

**[L. C. McBride]**

[S241-LA?] DUP

FORM A Circumstances of interview

NAME OF WORKER Cecile Larson ADDRESS 430 So. 17th St.

DATE Sept. 28, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant L.C. McBride
2. Date and time of interview. Sept. 28—9 til 12 a.m.
3. Place of interview. His home
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

Mrs. O. C. Bell, 931 D.

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you. None
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Nice Brick home. [???

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FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Cecile Larson ADDRESS 430 So. 17th

DATE Sept. 28, 1938. SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT L. C. McBride, 1711 Harwood

## Library of Congress

1. Ancestry. Dutch, Irish Scotch
2. Place and date of birth. Champaign Co. Ohio, May 1847.
3. Family. Father Andrew McBride
4. Place lived in, with dates. Ohio—1847—1855. Indiana 1855-1862. Joined army til 1865 —Iowa 1865-1875 —Nebr. 1876—Central City—Called Lone tree at that time—1884-Exeter—1889 Lincoln.
5. Education, with dates. Some in Ohio—Indiana & Marengo Iowa graduated from high school.
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates. Learned brick mason trade in Iowa.
7. Special skills and Interests. Played bass drums in [G.A.R.?] band.
8. Community and religious activities. Staunch Methodist.
8. Description of informant. Stocky old man, mustache & goatee very alert for man of 92.
10. Other points gained in interview. I guess I'm a little different than a lot of men but I am a staunch Methodist and I will not work on Sunday. I was in the railway mail service from 1880 til 1882 between Grand Island and Nebr. City, no Sunday work, and one night I had orders to change to Pacific Junction to McCook and work on Sunday. Altho it meant a thousand dollars to me I just quit and I have never wanted for anything since.

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FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Cecile Larson ADDRESS 430 So. 17

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DATE Sept. 28, 1938. SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT L.C. McBride

I ran a grocery store in Central City—at that time called Lone Tree. There was one tree there and they claimed it was at the exact center of the United States. Later I became a farmer.

I was a member of the G.A.R. drum Corps and also a G.A.R. Quartette but I am now the only living member and it seems very sad to think they are all gone. Lincoln was practically a wilderness when I came here in 1875—So. 11th was the main street.

I was city weighmaster for ten years in Lincoln. My little wife passed away last November and I am so sad and lonely without her. I always drove my own car until this year they told me I couldn't drive any more, I was too old and couldn't pass the examination. I never had an accident and I enjoyed driving out in the mornings. Now my day is so long altho my grand daughter takes me out I would rather do my own driving.

I have attended with my little wife many grand army encampments at Boston, Columbus Ohio Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Madison Wisconsin and this year I went to the Grand reunion of the Blue's and Greys on the Battlefield of Gettysburg in June. There were two thousand Blues and 500 Greys there and it cost Nine Million dollars to entertain them. It was wonderful. Three weeks ago I attended the encampment at Des Moines. This is the song Nebraska Land to be sung to the tune Beulah land—as sung many times by the G.A.R. quartette. It was written by Major Ferguson and a Colonel whose name I cannot now recall, both of Nebraska. Major Ferguson was formerly connected with the University.

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Nebraska land I've reached the land of corn and wheat of Pumpkin pie and potatoes sweet  
I got my land from Uncle Sam And I am happy as a clam.

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Chorus: Oh, Nebraska land Sweet Nebraska land On the highest bluff I stand And look away across the plain And wonder if twill ever rain And when I turn and view my corn I think I'll never sell my farm.

2. When I came to get my start My neighbors they were miles apart. But now theres one on every claim And two or three all want the same.

Chorus:

3. My horses are Norman-Percheron stock My chickens they are Plymouth Rock My cows are jersey's, very fine And Poland Chinas are my swine.

Chorus:

4. Now at last the cars are here We waited for them many a year Wont you with me take a smile For we have freighted many a mile.

Chorus:

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This is a song I put together from different ones my mother sang. She came from Kentucky. I still sing this at [Rensingtons & other meetings. 1. I dreamt a dream the other night When everything was still I dreamt I saw Susanna Bell Coming down the hill A buckwheat cake between her teeth A tear was in her eye. Oh Susanna dont you cry for me I came from Alabama with a banjo on my knee It rained all night the day I left The weather being dry The sun so hot I froze to death Susanna dont you cry.

2. There was an old nigger and his name was [Uncel?] Ned He died long, long ago He had no hair on the top of his head In the place where the wool ought to grow. His fingers was as long as a cane in the brake He had no eyes fer to see He had no teeth to eat a

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hoe cake So he had to let the hoe cake be. So hang up the fiddle and the bow-bow-bow  
Theres no more work for poor old Ned For he's gone where the good niggers go

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Old Dan Tucker was a very fine man He used to run a steam engine The engine run off of  
the track And broke Mr. Daniel Tuckers back Out of the way old Dan Tucker Your too late  
to get your supper.