October 9, 2019

Dear Ed and Betty,

It was great to see you last week. Thank you for lunch and the trip to the Shin House. We really enjoyed our visit.

Betty, I love the beautiful Chinese Embroidery picture with the lovely frame. Thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Ed, I came across this family history of the Shepards, Dows, Berrys etc. that your mother and my mother wrote in 1962 and 1964. I imagine you have not seen it for many years and I thought you might enjoy reviewing it. I am also sending copies to your sister Reta, and Carl, Randy and Edward in case they are interested.

Hope to see you again soon.

Fondly,

Rita + Bill

Story of Shepard & Berry Families

Ancestors of Marion Shepard Mattern

The history of the T helen family, written by Ed Thelen in 1950, and given to his children for Christmas, was appreciated so enthusiastically that they suggested that Reta write a similar record of the Shepard family. She gathered some material from relations and asked me if I would write the story of the Shepard family.

During six weeks together in Minnesota in the summer of 1962, I started writing. Reminiscing with Reta and her enthusiastic support, gave impetus to my efforts. However, since I am activity-minded and do not find it easy to decide what may be interesting to others, I did not complete a unit of this effort until I spent five months in Reta's home in 1964.

As I review the lives of our forebearers, my summary is that they were intelligent and purposeful people. They had limited opportunity for schooling but had real spunk, both in meeting Life's material and moral problems.

Marion Shepard Mattern

Not a literary production but a labor of love for you and your children

Mother

Lineage of the Dows, Grandmother Shepard's family, was traced by Father's cousin, Emeroy Dutton Sinnett of Concord, New Hampshire.

"The Dows of early New England, or a large part of them, are descendants of an early settler of Watertown, Massachusetts and Hampton, New Hampshire. The name was spelt "Doue" on original records.

Henry Dow, born in Runham, England in 1608, married in 1631, decided to emigrate to New England, applied for permission and was licensed April 11, 1637 at the age of 29. His wife was 30 years of age. Their four children and a servant (Anne Manning, 17 years old) accompanied them. He first settled in Watertown, Massachusetts. About the close of 1643, he moved to Hampton, in what is now New Hampshire.

Grandfather (Israel Dow) was a wheelright in Northwood Narrows. Hemarried Abigail Cram and moved by ox-team to North Wilmont on a farm.

(Because of Grandfather's living in Northwood, not to far from Hampton, I think this is our line of Dows.) Abigail Cram, Scotch decent, wife of Isreal Dow, was born December 6th, 1799, I believe in Pittsfield.

The name, Cram, is unusual in this country. It was spelled Cramme, in the early records. The family is one of the early ones of southern New Hampshire and it's members, principally found in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. This family is one of the early settlers of Exeter."

Grandma, Lucinda Dow Shepard, lived with us from 1904 until her death in November of 1913 at the age of 84. She told us of her early life but we wish we had asked more questions and could fill in the gaps of her life story.

Her parents, Isreal Dow and Abigail Cram, were married on Christmas Day, 1823. Their first children were born in North-wood Narrows, New Hampshire. When Lucinda (our grandmother) was about four years old, the family moved by ox team to North Wilmont, New Hampshire. This move to a farm at considerable distance from a small town was depressing to great-grandmother. The house was bleak. A ladder led to the attic-like upstairs sleeping rooms where snow sifted in through the cracks in winter. A Bear skin rug served as a door between the girls' and boys' bedrooms. There were two boys and four girls. The farm was assessed $1500. in 1850.

Corn meal mush was cooked in an iron kettle swinging on a crane in the fire place. "Hoe cake" a crisp unlevened corn cake was baked in a three-legged iron "Spider" over hot coals. Beans and bread were baked in a brick oven in the side of the fire place. The oven was heated with hot coals from the fire place. Molasses served for sweetening. Salt pork and potatoes or baked beans made up the usual dinner. Grandmother used to quote her father as saying, "Eat your potatoes and point to the butter".

Knitting was an inevitable evening task for the girls as they sat around the fire place. Great grandfather Dow told ghost stories and witch tales with such dramatic ferver that the children dreaded going up into their dark, drafty bedrooms. As stories unfolded and Lucinda used to think that she must have finished her daily "stint" (required amount of knitting), her older sister Olive, would say, "Measure, measure, two inches longer".

Sundays, the children walked to Sunday School. When weather was warm, they carried their shoes and stockings to save on wear; only putting them on when they neared the church.

There was little celebration on Christmas. On New Year's day their father would say "Now, see how smart you can be and start off the new year with a good day's work". When still a small girl, Lucinda helped a neighbor with housework and always had to sweep the floors barefooted so as to feel any sand that she might not see.

When the suggestion first came up about Lucinda going to Manchester to work in the mills, her brothers argued against it, on the grounds that mill workers were rough people. However, she did go later. When she lived with us, she said that the bald spot on the top of her head had been caused by belts whizzing over her head when she worked in the mills.

