Interview with Mr. H. W. Sample about Rattlesnakes Recalled November, 1938

Interview November 1938 Typed forms for interview

2

Transcript 18







Page 1

POHE A

ひりど

Circumstances of Interview

- 1. Rame and address of informant Er. R. N. Sample, 1814 Boyes St. Restricts
- 2. Late and time of interview
- 3. Place of interview At his place of business and our office
- 4. Neme and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant home
- ii. Harm and address of person, if any, accompanying you home
- 9. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Did not visit home, which Mr. Sample has owned and lived in for many years.







Page 2

YORK B

Personal History of Informant

- 1. "negetty Father's dide Scotch Irith, Nother's side Anglish, French , Carm
- 2. lace and date of birth Sidney, Uhio, Jan. 29, 1872.
- 3. Family life and one son
- 4. . hace lived in, with dates fidney, Chio-- hoseland, Nobr. Mastings, Nob.
- 5. Education, with dates Attended school up to the 4th grade at Resoland,
- 9. Compating and accomplishments, with dates former, railroad laborer, Reseatend
- 7. Special skills and interests Violin player, playing according to notes.
 Engages in oldtime fidelling. Has written and sold publication short attrices.
- 8. Community and religious activities Presbyterian-not active
- Description of informant 6 feet tell, weight 170 lbs. Structure rug ed and sourse. Health good.
- 10. Other points gained in interview Ameretors all six filet tall. His son only one of the relations less than six feet in height. Enjoya relating past experiences.







Page 3

PORCE

Text of Interview (Unedited)

MAIR. OF HORKER. F. W. Favi & J. A. Rolling. Address. Heriogr. Web;

MAIR. SUBMECT. Velviere.

MAIR. ALD AD HOUS OF IMPORMANT. Fr. R. R. Supple. 1614. Poyoe St. Magtings.

SHAKE STORY

The temple soys, Al and Hal, aged 14 and 12 respectively, were provide of the collection of snake ratiles they had accumulated in the three years since their parents had left Chio to settle on a homestead in Control Rebresha. Indeed, there was a cigar box full of these graceome relies.

Now that their consin Henry Lehman, 20, arrived from Uhio, on a visit and their parents were away for a day and night, the Sample boys took pleasure in exibiting their traphics, with a more or less detailed lecture on certain of the specimens.

whool, at this big one," inclaimed al, "Its from a four-foot enake that old can Dan Winters killed the other day."

when he noticed the monster emulating coore di-capeli tactics, repeatedly it ordinals man and team, each time drawing closer. A blow from a heavy wrong settled it.

""" here's the one that nearly got you, day befor yesterday, bousin Henry," grinned Al-- referrng to a rattle that was stained with blood.







part of the cabin, thus rendering the interior easily accessible to small versic of allkinds. "couple of days before Lohman had setsed the tail of a rattler entering one of the rat holes mentioned. "Lonk out there;" someomed Al. Lehran had no somer withdrawn his hand then the smake optapulted out yards from the hole. Though 143e body was partly outside, the head doubled back. But the most of these specimens had been sequired when a huge dam or rattlers were massacred the summer before.

plow. Sarefoot and with pant-legs relied high, he whistled along behind the plow, when, without a accords warning one of the horses stepped in ddep hole.

with frightened enorte both enimals lunged forward. The lines around addie's relat compelled him to follow. One of his bare feet atepped on samething springy and as he glanced down in the furrow he was harrified to behold a mass of equirming anakes right at his feet. The sharp lay had sheared off the heads of a half-dozen of the reptiles and those heads, some with several inches of nack bounced about the furrow with reventful fury nouths wise open and slatking viciously at everything in sight.

iddie hold a death grip on the plow-handles and quick as though, a deverous spring extrict his plump bare logs over the plow to safety.

After quicking the team he began signalling frantically to his father who will some neighbors, was making hay not for away.

up anths [fllop. in scoing the great den of writhing reptiles they

Courtesy Library of Congress, Federal Writers' Project, Folklore Project, Life Histories, 1936-39







Page 5

too became rate! excited. "Number to the house for the spade, Addis, quick as possible," bade his father. The reptiles were so interlaced and wound together as to appear like a huge ball.

By use of the spade and three forks the squirming mass was pried out on lovel grammi. It weighed much us a heavy man and a bushel ladket could have been dropped in the den. The entire suffices of the rase fairly bristled with smake-hases mouths open wide and scores of forked, flikering tengues pretrucing in every direction. The combined upon of the numerous rattles was almost deciening sounding as if the upon bell were electrified.

