

[Mrs. Anna Shull]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

South Sioux City

NAME OF WORKER Edna B. Pearson ADDRESS 108 East 18th St.

October 27, 1938

DATE October 20, 1938 SUBJECT Supplement to Interview #8

1. Name and address of informant Mrs. Anna Shull, Homer

October 27, 1938 1 P M

2. Date and time of interview October 20, 1938, 1 P M

3. Place of interview At her home in [Homer?]

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant No one. I have known Mrs. Shull for years

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

No one

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Mrs. Shull and her daughter, Mrs. Art Williams, a widow, live together, just a block south of the main street in Homer, in a nice white cottage.

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FORM B Personal History of Informant

South Sioux City

NAME OF WORKER Edna B. Pearson ADDRESS 108 East 18th St.

DATE October 20 & 27, 1938 SUBJECT Interview No. 8

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. Anna Shull, Homer

1. Ancestry Born in Germany and came to United States when about 13 years of age.
2. Place and date of birth Germany in 1856
3. Family One daughter
4. Place lived in, with dates. In Germany from 1856 to 1869 Homer from 1869 to present time
5. Education, with dates Attended country school in Dakota County
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates. Housewife
7. Special skills and interests None, unless managing a farm and getting and keeping out of debt and raising her daughter would be classed as skills and interests
8. Community and religious activities Member of Lutheran church but is not active in any church societies
9. Description of informant: Mrs. Shull is a small women; blue eyes, snow white hair; is rather short spoken but at heart is a good [neighbor?] and friend
10. Other points gained in interview - - - - [???

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FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

South Sioux City

NAME OF WORKER Edna B. Pearson ADDRESS 106 East 18th

Date October 20, 1938 SUBJECT Interview No. 8

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. Anna Shull, Homer

SOMEBODY'S DARLING (Continued) God knows best. He was somebody's love
Somebody's heart hath enshrined him there. Somebody's wafted his name above LNight
and morn on the wings of prayer Somebody's wept when he marched away Looking so
handsome, brave and gay Somebody clung to his parting hand Somebody's kiss on his
forehead lay. Somebody's watching and waiting for him Yearning to clasp him again to her
heart And there he lies with his blue eyes dim And smiling childlike lips apart. Tenderly
bury the fair young dead Pausing to drop on his grave a tear. Carve on the wooden slab at
his head Somebody's darling slumbers here. -

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Came to Dakota County, Nebraska, with my parents, in July 1869, when I was thirteen years old.

Fred [Blume?] (who was mentioned in a former interview with Mrs. Shull) was my cousin. He came from Germany; was the father of Dr. [W.?] [K.?] Blume of South Sioux City.

Just out of Homer, on the peak of the hill, to the right about opposite the depot, is the burial spot of Mrs. Henry Ream, mother of John Ream who owned and operated the Dakota County Herald (now deceased), and grandmother of Harold Ream who now owns

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and operates the Dakota County Herald at Dakota City. A clump [?] of lilacs lilac bushes marks her grave, which has never been disturbed or moved. Mr. Henry Ream came to Dakota County in 1855 and moved his family from Sergeant Bluffs, Iowa, to Omadi. Mrs. Ream died in about 1864 or 1865. She certainly was an awfully good women.

I remember the blizzard of 1888; it was worse than the one in 1881. It began about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and was terrible. My sister, Lizzie Winkhouse, was teaching the Boetchke school between Homer and Emerson. She taught the very first school, which was held first in the Boetchke home and afterward, when the school house was built, she taught in the school house. At first the three Boetchke children were the only pupils in that school. My sister kept the children in the school house until the next morning when the children's father finally got through and took them home. During that blizzard the men had to lead themselves, by the fences, from the house to the barn to feed the stock; so many children were frozen to death. The forenoon of the blizzard was lovely. The men were going to start out after wood; if they had they would surely have been lost. That year winter the snow started in October, before we had the potatoes out, snow drifts as high as the house, and mercy! mercy! but it was cold. [???

