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A SPOONFUL OF HONEY

by MARJORIE BARNES THOMPSON

Foreword

During the mid-1950's, my aunt, Lottie Barnes Boess, and I carried on an extensive correspondence on various subjects. Many years before, she had met a German gentleman during a trip to Europe and eventually married him, spending the next thirty years near Munich. At the onset of World War II, she came back to her native land to take up living here once again.

I met her only once, in 1946, for a brief afternoon's visit in Milwaukee, when both of us were passing through. But that was enough to want to keep in touch with this small, bright-eyed, lovely lady.

Among the letters which I received from her in subsequent years, and which I had the good sense to save, is this present account of her girlhood in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, during the 1880's and 1890's. It was written at my request, to give me something of the flavor of my father's life there, when this family of children lived and grew together.

It had been my intention to draw much from the material found here for a monograph on Burt Barnes, American artist (1872 - 1947), whose work is being brought to public attention through what my sister, Mrs. Mildred Barnes Kruhm, and I now call the Burt Barnes Project.

Recently, I was informed of the publication of Aunt Lottie's account promised to the Manitowoc County Historical Society. Because of the historically important contents of the account and the charm with which it is written, I have decided that Aunt Lottie's record of her early living can be useful to both the Manitowoc County Historical Society and myself. I wish them well with it, and much success.

Marjorie Barnes Thompson
December, 1974
Albuquerque, N.M.

A SPOONFUL OF HONEY

by

Lottie Barnes Boess

I shall make this account brief as I am not well informed, and it may be of little value to you anyway.

On our father's side we have records showing our English origins and later our early American ancestry. On our mother's side the line goes back to very early American with some Irish. One outstanding ancestor of whom we can be justly proud is Rufus Choate,¹ noted American lawyer and statesman, friend and contemporary of Daniel Webster. You will find in the series of "The Library of Oratory" by Chauncy M. Depew, Vol. VI, two of Rufus Choate's orations. In Volume III of the same series you may read an oration delivered by a cousin Joseph Choate (Ambassador to England, 1899 - 1905) at the unveiling of the statue of Rufus Choate in the Courthouse in Boston, October 15, 1898.

Our great grandmother^{1*} was a first cousin to Rufus Choate, and was brought up with him in his father's house. Our mother's sisters, Hannah and Mary, came to Wisconsin.² Hannah, married to a fine looking Maine man of their own village of Millford, came first,³ followed by her sister Mary,⁴ and finally our mother.⁵ The Middle West was opening up at that time. The virgin pine forests were being cut down. Our father bought the entire block where our large brick house stood on the southeast corner on Eighth Street. He had a general store as well as interests in saw mills and real estate. He was a stockholder and vice president of the Manitowoc National Bank.⁶

I can recall this store in its last years. My father was the senior partner with two other merchants.⁷ Ready-made clothes for boys and men were just beginning to be manufactured. One section of the store had these most poorly cut clothes piled up on counters and on tables between the counters. The other section of the store was for dry

goods - all kinds of materials, laces, ribbons, etc. To the back of this part was the grocery department consisting not of green groceries, but of dry staples. In a separate part of the building were the products of the farmers which were brought in and exchanged for the other products and wares which they wanted.

My memories of our father were of a jolly, usually good-natured man who was very engrossed in his business. He liked music, especially vocal music, and came back with reports of his visit to the Opera in New York, where he went twice a year to replenish his stock of dry goods. Our mother was very unmusical, and her efforts of keeping a tune were almost pathetic. Once during our father's absence she practiced singing hymns. One of her friends accompanied her on the piano, and the two hoped to accomplish something by the time Father returned home. Both were pleased with their progress and looked forward to his pleasure and praise when they would perform for him. After a couple of bars, however, our father was convulsed with laughter and the concert came to an abrupt end.

All the stories of our mother are of a very kind person. She was exceedingly fond of animals, and was known to take in all the homeless cats abandoned and wanted by no one. I have also heard a story about a sadistic neighbor who gave vent to his temper by beating his horses. One night after Mother had gone to bed she heard alarming sounds coming from the neighbor's barn. She got up hastily and went to the barn, where she found the man whipping his horses cruelly and gratuitously. Although the man was apparently in an insane rage, Mother stayed and remonstrated with him until he stopped.

I remember being told a story of how, after a jaunt to Milwaukee - a great adventure in those days - Mother came home and found all her children gathered together in the living room. I, the youngest at that time, was in the middle, and the other children were grouped around me. As she saw us, she exclaimed

that she hadn't seen anything in Milwaukee half as beautiful as this picture of her children at home.

Our family was composed of two age-groups: the older children, Lulu, Burt and Ina; and the younger ones, Bess, Lottie and John. We, the younger group, had no memory of mother at all,⁸ except for stories about her and numerous articles of clothing which were not disposed of but were packed away in a chest of drawers in one of the small back bedrooms. Mother wanted me to have her wedding dress. It was gray silk, a taffeta, made with the long sloping shoulders of that period, the early 1860's. Both our parents were dark in coloring, our father compact and of medium height, our mother slender in build and comparatively tall. The first four children were all dark of hair and eye, and she did so long for a little blond baby with blue eyes and blond hair! The Christmas before my birth, Mother dressed dolls for a church bazaar. The dolls had the coloring she hoped her child to have. She prayed for a blond child and her prayers were answered when I came. I was a blond baby with blue eyes. As I remained fair-haired for a few years, Mother thought the gray silk wedding dress would be most becoming to me.

After our mother's death, our father was left with six young children, ages ranging from fourteen and a half to one year old. He hired a competent housekeeper to manage the house and to some degree care for the children. The woman came from a village near Chicago where Father had lived for a time as a young boy.⁹ Her name was Miss Linnie Riddler, and I am sorry to say none of us liked her. She must have had a personality unpleasing to children, for we younger ones at least, would have been very susceptible to a loving woman. She wanted us to call her Aunt Linnie, which we usually did, except when we were in naughty or mischievous moods, and then it was plain Linnie. But plain "Linnie" never gave us an answer to our numerous questions.

Our house was a very large, well-constructed brick building, designed in the style of the period, with a tower part forming a bay window in the living room and in the large front bedroom over it.¹⁰ On the third floor the tower had a dark, interesting room, and a stairway leading to a tower room with four windows looking to the east and south. This was a sunny and glorious play room for us children. The tower, with the corresponding bay windows on the lower floors, made a fine background for the decorations we used in celebrating the election of Harrison in 1892 for the Presi-

dency. In each window of the three floors we had hung red, white and blue streamers of tissue paper, and placed lamps before the windows. After dark, when the lamps were lighted, the tower had a very patriotic air. Father was a member of the Republican party and, no doubt, approved of our decorations.

Our father was very concerned about his children's health and always worried if we showed any signs of not feeling quite well. Our family doctor at that time lived directly across the street from us,¹¹ and he was often called in if one of us seemed a little feverish.

