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INTRODUCTION

About as soon as our children could talk, they began to tease their father to "Papa, tell us a story about when you were a boy". Since they have grown older their plea has been changed to, "Papa, write the story of your life". I do not think that there is much that will prove interesting to anyone outside of my own family, but as the children have made me promise that "someday I will", and it has always been the principle of my life to keep my promises as far as possible - such as it is, here it is.

A Brief Sketch of Experiences in the Life of Daniel Webster Longfellow

Born April 14, 1852, in the village of St. Anthony Falls, Territory of Minnesota, in a small one and one half story frame house. Parents, Jacob and Jane (nee Getchell) Longfellow. Older brothers and sisters, Mary, 13, Levi, 10, Nathan G., 8, Seleda, 5.

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, before I could walk, I crept across the floor and the wrist of my right hand came in contact with a red-hot stove, causing a burn which left a scar which is still plainly visible at 86 years of age.

In March of 1853 father took his family by ox-team to a house made of large tamarack logs which he had out in a near-by grove. This house was in what is now Brooklyn Center. My earliest recollection is of pushing a covering from my face and seeing the oxen and the log house when we stopped at the door, a memory that my mother confirmed in later years when I told her of my remembrance. She said that it was exactly correct.

My first bed was a trundle bed which was pshed under father and mother's bed in the daytime and pulled out for us children to sleep in at night. Our first lights were tallow candles made by our mother. The first books I remember were a Bible and "Uncle Tom's Cabin", which mother read to us by the light of a candle while she was knitting socks and mittens for father and the older members of the family. The whole settlement was filled with wonder when we heard that one of our neighbors had a lamp that had to have a chimney. We could not imagine what kind of a lamp it could be that required a chimney.

My next remembrance is playing out of doors with my cousin, Shepard Longfellow, about my own age, whose father, Martin Longfellow, with his family, lived in a small frame house built by our fathers very near and just in front of our log house.

One of those early experiences is of a pow-wow between Indians and white settlers held very near to our house. One of the Indians had killed a calf that belonged to one of our white neighbors. The white man, to get even with the red man, had captured a pony belonging to the Indian. Mr. Indian demanded that his pony be returned. The conference between the Reds and the Whites was held just a few rods from father's house. Mother, fearing trouble, gathered us children into the house and hid us under her bed. I was too young to understand how the trouble was settled, but in some way the affair was settled without bloodshed.

When I was perhaps three years old mother and my oldest sister had gone to visit with a neighbor one afternoon. I went wading in the brook and was swept off my feet and carried around the bend and against the bank. I caught hold of the grass on the bank but that did not hold, but gave way with what sounded like thunder to my ears. My head was under water and I was soon unconscious. The next thing I knew my sister Mary had come home just in time to see me in the water. She got me out and up into the house, and when I came to I was lying on the lounge. A pretty close call - so you see I owe my life to my sister Mary.

When I was very young I often wished that I knew how to milk a cow. When a little older, having learned how to perform that task, it became my duty to milk the cows twice a day, then that operation lost all its interest and I was sorry that I had learned.

One evening after milking I started for the house with two pails of milk. My younger sister, Elizabeth, called me to come and look at a bird's nest she had found. Setting the pails of milk on the ground, I went to look

at the bird's nest. When we came back to the pails, we found that the pigs had got there first and the pails were empty. Our very wise mother, wishing to make the punishment fit the crime, decided that I, being the older, should have no milk to drink for two weeks, while my sister must go without for one week. At the end of one week the kind mother ruled that her boy had been sufficiently punished and that he need not serve the balance of the sentence. But I, perhaps feeling that the penalty was not at all too severe, declined to accept the reprieve, and so continued to abstain from milk for the full two weeks.

When I was old enough to bind the bundles of grain, father cut his wheat and oats crop with a cradle. I could rake and bind as fast ashe could cut the grain. But one year he hired Dan Terrell, a big strong six foot three inch Irishman to do the cradling. Dan cut a wide swath around a square field of grain and I raked and bound behind him as fast as I could. I got along all right until Dan cut around the field and caught up with me, then with two swaths ahead of me to be raked and bound, you can imagine I was a tired, discouraged boy.

The years of my boyhood and youth were kept busy with plowing and harrowing the land, planting and seeding and caring for the crops of corn, potatoes, wheat, oats, buckwheat, sugar cane, pumpkins, squash, watermelons, muskmelons, cutting hay, feeding the cows, horses, sheep and pigs, milking the cows and trapping muskrats, mink, gophers and groundsquirrel. I caught many muskrats and three mink. The latter were the most profitable, for while I could get from 15 to 30 cents for muskrats, my three mink skins brought thirteen dollars.

