met us with teams and took us to his home one and a half miles from Burlington. Mother and I stayed there with aunt while uncle came up here to help the other settlers. **Uncles John and William Trow** were already here.

In September, 1847 mother and I came to **Richard Hamer's** in the settlement in the Township of Albany and stayed all winter. I remember our Christmas dinner at the Hamers and just 50 years later Mrs. Hamer and I ate Christmas dinner together again. In the spring of 1848 mother left me with **Uncle James Trow's** children and went to work a mile northwest of Evansville for 75 cents a week and she would walk all that distance every time she came to see me. While I was there, aunt and we children were digging some potatoes and she heard **Mr. Caradine** say "It is a big, black bear" and my aunt looked up. The bear was in the other end of the patch so aunt packed up us girls and started for the house, but his bearship wanted nothing of us so he passed on his way to

Brown's Woods and I never heard of him again. That winter mother kept house for an old gentleman, **Mr. Royce**, who had pre-empted and built a log house by a spring on the William Jones farm. When we left there we stayed with **Mr. and Mrs. John Swancutt** until fall when we went to **Uncle John Trow's** then to **Uncle William Trow's** where we stayed till **Mr. Pace** and mother were married August 29, 1849. In September, Mr. Pace brought his bride to his home just north of the **William McCreedy** place and the few neighbors gave her a reception and had a play party and one boy and girl turned a chair over to make a hen coop and put a hen in it and ten or more chickens but what puzzled me in looking for the chickens I could not see any. Now you must remember this was the first wedding and party I was ever at and I was but six years old. Soon after, **Mr. Alpheus Laird(?) and Miss Wade** were married and the old **Dane Parker(?)** farm, where **John Rafton(?)** lives and the boys charivaried them. That was the last I ever heard of that kind of party.

My mother and I had a home to live in and be company one for another which lasted forty years. There was no school house of school but after a while they started a school in a log house on the Albany side of the line and I went two weeks; that was three weeks before I was 12 years old. Sickness prevented me from going any more that term and I never went all of a five month winter or four of a summer term. I think one year would fully cover my school days.

In the fall of 1843, **Allen Whipple** came from Dane County to Attica to help run the saw mill. Soon after, **Mr. Dustin(?)** built a grist mill and **Mr. Pace** came from Waukesha and got the job as miller and held it for some years. In the spring the neighbors helped him roll up a log house and his family moved in before the doors, windows were in or all the logs were chinked up. There were only four grist mills in the territory of Wisconsin then and people came forty miles to mill. A Mr. Devine of Oregon told me that he had taken A good many loads of forty bushels of wheat to Attica to grind and had to stay four or five days together and that Mr. Pace was the best miller in this part of the country. There was a little trading post comprised of **Stowell's** Blacksmith Shop, and **Davis'** Carding Machinery and Store. Later on there was a still where they manufactured genuine whiskey and sold it for 25 cents a gallon. These, with a few families made up the little town now Attica. In 1850 Father Pace started the first Albany Mill for **Zebina Warren** and was one of the crowd that saw young **Richardson** drown in a little freshet as they called it then. Soon afterwards **John Pace, Jr.**, helped to build and run the Dayton mill.

In the fall of 1850, the California gold fever struck **Wilson Day** and some others so his brother **Galisha Day** sent an invitation for everybody for miles around to come to a Bar B Que. The ox was slaughtered and large pieces of meat were put on long handled forks (no hay forks) and held over the fire under the still to roast—so killing two birds with one stone.

I was not there but a neighbor who was told me about it. They ate the meat with bread and butter and a drink of whiskey for tea. Many store keepers, miners and some farmers went to California for gold and all I knew made good and were soon independent; some

came home across the plains with their bags of gold all right and had plenty the rest of their days while others came by sea and lost their gold and were poor men as they started.

Around Attica, the farmers were raising more wheat than they could use. They would load forty bushels on wagons, hitch four or five yoke of oxen to it and go to Milwaukee, be gone four or five days, sell for 25 cents a bushel and come back in debt only for a load of goods they brought back for the store keepers at Exeter which was then a prosperous town and mining camp. We would often hear the crack of the driver's whip as the teams passed by on the old ridge road half a mile away; with their heavy loads of lead.