The old house was comfortable and for those early times unusually well equipped with conveniences. We had a hot air furnace when most of our townspeople had stoves. It was fired with wood, big long logs. For years we had a man who was our gardener and stableman and also did all the harder chores around the house in the winter time. His name was Kempton, not Mr. Kempton. Nor did he have a first name, for all we knew. He lived in a little house some distance up the street. He was German, and a fine gardener.¹²

Our garden was a very productive one: apples, plum and cherry trees; blackberries, red and black raspberries, white and red currants, gooseberries and grapes. In addition there were all kinds of vegetables. We had a Guernsey cow which produced such good milk that we had cream enough to make butter. We had chickens, but only for the warmer season. We had no regular hen-house, so they were all killed off toward winter, when as a result we had many chicken dinners.

Besides two horses which were used as delivery horses for the store, we kept one for Mother's use, Old Rocco, a gentle horse which she could drive with the children without fear of its running away. Then Burt had his Indian pony, Dan. He told me how Dan threw him the first time he rode him, but he proved to be a good horse. Sometimes Father drove us out with the team Sunday mornings. I always wanted to go with the family but they usually had to bring me back after I had been out a short time. Riding made me very ill, nauseated me, but of course when they all went I wanted to go too.

Our house had two large living rooms on each side of a large hall, a large, sunny dining room, a very spacious kitchen with pantry and butler's pantry between the dining room and kitchen. Then a library and a bathroom downstairs. This library was next to the bathroom and could be used as a downstairs bedroom in case of illness.¹³

In the living rooms and dining room there were open fireplaces where a good wood fire often blazed on cold winter nights. The bedrooms were large and light with roomy closets. Then with the large basement and the attic and the barn we had much space to roam around in. Our lives were pleasant, carefree and comfortable. No luxury such as you see in many American homes today, for we had the simple tastes of the period in dress and living. There never was stinting for the table, always plenty of good food. On the way to his store, our father ordered the meat for the day. The butcher shop was near his own store, and he would stick his head in the door of the shop and shout his order, sounding like a bark, "Pork roast!" or "Beefsteak!" Not a word about the cut or weight. The butcher was supposed to know all that.

Our buckwheat cakes with maple syrup during the winter months were always a treat. They were very hearty, and toward spring we'd begin to break out, and it was supposed to come from those too hearty breakfasts. Our dinners at noon were hearty, too, and the hot supper at night. I can remember going home at noon with school friends who seemed so hungry they could hardly wait to get home. But, somehow, our heavy breakfasts seemed to last me better.

Now I must tell of our arrangement of water supply for the house in those early years. Our father was justly proud of his method of furnishing the house with lovely rain water for baths and for laundry uses. He had two cisterns dug out in the back yard. These were connected with a pipe and pump in the basement. A large reservoir in the attic held the water which was pumped up there by our man Kempton. Our drinking water came from a well directly back of the house and was pumped up as we needed it. Our toilet was a little room in one corner of the barn, with two full sized seats and one small sized seat for the small children. The city water works and sewerage marked a great change in our comforts. They came first, followed by gas for lighting, then came electricity for lighting and finally gas for cooking.

The woodbox in those first years was an important object in our kitchen. The kitchen stove was heated entirely with wood. I have no recollection of any other means of heating the room in winter except with this stove. So the woodbox must never be empty. I don't remember who kept it filled, but it was probably our man Kempton. We had two women servants in addition to the housekeeper: a cook and a woman who did general housework and acted as nursemaid.¹⁴

There was a time when a nice German family was supplying us with good girls, so we felt an interest in their family, and they in ours. One of my most vivid memories was a couple of weeks spent on their farm one summer. It was a large family with a number of boys old enough to help in the fields. And there was one girl just my age. The older girls were married or working at our house. I loved being at that farm. They had a cheese factory, or rather they made cheese. I found the process very interesting to watch. Then the pigs fascinated me, wallowing in the rich black mud. We'd feed the chickens, ducks, geese and call in the cows toward evening to be milked. The food was very different from our food at home. I recall not liking it except for the rye bread and coffee. We had it three times a day and that was all I ate, but I thought it was delicious. I was satisfied as I wasn't allowed coffee at home, and the rye bread was a novelty too. I came home that time on top of a huge wagon full of cheese boxes. It was piled high with them, and on top was placed a seat where the driver and a little girl of about nine were perched. We had a ten-mile journey and it took us from early dawn to noon to get to Manitowoc. The boxes swayed with the jogging of the horses, which made me deathly sick.

Our winters were colder than now, and snowfalls were much heavier. This is proved to be true from statistics. Snow to a child means jolly things like making snowmen and building snow houses, tobogganing with long sleds that could seat six to ten people. One winter the tobogganing was especially fine. The track commenced on top of the hill on Tenth Street, leading down to the river and Tenth Street Bridge. It ran along the side of the road not far from the sidewalk. From constant use the track was icy, which made the long bobs run at a lightning pace down the slanting path. The boy who steered had a very responsible job, for a too sharp leaning to one side would cause the bob and its passengers to collide with the telephone posts which lined the streets. After a tragic accident in which a number of young people ended in the river, severe restrictions were placed upon this risky sport. The track must have been about seven blocks long and was usually not used much before evening because the big boys who ran and owned these bobs were working on day jobs. I remember asking Aunt Linnie once if I could go to the hill. She answered, "Do as you want to," a very good way, as you see, of managing a child. I was probably eleven or twelve at the time.

One winter a rare condition of deep snow, rain and sudden heavy frost caused a very hard crust to form on the snow. So hard, indeed, that we could skate and walk, of course, on the surface without falling through. The snow was piled high to the window sills, and a hard, unbroken surface lay everywhere. The tobogganing on hills with trees scattered around proved disastrous. Lulu came home with her face all marked up and a big boil on her forehead where she had struck a tree, and Burt with his face all cut up from breaking through the icy surface.

We had our river and the creek which was a long, winding waterway with considerable volume toward its mouth. It was swampy, not to be used in summer for boating or bathing, but in winter it made an ideal skating rink. You could skate miles up the winding stream, and there was a fine, wide space for games at the mouth. It was shallow and quick to freeze over. The Manitowoc River near the shipyards was another favorite skating area for us, especially when the space between the Eighth Street and Tenth Street Bridges was well frozen. Here we were clearly visible from the bridges. And with an audience of passersby on these bridges, who could resist the temptation of grandstanding? I learned to skate on the hard frozen snow on sidewalks. Nothing mattered, how cold it was, how bad the ice, if I could only have skates on.

Another sport was sleigh riding and the less dignified but infinitely more exciting game of hitching. This meant standing on the runners of the sleighs, or cutters, as the usual one-seater sleighs were called. It was so merry to hear the bells on the horses' harness! And you must understand that at this time in a small town like Manitowoc it was the only way we could get about at all, except on foot. Skiing or snowshoeing were hardly heard of. The best vehicles for hitching were delivery wagons "really sleighs in wintertime." The low box-like truck part at the back for parcels made it nice for this sport. You could hang on better and even jump up and sit on the edge. The trick was to see at what speed you could catch the sleigh. You had to spurt and even jump.