Emerous charges of goose shot were fired into the hidesum mass.

Epades, tugs from harness, and soveral pitch-forks sided in the massacra.

In all, seventy-three rattles were secured, with a possibility of some of the anakes having excepted as they detached themselves from the ball.

Fully a quarter of an sore was littered with their mutilated bodies,

and the rattles stuffed a eight box. But little did these three youngsters realize th t that very night they were to have the most thrilling snake soon of their lives.

neighbors, they huddled together in one bed for company. In the certy name of the morning Lehman roused his young cousins. "Boys, wake up quick. I believe there's a rattle scake in the room."

"Strike a match," suggested Al. But the nearest metches were in a said on a door desing scross the room and none was willing to take the marks chance of stepping barefooted, on a live rattler.







Page 6

In the darkness, besieged by they know not now many managing rathlers. The whole floor of the little room seemed alive with them. A br-rer would wound in a far corner of the room, to be almost immediately unewered by a ba-2-a, this time perhaps near or under the bad.

"Sounds like of "em is tryin" to olimb a bed-post," spoke
Lebman, after a moment of suspense, and the three boys shuddered
in terror. "nother short inversal and Lehman sjaculated, "Why here's
your dad's army masket with the bayonet on it."

The boys had ; layed with it while their parents were away, and although it was empty end their folks bio all assumptions from their sight, still they felt safer which the ancient weapon near their bed.

Thereafter, whenever a bs-g-s, sounded, Lehman reached out in the darkness with the long terrel and whooked the beyonst on the floor, but the bussing would invariably be resumed with even greater energy.

The trie sat upright in bedaremeinder of the night, chivering in mortal fear. At last witer what weemed ages dawn began to lighten the room and the rathleing coased. Three pairs of young eyes began secrebing the floor from corner to corner where ****

"eigen was first to discover the real situations."

"Judac Priest, Look at the rattles", he exclaimed. The entire flour was littered with them. The eigen-tox previously mentioned had been exclassly left ope and that night, mice had indulged in one grand jollification alltheir own.







Page 7

"CIRCUS IN THE CLOUDS"

Times an electrical storm in August. Loud thunder the hearens cont, In the foreground, a snow-white sloud appeared, Mesembling a circus tent.

This cloud soon vanished in vapor, Exposing the contents within, A boat-load of sailors with harpoons. chased a whale with a monetor fine

Then same a wide-eared elephant, hith tusks and trunk hanging low, followed by some horse-drawn cages. "Mich helped to complete the show.

There were bears, giraffee and cample, Office. Each apes and ringstailed monkey, Shinoperos, tiger and zebra, ^A cloma, astrido a donksy.

> Constantly the scones were shifted, In this panoragic view, To the wild olouds rolled and tumbled, Steging every something new.

" bold, magestic lion appeared. Preceding the circus land, "is mouth seemed to open andit thundered, Oh, this cloud-land movie was grand.

CHASING AR ANTELOPE

Dan Alsters was one of the earliest settlers in Wentral "obraska, homesteading in Adams County in the year 1872.

ian was an entimalastic hunter and heing a backelor would often go on a hunting expedition lasting for several days. There were still a for deer in Nebraska, at that time and most every settler in the occurately had tasted deer meet, brought down by Paniel's trusty carbine. Time of ose to dupo him "The Daniel Boone of Aebraska," the he was not kaom to born Leian fightor in particular.







Page 8

So, juite naturally one spring morning when hinters cited what eppeared to be entelope bounding over the level partie in the distance his humber's instinct was instantly aroused. A stiff wind blow from the northwest this particular morning and the antelops seemed to be headed southwest. The greater part of moseland township named after the wrest fields of wild roses, which made the surrounding atmosphere fragment with the scent in the carly summer time, was quite level and winters had no difficulty noting the source of the animal in it's flight.

It appeared to be about a mile distant, "wickly can was astride one of his fleetest horses and with his high-power cartine under one arm, was madly racing after the covoted game. The first couple hiles, the mass seemed to be about "hip and tuck" but Winters telioved the beaut was likely headed for the Little Plus hiver, where it could quench it's thirst, and would perhaps linger round for applie, after gotting a greed drink.

After racing nearly three riles, he noted the land was growing less smooth. Servicy rolling small hills because in evidence as he approached the river.

while descending one of these small hills his horse had the misfortune to plunge one fore-feet into a badger hole resulting in both horse and rider gething a had fall. Finding himself not seriously burt, Dur quickly arose and helped his horse to it's feet. for the fact which had made the mistap was hadly sprained.