I know several of those who have written letters and the circumstances they tell and have noticed that very few have mentioned anything about the most indefatigable man I ever knew, **Reuben Folsom**, the wolf hunter. He came to our house often and told us lots of wolf stories during the day but when the night came he was off on the hunt again. When he got so that he could not follow the war path all the time father and I were going home from town one afternoon and when we got to the corner of Mr. Morris' field three big grey wolves came in sight; one over in the field a few rods ahead of us; another on the road; and the other coming up behind us. They looked over their shoulders and then went on and so did we. They were headed for the cave.

Why don't the people of Albany make a nice little park or summer resort of the cave and woods around it?

I hope these few lines which I recall will be of interest to the readers of our paper and hope to meet many of you at the Home coming.

Editor: There are very few of our residents who can give personal incidents of so many years ago. All through the narrative you cannot fail to catch the undercurrent of anxiety, sorrow and privation that little band of Welsh people endured in order to establish for themselves homes in this country.

Letter from **Margaret Hewitt McCormack**
201 Blandena Street
Portland, Oregon

I guess I owe this Home Coming page a letter. I frankly admit that my conscience has been scaring me for two weeks on this point and the only way to get even with said conscience is to write a letter so long the editor cannot print it.

Through the annual kindness of my aunt, Mrs. Tibbets, I have received the Vindicator ever since I left Albany nine years ago. These letters from former residents, especially the older ones have been read with interest.

May I claim a niche in the Home Coming program too? Of the 76 Albany boys in service, I attended school with eleven and 20 learned more or less from my three years work with them and one **Captain George Bishop** is my cousin---32 in all with whom I

have been at some time intimately acquainted. This fact, coupled with the addition that my family is just naturally wound up in Albany history and moreover the absolute truth that autumn in southern Wisconsin cannot be beaten west of the Mississippi for coloring of woods and fields and the feeling in the air and in you. "When the frost is on the punkin". With all these is it any wonder I should want to come back? My heartiest greetings and best wishes.

Letter from **Will Lemmel**, Fort Dodge, Iowa

I received a few copies of the Vindicator and was very glad to get them. It was a pleasure to read of the old days and of the good folks I used to know in Albany. Glad to know you are to have a Home Coming week and am figuring mighty hard to be able to come there. I enclose \$1.50 in payment for the Vindicator for one year.

Editor: This is one of our "native sons". He lived in the house now owned by **Will Barton**. He fished, went swimming and skated in and on old Sugar River and after a few years of school and play his father took him into business with him and there was never a more popular merchant than **Will Lemmel**. In the years he wrapped up everything from shingle nails to cook stoves and passed them over the counter. He holds a fine position now – State Manager for the Baker Manufacturing Company in Iowa but he has always retained his love and loyalty for his home town and comes back when he can.

Albany Vindicator, **August 7, 1819**

Letter from **James Root**

I recently received, through the kindness of **Dr. Jipson**, a copy of the census report for Green County for 1850. In looking over the names of the 22 families that were called our neighbors at that time, I find I am the only one remaining in the locality. It makes me lonesome to realize they are all gone but me.

Because I am interested in the Home Coming and because of a request to write a letter of my yearly days I give this little sketch.

I came with my parents to the farm where I am still living in the fall of 1847 and settled on Section 20 in the township of Brooklyn. My father had just money enough to purchase 40 acres of land, a yoke of oxen and a cow. The first move was to roll up a log cabin, and paint up the cabin with "mother earth". We brought a cook stove with us from Herkemer County about the only one in the neighborhood I think, for I remember about every other house had a fire place. We hung up a quilt for a door and moved in. We made some bedsteads out of poplar poles. We hauled our water from the river half a mile away until our well was dug in 1848. This well has been in constant use ever since.

This section was covered with timber so the settlers girded the trees and broke up small pieces in among the timber and sowed their small fields of wheat. They farmed among the trees until they had time to cut them down and then among the stumps until they rotted out so they could be removed which was about 15 years ago. About the only money they made for awhile was from these little patches of wheat among the stumps,

hauling the wheat to Milwaukee or trading it at the country stores for 25 cents a bushel in store trade with calico at 12.5 cents a yard. The first old reaper in the neighborhood was brought by **William Gill** in 1855 but it failed to work but about 1860 there were several of the new ones started with a man following up with a hand cradle around the stumps.