If we were hitching on private cutters it was sometimes embarrassing when the drivers asked you to come in with them. To spare their feelings you climbed in, but that is not what you wanted, really.

I remember a young man with a diabolical sense of humor who later married a cousin of ours.¹⁵ He was out one day driving a cutter. I was hitching, and a

young lady friend of his came along, running. He saw she was about to hitch, too. Before she got on the runners, he took hold of her hands and then whipped up his horse. The poor girl had to keep on running in a most undignified manner, heels up and literally galloping. She couldn't stop as he kept his hold on her and he made his horse run, too. The driver laughed boisterously until finally he must have felt sorry for her and stopped his horse.

The summer activities consisted of bathing, fishing from the long pier, boating, driving, picnicking and the work of picking the fruit and berries and preparing them for canning. The old piers extending a good half mile out into the lake at the mouth of the river were fine places for walks. It was always interesting and cool there. Another place for walking was the higher part, which was railed in and much narrower than the lower promenade. A northeast storm in the spring was a most glorious thing to watch from this upper walk. It was also a fine place to see the numerous boats come into the harbor, and the fishing was good from the end of the pier where the light-house was.¹⁶ A mile or two to the north of the town was a very beautiful woods where spring wild flowers grew in abundance. Whole schools walked out there Saturday mornings. We took our lunch with us and spent the day. I have kept many pleasant memories of those spring days.

My school days began when I was six. My eldest sister, Lulu, took me by the hand and brought me down to what was called the Second Ward School. There were the eight grades, with the high school on the third floor. Lulu led me to the first grade door, opened it, told me to go in and left me. The teacher was Mrs. Fannie Boughton, a widow who had held that position for years before I went there, and also for years after. I still remember how she helped to guide my hand in writing, how she taught us to sing songs, melody and words. Except for the discipline I loved school. Keeping quiet was hard for me. Later on, when I was probably eight, I was in Miss Flora Waldo's¹⁷ room.

I had some cards, and one day I was playing with them on the seat so as not to attract the teacher's attention. Suddenly I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder and heard a growl, "Get up!" I turned around and saw Professor Smith,¹⁸ the school principal. He was on his round of inspection. He marched me up to the platform and ordered me to stay there for half an hour. I was shocked and put my arm over

my face in the then approved fashion. You were supposed to cry and be ashamed, and cover your face. Well, I didn't cry, nor was I really ashamed, but I went through with the farce. Discipline was very important in those days.

A year or two after the first "shame", I forgot for a minute that I was in school and did a little stretching by sitting sideways and holding my feet out straight. I suppose my little white panties showed. For this disgrace I heard the sharp admonishing voice of the teacher bringing me to order. She kept me after school to tell me how important it was for me to conduct myself well, that my father's position as a well-to-do man made me a leader and that the other children would think they could do just what I did.

The practice of thrashing culprits in front of the entire school was still current. Principal Friedel, a very disagreeable man, once administered a thrashing in my room. The boy was game and didn't cry out when he was being lashed with a horse-whip, but he was strong and tried to wrestle with his opponent to prevent the whip from hurting him too much. It was a great punishment for the rest of us to have to see and hear this, especially for the sensitive ones. The boy had done something to the outside toilets. Or in them, I don't know which.

There was a low brick building at one end of the school lot. It had two entrances leading to two separated compartments of toilets, formed by long rows of low wooden seats along one wall. When I was about eleven years old a new grade school was built, named after Mr. Luling, our dear friend and neighbor. We all wanted to go to that school and I was one of the fortunate scholars to be in the district for that school. There we had the exciting experience of indoor toilets.

Our school study plan was simple. Just the rudiments of learning. There was no kindergarten at that time. It must have come in the early years of the century. No domestic science or manual training. The only departure from the hum-drum teaching was the latter part of the Friday afternoon program, which was devoted to general singing and some kind of dramatics, usually the recitation of poems. Once in the upper grades we had a musical program. The boys played the violin and gave us such a good time with their miserable performance that I still enjoy it in retrospect. Such scraping, such tones, such discords you never heard. We were polite enough not to laugh outright, but this held-in laughter is usually greatly enjoyed. The efforts at reciting poems were often ludicrous, too. One poor girl, in a state of great nervousness, started the

recitation of a poem:

*"A soldier of the Legion
lay dying in Algiers,
There was a lack of women's nursing
There was lack of women's . . .
boo hoo . . . boo hoo . . .!"*

She broke down, convulsed with real weeping before reaching the word 'tears.' It wasn't pleasant to see the girl's nervousness, but it was funny. You see I never forgot it.

The jump to the high school on the top floor was a big one then as it is now. The Assembly Room where each scholar had his desk occupied half of the third floor, and besides that there were two classrooms and two cloak rooms. I have little to add to Ralph Plumb's description of these years, except that the Friday evening meetings were considered not only an opportunity for parliamentary practice and exercise in speaking and debating, but gave us welcome opportunities for a little social excitement with the opposite sex.

I think of another memorable activity: the lessons Prof. Evans, the principal, gave to all those interested in football tactics. He was, as Mr. Plumb writes, very interested in all athletics, and especially football. It was during his stay in Manitowoc that the high school teams were organized and flourished. I remember very clearly his classes in football tactics. He held them after school hours. He would illustrate on the blackboard different plays and objectives of the game, and thus made it more intelligible and interesting for the spectators. We spectators weren't so many in the early years, and were allowed on the field, away from the line of scrimmage. When one player would make a dash, we'd dash, too, after the players, down the gridiron. This way we could see the plays and passes, and how we did enjoy the game! Our opponents were the high school teams of nearby towns. Our enthusiasm was as spontaneous and genuine as it could be. Our debating teams also, competing with neighboring high school teams, were always accompanied by a noisy supporting crowd of young people.

I shall go back now to the year 1893, in many ways a memorable one in our family and in the country at large. It was the year of the Great Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. The Exposition was to have been held in 1892, the 400th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America, but it wasn't ready that year and had to be postponed until the next. My sister Ina had been married the year before to George Patchen.¹⁹ He was finishing his medical course in Chicago and they were keeping house down there.

It seemed that Lulu and Bess and even our younger brother John visited her sometime during the summer in order to attend the Fair. All our friends and neighbors went down to it and I heard all kinds of reports of it. They didn't take me along, as I was subject to nausea from riding on trains and street cars. They probably thought I should be a nuisance, but I remember well what the others said about it. It was the first time in many years that a big Fair of that kind came so near to us. The Ferris Wheel, one of those large wheels with compartments for passengers, was used for the first time. A popular song was composed for it. The Midway Plaisance, as they called the broad street where all those pleasure affairs were, became very famous. The railroads must have issued cheap excursion tickets to all parts of the country, for that year two of our mother's sisters came from Maine to visit their two sisters, then in Manitowoc.²⁰

These were our Aunt Mary Rand and our Aunt Hattie Emery (called by us Auntie Emery, for she hated fiercely her name Hannah) They visited Aunt May (as we called her) at their old home. It was afterwards the Patchen home and is now the Episcopal Parsonage.²¹ The house was built by the Rands and I have some early memories connected with it. Aunt May had some queer ideas, and when bathtubs came in she had one made in the closet off the dining room. This was not a large closet just barely large enough to contain a bathtub. So when you opened the door, you saw a tiny bathtub boarding up the width of the door. It was a most ingenious affair and I wager the only one of its kind in the U.S.A., and probably the whole world. I'll come back to Aunt May again. She's not an uninteresting character.