Furthling to give up the chase he led his limping steed with as much phase as pos ible to a neighbor's place, a half mile distant,







Page 9

The noighbor John McKelvis, was also a bachelor. After herming the particulars, McKelvis, too became enthused at the prospect of fresh antelops meats

"Cot a fast horse?" asked histors, "You bot my life, two of 'on," come the apthusiastic reply.

"inters quickly changed the saddle from the lame horse onto the fresh one, while McKelvie saddled a second steed. In a jiffy the two man were again on the treat of the big game. Shortly both of these frontiernesh cited the saimal apparently taking a short breathing spell on a small hill a helf mile away. Fang | barked Winter's carbine and the animal egain began to move soon disapper ring over the hill.

in reaching the hill top the hunters saw their game larely hobbling over another slight rise of land less than helf a mile distant. "I delieve I crippled it some," Minters shouted jubilently, as hot men spurred their mounts to greater speed. So n reaching the next hill both hunters observed that the country beyond, for at least a mile, was fairly level and open with the exception of a small tricket of wild plum at the fact of the hill covering perhaps a couple of sores. But no applicable was now in sight and there was no possible mock or cranny for it to hide in an this level smooth tract of prairie.

"It must have dropped in the tall grass, somewhere near after saking the hill," suggested winters, "Probably it's dying from it's wounds."

Both wen hunted diligently becoming separated several rods

sperk, in their search through the tall group. Makelvis searched

about the plum thicket. Suddenly he pare a yell secondaried by a

Courtesy Library of Congress, Federal Writers' Project, Folklore Project, Life Histories, 1936-39







Page 10

rather derisive length "here's your entelope. Come on with your skinning knife." Sinters hurriedly approached to discover his companion scrutinizing a bullet hole through the heavy stem of a large tumble weed. The weed was fully as large as a hind ragon whool, and being rather obling in shape had named it when driven by the stiff wind to bound scross the level prairie in such a say as to in the distance appear to be galloping.

The shot had mansed the stem to split to that the huge weed wes alread torn in two helves and of course didn't roll so gracefully across the preirie as before being damaged.

The thicket had finally terminated it's pilgrimage. Winters grinned sheepishly at the tell-tale bullet hole.

".ell. I guess i him it, anyway." he commented in may of self consellation. "If it'd been a roal entelope, I'd have sure knocked it, wouldn't If "Now don't you say a word about this to any of the neighbors. We can just tell 'am we work whating a sure-puff antelope, but to out ron us and loose away."

But neighbors aware of Winter's Condness for liquor, got hold of the story and guyed him a plenty.

TALL TALKS

Six hungry holdes rode in an open coal car. Sangl Bangl sounded some hunter's gums in a corn field to one side the right-of-way, and the hungry holdes envised the hunters their good luck in bagging several prairie chickens. Only six chickens remained of the flock and this sextette came flying straight toward the train.







Page 11

about to fly over the slow moving coal car, the entire six broke their meds on the telegraph wire. But the momentum they had acquired their frantic flight brought them tumbling finto the carea chicken for each hungry hobo."

"Five Apache Indians were not on Bill's trail, and gaining on him. Bill had emptied his six-gum, all but one shell, which he was eaving to shoot himself with if the Indians overtook him. Ho well know the reputation the Apachese have for capturing whites alive, to to burned at the stake.

Just as his floot proceed a carrow stream, the Indians caught up with him. As one of his poples hind feet atruck a rook, the shoe flow off end hit the foremost Indian square in the head, killing him instantly. It then bounded to the next, and soff on, till it killed them all.

"MY LREAK CITY"

Ted and : are twins. Ontil the age of twenty we had nover been epert for a whole day.

Le both graduated as mechanics and worked together in the same simp in Les Moines. It was a triangle love affair that finally separated us. Sarah, a west neigh or firl, whom we had known since childhood, liked both of us equally. For more than a year past, off and on, we three took "Joy kides" and attended shows together.

It was Ted who one day put it up to me, to "Flip Dollars", to decide which of us amould claim our, hitherto partnesship-seestheart,







Page 12

seemed willing to marry with: r ons.

Luck was in my favor, in the gamble; and for the first time in his life Ted sulbed.

A few days efter the widding, he disappeared and though for wooks
I made diligant efforts to locate him, histogrammate remained a
mystery for nearly * your.

Repeatedly at intervals scatcines weeks apart, i dreamed of finding my brother in a western city; working in a quite large, oddshaped brick building.