Old Attica was then called Winneshelk, old Exeter and Union were about the only towns here in 1847. Attica had a grist mill, a saw mill, a carding mill, a distillery, two stores, one hotel, shoe maker, blacksmith shop, wagon shop, etc. Exeter had several log taverns, a couple of smelting furnaces, a store and post office and any amount of lead mines. Playing cards, drinking whiskey and digging lead were the main occupations at the time. The first time I went to Dayton was about 1850. It was called Leland's Mill with only a saw mill and blacksmith shop. My folks used to go to Union in 1848 with an ox team to do shopping, ten miles away.

In the fall of 1848 one year after we came here, my father was taken sick and died and while after that it was a kind of go between with me between a step father and working at driving break teams and working by the month for the neighbors but in 1850 I had enough money to buy a yoke of oxen and I started farming on the 40 acres that my father had bought. In 1860 I had three yoke of oxen and a half interest in a breaking team and some 30 acres of wheat on a rented farm. I hired a young man a month for \$26 to help me harvest and stack it with a cradle and rake and I threshed out 900 bushels of #1 wheat, hauled it to Albany and Brodhead with ox teams and sold it for 80 cents a bushel. From the proceeds I purchased another 40 acres and my sister's interest in the old home forty. In 1861 I traded my oxen for a span of horses, picked out the best looking girl in the neighborhood for my wife and established my own home and farm. I was not 21 years old at the time.

I am still living on the farm where I came as a boy with my father 72 years ago. The deed of the land to my father from the government is by James K. Polk, and is in my possession. The old log cabin was replaced many years ago by my comfortable house and I hope to spend my days on the land I helped to clear.

Editor: It is a wonderful experience to have lived through the pioneer days of Wisconsin and witnessed the transition from ox teams to tractors, from cradles to self binders. The letter from Mr. Root is of unusual value as it relates to incidents in the history of Green County's earliest settlements in and around Exeter and Attica. The long ox drawn wagon trains of "miners" from Exeter crossed the river bridge near his home and were familiar sights to him. The old "ridge road" or trail was superseded years ago by the present surveyed highway and Mr. Root was right there in the wreckage with his threshing outfit when the old bridge collapsed. As the road had been changed the bridge was not rebuilt.

Letter from **Lura D. Sellers**, Nebraska

I sent for the Vindicator last winter for one year and I have read so many nice letters published in it from old friends and schoolmates of my younger days I thought I would also write a few lines. I was **W. H. Peebles' eldest daughter Lura D. Peebles**. I have an only sister **Mrs. Carrie Croake**. I will not be able to attend the Home Coming as I

cannot be away at that time of year as I have a small ranch out here of four sections with 120 head of cattle to look after. The happiest days of my life were spent in and around Albany. I will close with an invitation should any of you Albany people ever happen out this way come and make me a visit.

Editor: The **W. H. Peebles** place is one of the land marks around here and in many of the letters written you will find it mentioned. For information about the people who lived in and around the neighborhood, **Mrs. Carrie Peebles Croake** has been a kind and valuable advisor. She and her sister Lura were friendly, jolly girls who took a part in social affairs for miles around and knew everybody in the days when they were young ladies here. The letter from Mrs. Sellers, full of kindly interest of our Home Coming and cordial invitation to visit her at her Nebraska home is just what we would expect from a daughter of W.H. Peebles one of the finest wholehearted early settlers in and around Albany.

Letter from **C.W. Hayden**, Denver, Colorado

The Albany Vindicator was sent to me from some source and it has been several years since I have seen a copy. As I read down the columns of happenings forty years ago it takes me back to my boyhood days and the memories of my school mates and friends. I see you mention the name of **Mrs. Maggie Hewitt Bishop**, my first school teacher and **John Sherron, Jennie Brown** and others whom I knew so well and when I think of the good old days on Sugar River it seems like I am just dreaming it all over again. I wonder if **Spencer Bartlett** recalls the time we stole **Mrs. Dr. Hart's** little chickens to feed the big snake to get into "Popcorn Hall's" Circus and I have often wondered if **Ernie Jobes** ever found his false teeth over the rail of the bridge. Does **Giles Turner** still raise water melons? They were fine, especially at night when the dog was tied up. **Will Tilley** was officer in those days but he liked watermelon too. Say, does **Rob Bartlett** still tickle the guitar like he did in days gone by and is **Bill Hahn** still buying pearls? Oh gee, if I could only dance the five step to **Weck Brown's** fiddle once again I would not care if the country ever went to war again.

There are several of Albany old timers in Colorado, the Prices and I have also met Mrs. Ella Kinsley Woodruff at Colorado Springs. I send my belated wishes to all my old friends and may the Home Coming be a grand reunion. Hoping to see you all once again.