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Writing school was held in the Shull School house, an old log school house three miles west of Homer, on Fidler Creek road, nown known as District No. 17.

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Singing school was held in the o'Connor School house, about two or three miles east of Homer, east of where Spring Bank used to be, on the old bluff road.

There have been three school houses in District No. 17. The second was built over in the hills a ways from the original building, and the third was built back on the old location.

I went to the Baird school first; walked almost three miles to school. The Baird school was the first school in the county.

When I was still a young girl, Mr. Fred Blume, my sister, Lizzie Winkhouse, and I started to Dakota City for groceries one day in March 1870, the first big thaw; we started out across the bottoms to Dakota City; the water in Elk Creek was up to the bridge. I was afraid to go on and wanted them to let me out and I would walk back, but they made fun of me and made me go along. When we got back with our groceries the water was all over the bottom but Mr. Blume was going to try to cross the bridge. A Mr. Jackson just happened to see us pass and ran after us for about half a mile to warn us about the bridge and to call us back to his house; we unhitched the horses and my sister and I each rode a horse back to Mr. Jackson's house. We stayed there from Saturday until Monday night before we could get back home, and then we had to take a round-about way home. Mrs. Jackson died just a short time ago; was over a hundred years old.

During the winter of 1856-7 the snow never melted, even on the south side of the house, for weeks; the snow was over two feet deep on the level.

(Mrs. Shull gave me copies of songs that her husband had copied off between sixty and seventy years ago, copies of which I am enclosing.)

SONGS GIVEN TO ME BY MRS SHULL

(I copied these songs from songs that Mr. Shull, now deceased, had copied off about sixty-five years ago.

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THE BUTCHERS BOY In Jersey City where I did dwell, A butchers boy I loved so well, He courted me my heart away, And with me now he will not stay There's is a mantle in this e're town, Where my love goes and sits him down, He took a strange girl on his knee, And he tells to her what he won't tell me. Oh cruel, Oh cruel, I'll tell you why, Because she has more gold than I, Her gold will melt and silver fly, O, then, O, then she'll be as poor as I I went up stairs to make my bed, And not a word to my mother said. My mother, she came up to me here Saying what's the matter, daughter dear. O, mother, Oh you do not know, Of all my sorrow, pain and woe, Its get a chair and sit me down, A pen and ini for to write it down. At every line she shed a tear, In calling back her Willey dear, And every time she shed a tear, In calling back her Willey dear.

THE MATINEE Myself I dressed all in my best And with some surplus cash, I started for the matinee, And thought to cut a dash. The hall was filled with beaux & bells As happy as could be, And at my cost my heart I lost While at the matinee My love has curls & teeth like pearls, And wears a jaunty hat, And when she peeps from under it My heart it goes pit, pat Among the crows That would compare with her While at the matinee Along with other pretty boys Just as the play was o'er, I took a good position, Close by the exit door. And when my charmer came, Along I made so bold and free, As to offer her my company Home from the matinee. She took my arm and with a Smile as sweet as morning dew Say's she my name is Angeline, Now pray sir who are you. I said my name was Clarence Charles And that she was to me, By far the gayest girl I'de Met while at the matinee.

Stroled along for an hour or two, As happy as two birds, In telling her my fervent love There was no lack of words. I asked her if she was free to wed, And if she would be mine, She answered with a saucy laugh I'll tell some other time Of course we had to ice cream Fruit cake and lemonade, Five dollars I was minus By the time the bill was paid. And then I saw her safely home And there she promised me, Without a doubt next Wednesday We'd meet at the Matinee. flirtations after that Until one night I saw her home Oh, didn't I feel flat. Then at the door we met a man My husband dear said she This is the nice young man

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I met While at the Matinee of course I tried to laugh
Though through the joke I could not see
And after that I shun the girls That I meet at the Matinee

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MAKING LOVE SCIENTIFICALLY Then awake till rise of sun my dear
But the sage's glass we'll shun my deer,
Lest in watching the flight Of bodies of light
He might happen to take thee from one, my dear!
A monstrough spectacle upon the earth,
Beneath the pleasant sun among the trees,
A being knowing not what love is!
A man that dares affect To spend his life
in service to his kind For no reward of theirs,
nor bound to them by any tie, There are
punishments for such.