In the midst of all this excitement of the Fair and the local excitement of summer in Manitowoc, whose cool climate brought to homes, boarding houses and hotels the usual influx of guests from the hot cities — in the midst of all this excitement came a more serious and even tragic turn of affairs. It was the year of many bank failures. One collapse was followed by another. The papers were filled with accounts of these failures all over the United States. The banks in Milwaukee with old trusted bankers cracked. Tales of the stricken families were published in great detail. That summer tragedy hit Manitowoc.²²

Our uncle, Father's brother, was president of the First National Bank²³ in Manitowoc. Our father was vice president; our neighbor and very dear friend of our father's and family, Charles Luling

(the one the school was named after) was one of the supervisors. Dr. Pritchard and our father were the heaviest stockholders. Another friend, George Burnett, was cashier. One day the run on the bank was so severe that they had to close its doors. Our father came home very late to dinner. The housekeeper, Linnie Riddle, was in the dining room with Father, serving him his dinner long after we had had ours. I slipped into the room, probably sensing something wrong. The little girl saw her father white as a sheet, talking in a low voice to Aunt Linnie. What it was all about I learned only later.

In the spring of that year, our much beloved neighbor and friend of our parents, Mr. Luling, died. He was ill for some months and Dr. Pritchard attended him. The doctor, who also had interests in the bank, asked the patient if all was well with the bank, for he knew Mr. Luling was supervisor, and as such must know the state of affairs. The dying man lied. It came to light later that Mr. Luling had changed the books for the federal supervisors so cleverly and had entertained them so royally and effectively with wine and good food that they hardly looked at the books.

The state of the bank had been unsound for some time. I have heard my father talk about this myself. He was busy with the store and left the business of the bank to his best friend and to his brother. Soon Mr. Luling's past history became known. He was a native of Germany, and had been forced to leave his native city for some dishonesty in a bank. It seemed to the townspeople that this act of defalcation was Mr. Luling's only misdeed. He was a most beloved man with his family and friends and fellow citizens. He was also a man of culture and great personal charm. We called them Papa and Mama Luling.

Our family lived in the house on Eighth Street next to the old Luling homestead for a number of years before we built the big house.²⁴ The fact that his brother and his most intimate and beloved friend could wrong him this way dealt a crushing blow to our father. A warrant had been issued for the brother's arrest.²⁵

Then Dr. Pritchard, the highest stockholder, placed all his money under his wife's name in order legally to protect himself. The law required stockholders to double their stock. Thus the brunt of all this catastrophe fell on Father's shoulders. He broke under the strain. He sold his share of the mercantile business and got out of Manitowoc. For four or five years we hardly saw him. He was a director of a paper mill in northern Michi-

gan.²⁶ He was busy and stayed clear of his former associates. The cashier, George Burnett, was found drowned in the river at this time. (See Note No. 27, page 13 of Notes, the obituary published in the Manitowoc Pilot.) I describe the catastrophe in such detail because it no doubt had a great effect on our father's life as well as on the community life of our city.

I think the book "Born In The Eighties" gives you some idea of the growth of the town, its industries and its civic life, and it seems I have little to add there. Although the old plank sidewalks stand out in my memory, we had nothing else, you must know, until the cement walks came in gradually around the beginning of the century. The new planks were always initiated by the children spitting on them and thinking a wish "good and hard." When the ground was uneven there would be a space underneath, where things might be lost through the cracks and even dog fights could take place under them. I have a vision of whole lines of legs and boots sticking out of the sidewalk, men watching our bull terrier, Blarney, have a fight with one of the other three bull terriers in town. Bull terriers are terrific fighters, especially with their own breed. Instead of trying to stop them the men were interested only in seeing the fight.

Life on Lake Michigan at that time, the years before the turn of the century, was most interesting. The lake was full of all kinds of freight boats, sailing vessels and the old wooden lake steamers, the side-wheelers. These lake steamers were passenger boats, and it was exciting to see the passengers come off the boats in the summer months. We knew when to expect them. Their arrival was announced by a whistle as they approached the harbor, so we had time to run down to see the people come off. We met the few trains coming in from Milwaukee the same way.

The annual County Fair and the occasional circuses were some of the important events we had to look forward to. One year, Father gave me a whole dollar to spend at the Fair. It all went to the carousel man. I usually couldn't stand any movement, but that year I could. I would mount one of the fiery steeds and would gallop away. I'd pay the man from the horse's back, going full speed. Didn't I feel sporty! I rode all afternoon without dismounting. It's the nearest to horseback riding I ever got.

Religion played a considerable role in the American small town of that period, just as it does today. My mother was an Episcopalian and we were all brought up in the Church. We went to Sunday School

when we were children and went to church when we were very young. I was confirmed when I was only ten years old and I believe the rest of the family somewhat older. We had a boys' choir, which thing was interesting because usually some little boy in the choir was some little girl's friend. One young clergyman, Talbot Rogers, and his wife made a great impression on me. They were young, inexperienced, idealistic — very charming people. Their work with the youth brought an enthusiastic response. Later my sister Bess' connection as organist gave me an intimate connection, too. The church had a small pipe organ, the pride of the little congregation. The air for the pipes came from a little hand pump placed into a small room in the back of the church. The only entrance to this pump room was an outside one. As I spent a considerable amount of time pumping here, while my sister Bess practiced, I am mentioning this function. I wasn't particularly anxious to perform this job; indeed it required strong persuasion: a nickel or dime per hour. I'd take a book with me and try to read and pump at the same time. It worked beautifully, except when I'd at times forget to pump, and then I would hear a dreadful wailing sound which meant the organ wasn't getting enough air.

Our social affairs were considered most important since we had little else within our reach. These activities ranged from simple, smaller group affairs with intimate friends to large private dances and dinners. We gradually learned to dance and began to attend dances. These were usually in a small hall, with a few musicians providing the music. Each boy asked a girl to go with him, paid so much, and that made the dance. During the summer months the dances were held in the country dance halls at Silver Lake and English and Neshoto. It was possible to go by horse-drawn bus, but some of the young men had their own horse and carriage and preferred to take out their girls themselves. Others would rent a horse and carriage for the evening. The livery stables were a very necessary institution and a flourishing enterprise. After our father gave up his retail mercantile business we sold our horses. We missed having them and so would rent a horse and carriage during the summer by the month. Whenever we wanted the use of a horse, we would notify the livery stable and a carriage with horse or team would appear before our house. Hitching posts before the houses were, of course, a necessity. The buses were not comfortable — no rubber tires, very heavy and slow driving, so we were always glad

when we were asked to go in a single or double carriage.