Letter from **E. H. Jobes**, Los Angeles, California

I read a copy of your paper dated July 26 containing letters from former Albanyites, which was a great pleasure to me and took me back to my childhood days. I well remember the night the boat was named and the time we had to get the name "Mikado" as some were in favor of "Belle of Albany" but we won out as many of the old residents of Albany can remember. I have, and always will have, a kindly feeling for Albany as it was my birth place. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to view Reuben's Cave again or to view the river.

Since leaving Albany I have seen much of the world but will make this area my future home. The climate of southern California is good the year around and Los Angeles is one of the finest cities in the country.

The firm I am contracted with is one of the finest in the city with 1,800 to 2,000 employees. The building is ten stories high and runs from Broadway to Hill Street with a frontage of 300 feet on Broadway. I am herewith sending a picture of the corner of 7th Street and Broadway which is claimed to be the most crowded corner in the world. I hope you will show it to my old friends as I think it would be of interest to them. It certainly was a great pleasure to meet **Mrs. Grace Hill and Addie Davis** and I only wish I could be with you for the Home Coming. If any of my old friends should happen to visit southern California I would be pleased to have them call on me to talk over past experience.

Editor: If **Ernie Jobs** in his far away home could know how often his name has been recalled by Albany people during our Home Coming preparations he would know he would know how many friends he has in his home town and how welcome his letter is to them.

Mr. Jobs' father, H.B. Jobs, was a merchant here in the early days. His store was about where Hein and Francis' store is now located and the Jobs home was the place now occupied and owned by **E.P. Atherton**. One of the most interesting articles we have read of Albany's early history was written by H. B. Jobs about **Reuben Folsom**, the "wolf hunter". It is in the old Green County history in a letter from **Hiram Brown**.

Letter from **Fred N. Gelbach**

August 14, 1819

3725 Broadway

Long Beach, California

Reading the letters written by my Albany friends called to my memory the many joyful times I had the years I was in Albany, from the age of 20 to 36. I left Albany in the fall of 1908 when I sold half interest in my store to **J.E. Croake**, or Jimmie as we called him.

I will never forget the people I knew when I left there, the boating we used to enjoy on a warm afternoon on the Sugar River and the comical things Knapps' clerks used to pull off—**Addie Davis and Ed and Louis Kaufman** can tell you some of them. Every clerk knew what a small eater Eli was. I think some of his clerks could keep even with him. Ask **Henry Stephenson** how eggs shake down in a paper sack. Some of the clerks took to foot racing and bought all the lead bars they could get and wore around their ankles so when they got in a race they would take them off. Albany had some sports in those days.

Leaving my boyhood days and going into business life, Albany had a very good class of businessmen. More so than their customers gave them credit for. When you find a name who has done more for a town than **Dr. S. J. Morgan** has done for Albany, you will have to travel far.

I do not expect to get back to Albany for the Home Coming but my thoughts will be with you. I have two little girls to look after so it is hard to get away.

We have a few Albany people here in Long Beach. We get together once in a while and discuss things that have happened in Albany. It seems like home when those you have known for 25 years get together. There are a number of Albany people living west of the mountains. This is a fine place to live—a very even climate all year around and the roads are all paved. I am to be at Mott(?) North Dakota in November. If I could arrange to get away two months earlier I would attend the Home Coming but I am not certain.

Letter from Sioux City, Iowa

Emily Smith Hathaway

I have heard of your Home Coming and would so much love to be there but I have not walked in six years, it is impossible. Remember me to all the old friends.

Editor: This kindly greeting to Albany friends was sent to **Mrs. Maggie Hewitt Bishop**, an old friend of Mrs. Hathaway, and other old friends do not need to be told that she is a sister of **Storrs Smith** who left here many years ago and is now our next door neighbor in Brodhead.

Letter from **Mrs. Theresa Hayden**

I have been reading so many interesting letters in the Vindicator from the old settlers of Albany and Green County and want to thank you and wish you a great success with your Home Coming and welcome to soldier boys. My mother moved from Mercer County, Ohio in company with the **Steadman family** in 1841. Mother's people settled in Exeter then a busy mining town and Steadman located near Monticello. Mother married **Henry Mathems** in 1847 and I was born in 1849(?) so you see I am really an old settler. I spent my school days in the little white school house on the hill. We had two terms or what we called select school and one of my school mates was **Sarah Ferguson**, still lives where she then lived. **Maria Fenton** taught one term and **Mary Marshall** the other—both fine teachers. **Mr. Morgan and Mr. Green** were county superintendents and exams for teacher's certificates lasted nearly one week. I taught in the '60's in the towns of Washington, Mt. Pleasant, Exeter and Brooklyn. I married **William Hayden** in '68 and we moved to Albany in '176 living there 15(?) years. I have many dear friends and relatives there and many have passed over since we lived there. I send my greetings.