In September of 1862, the year of the Sioux outbreak, a wagon drawn by two horses stopped at our house in the late afternoon. In the wagon were a man (the driver) and two women, a mother and daughter who were fleeing from the danger zone of the Sioux attack. The women had hired the

man to take them from their home in western Minnesota to the home of relatives named Jenkins on Jenkins Prairie. At Osseo they had taken the wrong road, as we lived on the Middle Road and Jenkins lived on the Bottineau Prairie Road. The Man had to start back at once so he could not take the women to the Jenkins home. This was before the days of telephones so it was neccessary for someone to take word to the Jenkins that their friends were waiting at our house for them to come for them, and I was the only one to take the message. The road, or rather path, from our house to the Jenkins home ran through meadows and woods about a mile. Of course the sun had set and it was near dark before I could get back and mother was very anxious for fear the hostile Indians had captured her boy. The young woman gave me a silver dime for taking the message. This was the first money that I ever earned.

One day when I was out in the meadow to bring home the cows, I saw a big Mallard duck fly up. Going to the spot from which the duck had come, I found a big nest full of eggs. As there seemed to be more eggs than one duck could cover, I borrowed three and took them home. Mother had just set a hen on hen eggs, so she put the three duck eggs under the hen. The little chicks and ducklings all came out about the same time and when the little things could walk, mother hen proudly led her flock out for a walk. Coming near the creek, the three ducklings ran for the water while mother hen scolded loudly, no doubt saying in her language, "Come back, you foolish things or you will be drowned". But, being ducks, the little things could not understand hen language so they kept on and had a fine swim. Turtles caught two of the little ducks. The other one stayed in our poultry yard where he stayed for only a few days. We thought he had probably taken a wild mate and that she would not come to live in a yard with hens and turkeys so he had to go and live with her. After that we never saw him again.

Our family were very fond of reading the story papers, but did not have the money to pay the price for subscription, so one spring I worked all the month of March for a neighbor named Hallock who was taking five story papers. My entire pay was the privilege of reading, second hand, the five story papers. One of my duties was hauling hay to the Minneapolis market. Hallock had a large meadow which he cut with a mowing machine. In his meadow were many clumps of willows which he cut with his grass. Many of the willows were as large as a man's finger, some perhaps even larger. One day we brought to market a load of mixed hay and willows, which we sold to an Irishman in south town. I wassent along to pitch the hay into Pat's barn. Pat went into the barn loft to stow the hay. I began pitching the load in, but Pat soon came to the window and called out, "Hold on there, what are you giving me? I bought hay and not cordwood". I persuaded him to take it all in, then we went back to Hallock to pay for it. The sale price had been five dollars but Pat would only pay three and as the load was all tucked in Pat's barn we of course could not take it out. Hallock had to let Pat have it at his own price.

My first business venture was hauling cord wood from Osseo to Minneapolis. It was up in the winter early morning, do the chores, then hitch up the team, drive to Osseo, buy a load of wood, haul it to Minneapolis, market and sell it. Of course, being winter, the horse had to be shod at the end of the third day. Father found that it cost more to keep the horses shod than I was making on the wood, so it was cheaper to keep the horses in the barn. Thus ended that venture.

My early school privileges were confined to three months' school each winter. My fa orite study was mathematics. I usually took my arithmetic home to "do my sums". When the farm chores were all done and supper eaten, father would say, "Now Webby, do your sums, then we'll have a game of checkers". That was alwys father's way, work first, then play. In addition

to three months of school each winter, father gave me two terms each winter for two years at the University. I worked for my board with sister Mary and walked over two miles to the "U". My work consisted in milking sometimes one and sometimes two cows, keeping woodbox filled, snow shoveled off and various other items. I also built fires to keep a little nearby chapel warm.

One winter I taught the country school four months at Diamond Lake near Dayton, Minn. I had forty-four scholars of all grades from A B C to Algebra. Some of my scholars were as old as the teacher. My pay was $25.00 per month and board. I "boarded around". Many of the places were French and some German, so I had a variety of boarding places. I was twenty years old that spring so father was really entitled to my pay. I gave him $85.00 and he "gave me my time".

That spring I got a job in town working for the J. C. Gardner Bakery, "tending" shop, at $35.00 a month and room. I slept in a small room over the shop, had to be up at five o'clock in the morning when the children began to come with their empty bottles to get one or two cent's worth of liquid yeast ("east", they calledit). I tended shop all day and loaded out the two bakery wagons that delivered and sold around town. We had to keep shop open until nine in the evening, Saturday evening until ten. We did not have a President Roosevelt in the White House to dictate "minimum wage and Maximum hours".