When a young woman, she married Joel Wolcott. They moved to the treeless prarie section of central Illinois. Wood and coal had to be hauled long distances, so corn cobs served as fuel, for cooking during the summer. Grandmother used to tell of having her biscuits ready for the oven but not starting the corn cob fire until she saw her husband start to leave the field. During blizzards in the winter, a rope was tied from the barn door to the kitchen door to guide Joel back after the evening chores. This life proved to be too strenuous for Joel Wolcott and they moved back to New Hampshire. As I never heard any reference to children while they were on the prarie, I expect that Isaiah, Charles and Mary were born after their return to New Hampshire.

Joel Wolcott died December 25, 1859 when only 33 years old and was buried in South Danbury, New Hampshire. Their home life had been characterized by love and harmony and grandmother often said that these were the happiest days of her life. After Mr. Wolcott's death, Christmas and her birthday, the following day, were always days of sad memories.

Lucinda Wolcott, a widow at the age of 30, was faced with the necessity of earning a living for herself and three children. The chief opportunity was keeping house for a widower who would be willing to have the children with her.

I recall hearing her tell of knitting mittens and stockings for her children at night when she was so sleepy that she had to walk the floor to keep from falling asleep over her knitting. She became a housekeeper for Nathaniel Shepard whose two children, George and Melana, were married. On July 6, 1863, she and Mr. Shepard were married in Canaan, New Hampshire. Our father, Nathaniel Arvin Shepard, was born November 2, 1867.

Little Nathaniel was the "apple of his father's eye" and when his mother threatened to punish him, he ran to his father. This doubtlessly caused Charles Wolcott to be jealous and to tease "Natt" whenever he could. One excapade remained a vivid and bitter memory as long as Dad lived. When Charles was about 13 years old, he drove to Lebanon and took "Natt" who was about 5 years old. When ready to start home, Charles climbed into the buggy and started the horse before "Natt" could get in. Natt ran, trying to catch up. Each time when he almost caught up, Charles started the horse, going faster, until they were near home.

Grandfather Shepard died October 27, 1881 at the age of 82. By then, the Wolcott children were making their own way. Isaiah had gone to Corning, New York where he had relatives and worked for the New York Central. Charles went to Boston and became a stationery engineer. Mary died of tuberculosis when about 20 years of age. I recall that when we used to caugh as children, grandmother used to think of Mary.

Again, grandmother was faced with the need of earning a living and again, housework seemed the only avenue open. For a while, she and her 14 year old son, worked for the Cross family who lived on the farm next to her cousin, Hattie Wilkin's farm in South Danbury. I remember hearing Dad tell of laughing at seeing Hittie chase Cousin Emeroy when she had been mischievous. Emeroy would run like a deer but finally her mother would catch her; pull off a slipper and spank her.

For about three years, Dad worked for farmers, doing chores, helping pile rocks for stone walls, and pulling daisies out of hay fields. After that, no daisy looked like a flower to him. The only fun he told about in after years was with boys at prayer meetings in homes. While the elders were on their knees, the children amused themselves as best they could and I recall his telling about a little boy crawling under a chair and howling in fright when he caught his head between the spokes. The farmers for whom he worked tooked their religion seriously on Sundays and Thursday nights but forgot it in the fields. Thus, Dad soured on church. The only time I recall his attending church was once or twice On Odd Fellow Sunday. However, he retained Puritan standards of the Sabbath after work was done and approved of Mother and us attending church regularly.

One evening when Nathaniel was 16 and working for the Coreys, he overheard them talking about him. Mr. Corey said, "Natt is a good worker. Let's keep him until he is 18, then give him a suit of clothes and $100.00.". That seemed a bleak outlook so Natt slipped out that night and walked to Manchester. He found work there in the mills at $4.00 a week, which seemed unbelievably little but meant independence. He determined to build for himself financial security and he saved 25¢ a week.

His next move was to Brighten, Massachusetts where his half-brother Charles, was working. Nathaniel worked, killing sheep in a slaughter yard. Because he was quick and ambitious, and was paid for the number killed, he was able to get ahead. His next job was working in a butcher shop in Fanuel Market, Boston and he found this much more pleasant. There, he became a close friend of George Dondale from Nova Scotia.

At last, Nathaniel allowed himself some recreation. Charles Wolcott had tried in vain to persuade him to go to ball games but George got him to double-date with two cousins, Bertha Berry and Margaret Jones from Bear River, Nova Scotia. The four young people had good times together at Revere Beach or homes of relatives.

Bertha Berry was one of thirteen children of Silas and Elizabeth Berry. Her mother's forebearers, the Burrells, were Royalists who migrated from Massachusettes to Anapolis Basin, Nova Scotia, at about the time of the Revolutionary War.