Editor: Mrs. Hayden's letter will cause many of us to remember how much the Hayden's contributed to the good times in Albany in earlier days when they kept the hotel there. Her brother **Charlie Mathems** and many old friends would be mighty glad to see her again.

Albany Vindicator, September 5, 1919

Chatauqua & Homecoming

The Homecoming in Albany Aug. 23 to 27 is an event that will always remain in the minds and hearts of those who participated in the joyous affairs as long as life lasts.

It was planned to have a complete record of the visitors by having them register in a book provided for that purpose but it was not a success and so we have at considerable expense canvassed the village and thus obtained a list of nearly everyone who came but if there are others whom we did not get we would be happy to have the names handed in or telephoned to us and we will publish them.

The following is the list we obtained and where applicable, the home in which they were entertained.

A.H. Partridge and Mrs. Partridge of Evansville—residents here 50 years leaving here 18 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry of Evansville—Permanent residents until 20 years ago.

Vaughn Partridge of Chicago—Permanent resident here until 18 years ago.

Elias Lewis—Entertained **Bert Milks and children**, Indiana.

G.S. Smout—Entertained **Mr. and Mrs. L. Allen** of Evansville; **August Manicook** and family; **Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carle** of Janesville, residents here for twenty years, left 18 years ago.

Hattie Broughton, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, permanent resident here until 15 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffith of Evansville. Mr. Griffith was a permanent resident here until 15 years ago.

S.D. Gothompson—Entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Dreyner** of Iowa. Mrs. Dreyner was a permanent resident here until 35 years ago.

Mike Coplien—Entertained **Mr. and Mrs. George Coplien** of Wisconsin.

Thomas Mack—Entertained **B.L. Rolfe** of South Dakota—uncertain as to the number of years he was a resident here.

Charles Mathems—Entertained **Scott Mathems and family**, Milwaukee, a permanent resident here until 9 years ago.

Harry Pierce of Milwaukee who resided here 5 years, left 15 years ago.

Mrs. Francis Atkinson entertained **Mrs. Seth Hewitt** of South Dakota a resident here until 13 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Swancutt of South Dakota. Mr. Swancutt, homecomer, left 30 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Fleek of Brodhead.

Hannah Flint entertained **Marvin Hulburt** of Monroe; **Angie Hulburt** of West Bend, Wisconsin; **Mr. A.L. Burt**; **Mr. and Mrs. Carter** of Minnesota; **Alice Simmons** of Brooklyn. The latter was a homcomer.

William Swann entertained **Mrs. Taylor Swann** and sons of Brodhead; **Harry Kingnen** of Beloit, homcomer; **Helen Nye** of Attica; **Herman Popanz** of Evansville, homcomer.

Adrian Berryman entertained **Mrs. Albert Berryman**, who resided here 14 years until 22 years ago.

Jacob Baumgartner entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Henry Babler** of Dayton, Wisc.

Albert Manicook entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smiley** of Rockford, who were permanent residents until ten years ago.

Alice Comstock entertained **Anna Flint** of Evansville; **Lettie Walmer** of Whitewater, both homcomers.

William Finn entertained **Frank Chase** of Colorado, permanent resident until 15 years ago; **Helen Nicholas** of Illinois, resident here four years, until 18 years ago.

O.M. Case entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Taylor** of Brooklyn, Wisc., homcomer.

Mrs. Jenette Coon entertained **Mrs. Waller(?)** of Brodhead, homcomer; **Mr. H.B. Benjamin** of Brodhead, homcomer; **Alma Stevens and family** of Ohio, homcomers; **C.A. Bernard and family** of Brodhead, homcomers; **John Davenport** of Brodhead, homcomer; **John McGill and wife** of Brodhead, homcomers; **William Taylor and family** of Brodhead, homcomers; **F. Lokwood and family** of Belleville, homcomers; **Mrs. Lockwood**, left in 1852; **Alonzo Trow** of Brooklyn; **Gaylord Lockwood** of Brodhead; **Albert Reese and family** of Brodhead; **Richard Pace and wife** of Nebraska, gone 50 years.

