

[Mrs. L. A. Sherman]

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FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul and L. [Rollins?] ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

DATE Oct. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mrs. L. A. Sherman, 307 S. Denver . Ave.
2. Date and time of interview Oct. 1938 3 calls 6 hrs.
3. Place of interview Home, 307 S. Denver Ave., Hastings, Nebr.
4. Name and address of person [ff?] 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. Four room frame house. Partly modern but neat and clean. A cherished possession is an old parlor organ which Mrs. Sherman plays well by ear. [???

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Frederick W. Kaul and Louis Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

DATE Oct. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. L. A. Sherman, 307 S. Denver , Ave.

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1. Ancestry English, Her grandfather famous for remedies was Dr. Henry Jenner of Benden Kent, Eng., to fight small pox, Dyptheria, Scarlet Fever.
2. Place and date of birth, Hannibal, Mo. 1861
3. Family had 12 children, 7 of which are living
4. Place lived in, with dates Hannibal, Mo. 1861, Sac. City, Ia., 1905 Hastings, Nebraska, 1913 to present time.
5. Education with dates Grades of public school
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Housewife, assisted husband in meat business
7. Special skills and interests Takes special interest in recalling pioneer day experiences, writing recollections in the form of poetry, keeping house
8. Community and religious activities None
9. Description of informant 5 foot 4 inches, 148 lbs, white hair, blue eyes, phsycially agile and mentally alert. Appears to be about 60 yrs old but is 76.
10. Other points gained in interview Mrs. Sherman states thaa that she uses a Fort tier [Fort teir?] for exercising "I don't feel my age. I make meals, wash and always kept myself busy doing something. I have a score sore leg, but when I take Indian herb medicine, it gets better. I am taking Indian Medicine now and my leg is nearly [well?] again.

Lessons I learned on Mother's knee I've a tender recollection, That I'll cherish all my life,
And age but makes it dearer day by day, T'is the memory of a mother, Whose smile in
days gone by, Drove all my troubled childish thoughts away, I remember in the evening,
When the fire was burning bright, She called me to her side and said to me, Be brave my

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boy and cheerful, And never be ashamed, Of the lesson that you learned on mother's knee. How her loving voice would cheer me, When at evening I returned, From toiling in the meadow all the day, Each loving word brought comfort, But that voice is silent now, The mother that I loved has passed away, In the quite church yard she's slumbered many years, And the treasures life holds dear to me, Is the mound that oft in twilight, I moistened with my tears, And the lessons that I learned on mother's knee. Jessie Green Open the window mother, And let me breathe again, The sweet breath of the morning, It cools my fevered brain, I think I have been dreaming, So many things I've seen, And heard such heavenly music, From little Jessie Green. She seems to come before me, I saw her snowy dress, But then I knew it could not be, I felt not her carress, We laid her in the grave yard, And sadly from the scenes, We turned our foot steps homeward, And left poor Jessie Green. O will she never awaken, I long to hear her sing, So like the little birdies, That comes to us in spring, I often wished she were a bird, So sweet her songs have been, No sweeter have I ever heard, Than those of Jessie Green.

SONGS

The Old Apple Tree As I sit and look awhile, Then I just have to smile, To see that old apple tree, It is no pleasure to me. It draws the kids with delight, But the darn things are not ripe, Children like the sour taste, Don't want them to go to waste. They get in trouble when they swipe, Can't wait till they are ripe, Trouble looks them in the face, They don't dare go on the place. So let them lay and rotten, And all troubles are forgotten, Children will forget the place, And all out of the apple case.

Coffee Poem If you would have wealth, If you would have health, Just take this from me, A bit of advice you see, Just put on the old coffee pot, And while it is hot, Brew a cup of Trusty Coffee, You will feel pretty lofty, While it is steaming, Your mind can go dreaming, Of spring time you know, Makes a pretty show, Of knowledge you have gleamed, From the old Trusty Coffee Bean.

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My Grandson Harry Harry how are you now, I can't forget you some how, We were so happy out there, I never had to pull you your hair. You are shy and tender hearted, From your home you never parted, You will never want to roam, Away from your happy home. You are quite loving and good, As out in the yard we stood, [Watching?] the kids play ball, All our good times I can recall. Wish I could visit all awhile, I would be happy and smile, If I could make you happy and gay, I'll be out there some day.

Composed by Mrs. L. A. Sherman,

Hastings, Nebraska

Meat Poem My husband was a butcher, sure the finest looker, Always so nice and neat, As he cut and sawed the meat. He was up in early morn, With his bright bugle horn, Away with a load of meat, To the farmer it was a treat. He left me to cut the steak, Ready for customers to take, In the frying pan to fry, Said the'd they'd be back by and by.

Sausage Now I sit me down to eat, Of this fine ground up meat, If I should choke on a tack, I pray the cook to pound my back.