Grandmother Berry's relatives included many seafaring men. Her sister, Susan Burrell Rawding, had five sons who became Captains of two or three masted ships. Mother often spoke of her sea captain cousins. When Mother and I were in Nova Scotia in August of 1930, we attended a party celebrating Aunt Eliza's 75th birthday at the home of retired Captain Bob Rawding. I was delighted with the chance to visit with him and see his model ships. In the fall of 1964, our cousin, Lawrence Snell, was co-chairman of a ceremony at Clementsport unveiling a plaque commemorating the days of shipping at Clementsport and in tribute to the fourteen sea captains of the Rawding family. The first, Joseph Rawding, was born in 1771 and the last, Bruce Rawding, was born in 1904.

Mother's father's family were also residents of Nova Scotia for many generations. The character of Mother's parents can be judged by the following testimony of relatives.

This biographical sketch is by Lawrence Snell.

"Silas Berry, born 1832, died 1897, of an acute Bronchial disorder. Six feet tall, commanding appearance, logger and lumberman, he was a familiar figure on the Sissiboo Road. With horse and oxen, to and from the village of Bear River where saling ships on year-round schedules acceptedhis "Cut", be it lumber, logs, cord wood, or hemlock bark. The latter going to the great leather tanning industry in Massachusettes. Of English extraction, his forebearers came to Nova Scotia after the many wars with France established it as a Crown Colony.

In 1854 he married Elizabeth Burrell of like Ancestry, who bore him seven sons and six daughters. Such was the eveness of his disposition and manner that time alone prevented him (no doubt) from correcting this disparity in the sexes. While proud of his family, Silas Berry loved animals. They had to be the best, and great pains were taken to match up young steers to produce the 'Yoke' of oxen that would satisfy his ego. A good horse was more or less easy to come by; but a well matched pair of oxen was something else.

He was called an " ox proud man" and Mr. Minard Chute recalls an incident that bears this out. The Alcorns were like-minded and no doubt a bit of rivalry existed. One day, passing Frank Alcorn's farm, he was called in and shown a huge boulder that had just been pulled from a deep hole. "Could your team have pulled that out?" Mr. Berry walked around it, looked down into the excavation, and turning to Mr. Alcorn, said, "No, but mine will take a better picture."

The Berry family, average for those years, was nevertheless a big family. They had strong family ties which was in evidence down through the years. What concerned one concerned them all, and the spirit of cooperation was engendered from childhood. When the men folk returned at night, tired and hungry, the team, whether horses or oxen, would be taken by someone, more often Eliza, the oldest, unharnessed or unyoked, fed and bedded. Bertha, and some of the younger ones would be helping Mother Berry prepare the evening meal. Rearing a large family was a full time job, and idle days had to be avoided, but keen sportsmen have always seemed to find a day to indulge in their sport. In Mr. Berry's case, this was moose hunting. He knew the habits and instincts of the "Monarch of the forest" and to him it was a battle of wits, getting a big fellow manoeuvered down wind for the kill. The "call" of the birch bark horn that attracted the big antlered bull for the kill, in the first place, was all a part of successful hunting.

On one such trip, Mr. Chute further recalls that the story was told about Mr. Berry falling on ice lightly covered with snow. Down in a heap, packs, guns and all. Hitting his head and elbows, his companions realized that he suffered some pain, and although they knew him well, perhaps they would not have been shocked to have heard a choice word or two. However, he pulled himself up, and with some emphasis said, "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the rest of my life."

A Christian he was, in word and deed. Some people on sensing a beggar approaching, go through moments of indecision. How can I avoid this? How little can I get by with? Others welcome the opportunity. It gives them a sense of having done something noble, and if witnessed, much greater the glow of satisfaction. Silas Berry did not react to either. With him, it was always, "Never let your left hand know what your right hand doeth."

On that note I leave him to you, his progeny, with the reasonable knowledge that 'Goodness and Mercy followed him the rest of his life and he dwells in the House of the Lord, forever.'"

Aunt Ada wrote of Grandmother Berry: -

"She was the eldest daughter of John and Mary Ann Burrell of Clementsport. When a young woman, she was baptized into the fellowship of the Bear River Baptist Church and lived an earnest and consistent Christian life. Many were the prayers offered in her home for the church and its pastors.

Her life was largely confined to her home. She was the mother of thirteen children, ten of whom grew to adult life. Her family was reared in the days of spinning and weaving, and she made the clothing for the family.

Largely through the influence of a godly father and mother, the ten remaining children confessed Christ and were baptized before they were twenty years old."

Mother's Cousin Bessie, whose mother died while young, wrote, "I often think of Aunt Elizabeth who was never too busy to make clothes for Margaret and me."

The Berry home had one bedroom for the five boys and one for the five girls. When floor space became limited, the younger children slept in "trundle" beds, a box on casters with a mattress which was rolled under another bed. The sturdy wooden cradle had a new baby every two years. (When the Thelens visited Nova Scotia in 1946 they took pictures of their children beside this cradle.) The next year, Elizabeth Hayden , granddaughter of the oldest daughter, Eliza, took the cradle to her home in Cotuit on Cape Cod.