Mrs. Olive Annis entertained **George Springle** of Whitewater, homcomer; **Mr. Murray** of Ohio, gone 35 years; **Mrs. Fred Root** of Iowa and her brother; **Thomas Pryce** of Waseca, Minnesota; **Mr. Hancock** of Monticello; **Mr. Wright** of Dakota, homcomer; **Mr. and Mrs. Porter** of Evansville; **Mr. and Mrs. B.J. Gaarder** of Iowa, homcomers.

John Tilley entertained **Hazel Tilley** of Rockford; **Bill Helms, wife and son** of St. Paul, Minnesota. Mrs. Helms was a homcomer, she lived here 17 years and has been gone 8 years.

Mrs. James Silver entertained **Mrs. Charles North** of Rockford; **Mr. and Mrs. Willis Silver** of Rockford, both homcomers.

Charles Babcock entertained **Mrs. J.P. West** of Madison who lived here 23 years and has been gone 10 years.

Mrs. Lucinda Reese entertained **Olive Reese** of Madison, homecomer.

Gabe Jacobson entertained **Mrs. Fred Root** of Iowa, permanent resident here until 20 years ago.

William Reasa entertained **Mrs. E.M. Gritmaker** of Brodhead; **Herman Kiltaman** of Brodhead.

George Peckham entertained **Jessie Pryce** of Wauwatosa

Herman Peterson entertained **Mr. and Mrs. August Kleinschmidt** of Evansville; **Mr. and Mrs. Baumgartner and family** of Brooklyn; **Mr. and Mrs. Otto Rengham** of Brooklyn, homecomers; **Mrs. Truhl** of Evansville; **Miss Rad** of Evansville; **Mr. Body** of Evansville; **Miss Lillie Falk**.

Cal Walters entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walters** of Footville; **Miss Eleanor Alverson** of Illinois.

William Barton entertained **Mrs. B.A. Gothompson** of Milwaukee, homecomer, permanent resident here until 19 years ago; **Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Barton** of Osseo, Wisconsin, homecomers.

Claude Whipple entertained **Spencer McCreedy** of Evansville, who lived here 25 years and left 5 years ago; **George Whipple** of Evansville who lived here two years.

E.E. Brewer entertained **Mrs. Edith Brewer** of Ft. Atkinson who lived here one and a half years and has been gone 21 years.

William Jones entertained **Arlie Williams** of Oakley, Wisconsin.

George Atherton entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Deinenger** of Juda.

J.T. Gravenor entertained **Luke Van Patten** of Evansville; **W.J. Gravenor and wife** of Janesville, homecomers.

Ray Webb entertained **Mrs. Bert Tilley** of Wisconsin; **Mrs. Clyde Kingston** of Milwaukee; **Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Kingdon** and children of Monroe; **Mr. and Mrs. Blum** of Iowa; **Mrs. K. Pierce** and children of Monticello; **Mrs. Foster and son** of Monticello; **Elsie Kingdon** of Rockford.

Dr. S.J. Morgan entertained **Mr. and Mrs. E. Van Patten** and daughter of Evansville; **Mrs. S.M. Gilbertson** of Chicago; **Will Santero and family** of Rockford; **Mr. and Mrs.**

Fred Carle of Janesville; **Mrs. Warren Santers** of Evansville; **Storres Smith** of Brodhead, homecomer, 86 years old.

Jesse Howard entertained **Frank Howard** of Iowa.

N.S. Gothompson entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Myers** of Milwaukee; **Mr. and Mrs. Fulton**, son and daughters of Beloit.

Hannah Schwerin entertained **Charles Schwartzlow**, Juda, homecomer, lived here 11 years, left 50 years ago.

Jay Lewis entertained **Violet Renfrew** of Brodhead.

William Hahn entertained **Mrs. Catherine Procter** of Chicago; **Mr. and Mrs. Bladone and son James**; **Miss Gertrude Warren** of Janesville.

Herman Heth entertained **Miss Barbara Root**, Brooklyn, Wisc.; **Miss Cordelia Stephenson** of Janesville, homecomer; **Miss Louisa Schindler** of Monroe, homecomer; **Herman Mauermann** and wife of Sylvester, Ill.