Garden Time A garden I will make, I get the old rake, The shovel and the hoe, And to work I will go. Put out my tomatoes, Dig holes for potatoes, I'll have lettuce, cabbage out, For good old sour kraut. Carrotts, Radishes, Turnips too, Onions, Peas, Cucumbers few. Some beets and wax beans, Some sweet corn Evergreen, Flowers to keep the bees, From Apple and Cherry tress, I'll keep the garden neat, For these things we eat. Composed by Mrs. L. A. Sherman,

Hastings, Nebraska

Story of Johnny Johnny do you remember, When we were at your place, It was in June not September, I loved to see your smiling face. We were happy and full of joy, No matter where we were, You was the laughing boy, Your dimples I see when we were there. Do

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you remember our shooting match, At cans set on those posts, It made you jump and scratch, To hit a can you never boast. I tried my luck and O behold, I shot the can from its place, A very good shot I was told, It just looked like an old mule race. Now Johnny you are your mothers son, So be good and kind, do your best, When she gives you work, go on the run, You'll never be a cowboy out west.

['tona" Lorenzen?] Tona?] is a nice young man, So beat him if you can, He is big and strong so look out, Or he will give a boxing bout. He will show you how it is done, You will go on the run, So Harry and John take a lesson, To be a good boxer is a blessing. Now you help your dad and ma, If you saw wood don't say O Shaw, I sure hate to saw that darn wood, But it don't hurt you, does you good. You can eat anything before you, Heap up your plate plenty for two, Don't let Harry beat you to it, Or Johnny to tell you when to quit. Composed by Mrs. L. A. Sherman,

Hastings, Nebraska

Memories of Home As I sit alone to night, By the campfire so bright, Thinking of a little brook, With fish line and hook. My sister and my brother, Around that brook would hover, Then chase the butter fly, And watch the clouds roll by. Not a care or a sorrow, Not a thoughts thought of tomorrow, Both so happy and free, Their smiling faces I see. I have wandered far away, From that home bright and gay, From a home I loved boys, To find some greater joys.

Happy Cow Boys I wish I could go west, Out where the old mountains are, I think that would be best, I have never been so far. Then out to some cattle range, Where cow boys are happy, They are sure a jolly gang, They work and make it snappy. They can ride the wildest [broncs?], And go through safe and sound, And do most thrilling stunts, For crowds standing round. They whoop and yell yip-yip, While the bronc jumps and bucks, He sure can ride that old rip, To stay on his back is his luck. I would love to hear them singing, When sitting by their shack, Their voices sweetly ringing, And the mountains echoing back.

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But alas I found no pleasure, For I had left my only treasure, My dear old loving Mother,
Boys you will never have another. I am going right back boys, To find some old joys, To
[ease?] this poor broken [heart?], And never more will I part. Now listen to this /# story
lads, I know you will be glad, That you are in the old home, You will never want to roam. I
am back to Home Sweet Home, Never more will I roam, Back for loved ones are sad, And
make their hearts glad.

Composed by Mrs. L. A. Sherman

Hastings, Nebraska

Sunshine As I woke up this morning, I did not need a warning, How sound asleep I had
been, For the sun was shining in, The suns bright shining ray, Brought to me another day.
Birds were singing in the trees, Happy in the sun and breeze, And bees were humming
around, For the lovely flowers they found, Kissed by the bright sunshine, In the good
old summer time. [Won?] we are down hearted and sad, Don't say, I wish I never had,
Forgotten the sunshine and song, And things seem to go wrong, There will come another
day, With the bright sunshine to stay. Composed by Mrs. L. A. Sherman

Hastings, Nebraska

Fond Memories Oh, the birds have flown away, And the flowers have died and withered,
And the autumn leaves now have fallen fast, As I sit alone to night, By the dear old hearth
stone bright, Fond memories around my heart doth sweetly cling. Oh, when a child at
home, In my mother's arm I nestled, And I listen to the song that she would sing, But I am
all alone to night, By the dear old hearth stone bright, Fond memories around my heart so
sweetly cling.

My Compliments to Ray [Mac?] and Laura Bell (Little boy and girl who sang over KMMJ
radio at Clay Center, Nebraska, 1937.) O Ray and little Laura Bell, This is one thing I can
tell, They are fine on their program, I would like to take them by the hands, And tell them

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they are just grand. Their voices sweetly ringing, o'er the mike when they are singing, Sure are good for their age, And time will make a bright new page. Let your songs be like the sunshine, Like the song of birds in summer time, Make everyone happy bright and gay, With brightest songs from day to day.