In these successive dream-trips, the landscape, buildings, etc., along my supposed route, and about my strangs dream-city were always virtually the same; until they become familiar objects of memory. I seemed to be Floating through the eir high above the sountry, I passed over thus getting a sort of "Bird's Bye" view of everthing I saw.

Then our first birthday, since our separation was nearly due, the car thought conured an ma it would be the first one we did not colourate together. I planned to ignore the day; but Sarah sought to sheer so up with "Maybe Ted will surprise us with a birthday visit. Than't I bake a two-layer cake for both of you boys?"

but her gradiation failed to materialize.

"coxcer I took a holiday from my work and after our lonely dimmer I key down for a map. Soon I was again sailing through space to find my dream city and host brother. (Just another dream trip.)

the came, femiliar hubitmildings, southered about the outskirts







Page 13

of the city become visible as I approached -- yet miles away.

Various tall draft-stacks seemed to dot the near-by surrounding country. The doxens of church spires seemed familiar -- as did the nucerous green parks, and the several relivords which seemed to converge at this point.

Tool and I were having the most enjoyable, heart-to-heart talk, when our visit was suddenly interrupted with: "Ned, th hed, is something wrongeith you?" "You've been askeep for nearly two hours," explained my wife as I became fully awake.

A few days letter a triveling man drifted in the shop and chancing to glance my way suddenly became very alort and stared curiously at me.

"Aren't you the fellow I was talking with out at Mastings, Nebr., a for days agot" he finally accepted me. "If not, he certainly is your parfect coulds," he added as he approached closer.

After questioning whisetranger in detail, I became very much comminced that he must have not my long lost brother, Ted. A couple of days leter I took a brain for Smaha and there not a friend who informed me he was about to start for Denver in his private alrehip/ learning of my contemplated trip west, he kindly offered me free transporation as for as Kestings, which hospitality was greatfully accepted.

It weemed for all the world I was on another "Dream Trip" as we drow near the city of my dostination and gased down at faintly familiar objects, apparently almost identical with the objects seen in my "Droom-Tripe."

The tall stacks proved to be mostly located at brickyards softered around that the team.







Page 14

The huge buildings in the suburbs were colleges, schools, a large convent, sto.

I soon found Ted, working in one of the several railroad roundhouses about the city. After recovering from the surprise of so
unexpectedly meeting me, his first words were, "Ned, I wonder if
I'm dreaming not as I was on our birthday while taking an after dinner
map? They had difficulty waking me in the to get hack to my work."
he then reached out play? Ally and pinched me. on comparing notes,
it developed that our maps and dreams had been simultaneous—at
the same identical hour on our tirthday."
Author's Note: This was not my own personal experience but that of
a railroader friend, Ned Brown, told to me covered years ago.

Sveryone of the Smore family emores, so, we bedmates they're all awful bores.

The old man Snorm Like " lien rears Then it's tired of it's case And taxts out of doors.

The old hady Smore

like a siran whistle Fill the dogs in the neighborhood All bark and bristle.

Miss Marguerite Snorz

Like a steam caliops when a circus parace Hoes by on the lope.

Lithle Johnnie Snort

Like the squeal of a rat when one of it's feet Is exught in strap.







Page 15

Myez Baby Smorg

But so soft and low fike the squark of wagon wheels, Grunohing through the enow.

Then the Spors family enorse

In a concert of emores Other tenants in the flat song to throw them out doors.

isrody on "Mary had a Little Lamb"

Johnnie had a billy goat, with whiskers long and white, And wherever billy went, He'd sure get in a fight.

his deily rations, usually, see thistics and tin cens, Sometimes old shoes and plothing, Whether woman's or a man's.

The wash day Billy's appoints, the feeling very fine, the strolled into the back-yard. When the wash was on the line.

As a reg-cheming champion, Billy surely bests them All, for he ste both line and clothing, As fast as they could fall,

So provoked were Johnnie's parents, "ben they saw what billie's done. They determined to destroy him, Ere enother rising sun.

They dragged him on the K.R. track, And tied hi flat upon his back, in hopes that this would end their wees, And evenge the loss of hims and clothes.

But Billy heard the whistle, of the fest approaching train.







Page 16

He struggled and he bellowed, For fear twould give him pain.

Soon he coughed up an old red shirt, and flagged the train, so was unhurt.