Dr. Louis Nichols entertained **Dr. Ben Warren and wife** of Michigan. He was a homecomer lived here 8 years; Fred Warren, arrived here from Colorado a little late for the festivities but was here during the week.

Mrs. Almire Arver entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Bouton** of Iowa, homecomers.

Lorraine Hulbert entertained Julia Hulbert of Minnesota, homecomer, lived here 20 years.

Herman Wheeler entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Perry** of Evansville, homecomer; **Miss Iola Perry** of Rockford, homecomer; **Luella Perry** of Magnolia, Wisconsin.

Moses Sylvester entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Sadler** of Clear Lake, Wisconsin; **Morris Sylvester and wife** of Spooner, Wisconsin; **Henry Sylvester** of South Dakota; **Orren Covill** of Iowa.

Myrtle Conway entertained **George Larmer and family**, Hanover, homecomer, lived here 16 years; **Mr. and Mrs. E.L. Edwards** of Monroe, homecomers.

Joshua Woods entertained **Herman Crittendon**, Rockford, homecomer, lived here 7 years, gone 39 years.

Richard Davis, entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jewell**, Evansville, homecomer, gone 40 years.

A.E. Fleek entertained **Mr. and Mrs. D.E. Bump**, Illinois, homecomers; **Mr. W.R. Webb** of Iowa, homecomer; **Mrs. S.R. Park and daughter**, Madison, homecomers, lived here three years; **Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson** of Iowa; **Mr. and Mrs. Dosen** of Iowa.

N. Roy Bowman entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bowman**, Lodi.

T.M. Carver entertained **Arthur Johnson and family** of Brodhead.

George Gelbach entertained **Mathilda Stephenson** of Janesville, homecomer.

August Zimmerman entertained **William Zimmerman**

A.R. Bennett entertained **David Milks** of Indiana a homecomer who lived herre 21 years, gone 32 years; **Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown** of Iowa, homecomers who lived here 20 years, gone 25 years; **Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bennett** of Monroe.

P.H. Flood entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Crahen** of Brooklyn; **Miss Mary Crahen** of Brooklyn.

William Asmus entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Jess Gerzew**, homecomers; **Mr. and Mrs. Maulcook** of Montana.

William Bubb entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Bates** of Mississippi, five years on a farm near Albany; **Mr. and Mrs. Trow** of Oregon, Wisconsin; **Alfred Bubb** of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Ida Mitchell entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mitchell** of Whitewater, homecomers; **Mr. and Mrs. North** of Beloit, homecomer; **Mrs. Weirich** of Monroe; **Mr. and Mrs. Bailey** of Janesville, homecomers.

Charles Bishop entertained **Emma Zimmerli** of Monroe; **Dr. and Mrs. Doyle** of Milwaukee

George Lewis entertained **Mac Lewis and wife** of Evansville

C.W. Whitcomb entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Livingston** of Wisconsin; **Mrs. Augusta Livingston and Celia Searles**; **Will Bliss and Hugh Bliss** of Madison, Wisconsin; **Miss Ida Herrington and daughter Edna** of Madison.

Mrs. Sarah Conn entertained **Hannah Conn** of Juda, Wisconsin; **J.W. Conn and son Russell** of Edgerton, Wisconsin; **Rob Deininger and wife** of Juda, Wisconsin.

Elizabeth Croake entertained **Mary Broderick, Emma May Hughes** of Janesville.

W.T. Crawford entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Hector Carradine** of Monroe, homecomers.

Addie Davis entertained **Mrs. J.M. Manley and daughter** of Elgin, Illinois; **Miss Sarah Glennan** of Elgin, Illinois, homecomers.

Ed Litel entertained **Miss Merle Forndey(?)** of Footville; **John Litel and family** of Oregon, Wisconsin.

Fred Butts entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Swann** of Belleville, Wisconsin; **Miss Watkins** of Dayton, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Bufton entertained **Mrs. Edmunds** of Nebraska; **Mrs. Purrington** of Nebraska; **Mrs. Marcott and daughter** of Nebraska, homecomers, lived here 40 years ago.

Laurence Jones entertained **Mr. and Mrs. Milmoen** of New Glarus, Wisconsin.

Sebastian Durst entertained **Mrs. Abbie Winter; Albert Murray** of Ohio, homecomer, lived here 5 years, left 22 years ago; **Ben Wright**, South Dakota, been gone 40 years.