Providing for such a large family by farming in summer and lumbering in winter required good management. Salt cod, smoked herring, and salt pork were supplemented in the winter by moose and rabbits shot by father and sons. Moose meat was also used in making mince-meat for pies. Beans and oatmeal bread were baked once or twice a week.

Grandmother Berry was a good organizer and trained the girls to have their special tasks, as well as helping with all the housework. Bertha spun the yarn and Ada Wove the blankets and carpets. We still have a blanket Aunt Ada had woven when she was fifteen. Mother used this for over 50 years and it has been used less steadily for twenty years or more.

The girls learned early to knit and sew. Their first knitting was long narrow strips of plain knitting for garters. Mother always called this, "Plain knittings garter stitch." Designs for hooked rugs were sketched on plain burlap and all the girls hooked rugs.

When Mother was married, she had several hooked rugs made from home-dyed yarn (the dull green being dyed with tree moss). These rugs lasted in constant use for forty years. When I was married, Aunt Alice and Mother each gave me home-made rugs, and I have two small rugs hooked by Aunt Eliza.

After Bertha had completed the "Sixth Reader" in Country School (about the equivilant of 10th grade) she took dress making instruction from Mrs. Welch in Bear River. She had learned at home to mend and sew neatly, but needed instruction in making lined basques and gored skirts.

Since women in Nova Scotia made their own clothes, Bertha went to Boston to earn her living. She first lived with her brother ,Tom, and his family. When her sister, Ada, came to Boston and married Mr. Call, Bertha made her home with them. Bertha sewed by the day in people's homes, and several of her customers became life-long friends.

She had a good time with young people of the Dudley Street Baptist Church. After Nathaniel Shepard started going with her, she had to decide to date only him as his standard was just one at a time. After they were engaged, Nathaniel decided to go west in search of an opportunity to earn more money as he did not think he could support a family on butcher's wages.

In the fall of 1891, Nathaniel Shepard and George Dondale took the "Soo" train to Minnesota. When they reached Superior, Wisconsin, the day was black, mud was ankle deep and the city looked dismal. George decided to return to Boston, but Nathaniel went on to Minneapolis.

When he arrived in this city, and stood near the railroad depot wondering where to go for the night, "Spike" Sewall came along and noticed the Odd Fellow's pin. Spike opened conversation and discovered that they were both from New Hampshire. Then he invited Nathaniel to go home with him and work on the Sewall dairy farm. Nathaniel welcomed this invitation and went to the Sewall farm on Excellsior Boulevard, about a third of a mile beyond the city limits of Minneapolis. The Sewalls were "diamonds in the rough" and although Dad only stayed with them a few months , he always appreciated their sterling virtues.

Later, the Hankees, who had the farm next to the Sewalls, noticed that Natt wasn't the noisy drinking type of Sewalls and asked him if he would like to milk cows for his room and board and take over one of their milk wagons. He set for his goal the saving of $1,000 and then going to Boston to marry Bertha.

In the meantime, Bertha was working on her trouseauHer wedding petticoat, pants and nightgown were trimmed with little tucks and wide fine lace and have become family treasures. The ruffled petticoat was made over later for Reta and Marion for their graduations' and Reta's wedding.

Bertha and Nathaniel were married in her sister Ada's home in Boston on August 9, 1893. Grandfather and Grandmother Berry made the trip to Boston for the wedding. When Grandfather Berry asked Nathaniel if he could support Bertha, he said that he thought he could as he had already saved $1,000. Father used to say that Grandfather looked surprised as that was more money than he had ever been able to save up or expected to see. An admonition that Dad used to quote and that mother would never acknowledge she heard was Grandfather saying to her, "Take good care of Natt".

The honeymoon trip incuded New York City, Washington, D. C. and the World's Fair at Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Cousins who were from Watertown, Massachusetts and were living in Minneapolis, joined them at the Fair. The two couples became life-long friends.

This friendship was especially important to Mother. Her few neighbors did not fill the place of her relatives and friends in Boston. When she was homesick, she used to drive about two miles to visit with Mrs. Cousins. Even in later years, she seldom went to Minneapolis without stopping to visit Mrs. Cousins. A special summer treat during our childhood was going to Groveland, Lake Minnetonka, to visit the Cousins family at their summer cottage.

Reta Lucinda Shepard was born in the house by the Hankee farm on June 11, 1894. The name "Reta" was a pet name for Margaret Jones, Mother's favorite cousin, who was also a favorite of Father's, and "Lucinda" was for Father's mother.

That autumn, Father rented the "Pool Place", a farm on Excelsier Road, a half-mile nearer the center of St. Louis Park Village. Grandmother came to visit that winter . Her third husband, Mr. Childs, had died and she was living with her son Charles, a widower. Grandmother was homesick and stayed only a short time.