I worked for Gardner a couple of years, then brother Levi wanted me to work for him in his retail grocery, which I did until he sold out to two young fellows, Crowell and Dearborn, for whom I worked until May, 1876, when reports began coming in of the great gold finds in the Black Hills, so I decided to go there.

On May 30th, 1876, I left on the Northern Pacific Railroad for Bismarck, N. D., then the western end of that road. We got to Fargo that day and found that the railroad was only running three trains a week to Bismarck, so I had to wait over a day in Fargo, which I did, and Thursday morning took train for Bismarck. We were delayed in transit by a washout and reached Bismarck about ten O'clock that night, where I went to the Capitol Hotel. My slumbers were disturbed by the noise of a fight in a nearby saloon in which a soldier from Ft. Lincoln was killed.

The next morning we found that no wagon trains were starting for the hills on account of hostile Indians on the war-path between Bismarck and the Hills.

I had a letter to J. W. Raymond, the owner of the largest store in town. One day I went into his store and found every clerk rushing around as busy as bees. Having nothing else to do, I took off my coat and got busy putting up supplies for a steamboat that had come up the river on the way to Ft. Benton. A couple of days later Mr. Raymond called me into his office to tell me that they were going to change the manager of their Indian trading store at Ft. Berthold and asked if I would go up and take charge of the store. As there did not seem to be any immediate prospect of getting to the Hills, I decided to take the job. The steamer Josephine was leaving the next day for up river so I took passage on her and two days later I was landed at Ft. Berthold. The story of my four years there will make a very, to me, interesting chapter in my story and you will find why, though I started for the Black Hills in 1876, I have not reached them yet, though it is now 1938.

My first evening at the store two Indians seemed to be having a hot argument. As I afterward learned they were half brothers, having the same father but different mothers. One was named Last Stone (a hostile) the other White Face (a friend of the white people). Last Stone hastily left the store, saying, as my interpreter told me, that he would "get his pipe and

they would smoke". White Face, whose dirt lodge was just back of the store enclosure and only a few feet away, also left, saying "yes, he knew what kind of a pipe his brother would get". White face went to his house and went in. A few moments later Last Stone appeared outside with his gun and began shooting into the lodge. One bullet struct the wife of White Face who then grabbed his gun, stepped out his door, and shot and killed Last Stone. Mr. Whalen, the store manager, got White Face into the Store and kept him concealed until the next night when Major Darling, the Indian agent, sent a wagon and carried White Face to Ft. Stevenson where he would be safe.

In Last Stone's family was a young buck who was sort of a half-wit. The Indians calledhim Crazy. A few days later, as I was walking in the path through the fields going to the agency, I saw this half-wit ahead of me with a rifle on his shoulder. He stopped and, as I thought, pumped a cartridge into his gun. A little further on the path ran through a narrow shallow ravine. I reached the ravine just as half-wit came up on the other side. He stopped, turned, and pointed his rifle directly at me. If ever there was a scared boy it was I. What could I do? No use to run in that open field, as a bullet could go much faster than I could run. No use to stand still, so I did the only thing that I coulddo, which was to go forward, which I did as fast as my legs would carry me. When I got to him he lowered his gun and, with a foolish grin on his face, allowed me to take his gun from him. I was greatly relieved to find that there was no cartridge in the gun. I took him and his gun to the Agent and turned them over to him.

For many months I slept nights and lived in a room over the store part of the time and the rest of the time in a small enclosed room in one end of the large storeroom. During those months I went to the Agency, about a mile away, for my meals. Sometimes I walked, sometimes rode my pony. The

Agent had two little girls in his family, the youngest named Lena, about four years of age. I would often take her on my pony in front of me when returning from my noonday meal and carry her to the store where she would amuse herself all afternoon playing with the Indian dolls and trinkets until I went to supper. She was a dear little thing and I lived to have her with me.

There were tow young ladies who had ponies of their own, Miss Nellie Ransom and Miss Hattie King. I used often to take long rides on Moonlight nights with one or the other of them, each on our own ponies out on the wide prairies.