Interview with Mr. H. W. Sample about Rattlesnakes November 1938

(Partial Transcript)

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER F. W. KAUL L. A. Rollins
DATE Nov. 1938

ADDRESS <u>Hastings Nebr.</u>
SUBJECT Folklore

- 1. Name and address of informant Mr. H. W. Sample, 1614 Boyce St. Hastings
- 2. Date and time of interview
- 3. Place of interview At his place of business and our office
- 4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None
- 5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you None
- 6. Description of room, house,, surroundings, etc. Did not visit home, which Mr. Sample has owned and lived in for many years.

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER <u>F. W. KAUL L. A. Rollins</u> ADDRESS <u>Hastings Nebr.</u>

DATE <u>Nov. 1938</u>

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT <u>Mr. H. W. Sample 1614 Boyce St. Hastings Neb</u>

- 1. Ancestry Father side Scotch Irish, Mother's side English, French, German
- 2. Place and date of birth Sidney, Ohio, Jan. 29, 1872.
- 3. Family Wife and one son
- 4. Place lived in, with dates Sidney, Ohio Roseland, Nebr. Hastings, Neb.
- 5. Education, with dates Attended school up to the 4th grade at Roseland, Neb.
- 6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Farmer, railroad laborer, Newsstand
- 7. Special skills and interests Violin player, playing according to notes. Engages in oldtime fiddling. Has written and sold publication short stories.
- 8. Community and religious activities Presbyterian not active
- 9. Description of informant 6 feet tall, weight 170 lbs. Structure rugged and coarse. Health good.
- 10. Other points gained in interview Ancestors all six foot tall. His son only one of the relations less than six feet in height. Enjoys relating past experiences.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER F. W. KAUL L. A. Rollins
DATE Nov. 1938

ADDRESS <u>Hastings Nebr.</u>
SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. H. W. Sample 1614 Boyce St. Hastings Neb









SNAKE STORY

The sample boys, Al and Hal, aged 14 and 12 respectively, were proud of the collection of snake rattles they had accumulated in the three years since their parents had left Ohio to settle on a homestead in Central Nebraska. Indeed, there was a cigar box full of these gruesome relics.

Now that their cousin Henry Lehman, 20, arrived from Ohio, on a visit and their parents were away for a day and night, the Sample boys took pleasure in exhibiting their trophies, with a more or less detailed lecture on certain of the specimens.

"Look at this big one," exclaimed AI, "It's from a four-foot snake that old man Dan Winters killed the other day."

Winters, a much bewhiskered, bachelor neighbor, was breaking prairie when he noticed the monster emulating cobra di-capeli tactics, repeatedly it encircled man and team, each time drawing closer. A blow from a heavy wrench settled it.

"And here's the one that nearly got you, day before yesterday, Cousin Henry," grinned Al—referring to a rattle that was stained with blood.

Rats had burrowed holes in the sod lean to which adjoined the frame . . .

(Page 4)

part of the cabin, thus rendering the interior easily accessible to small vermin of all kinds. A couple of days before Lehman had seized the tail of a rattler entering one of the rat holes mentioned. "Look out there!" screamed Al. Lehman. He had no sooner withdrawn his hand then the snake catapulted out yards from the hole. Though its body was partly outside, the head doubled back. But the most of these specimens had been acquired when a huge den of rattlers were massacred the summer before.

Eddie Foster, a neighbor boy of twelve, was plowing with a walking plow. Barefoot and with pant-legs rolled high, he whistled along behind the plow, when, without a second's warning one of the horses stepped in a deep hole.

With frightened snorts both animals lunged forward. The lines around Eddie's waist compelled him to follow. One of his bare feet stepped on something springy and as he glanced down in the furrow he was horrified to behold a mass of squirming snakes right at his feet. The sharp lay [part of the plow] had sheared off the heads of a half-dozen of the reptiles and these heads, some with several inches of neck bounced about the furrow with revengeful fury mouths wide open and striking viciously at everything in sight.

Eddie held a death grip on the plow-handles and quick as thought, a dexterous [sic] spring carried his plump bare legs over the plow to safety. After quieting the team, he began signaling frantically to his father who with some neighbors, was making hay not far away.

Noticing Eddie's wild gesticulations the entire haying crew came up on the gallop. On seeing the great den of writhing reptiles they . . .

(Page 5)

too became much excited. "Run to the house for the spade, Eddie, quick as possible," bade his father. The reptiles were so interlaced and wound together as to appear like a huge ball.







By use of the spade and three forks the squirting mass was pried out on level ground. It weighed much as a heavy man and a bushel basket could have been dropped in the den. The entire surface of the mass fairly bristled with snake-heads mouths open wide and scores of forked, flickering tongues protruding in every direction. The combined sound of the numerous rattles was almost deafening sounding as if the huge ball were electrified.