Our family kept open house every Saturday night. We had the traditional New England supper of baked beans and brown bread besides some delicious rolls that our good cooks could bake. After thirty years people have talked to me about those baked bean suppers. Many winter evenings we'd pop corn, drink cider, and revive a nearly extinct group activity — the Candy Pull.

The candy is made of sugar and water with flavoring. It is cooked until it hairs. Then instead of letting it cool, we'd begin to pull it, stretching it out as far as we could, then folding it back again. It would get a beautiful yellow. Then we would twist it around and stretch it out long on a board and cut it into small pieces before it got too hard to do so. This was a sociable pastime. We wouldn't make the candy until the guests arrived; it was part of the entertainment. This was the era of all kinds of so-called guessing games and charades. Entertainments of this sort were often most amusing if they were spontaneous. They were evening affairs and closed with a fine late supper. The afternoon affairs were from three to six. The luncheons came only much later.

I remember one party I had which was lots of fun: a ghost party. Ghosts were still something to be half afraid of. We invited our guests, asking them to come dressed in white, to wear masks and not to talk. The house was dark with only an occasional candle here and there. When we saw them coming along the street someone stood at the door to open it in a mysterious way. Lulu and Ina thought it would be fun to come uninvited with a couple of their friends. We were greatly puzzled. There seemed to be more guests than we had invited and we simply couldn't place them. They disappeared as quietly as they came, which added to the mystery. You may believe they had lots of fun.

Our family always played cards, either two handed or the more sociable four handed. Our father was very fond of cards and the last two years of his life, when he was home and ill, we always tried to have someone there for him to play with, if he felt fit for it.

During the '90's Manitowoc had a little daily newspaper whose efforts at describing large social events, dinners or dances were extremely humorous. Some description of the gowns of the ladies were given; often what was left out made the image funny. Miss Helen Morse, Roman sash; Mrs. T. Torrison, beads; Mrs. A.J. Packard, in thin white.

We younger ones were asked to wait

on table, and we felt honored and had as much pleasure out of it as the guests themselves. It amused Lulu that instead of picking out the belle of the ball as was customary, we invariably chose the one who looked the worst.

I should like to mention a few people who left their mark either with our family or in the community.

Mr. Joseph Vilas, whom Mr. Plumb mentioned in his book was a very good friend of our father's. He built that very large house on Eighth Street which was later sold to Reinhardt Rahr. His only child and son married our cousin Lizzie Emery. Her mother was our mother's sister. They lived in Kaukauna, Wisconsin, but they lived in the big house with the old people a year or two. They had two sons who lived to grow up, Ned and George, who are both in Oregon and Washington now. My father took me out with him one day to call on Mr. Vilas. I was a very little girl at the time. Mr. Vilas was very corpulent and tall. He fascinated me, and when he asked me to sit on his lap, I didn't see how I could do it, but tried to put my arms around his legs instead and when I couldn't make it, I cried out to my father to show him. Father was embarrassed to death and tried to draw me away.

I have told you that our father directed a paper mill in northern Michigan a number of years. It belonged to Mr. Vilas. Later, both Mr. Vilas and Father started a pea canning factory but they didn't make it pay and sold it after the first season.

Manitowoc County, in the years of the nineties and early nineteen hundreds had a most flourishing pea canning business. It was new business and the soil of Manitowoc County was especially adapted to this crop.

I have spoken of our Aunt May (Mary Rand), our mother's sister. She was quite remarkable. Her adventurous spirit brought her out to Wisconsin from a little village in Maine. She began with a milliner's shop, then taught school and finally after a long courtship married Elijah Rand, a long suffering man. She wanted children and had two girls in spite of the fact that she was nearly forty when she married Lize Rand, as he was called.

He was in the hardware business. After her children were half grown up she went to California alone with the children and stayed a year or two. It was just when Pasadena was beginning to be popular as a suburb of Los Angeles. Aunt Mary bought and sold property and had a really good time. She came back to Manitowoc again for a number of years, but California had left its mark on her and

she left her home again. Uncle Lize didn't have much to say; she was a light eater and he had a hearty appetite, but they had her kind of meals. We often asked him to dinner, for we thought he was living on tea, applesauce, bread and butter. She never allowed him to smoke anywhere except in the basement, so his home wasn't really cozy for him. She was a clever woman, much interested in current affairs. She was one of the first women to vote in Los Angeles.

Our Auntie Emery was a very different type of woman and we were very fond of her. As a young woman she lost her husband. He was on the Sea Bird, a lake steamer, when it caught fire. Only two were saved. Auntie wouldn't believe her husband wouldn't somehow come back to her. He was so clever, she said, she knew he would find a way. But he didn't, and she had to struggle along trying to support herself and four little children.²⁷ & 28 She had a house which she turned into a boarding house, keeping a number of steady boarders during the winter and summer boarders in the summer. We were all especially fond of her. I can still see our Auntie Emery when we'd break her some news that surprised and interested her. She'd throw up her hands, open her mouth and eyes wide and say: "I want to know!"

I hope I have written some things which you wanted to know, and have given you a glimpse into the life of our family.

Sent to Marjorie Barnes Thompson by Aunt Lottie Barnes Boess, by request, c. 1955. Transcribed, November 1974. MBT

LOTTIE BARNES BOESS — Notes

1. Rufus Choate (1799-1859) of Ipswich, Massachusetts was a Dartmouth graduate. He practiced law in Ipswich all his life with the exception of two brief periods: in 1830 and 1832, he was elected to congress as a Whig from the Salem district. In 1841, he succeeded Daniel Webster in the U.S. Senate, and served there until 1845. While in the Senate, he was appointed to the committee that formed the Smithsonian Institute and was one of its Regents.

Francis Choate was the common ancestor of Rufus Choate and Lottie Barnes, and of course, her bothers and sisters. Francis' grandson, David, married (2) Miriam Foster and they became the parents of Rufus in 1799. Francis had a son, named Abraham, brother of William, who married Sarah Potter. They had a daughter, Hannah, born in 1777, who was David's first cousin. Hannah married Jeremiah Norris. They, in turn, became the parents of Jeremiah Norris, Jr., who married Elizabeth Murphy. Josephine

Norris, one of their daughters, married John Waite Barnes and were the parents of Lottie. Lottie was partly right when she said her great-grandmother was a cousin of Rufus Choate. Many people do not pay much attention to the variations of cousins. These, two, were, correctly stated, first cousins, once removed. It is conceivable that Hannah may have lost her parents when she was quite young, and David Choate took her into his home and reared her as one of his own. (Lineage from Barnes-Norris Genealogy.) 2,3,4,5. Hannah married George W. Emery, November 19, 1854. Incidentally, she had an older sister, Elizabeth who married Peleg Hall on the same day. Mary married Elijah Rand on January 23, 1870. Lottie's mother, Josephine, married John Waite Barnes November 4, 1866. (From Norris Genealogy.)