An Old Recipe: Pork Chops with Dressing 6 Pork Chops 1/2 Onion finely chopped 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs 2 tablespoons pork fat chopped 1/6 teaspoon pepper 3/4 teaspoon salt [?] cup hot water 1 beaten egg Mix bread crumbs, pork fat, seasoning, water and egg, spread on pork chops. Put chops in a pan close together, add a little water to cover bottom of pan and bake in a moderately hot oven 1 hour, basting occasionally. Composed and written by Mrs. L. A. Sherman,

Hastings, Nebraska

Thanksgiving Well I wonder what is up now, My schoolmates with faces so bright, I am going to find out somehow, Or to bed I'll not go this night. I was wondering today what [a's?] about, But to ask questions I'm not allowed, Till she told me to run out, I thought I was making to large a crowd. Oh I know now what's going on, Tis' the great Thanksgiving day, But I'll tell if ice was on the pond, I would make it one of play. The grocery boy was nearly crazy, With loads of good things to eat, He was at our house not a bit lazy, And away he went looking so neat. Of all the pies pudding and cake, I spied on the old pantry shelf, To go away from home I sure would hate, I can't tell you all, No sir, not half. Now dear playmates one and all, Keep to that dinner, get a recall, Thanks to Him who watches us while [asleep asleep , Blessed be His name to great and small. So when tomorrow comes, with happy hearts, We will be happy and all be gay, Adieu to our [?] before we part, Be glad for school days again to stay.

Carrying a Joke too Far

Bill Jones stole a saw, and on his trail trial he told the judge that he took it for a joke.

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"How far did you carry it?"

"Two miles."

"Ah, Mr. Jones, that's carrying a joke to far. You are sentenced to jail for three months."

Composed by Mrs. L. A. Sherman,

Hastings, Nebraska

Ghost Story

"Once I went to my brothers' with a message from mother. On the way I looked down from the high bank of the Mississippi upon a cabin.

There I saw a man and a woman fighting terribly. When I delivered the message, I told brother, then I went home and told Dad and Mother. About 1 1/2 hours later my brother came home and told me the woman was hanging. I asked mother to let me go with brother to see her.

By that time a big crowd had gathered at the place. I saw that the woman hung in the shed behind the cabin. She had a handkerchief tied around her neck. I walked around and looked. Her tongue was all out of her mouth. I was terribly frightened. I went home and never told mother a word. I never told anybody.

A week later sister and I came home from church. I went to the bedroom to light the lamp. There I saw that same woman dangling in front of my eyes. I hollered Woo! Woo! Woo! Woo! My sister said what's the matter. I was terribly frightened. I didn't tell her what was the matter. I kept it away from mother and sister Mother, I told in two or three days. Mother said, Persons like that can't hurt your. Living persons can harm you more than that. This

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has taught you a lesson mother said. Always tell mother such things right away. I can never forget this hanging woman. I was 16 years old then.”

Acquaintance with Mark Twain Home

“Mark Twain's home was on a bluff near Hannibal, Mo. We girls always wanted to look into the house but never could get close to the windows. The big rock boulders round the house, kept us from getting close to the house. So we never got to look into in the windows.

“Mark Twain's house was 1 1/2 blocks from Lover's Leap. Lover's Leap was a bluff 385 feet high. It was said [a?] young Indian and his wife leaped from this bluff, killing themselves. Since that it was called Lover's Leap.”

Inscription on Father's Tombstone

“Ny father often told the story that in Old England, they had a certain neighbor who had a rooster. The rooster was the pride of the neighborhood. The owner thought so much of the rooster that he placed a tombstone on his grave. He had a special inscription written on the tombstone. Father often told us the words.

He said he wanted that inscription on his own tombstone someday. My father was a jolly man and had many friends. His name was Henry [Jennes?] [Jenner?] . He lived in Hannibal, Mo., and worked in a lumber yard. When he died, we children saw to it that his wish was granted in regard to his tombstone and here is the words on his tombstone.”

Henry Jenner Here lies the body of old Tom rollup, When he died, the bell did tollup, May heaven receive his soulup, And his body to fill the holeup.”

Above as related by Mrs. L. A. Sherman, Hastings, Nebraska.

Advise to Girls (Kissing Mother)

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"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a [careworn?] look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours. Still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her [surprise?], go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever painted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now and through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss.

The little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first old skirm [shes?], with the rough old world. And then the midnight [kiss?] with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and so kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work, during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours and yet if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angels, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your real comfort, and everyone of those wrinkels wrinkles would seem like bright sunshine chasing away each other over the dear face.

She will leave you ond one of these days, then those burdens if not lifted from her dear shoulders, will break her down. Those rough hands that have done so many things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss, will forever close and those sad tired eyes will open in eternity and then you will appreciate your mother but it will be too late."

Written by Mrs. L. A. Sherman, Hastings, Nebraska

Spook Story

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“One time myself, sister and two other girls, took some flowers to place on the grave of my sister in [Hannibal?], Missouri. There was a vault in the grave yard. Two bodies had been in there only a few days. We girls looked around the place. Then we went down the steps to the vault door. We looked thru the glass door and when we were looking we heard a sound like Hmm! Hmm! [Hmmmmmmm!?] Oh my said I[,?] Girls they're moaning in here. Maybe they ain't dead.

We were frightened and ran as fast as we could and landed in a blackberry pathc patch . We tore our stockings and dresses. We said let's go home around this way. There are not so many graves. Suddenly we heard some boys hidden in the grass laughing Tee! Teee! Tee! Tee! They told us they had crept on top of the vault and made a noise into the pipe over the vault to scare us. We came home and told mother. She told us not to be afraid, nobody there would hurt us.

As related by Mrs. L. A. Sherman, Hastings, Nebraska