Numerous charges of goose shot were fired into the hideous mass. Spades, tugs from harness, and several pitch-forks aided in the massacre. In all, seventy-three rattles were secured, with a possibility of some of the snakes having escaped as they detached themselves from the ball. Fully a quarter of an acre was littered with their mutilated bodies, and the rattles stuffed a cigar box. But little did these three youngsters realize that that very night they were to have the most thrilling snake scare of their lives.

Feeling quite lonely, out on the wild prairie, miles from nearest neighbors, they huddled together in one bed for company. In the early hours of the morning Lehman roused his young cousins. "Boys, wake up quick. I believe there's a rattle snake in the room."

"Strike a match," suggested AI. But the nearest matches were in a safe on a door casing across the room and none was willing to take the awful chance of stepping barefooted, on a live rattler.

For hours the three youths sat up in bed shivering with terror . . .

(Page 6)

in the darkness, besieged by they knew not how many menacing rattlers, the whole floor of the little room seemed alive with them. A br-r-r would sound in a far corner of the room, to be almost immediately answered by a bz-z-z, this time perhaps near or under the bed.

"Sounds like one of 'em is tryin' to climb a bed-post," spoke Lehman, after a moment of suspense, and the three boys shuddered in terror. Another short interval and Lehman ejaculated, "Why here's your dad's army musket with the bayonet on it."

The boys had played with it while their parents were away, and although it was empty and their folks hid all ammunitions from their sight, still they felt safer with the ancient weapon near their bed. Thereafter, whenever a bz-z-z, sounded, Lehman reached out in the darkness with the long barrel and whacked the bayonet on the floor, but the buzzing would invariably be resumed with even greater energy.

The trio sat upright in bed the remainder of the night, shivering in mortal fear. At last after what seemed ages dawn began to lighten the room and the rattling ceased. Three pairs of young eyes began searching the floor from corner to corner where _____ were the snakes? Lehman was first to discover the real situation:

"Judas Priest, Look at the rattles," he exclaimed. The entire floor was littered with them. The cigar-box previously mentioned had been carelessly left open and that night, mice had indulged in one grand jollification all their own.







(Page 7)

"CIRCUS IN THE CLOUDS"

It was an electrical storm in August. Loud thunder the heavens rent, In the foreground, a snow-white cloud appeared. Resembling a circus tent.

This cloud soon vanished in vapor. Exporting the content within. A boat-load of sailors with harpoons, chased a whale with a monster fin.

Then came a wider-eared elephant. With tusks and trunk hanging low, Followed by some horse-drawn cages, "hitch helped to complete the show.

There were bears, giraffes, and camels, Huge-High apes and ringtailed monkey, Rhinoceros, tiger and zebra, A clown, astride a donkey.

Constantly the scenes were shifted, In this panoramic view, As the wild clouds rolled and tumbled, Staging every something new.

A bold, majestic lion appeared, preceding the circus band, His mouth seemed to open and it thundered, Oh, this cloud-land movie was grand.

CHASING AN ANTELOPE

Dan winters was one of the earliest settlers in Central Nebraska, homesteading in Adams County in the year 1872.

Dan was an enthusiastic hunter and being a bachelor would often go on a hunting expedition lasting for several days. There were still a few deer in Nebraska, at that time and most every settler in community had tasted deer meat, brought down by Daniel's trusty carbine. They chose to dupe him "The Daniel Boone of Nebraska," tho he was not known to be an Indian fighter in particular.

So, quite naturally one spring morning when Winters cited [sic] what appeared to be antelope bonding over the level prairie in the distance his hunter's instinct was instantly aroused. A stiff wind blew from the northwest this particular morning and the antelope seemed to be headed southwest. The greater part of Roseland township named after the great fields of wild roses, which made the surrounding atmosphere fragrant with the scent in the early summer time, was quite level and Winters had no difficulty noting the course of the animal in it's [sic] flight.

It appeared to be about a mile distant. Quickly Dan was astride one of his fleetest horses and with his high-power carbine under one arm, was madly racing after the coveted game. The first couple miles, the race seemed to be about "nip and tuck" but Winters believed the beast was likely headed for







the Little Blue River, where it could quench it's [sic] thirst, and would perhaps linger round for a while, after getting a good drink.

After racing nearly three miles, he noted the land was growing less smooth. Gently rolling small hills became in evidence as he approached the river.