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ECHO AND SILENCE In eddying courses when leavs began to fly, And autum in her lap the stores to strew; As mid wild scenes I chanced the must to wov, Through glen untrod, and woods that found no high, Two sleeping nymps with wonder must I spy:- Andsol! she's gone.- In robe of dark green hue, 'tWas Echo from her sister Silence flew: For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.- In haste affrighted Silence melts away. Not so her sister. Hark! for onward still, With far heard step, she takes her listening say, Bounding from rock to rock and hill to hill: Oh! make the merry maid, in mockful play, With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill.

SONNET How sweet to rove, from summer sunbeams veiled, In gloomy dingles; or to trace the tide Of wandering [?] brooks their pebly beds that chide; To feel the west wind cool refreshment yield, That comes soft creeping o'er the flowery fields And shadow'd waters; in whose busy side The mountain bees bee their fragrant treasure hide Murmuring; and sings the lonely thrush conceal'd. Then forced and frivolous the themes arise.

BLUE JUNIETTA Wiled roved the Indian girl, The bright Alfretta; Where sweeps the river on The blue Junietta. Swift as an antelope, Through the forest going; Loose were her jetty locks, In wavy tresses flowing. Gay was the mountain song, Of the bright Alferetta; Where rolls the river on The blue Junietta. Strong and sure, my arrows are, In my painted

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quiver; Swift goes my light canoe, Down the rapid river. Bold is my warrior true, The love of Alferette; Proud waves his snowy plume, Along the Junietta. Soft and low, he speaks to me, And then his war cry sounding; Brings his voice in thunder loud, From hight to hight resounding. So sang the Indian girl, the bright Alferetta; Where rolls the waters of, The blue Junietta. Fleeting years have borne away, The voice of Alferetta; Still rolls the river on, The blue Junietta

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THE OLD ELM TREE There is a path by the lone deserted mill And the stream by the old bridge broken still The golden willows bow bending low To the green mossy bank where the violets And the wild birds were singing Their same sweet lay, That reminds me in dreams of the dear old day When Laura my beautiful sat by me On the green sunny bank neath the old elm tree (repeat) Chorus Oh, Laura, dear Laura, by heart's first love Will we meet in the angle's home above? Earth holds not a treasure so dear to me As the green Mossy grave neath the old elm tree. (repeat It was there with the bright blue sky above She told me the tale of her heart's first love. It was there e're the blossoms of summer had died She whispered the promise to be my bride. Then fell a tear from the parting source And little thought I we should meet no more, That ere I should come from the dark blue sea They would make her a grave neath the old elm tree. (repeat Chorus Low cruel and false were, the tales they told That my vows were false and my first love cold; That my cruel heart held another dear and had broken the promise whispered here. Then her cheek grew pale with a crushed heart pain And her beautiful lips ne'er smiled again She died, and they parted her sunny hair From the pale cold brow left so fair.

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SOMEBODY'S DARLING Into a ward of the whitewashed walls Where the dead and dying lay Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls Somebody's darling was borne one day Somebody's darling so young and so fair Hearing yet on his pale set face So soon to be hid by the dust of the grave A lingering light of his boyhood grace. Matted and damp are the curls of gold Kissing the snow of that fair young brow Pale are the lips of delicate

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molde Somebody's darling is dying now Back from the beautiful blue veined brow Brush all
the wandering waves of gold Fold his hands on his bosom now Somebody's darling is still
and cols. Kiss his once for somebody's sake Murmur a prayer soft and low One bright curl
from its fair mates take They were somebody's friend, you know Somebody's hand hath
rested there. Was it a mother's soft and white Or hath the lips of a sister fair Been baptised
in those waves of light?

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