6. According to "A History of Manitowoc County" by Ralph G. Plumb, 1904, this bank was originally named Bank of Manitowoc, organized in 1858. From another source, it was reorganized and named National Bank of Manitowoc. Its last name is First National Bank in Manitowoc.

7. These two other merchants were Mulholland and Mechlinberg.

8. Josephine Norris Barnes died in 1885 at the age of 41 of tuberculosis. Upon her death, she left her husband, and six children. John Waite Barnes, son of James Barnes (1798-1887) who was the son of Erastus Barnes (1773-1807) son of Timothy Barnes (1749-1825). This last named was the Revolutionary War ancestor of this strain of Barnes. John Waite was born in 1840 en route to the west. He died in 1902 in Manitowoc. John's and Josephine's children were, in order of their appearance: Josephine, 1870-1969; Burt, 1872-1947; Ina, 1875-1907. These were the top half. Then Bess, 1879-1912; Lottie, 1881-1959; and John, 1883. The date of his death is in the process of being secured. John was only a year and a half when his mother died.

9. From information found in the back of one of twenty pocket diaries kept by Josephine Barnes (Kelley), and preserved and owned by Jane Barnes Steele (daughter of John, Jr.) this Illinois village was Naperville. MBT is trying to verify this through state archives and the census.

10. For many years, this house, before its demolition in 1973, was known as the Hamilton House. In 1909, after the death of John Waite Barnes in 1902, and the estate had been settled, the house was sold to Maximillian Rahr. In turn, it was sold again to the Hamilton family. Correctly expressed, one of the Rahr

daughters married a Hamilton, and the Barnes house became known as the Hamilton House. Until Mrs. Mildred Barnes Kruhm had brought this to the attention of certain people in Manitowoc, most had forgotten, if they ever knew, that the mansion was built by John Waite Barnes.

11. This house, then owned by Dr. Paine, eventually belonged to Dr. George Patchen, husband of Ina (Ina) and son-in-law of John Waite Barnes. It is now known as the Zeman House. (See Josephine Patchen Robertson letters.)

12. In Josephine Barnes Kelley's diaries of 1886, she makes absolutely no mention of Kempton, nor does he appear in subsequent diaries.

13. In late 1971, during a visit to Manitowoc, Mildred Barnes Kruhm and her husband, Kenneth, had the good fortune to be taken through the Barnes mansion by Mr. Joseph Hutchison, Director of the Rahr Museum. Her own description of this tour of her grandfather's home follows:

**Memories of the
Hamilton-Barnes House
From a visit on
Oct. 20, 1971**

"The only entry I have in my travel book is: 'I heard from Joe Hutchison while we were having breakfast and made an appointment to meet him at 10:00 A.M. Went through the palatial, doomed "Hamilton House" built by (John Waite Barnes) ...'

"Kenny and I had the honor of having a tour through the old Barnes Mansion on 8th Street in Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Joseph S. Hutchison of the Rahr Museum had arranged with a city alderman, Caretaker of Public Buildings, to take us through. We drove up to it. In all the two weeks we spent in the middlewest, the sun peeped out brilliantly for the duration of the time we were in the mansion. Kenny was fortunate to be able to take pictures of both the inside and outside of the house.

"The outdoor shots were representative of the wet but bright October scene. No. 1 shows the front door. No. 2, the view from the south on St. Clair; No. 3, full front of house on 8th Street taken from across the street (northerly); No. 4, taken from across the street — Kenny is standing southeast; No. 5, a back view facing west; No. 6, the carriage entrance to the house looking east towards 8th Street (entrance is on the north side of the house); No. 7, what was left of the original property to the north; No. 8, the three car garage which could have been the original carriage house (or part of it); quarters over the garage were servants'

quarters. All this faces south. No. 9 is a detail of No. 4, showing the tower.

"We were taken in by way of the carriage entrance. I can't remember just what I saw first. The old Barnes kitchen, traditional in its time for size, large, and still had some of the old pantries, sinks, etc. It had been up-dated to suit subsequent owners but there was an aura of the past. There were several butlers' pantries, too.

"We moved to the main entrance hall which had been blocked off by cardboard or plywood walls by the Board of Education offices. With imagination, I could visualize the original spacious hall; the wide and broad staircase went to the second floor. There were many rooms on the first floor — large and airy, but minus some of the fireplaces they originally contained. There was but one small fireplace in one large room.

"On going to the second and third floors, the hallways always seemed to be vast, with the rooms lined up on the sides of the halls. (See photos Nos. 10, 11, 12.) When we saw the house, there were complete kitchen facilities on each floor to accommodate the three families who lived there in 1954. My husband and I had first seen the Barnes mansion that year from the outside only.

"With Aunt Lottie's description in hand, I found the windows which were decorated when McKinley became President. The bay windows and window seats, recessed in an oval shape. (See photos Nos. 11 and 13.) I found the small rooms in the turret or tower where the children played. It seemed to be even above the third floor... reached by going up a few stairs. The whole place, as I saw it, was wall-papered. Some rooms and areas were carpeted, other rooms had beautiful wooden floors. High ceilings, (see No. 14), rooms all large and airy and light; no gloomy atmosphere. Windows over some of the staircases were barricaded with wood. It was almost too exciting an experience to even guess which could have been Burt Barnes' room. There were so many. I could take a guess and say that there must have been 25 or more rooms not counting what was underneath the house.

"The photographs show steam heat which could possibly have been a new thing after the Rahr's took over. Also, some lighting fixtures which were to be purchased by Tiffany's of New York. (See No. 12.) This particular room wasn't exactly a room — more like a passageway.

"We finally went down the traditional back stairway and on to the staircase which took us to the lower level. Here the

furnace room, utility room, etc. (probably these things were after 1909) were located. We went through the ball-room — mammoth in size — with a very large fireplace and still the old mahogany benches. We were led into a tunnel-like passageway which took us out to where the garage is. As I said before, possibly the site of the old carriage house. Whether this passageway existed during the Barnes' family tenure in this house is not known.

"No doubt the Rahr's made many changes in the house, even to its exterior. I will say, however, that I did have a feeling of long gone days and that part of the house was exactly the way it had been left by the Barnes family.

Nov. 27, 1974

Mildred Barnes Kruhm

14. Unfortunately, for the record, Lottie does not name this family. In her diaries of those years of 1886 and 1887,, Josephine alludes only once to "Winnie", who was Aunt Linnie's serving-girl. She does not mention any other helpers in the Barnes home.

There is a tradition in the present Barnes family that after their mother's death in 1885, Josephine, the oldest of the children, was responsible for the upbringing of her younger siblings. would refute this legend. She was much too busy with her own comings and goings to pay much attention to anyone at home. In subsequent years, after the unfortunate events of 1892-93, when she had attained her majority, Josephine may have taken the younger half of her kin in hand. But until that time, it would seem we must allow others to rear the children of John Waite Barnes.