Father bought milk from the Burns farm and retailed it to homes in Minneapolis. He drove an open milk wagon and on cold days, he trotted behind the wagon to keep warm. Milk was carried in five gallon cans, puured into a two-quart measure, then into a customer's milk pan. During cold weather, ice formed in the measure so amounts weren't always accurate. Warm hearted cooks and housewives often offered Father coffee which was greatly enjoyed. In later years, when we were buying pasteurized milk for 11¢ a quart bottle, Dad used to comment, "I made more selling milk at 5¢ a quart than they make now".

Mrs. Rixon, who lived across the road, invited Mother and Father to celebrate their wedding anniversary, August 9, 1896, by coming over for home-made icecream. When Mother felt pains in the early morning, she thought it was from eating the ice cream. Then she decided that these were labor pains. Father hitched up the horse to drive two miles for Dr. Russell, but Mother called to him to go for "Aunt Sade" instead. Although Sadie Gould was not a mid-wife, she had helped deliver many babies and this was a quick birth, so the doctor was not called. The baby was named Marion Alice. The name Alice was for Mother's sister Alice, a favorite with both Father and Mother. In the fall of 1896, Father bought the ten acres and buildings at the corner of Excelsior and Wooddale Avenue from John Baston. It was a cash sale. Father prided himself on not having a mortgage but always invested his money in mortgages. He used to point out to us that money invested at 6% would double in about 12 years. He also pointed out that when you are young, is the time to start your money working for you.

The buildings on the farm were lined up in the old New England style. An ice house was next to the kitchen door. Father and a hired man cut ice from Minnehaha Creek and stored it in sawdust in the ice-house. The ice-house opened into the milk house which had a big tank of ice water in which five gallon cans were placed when brought from the Burns farm in Hopkins each evening. After Father gave up selling milk in 1902, the tank was removed and the shed served as a wash house for the hired men, except during the winter. Next to the wash house, extended sheds for one-seated and two-seated buggy, a sleigh, a farm sled, a market wagon and a wood pile. A corn crib was next and the barn at right angles to it. Behind the barn was a barnyard with a high wooden fence and a chicken house in the far corner.

A deep well provided remarkable cold, good-tasting water. Rain water for washing was collected in a cistern in our basement and drawn up by a pump at our kitchen sink. I recall that when the cistern was almost full and Mother would be awakened by a rain storm, shoe would go outside and turn the lever, sending the water into the lawn instead of letting the over-flow onto the basement floor. The rest of the family would sleep comfortably through the storm.

Across the road from our house was our ten acre market garden with a green house, "hot beds", wind mill, wooden water tank, and a gasoline engine to use for pumping when the wind didn't blow. A shed provided a place for the market wagon and for preparing vegetables for market. During the early years when Father had about 300 "hot beds" for raising lettuce, cucumbers and pansies, there was a big galvanized tank for washing cucumbers andlettuce.

When Father bought the ten acres of the "Pool Place" across Excelsior Road, he gave up using "hot beds". We recall how good it was to all of us the first winter when we did not need a hired man to haul manure from stables in Minneapolis.

It was pleasant to have only our own family at meals. Mother especially appreciated not having hired men at the table with us. Another blessing was that Father did not have to get up in the night to stoke the soft coal furnace in the green house, as he had on sub-zero nights when he had raised cucumbers, lettuce and pansies to transplant into hot beds in early spring. It also seemed good to have Dad spend an occassionally leisurely morning, playing checkers with "Uncle Bill", Gould.

In referring to the green house, mention should be made of one Easter vacation when Marion and Reta were 13 and 15 years of age. We worked from 7 to 12, and 1 to 5 transplanting seedling cabbages and tomatoes. We took pride in our work and Dad told us we did better than the hired man. We were delighted with a check for $5. that Dad gave each of us at the end of the week; the only money we ever received for work at home. I recall that the summer I returned from a year of graduate work at Teacher's College, Columbia, Dad said, "Neighbors used to feel sorry for the Shepard girls working so hard, but I noticed that none of them sent their daughters through college".

During his first years of market gardening, Father had only ten acres, using about one for asparagus, four for onions, and the rest for other vegetables. Onions required work on knees, weeding, pulling, and cutting off dried tops. One year the price of onions at harvest time was low, so Father stored crates of onions in the barn cellar, and sacks of onions in rented storage. There was an over-production of onions that year, so the onions couldn't be sold at a profit during the winter, and some of the onions in the basement froze. Father dumped the onions back on the land and plowed them under for fertilizer. After that, he changed to other crops; - he always said, "You can't beat the law of supply and demand". He planted about three acres for asparagus. Asparagus brought high prices before refrigerator cars were introduced bringing early asparagus from the South.

Our asparagus cutting season lasted from early May until 4th of July. Mother, Grandmother, and we girls bunched asparagus. These bunches were about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and held together with rubber bands. Father chopped off the lower tough ends and packed the bunches in galvanozed pans with water in the bottom to keep them fresh. We bunched asparagus after school and for about seven hours a day during June. This interfered with the celebration of Reta's birthday on June 11th. One year we thought we would manage a celebration and asked Martha and Edna to come in the afternoon. Our hired girl baked cup cakes, but we had not finished bunching asparagus when the girls arrived, so Mother sent them home. Mother tried to make up for it by having Marion's birthday that year, a celebration for both girls. But it did not compensate.