The white people of the Agency organized a literary society and had papers read, some original, others selected. We all took turns preparing and reading the papers. One week Miss King and I were joint editors. Miss King was to be the reader, but she had been recently thrown from her pony and was suffering from a sprained ankle, so it fell to my lot to read the paper. During the absence of Major Darling from the Agency, I had been invited to take my meals with his family, consisting of the two little girls and Mrs. Darling and Miss King. One day when I came to dinner the ladies were having a lot of fun, which seemed to be at my expense, which I afterward learned it was. They often made some little drop cakes called "kisses". That day the ladies had planned to aske me what I would like for dessert, pie or "kisses". But they did not ask it for fear I would say "both". This formed the basis for a little ditty which I composed and read when it was my turn to read the paper at our literary society. This ditty was composed one night while on a hunting trip up the Little Missouri I slept in a Medicine Lodge with a stone for my pillow and reads as follows:

"Good evening friends", is my salute.
Though not so good a reader,
I am Miss Hattie's substitute,
So now you will not need her.

Miss Hattie is a rider bold.
She now walks without a cane.
But this, alas, I have been told,
She has diet on the the brain.

A choice of diet they prepared,
Both she and Mrs. D.,
To offer their boarder, Mr. L.
When he should come for tea.

They laughed and talked the matter o'er
And had a heap of fun,
For we, said they, two women be,
While he is all alone.

But when the boarder came to tea
They dared not either try it,
So boarder he, content must be
Without his choice of diet.

For many months it was necessary for me to put in much time learning the Indian languages, of which four were spoken at Berthold by my customers. Many people seem to think that there is but one Indian language, but these four are as different from each other as English is from Chinese or German, as you will see from a few sample words. A Ree woman wanting sugar would call for "kiet", while a Grosventre (pronounced Groven) woman wouls say "martse koa". If a Ree wanted calico for a dress she wouls say "narvena", while the Grosventre wouls say "marsheicky carpy". Their numerals were also just as different. The Ree counted "ock - pitcoo - narminish - chetieh-sheaf". The Grosventre counted "newutza - noper - narwee - toper - ketcho". Besides these two we had the Mandan and few Sioux though I learned but few words of the two last. After Myra Calhoun came as a teacher of the Grosventres, that language seemed to be more often used by me than either of the others, for which there was a reason, though I did occasionally exchange a few Ree words with Miss Briggs, the Ree Teacher.

The teachers had rooms furnished in the government schoolhouse where they lived, had their meals, and slept. I did not think it prudent for the schoolmarms to be alone nights so far from any help that they might need, so I sent to New York and bought a complete telegraph line, two sending

and receiving instruments, several glass jars for batteries and a mile and a half of wire. We put up the wires connecting the school house with the store. Miss Calhoun and I soon learned the code and became able to send and receive 25 to 30 words per minute. You may be sure that we had many good long visits by wire outside of business hours.

Miss Briggs also learned the use of the wires to a limited extent. My call was "X", Miss Briggs, "S.B.", Miss Calhoun, "S.C." You will not think it strange that my most frequent calls were "S. C." My call of "X" was taken because one of the schoolmarms had said I was "cross" after a lively tilt over the wire. It was "S.C." that gave me the "X" call.

After I had repeatedly urged Myra to become my wife, one moonlight evening in April she said "sometime". In May I urged her to say <u>when</u>. She replied for me to name the month and she would set the day. May was over half gone so I said June. She said the fourth. So June fourth, 1879, we were married in the school house which was filled with our friends, both whites and Indians. Many of our friends came from Fort Stevenson, twenty miles away. The next morning I had a guard stationed to watch for a steamboat coming down the river. We hae just finished our breakfast when our guard came running exclaiming "Marti seewhe huits" (steamboat coming). We got to the landing and took the steamer Key West to Bismarck, where we spent two weeks buying furniture for our room over the store.

In 1880 I was appointed census enumerator of a large district extending one hundred miles along the Missouri River and from that river to the Canadian border. This made it necessary for me to go over the big bend of the Mouse River. There were no trails, so I travelled by compass in a two horse wagon across the prairies. This trip took a week. On the Mouse River I found only a small cluster of log houses, the homes of French and half-french settlers, who had built their homes and planted their fields

then everyone had gone off, probably on a hunting trip, leaving no one to be enumerated, so that week was wasted so far as the census was concerned.

On May 30th of that year our first child wasborn to us. We named him Henry in honor of his uncle, Rev. Henry Calhoun.

In September of that year we took a trip to Ohio to visit relatives and friends of Myra. After we returned from this trip we settled in Fargo, N. D., where I built a house and worked for a man named J. G. Madland, in the farm mchinery business for a year. Then we moved to Minneapolis where I worked a year for my brother, Levi, in the wholesale fruit commission business. I then built a small store and started a retail grocery at 1712 Fourth Avenue South, and lived a house attached to the store. Here on March 19, 1884, a precious baby girl was born whom we named Elizabeth. On December 15, 1885 another dear boy came into our circle whom we named Dwight Webster.