15. Who may have to remain unidentified. But it may have been Joseph Vilas' son, who later married Lizzie Emery.

16. This lighthouse became the subject of several paintings later executed by Lottie's older brother, Burt Barnes.

17. The Barnes' work in the Kruhm-Thompson Collection, titled "Flora's House" was Miss Flora Waldo's home in Manitowoc. It is still in use.

18. For those who wish to read Josephine Barnes Kelley's 1886 and 1887 diaries, they will find many references to Mr. Smith. A number of them are instances of an invitation to Josephine to spend some time sitting on a chair in his office for some infraction of the rules.

19. Grace Ione Barnes Patchen (1875-1907) third child, second daughter of John Waite and Josephine Barnes. She was in the "upper half" of the group of children. She died at age 32, when her daughter Josephine Patchen Robertson was about six. (See Robertson Letters.)

20. These two visitors from Maine, referred to here, were probably Elizabeth Norris Hall and Louise E. Norris. At the moment facts do not indicate whether Louise ever married. Josephine Norris Barnes had six sisters and two brothers. Four sisters and one brother lived for any number of years. Her brother James died at 24 in 1864, and a search is being made to find out if death may have been Civil War connected. Elizabeth, the oldest child, married Peleg Hall the same day one of Josephine's older sisters, Hannah (Auntie Emery) married George W. Emery, November 19, 1854. The remaining brother still has descendants living in Maine. (Norris Genealogy.)

21. The old house has, along with so many others, vanished into the mists of history.

22. Attempts are being made to secure excerpts from the Manitowoc newspapers of 1892-93, hopefully in time for this publication.

23. See Note 6. Also, John Waite Barnes was a large stockholder in the Bank of Manitowoc, but a search of records at hand would indicate he never held office in that institution.

24. This house is known now as the Gleason House.

25. This brother was Calvin C. Barnes (identified from recently acquired Barnes Genealogical material.) The following obituary appeared in the August 17, 1893 issue of The Manitowoc Pilot (Vol. XXXIV, No. 46, Whole No. 1812. The paper was published each Thursday.)

"C.C. Barnes died at Charlevoix, Michigan on Tuesday morning. For the last three years he has been failing; a man of less tenacity of life would not have survived the first attack of his disease. He was 72 years old, born in New York and served as surgeon for the 23rd regiment in the war of the rebellion. Before coming to Manitowoc he lived at Napierville (sic) Illinois and at Waukesha. In 1849 he crossed the continent to California and again in 1852. He came to Manitowoc in 1860, and since that time resided here permanently. The failure of the State Bank of which he was president brought him into unpleasant notoriety during the last two months and he died under circumstances which darkened his closing days. His funeral takes place today at Charlevoix."

26. It is believed the location of this paper mill was in or near Quinnisec, Michigan, between Iron Mountain and Norway on the northern bank of the Menominee River. A brief entry made by Josephine in her diary for 1895: "Thanksgiving Day. November 28. Papa in Quinnisec . . ."

July 18, 1895 issue of the Manitowoc Pilot: "John Barnes left on Tuesday for Quinnisec where he will take charge of the paper mill owned by the Badger Paper Mill.

27. At this writing, the death date of George W. Emery in Genealogical Records is listed as April 9, 1868. The history of this event and tracing the movement of Hannah Emery and her sister, Mary Rand is in process.

Auntie Emery's children seem not all to be listed in family records at this point. Mamie, born August 31, 1855 seems to have died on March 11, 1873. Hannah's second child, Willie, born June 12, 1857, died September 14, 1858 at a year and three months. The other two, Alice W. born January 10, 1864 and Lizzie, born March 11, 1866, the latter referred to in this essay, certainly do not make four. Efforts are being made to clarify this and to acknowledge the existence of two other children, if indeed they did exist.

28. August 31, 1893 issue of The Manitowoc Pilot, Vol. XXXIV, No. 48, Whole No. 1814, p. 3, Col. 2:

Death of Geo. E. Burnet

"On Friday morning (August 25) people in this city were startled by learning that the body of Geo. B. Burnet was found in the river at the head of Park Street where the bluff rises precipitously from the river. He had been in the habit of going fishing for the last two weeks quite early in the morning, returning in time for breakfast. On Friday he failed to return and after the breakfast hour had passed some of his family went to the river bank in search of him . . .

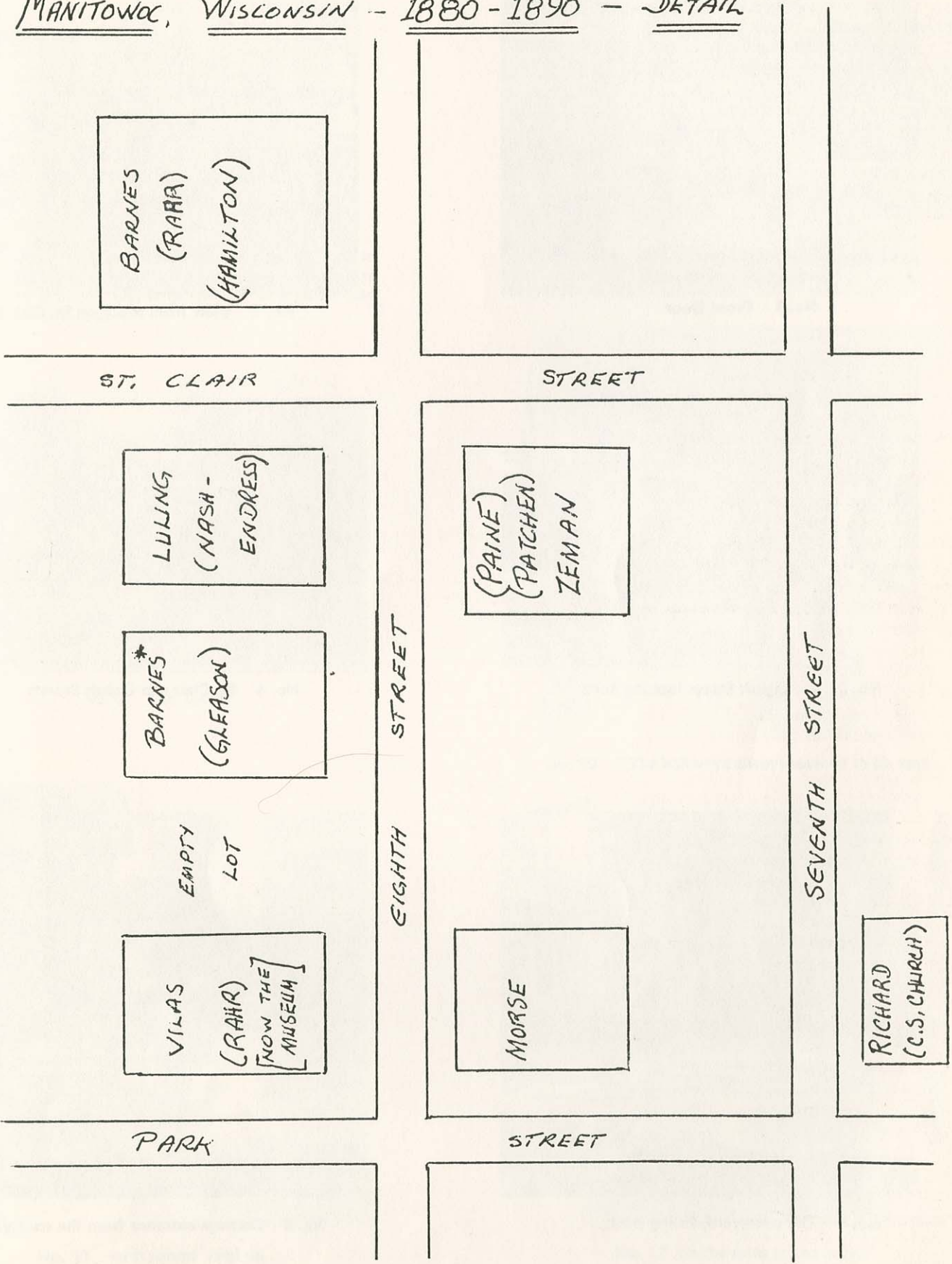
"The place he selected for fishing is somewhat secluded and the steep declivity of the hill is continued below the surface of the water so that a person falling in there would find it quite difficult to regain the shore . . . Mr. Burnet was wholly unable to swim and besides became entangled in his line . . . It appears that in attempting to throw his line out, the hook caught in the back of his coat and he attempted to remove it without stepping back to the shore and he lost his balance. An inquest was held and a verdict of accidental drowning was rendered. . . .