Father managed the timing of crops very successfully, so that he had a load of vegetables for market every day until after killing frosts in the fall. He prided himself on early tomatoes, and one year had the first bushel of tomatoes on the Minneapolis market. Father also raised spinach, cabbage, carrots, beets, wax beans, cucumbers and Hubbard squash to sell, plus potatoes, peas, and onions for our own use. Most of our afternoons during August were spent wiping and packing tomatoes into bushel baskets.

During the two months of asparagus season, we usually ate asparagus twice a day. If it wasn't on the table, Dad would say, "If there wasn't enough crooked "grass", you had better save outsome straight; if we can't afford to eat it, I don't know who can". We cooked vegetables fresh from the fields and would not think of picking corn the night before. Dad also thought that cucumbers held over a day were not fit to eat. Vegetables from tin cans were considered little less than poison. Canning tomatoes, corn and carrots in quart glass bottles - 24 bottles at a time in hot water bath in a big wash boiler on the kitchen range was a really big job in August and early September.

We also remember what an ordeal it occassionally was on Saturday afternoons to can fruit that Dad had bought at a bargain when the fruit was too ripe to hold over until Monday.

Making crab apple jelly, apple butter and baked crab apple pickles on the kitchen range was always a part of our work in late August until storms and decay finally killed off our two crab apple trees. We girls had always enjoyed picking these apples and one year when Marion had climbed onto a big limb to pick, the limb broke and crashed to the ground with such a thud that Dad heard it a block away. The branches offered enough spring so that Marion wasn't hurt and Mother was glad that there would be fewer apples to can next year.

Father got up at 3:30 A.M. and hitched up Daisy and Prince to the wagon piled high with vegetables. They were high-spirited horses that had been carriage horses for the George Dayton family of the Dayton Department Store in Minneapolis. They had been sold to Father because they had been hard to handle after automobiles began to appear on the streets. Even on a farm wagon, they were apt to start out with a lunge, and Father had to be quick to climb up to the wagon seat before they started. He drove six miles into market, backed the wagon into his stall, took the horses to a near-by barn, then ate breakfast in a restaurant with other market gardeners. Grocery men and "commission men" (who bought vegetables to ship to northern Minnesota and the Dakotas) came to his stall early, to be sure to get his good quality vegetables. He kept the same customers during 34 years on the market.

"My word is as good as my bond," was a rules of Father's life. I remember one day when Father had an order for two loads of cabbage for shipping in the afternoon. A cold rain made cutting and loading the cabbage a trying job, but the two loads of cabbage were delivered to the freight train in Minneapolis on Schdeule.

The only morning that Reta and Marion went to the market was to see President Taft (whom Father greatly admired) ride in a procession down Nicollet Avenue. We rode to the market with Mr. Boyce and Helen, as he did not go as early as Father. We enjoyed having our breakfast in the market restaurant; then walking over to Nicollet Avenue for the parade. We rode home with Father after he had sold his load.

Father usually reached home before noon, and Mother would try to have him rest before dinner, but he would go at once into the fields to work with the men. He set a brisk pace for them, and because they liked and respected him, they would keep up with him.

Since hired men and a hired girl were part of our family, they deserve mention. The men were chiefly men who worked in the northern Minnesota lumber camps in the winter, and in Dakota threshing fields in the fall, and they told colorful experiences. The standard wages for hired men was from $30. to $40. a month, plus room and board. They had only Sunday afternoons in the summer and all day Sunday off in the winter. Hired girls received $3.50 to $4. a week. Their day started at 5:30 A.M. and ended at 7 P.M. with an hour or two off in the afternoon, and usually Sundays off.

Our hired girls were, at first, Bohemian girls from farms west of Hopkins. Since they spoke very little English, they worked at housework before they either worked in stores or married. They were treated much like a member of the family, and I recall once when we were playing house and mother heard us say, "the maid" she told us to be careful as Annie might hear and be offended.

The modernization of our house extended from about 1904 to 1926. The first item was a telephone; the wooden type fastened to the wall and ringing for each of the five parties on the line. Orders for vegetables occassionally came over the telephone; though they were usually given at the market.

I recall, with much chagrin, one message that I forgot to deliver. After father learned about it, he said, "If that had been a party, you would have remembered it".

Electric lights were installed about 1909. Father was especially glad to eliminate the hazzard of the lanterns in the barn starting a fire. Reta and Marion were glad to be relieved of the daily task of washing lamp chimneys. Mother and both girls were delighted to be able to use an electric iron instead of heating about five irons on the soft coal stove. As irons cooled quickly, they had to be changed frequently and the next iron tested on newspaper to see that it wasn't hot enough to scorch. The greatest hardship in old fashioned ironing was on a hot summer day with a hot range fire in back.

