

**[Mr. L. A. Sherman]**

[S 241-A?] DUP

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

DATE Oct. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mr. 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, 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.

Four room frame houses. Partly modern but neat and clean. A cherished possession is an old parlor organ which wife of informant plays well by ear.

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Frederick W. [Kaul?] ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

[?] Rollins

DATE Oct. [1?] SUBJECT Folklore

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NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. L. A. Sherman, 307 South Denver, Ave.

1. Ancestry German
2. Place and date of birth Quincy, Ill. Jan. 9, 1861
3. Family Mother died when father was in Civil War. Father remarried 12 Children, 7 of which are living.
4. Place lived in, with dates Quincy, Ill. 1861-1875 [Perdeschane?], Wis. 1875 Hannibal, Mo., 1890 Married here Sac City, Ia., in the 90's Hastings, Nebr. 1913 to present time
5. Education, with dates Grades and two years German school
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Butcher, Meat Cutter, [Broncho?] rider
7. Special skills and interests Never thrown from horse, entered contests for yrs. riding wildest horses.
8. Community and religious activities None
9. Description of informant 5 foot 8 inches, 140 lbs, very blue eyes, slender, wears large rim hat, mustasche and goatee. Has dignified general appearances.
10. Other points gained in interview [Contentness?] is manifact. Age is affecting physical alertness. Mentally alert.

### TAKEN BY INDIANS

Related by Mr. L. A. Sherman, Hastings, Nebr.

"I was born in Quincy, Ill. My mother died while my father was serving in the Union Army. I was sent to my sister in [Perdischane?], Wis. She took care of a railroad hotel. Dan

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Wally an old Indian scout staid there too. He was a big fellow, 7 foot tall. Wide Shoulders. Weighted 260 lbs. He had an 8 gauge shotgun. The stock was made special size. The gun looked like a cannon. He used the gun to shoot deer and antelope in the 60's and 70's. The back frie fire from this gun would knock the average man down.

He was befriended by the Indians and they respected him. When I first got to [Perdishehene?], I went out hunting alone. The Indians got me by the [nesk?] neck . An old chief with feathers on his back hanging almost to the ground got hold of me and said [Ooo-Ooo-Ooo?]. He walked me to the reservation. He placed me in a big wigwam. It was about 20 feet in diameter. The squaws and kids and some bucks were sitting in a circle.

The squaws and all sure looked at me. They put me in the middle. There I sat. I was a good boy. The squaws would come up and look at my buttons. They took my money. They looked at me and talked to each other about me. They did this all night long. They had me fixed so I couldn't get away.

The next day old Dan Wally come to the camp. When the chief saw him he went out to meet and greet him. The shook hands. Dan said to the chief, "Boy Lost." [Then?] he called in a loud voice, "Lou, Lou are here." Oh boy was I glad to see Dan. I knew now I had them all [buffaloed?]. I ran out to Dan and he took me home. From then on, I knew the Indians and they knew me When I would meet them they would shake hands with me and wouldn't let loose.

When I would go hunting, the little devils would go with me.

Boy, we had a bull of a time in them early days. When the Indians knew you they were good friends. Sometimes they would go the war path, then the white man had to look out. They killed men, women and children and burned their houses. The gov't scouts had to do something to frighten the Indians, who were on the war path. One time at Perdishehene, they had to kill 50 Indians who were on the war path. They strung them all up and hung

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them on the trees and left them hang there so the Indians could see them. This cooled the Indians down.

Here at [Perdishehene?], Wis., I learned the butcher business. Learned to kill cattle, hogs and sheep. Also to cut steaks, roasts and make sausage.”

### MEETING UP WITH JESSE JAMES

An related by Mr. L. A. Sherman, Hastings, Nebr.

“I was eating an an eatin’ house in Quincy, Ill., when I had stuffed my fill and light my pipe, I found out that one of the [men?] eatin’ there was Jesse James. Was I [scart?]. I wouldn't of eatin’ a bite had I known Jesse was there. He carried two big revolvers on his hips. His brother Frank was there too. They often came to Quincy. They always came with horses. They were good judges. The horses weighed about 1100 lbs. They were built for [racing?]. They had the prettiest saddles. Silver all over. Both of the [men?] had whiskers. Jesse had a full beard. Frank had a mustasche. They were well dressed. Had big /# [cow?] boy hats on. [Seen?] them lots of times. [Ford?] boys were there too. They were just as bad as the James boys. This was in the 60's after the Civil War, and in the 70's.

They were all good sized. Strong. Frank had black hair. Black beard, that is a goatee. Jess had full beard, five inches long. They all had big guns. They wouldn't hurt anybody. They'd ask, “How is it.” [And?] if you tell them you had tough sailing, they would reach in their pockets and give \$40 or \$50.

All these buys were a gang. By God, these times were hard. When these guys wanted money, they went in [broad?] daylight to [get?] their money. No one would dare shot shoot when they robbed a bank. Quincy was a great town for them to hang out. The James boys nearly always done the bold robbing. The Ford boys done the [portesting?] protecting .

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The James boys were liked by the poor and God knows there was [plenty?] of us and the law made no serious effort to get them.

Ford was bribed and given a big chunk of money to get Jesse. He shot him the back while he was shaving thru the door.”

[BUSHWACHERS?]

(Civil war story Mr. L. A. Sherman, delights to narrate)

We lived at Quincy, Ill., and during the war Dad had many experiences with bushwachers. He always carried a musket when he [?] went anywhere with his wagon and during the war days the river bottom was full of bushwachers and they would shoot shoot a man from behind the bushes and rob him. For that reason we had to be constantly on the lookout for these miserable bushwachers.

One night it was dark, a man ran into our house and crawled under the table. Dad wasn't home. The man under the table was full of blood. Mother and us kids was scart stiff. Thru the window we saw two [men?] ride up. We kids hid under the bed until they drove off. They were rebel soldiers. They wanted to catch the Union soldier hiding there. Before these men came, this Union man told us the rebels wanted to kill him and had already wounded him. He wanted Dad to hid him in his house so rebels wouldn't get him. Dad said “Don't worry we'll keep you. He washed him and bandaged his wounds and put him to bed after the rebels left. We crawled out from under the bed after the rebels left and watched the Union man being taken care of.

We were afraid the rebels would come back but the fellow fellows never came back. Dad and brother got their muskets out. Dad watched in front of the house and brother watched in back of the house, but no one came back. The next morning the union soldier put his uniform in a suitcase. We gave him a suit to put on. He wanted to go to his brother in Illinois. So dad took him to the station and he left. Dad came home. We never saw him

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again. After 6 months we got a card from him. He got home. A year later dad got a letter. He sent money, a roll of money and thanked dad.