"He was always methodical in business and almost exquisitely exact, giving his friendship only where he felt he could give unreservedly. . . . He was far above the average in mental attainments and had the strength of conviction characteristic of positive men. . . ."

Annotated by Marjorie Barnes Thompson
November, 1974

MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN - 1880-1890 - DETAIL

* JOHN WAITE BARNES LIVED HERE BEFORE THE BIG HOUSE WAS BUILT.





No. 1 Front Door



No. 2 View from south on St. Clair St.



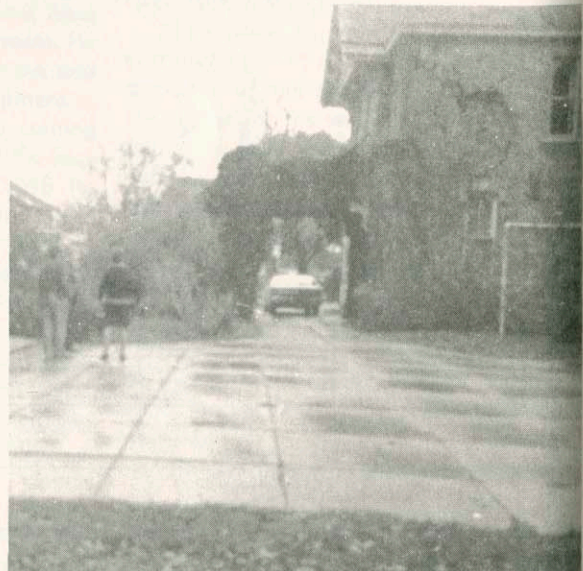
No. 3 On Eighth Street looking north



No. 4 St. Clair and Eighth Streets



No. 5 The courtyard, facing west.



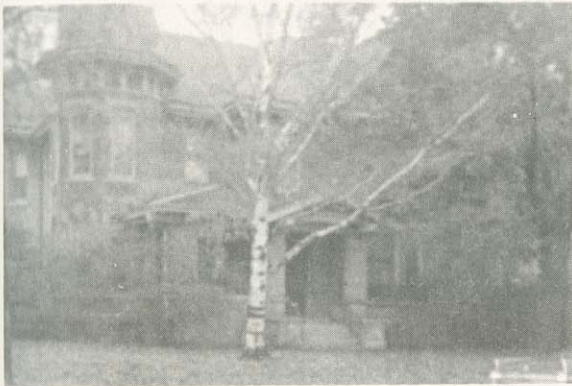
No. 6 Carriage entrance from the courtyard



No. 7. The row of bushes marks the property line in 1971. Originally, John Waite Barnes owned the entire block. The property was large enough for a garden and to maintain a milk cow.



No. 8 "The three-car garage could have been the carriage house."



No. 9 The Tower



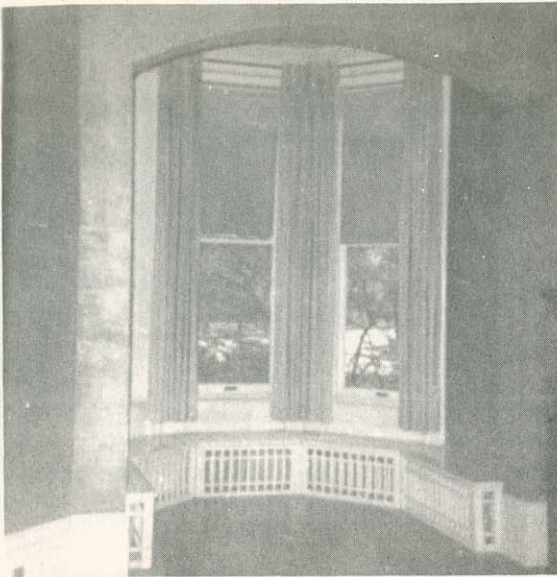
No. 10 "The hallways always seemed to be vast . . ."



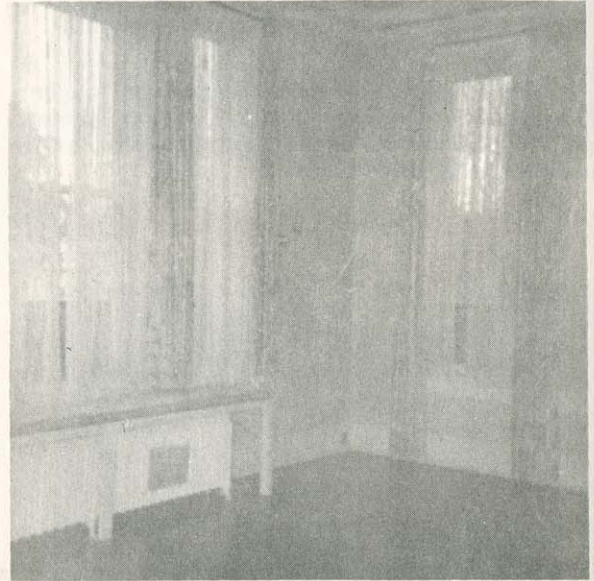
No. 11 with rooms lined up . . .



No. 12 on the sides of the halls."



No. 13 "Bay windows and window seats.
High ceilings . . .



No. 14 rooms all large and airy and light
(I tried to . . . guess which could have
been Burt Barnes' room."

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