Before 1905 our house had been heated by hard coal stoves in the dining room and parlor. Registers in the ceiling above the stoves could be opened to let heat into the rooms above. These stoves had nickle foot rests on three sides and eisenglass windows that gave a cheery view of the glowing coals. When a hot water furnace was installed, the house was warmer and easier to keep clean, but for awhile we missed the cheery glow of the stoves.

Before Grandma Shepard came to live with us in 1908, another front room was added and a bedroom above it, so that she could have the down-stairs bedroom. An attic was added which was reached through the back stairs. This provided an extra room for hired men in the summer and also served as storage space.

Mother was clever at making over clothes and hats, so if we kept anything long enough, she always found use for it. One complaint that we girls had was that there were never any old fashioned clothes to dress up in as in the Fuller's attic, for Mother always made over our clothes. Remembering this, Marion saved all of her evening dresses and enjoyed seeing her daughter, Rita, and her friends dress up in them. She also lent these to Senior Citizens for Costume parties and programs.

A bath room was not installed until 1926. It may seem strange that a prosperous farmer would go without a bath room, but this was common at the time. A new well had to be dug, an electric engine installed in the basement, and a water tank in the attic. Another thing that may seem strange is that we did not have an automobile until Dad bought a second hand Reo from a friend in 1920. He bought a Reo truck for marketing about 1912 and kept it going satisfactorily until he gave up gardening in 1930. This truck served as family transportation after horse and buggy days, although we walked to any place within a radius of a mile.

I recall one Sunday when a Catholic friend from the university spent a week-end with us. Dad took her to the Pro-Cathedral in Minneapolis in the truck. She was self-conscious about the truck and asked him to stop a block away. When we had corn roasts for the "Trailor" hiking club that we belonged to, Dad put deck boards across the truck body, met our friends at the car line, and on one occasion, also took them to Minnehaha Creek to swim.

"Work before pleasure" was the governing rule of Father's life. For a few years he went with Mother to Croquinole parties in neighbors' homes, but he was so tired at night that this was an effort for him and he later refused to go to Parties. Mother's recreation was Rebecca Meeting on Monday nights, Ladies' Aid Wednesday afternoons, and Birthday Club Luncheons once a month. These parties were major productions. At the time, we girls thought the house cleaning and silver polishing before Mother's birthday party was an ordeal. But after we had our own homes, we did much the same, and seldom had a party without thinking of Mother.

Reta's and Marion's recreation centered around church and schools-Christian Endeavor monthly combination business meetings and parties in homes of members. The annual church ice cream social was usually held on Baston's lawn lit with Japanese Lanterns.

Each member brought the home-made icecream or cake for which she was famous. We remember, with mouths still watering, Mrs. Rixon's maple icecream, made with maple syrup sent from Vermont and Mrs. Caldwell's nut sheet cake with a walnut half on each square. Mother's specialties were chocolate or crushed pineapple ice cream and Angel food cake. Skating on Minnehaha Creek, sliding on Fuller's hill and sleigh rides followed by an oyster stew were standard diversions, in the winter.

While Mr. Warner was our minister, we used to have a maple wax party at the parsonage each winter. Maple syrup was boiled until it would harden on snow. When we had eaten all we thought we could, we ate sweet pickles and then more maple wax. Molasses candy pulls were popular. Usually we pulled in pairs until the candy was porous and light colored. Then we quickly chilled it on pie plates on a snow bank. Games that we enjoyed playing at home were Flinch, Rook, Patent Medicine, Croquenole and croquet.

Reading aloud was a part of our family pattern on winter evenings. Books by Alger, Joseph Lincoln and Mary Roberts Rinehart "Tish and More Tish" were favorites. Reta and Marion took turns reading. Mother sewed or crocheted while Father lay on the sofa. He would soon fall asleep. Then we would summarize for him the next evening.

When persuading Bertha to marry and go to Minnesota, Nathaniel had promised that she could go back to visit once a year. But as a wife of a hard working farmer, it was difficult to manage going back once in three years. Aunt Alice and Uncle Wilfred from Florida arranged to visit B oston and Nova Scotia at the same time as Mother. When Reta was five and Marion three, the whole family gathered at Grandpa Berry's home for Aunt Hattie's wedding. Marion had a chance to be flower girl but did not settle down to practice for it, so Reta was the flower girl.

Marion felt envious when Reta came down the stairs with a basket of flowers. In the excitement of the occasion, Marion called out, "I have to go to the closet". Following the wedding, young folks of the neighborhood came ringing cowbells (shivering) and were served ice cream and cake. When Reta graduated from the 8th grade shd went East with Mother but Marion did not feel as left out as when Reta was flower girl.