While descending one of three small hills his horse had the misfortune to plunge one fore-foot into a badger hole resulting in both horse and rider getting a bad fall. Finding himself not seriously hurt. Dan quickly arose and helped his horse to it's [sic] feet – for the foot which had made the mistep [sic] was badly sprained.

Unwilling to give up the chase he led his limping steed with as much haste as possible to neighbor's place, a half mile distant, . . .

(Page 9)

the neighbor John McKelvie, was also a bachelor. After learning the particulars, McKelvie, too became enthused at the prospect of fresh antelope meats.

"Got a fast horse?" asked Winters, "You bet my life, two of 'em." Came the enthusiastic reply.

Winters quickly changed the saddle from the lame horse onto the fresh one, while McKelvie saddled a second steed. In a jiffy the two men were again on the trail of the big game. Shortly both of these frontiersmen cited [sic] the animal apparently taking a short breathing spell on a small hill a half mile away. Bang! barked Winter's carbine and the animal again began to move -- soon disappearing over the hill.

On reaching the hill top the hunters saw their game barely hobbling over another slight rise of land less than half a mile distant. "I believe I crippled it some." Winters shouted jubilantly, as both men spurred their mounts to greater speed. Soon reaching the next hill both hunters observed that the country beyond, for at least a mile, was fairly level and open with the exception of a small thicket of wild plum at the floor of the hill covering perhaps a couple of acres. But no antelope was now in sight and there was no possible nook or cranny for it to hide in on this level smooth tract of prairie.

"It must have dropped in the tall grass, somewhere near after making the hill," suggested Winters, "Probably it's dying from it's [sic] wounds."

Both men hunted diligently becoming separated several rods apart, in their search through the tall grass. McKelvie searched about the plum thicket. Suddenly he gave a yell accompanied by a . . .

(Page 10)

rather derisive laugh "Here's your antelope. Come on with your skinning knife." Winters hurriedly approached to discover his companion scrutinizing a bullet hole through the heavy stem of a large tumble weed. The weed was fully as large as a hind wagon wheel, and being rather oblong in shape had caused it when driven by the stiff wind to bound across the level prairie in such a way was to in the distance appeared to be galloping.

The shot had caused the stem to split to that huge weed was almost torn in two halves and of course didn't roll so gracefully across the prairie as before being damaged.









The thicket had finally terminated it's [sic] pilgrimage. Winters grinned sheepishly at the tell-tale bullet hole.

"Well, I guess I hit it, anyway." He commented in way of self consolation, "If it'd been a real antelope, I'd have sure knocked it, wouldn't I." "Now don't you say a word about this to any of the neighbors. We can just tell 'em we were chasing a sure-nuff antelope, but it out ran us and loped away."

But neighbors aware of Winter's fondness for liqure, got hold of the story and guyed him a plenty.

TALL TALES

Six hungry hoboes rode in an open coal car. Bang! Bang! sounded some hunter's gun in a corn field to one side the right-of-way, and the hungry hoboes envied the hunters their good luck in bagging several prairie chickens. Only six chickens remained of the flock and this sextette [sic] came flying straight toward the train.

Prairie chickens usually fly low so when this flock was apparently . . .

(Page 11)

about to fly over the slow moving coal car, the entire six broke their necks on the telegraph wire. But the momentum they had acquired by their frantic flight brought them tumbling into the car a chicken for each hungry hobo.

Five Apache Indians were hot on Bill's trail, and gaining on him. Bill had emptied his six-gun, all but one shell, which he was saving to shoot himself with if the Indians overtook him. He wall knew the reputation the Apachees [sic] have for capturing whites alive, to be burned at the stake.

Just as his fleet steed crossed a narrow stream, the Indians caught up with him. As one of his ponies hind feet struck a rock, the shoe flew off and hit the foremost Indian in the head, killing him instantly. It then bounded to the next and so, on, till it killed them all.

MY DREAM CITY

Ted and I are twins. Until the age of twenty we had never been apart for a whole day.

We both graduated as mechanics and worked together in the same shop in Des Moines. It was a triangle love affair that finally separated us. Sarah, a sweet neighbor girl, whom we had known since childhood, liked both of us equally. For more than a year past, off and on, we three took "Joy Rides" and attended picture shows together.

It was Ted who one day put it up to me, to "Flip Dollars", to decide which of us should claim our, hitherto partnership-sweetheart, for his own, for Sarah persistently refused to decide between us, but . .







(Page 12)

seemed willing to marry either one.

Luck was in my favor, in the gamble, and from the first time in his life Ted sulked.