Mother went East on excursion rates in 1904 when the Grand Army of the Republic met in Boston. Christine, a Bohemian girl, was left in charge of the house. The most memorable event of that summer was a tornado that swept through our area one Saturday night. It blew out the "Thimble" a tin stopper that was in the chimney, where the stove pipe was inserted in the winter. Soot poured out over the dining room and covered the fresh table-cloth and dishes that Christine had laid out so as to get away early Sunday morning. She was more concerned over the extra work than about the roof blowing off the shed where the market wagon was kept. Sunday morning, Dad hitched up the horse and took her to Hopkins. We went also and were amazed at the destruction.

The most distinctive summer for us was when Mother went East in 1910. We girls took charge of the housework but had Grandma Shepard to turn to for advice. We made bread twice a week. Dad considered baker's bread too frothy to be of any value for working men. We were quite proud of the efficient way we organized our work and always had meals ready at 7, 12 noon and 6'clock. Dad showed his pleasure by taking us for buggy rides on Sunday afternoons. The big event was when Dad came home from market one day and offered to take us to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Dishes were washed so fast that noon, that we set an all time record which we referred to for years. The show was even more fun than we had antici-pated and having Dad put aside work for one afternoon seemed too good to be true.

Opening Mother's trunk when she returned was always a thrill. The presents always delighted us. And the sweet bough apples that she brought from Grandma Berry's farm were the best we had ever tasted.

Ethel Chute's poem gives a bit of appreciation of what these visits meant to Grandma Berry:

For as the summer got quite near,
How anxiously she'd wait
To hear from children far away
And get their vacation date.
Then on the day they were arriving
She faced her rocking chair
In full view of old Sissiboo.
I know - cause I was there.

A looking too with all my might
To get a first good view
Of Purdy's four-seat buckboard
With my aunties in it too.

These were happy days for Grandma
Just to have them home once more;
In her fancy, they were children
As in days of Yore.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

SILAS BERRY, born 1832, died 1897 of an acute bronchial disorder. The writer enlarges only on the character of the man because of him it could not be said, "The good was (oft) interred with his bones."

Six feet tall, commanding in appearance, logger and lumberman, he was a familiar figure on the Sissiboo Road with horses or oxen going to and from the village of Bear River where sailing ships on year round schedules accepted his"cut," be it lumber, logs, cord wood or hemlock bark. The hemlock bark going to the great leather tanning industry in Massachussets.

Of English extraction, his forbears came to Nova Scotia after the many wars with France established it as a Crown Colony. In 1854 he married Elizabeth Burrell of like ancestry, who bore him seven sons and six daughters. Such was the evenness of his manner and disposition that time alone prevented him (no doubt) from correcting this disparity in the sexes.

While proud of his family, Silas Berry loved animals. They had to be the best and great pains were taken to match up young steers to produce the"yoke" of oxen that would satisfy his ego. A good horse was more or less easy to come by, but a well matched pair of oxen was something else. He was called an "ox proud man" and Mr. Minard Chute recalls an incident that bears this out. The Alcorns were like minded and, no doubt, a bit of rivalry existed. One day passing Frank Alcorn"s farm, he was called in and shown a huge boulder that had just been pulled from a deep hole. "Could your team have pulled that stone out?" Mr. Berry walked around it, looked down in the excavation, and turned to Mr. Alcorn saying, "No, but mine would take a better picture!"

The Berry family, average for those years, was nevertheless a big family. They had strong family ties which was in evidence down through the years. What concerned one concerned them all.

This spirit of cooperation was engendered in childhood. When the men folk returned at night tired and hungry, the team (either horse or oxen or both) would be taken by someone (more often Eliza) unharnessed or unyoked, fed, and bedded. Bertha and some of the younger ones would be helping Mother Berry prepare the evening meal.

Rearing a large family was a full time job and idle days had to be avoided. But keen sportsmen have always seemed to find a way to indulge in their favorite sport. In Mr. Berry's case, this was moose hunting. He knew the habits and instincts of the "Monarch of the Forest" and to him it was a battle of wits getting a big fellow manoeuvered downwind for the kill. The "Call" on the birch bark horn that attracted the big antlered bull in the first place was all a part of the know how of successful hunting.

On one such trip Mr. Chute further recalls that the story was told about Mr. Berry falling on ice lightly covered with snow. Down in a heap, packs, gun, and all. Hitting his head and elbows Mr. Berry's companions realized he suffered some pain; and although they knew him well, perhaps they would not have been shocked to have heard a choice word or two. However, he pulled himself up slowly and with some emphasis said, '"Surely goodnessand mercy shall follow me all the rest of my life."

A Christian he was in word and deed. Some people on sensing a beggar approaching go through moments of indecision. How can I avoid this? How little can I get by with? Others welcome the opportunity; it gives them a sense of having done something noble and if witnessed much greater the glow of self-satisfaction. Silas Berry did not react these ways. With him it was always "Never let your left hand know what your right doeth."

On that note I leave him to you, his progeny, with the reasonable knowledge that "Goodness and Mercy followed him the rest of his life and he dwells in the House of the Lord forever."