A few days after the wedding, he disappeared and though for weeks I made diligent efforts to locate him, his whereabouts remained a mystery for nearly a year.

Repeatedly at intervals sometimes weeks apart, I dreamed of finding my brother in a western city, working in a quite large, oddshaped brick building.

In these successive dream-trips, the landscape, buildings, etc., along my supposed route, and about my strange dream-city were always virtually the same; until they became familiar objects of memory. I seemed to be floating through the air high above the country, I passed over thus getting a sort of "Bird's Eye" view of everything I saw.

When our first birthday, since our separation was nearly due, the sad thought occurred to me it would be the first one we did not celebrate together. I planned to ignore the day; but Sarah sought to cheer me up with "Maybe Ted will surprise us with a birthday visit. Shan't I bake a two-layer cake for both of you boys?"

But her prediction failed to materialize.

However I took a holiday from my work and after our lonely dinner I lay down for a nap. Soon I was again sailing through space to find my dream city and lost brother. (Just another dream trip.)

The same, familiar huge buildings, scattered about the outskirts . . .

(Page 13)

of the city become visible as I approached – yet miles away.

Various tall draft-stacks seemed to dot the near-by surrounding country. The dozens of church spires seemed familiar – as did the numerous green parks, and the several railroads which seemed to converge at this point.

Ted and I were having the most enjoyable, heart-to-heart talk, when our visit was suddenly interrupted with: "Ned, Oh Ned, is something wrong with you?" "You've been asleep for nearly two hours," exclaimed my wife as I became fully awake.

A few days later a traveling man drifted in the shop and chancing to glance my way suddenly became very alert and stared curiously at me.

"Aren't you the fellow I was talking with out at Hastings, Nebr., a few days ago?" he finally accosted me. "If not, he certainly is your perfect double," he added as he approached closer.

After questioning this stranger in detail, I became very much convinced that he must have met my long lost brother, Ted. A couple of days later I took a train for Omaha and there met a friend who informed me he was about to start for Denver in his private airship/ Learning of my contemplated trip







west, he kindly offered me free transportation as far as Hastings, which hospitality was gratefully accepted.

It seemed for all the world I was on another "Dream Trip" as we drew near the city of my destination and gazed down at faintly familiar objects, apparently almost identical with the objects seen in my "Dream-Trips."

The tall stacks proved to be mostly located at brickyards scattered around near the town.

(Page 14)

The huge building in the suburbs were colleges, schools, a large convent, etc.

I soon found Ted, working in one of the several railroad roundhouses about the city. After recovering from the surprise of so unexpectedly meeting me, his first words were, "Ned, I wonder if I'm dreaming now as I was on our birthday while taking an after dinner nap? They had difficulty waking me in time to get back to my work." He then reached out playfully and pinched me. On comparing notes, it developed that our naps and dreams had been simultaneous — at the same identical hour on our birthday.

Author's Note: This was not my own personal experience but that of a railroad friend, Ned Brown, told to me several years ago.

Everyone of the Snorz family snores, so, as bedmates they're all awful bores.

The old man Snorz
Like a lion roars
When it's tired of it's cage
And wants out of doors.

The old lady Snorz

Like a siren whistle
Till the dogs in the neighborhood
All bark and bristle.

Miss Marguerite Snorz

Like a steam caliope When a circus parade Goes by on the lope.







Little Johnnie Snorz

Like the squeal of a rat When one of it's feet Is caught in a trap.

(Page 15)

Even Baby Snorz

But so soft and low Like the squeak of wagon wheels, Crunching through the snow

When the Snorz family snores

In a concert of snores
Other tenants in the flat
Long to throw them out doors.

Parody on "Mary had a Little Lamb"

Johnnie had a billy goat With whiskers long and white, And wherever Billy went, He'd sure get in a fight.

His daily rations, usually, Was thistles and tin cans, Sometimes old shoes and clothing, Whether women's or a man's.

One wash day Billy's appetite, was feeling very fine, He strolled into the back-yard, When the wash was on the line.

As a rag-chewing champion, Billy surely beats them all, For he ate both line and clothing, As fast as they could fall.

So provoked were Johnnie's parents, When they saw what Billie's done, They determined to destroy him, Ere another rising sun.







They dragged him on the R.R. track, And tied him flat upon his back, In hopes that this would end their woes, And avenge the loss of line and clothes.

But Billy heard the whistle, Of the first approaching train,

(Page 16)
He struggled and he bellowed
For fear 'twould give him pain.

Soon he coughed up an old red shirt, And flagged the train, so was unhurt.





