

THE ENGLERS

BY MARGARET ENGLER HOLLER



The Fred and Emmy Engler Family



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BY MARGARET ENGLER HOLLER

To my Sisters and Brother:

The following pages are an account of our parents' lives as related to me by our Mother. It has been written from notes jotted down as the stories were told over a long period of years. Some of you may have different recollections, but these are the memories of our mother.

Our parents lived a simple, wholesome life; and left us with the greatest of heritages; pride, humbleness, a closeness and love of family, and a respected name.

*May God's blessing be on each one.
Margaret*

The text in this document was shared with the history association by Clark Kick in the spring of 2016. We then interviewed Margaret Engler Holler, who had just celebrated her 101st birthday. Margaret gave us permission to use her text. Margaret said she wrote the text in the 1940s and 50s. We are grateful to Margery Stratte Swanson who retyped this entire document.



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Pine City Area History Association

The Beginning



King William 1

Germany - the year 1861. A strong and brilliant statesman came into being when King William I came to the throne of Prussia and chose Count Otto Von Bismarck Schonhausen as his chief minister. In a movement for German unity, he dismissed the Prussian parliament, threw out the constitution, and enlarged the Prussian army. In 1867 Bismarck thrust Austria completely out of German affairs. France alarmed at the rapid rise of Prussia to German leadership was maneuvered into a war on Prussia. Prussia won an easy victory over France, and took the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The new German Empire was a federation headed by the King of Prussia, who took the title Deutscher Kaiser, or German Emperor.

Under these military conditions Johann Friederich Engler was born of his mother, Charlotte, and his father, Johann Friederich, Sr. on October 3, 1869 at Artern, Kreis Meresburg, Provinz Sachsen, Prussia (Artern, Kyffhauserkreis, Thüringen, Germany)

. This was the fourth child, a daughter, Ida had already taken her place in the little household, and two older children lay buried - dead of diptheria.



Coat of arms

Johann Friederich Sr. was a hat maker by trade. The family had followed the teaching of Martin Luther and were members of the German Lutheran Church.

The people lived mostly in little villages, going out in the mornings to till the soil and care for their animals, returning at nightfall to the security of the village. The German people have always loved trees. Armies of trees in close formation stand in public parks, and running through them are beguiling avenues and paths.

“Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees where you sit shall crowd into the shade.”

This may be one of the reasons, as the German leaders continued in their policy of aggressive militarism, that the Engler family turned their thoughts toward the United States, a nonaggressive nation where freedom of worship, speech and thought prevailed. Not wishing his small son to be



Johan Frederick Engler Sr.



Charlotte Fisher Engler

trained in the ways of warfare, the senior Fred left family and friends and brought his family to the United States. By this time the boy had reached the age of two years. The ocean voyage was a great experience in his young life as it impressed him to such an extent that he was to remember it all of his life, telling his own children years later how the water had come rolling over the deck, and how his father had held him so that he would not be washed overboard.

The family settled in Newark, New Jersey where Fred Sr. resumed his work in a hat factory. Here another son, christened William Charles, was born on November 15, 1871. Conditions must not have proven too satisfactory as a short time later, they moved to Minnesota, settling near Rush Lake in Chisago County. It was here on June 13, 1875 that another daughter, Louise, was born.

Before long another move was made to Pine City to what is now known as the "Robert's Farm." This home, located on the shore of Cross Lake, was as yet untouched by axe or saw; and deer, wolves and the Redman roamed at will among the virgin timber.

Perhaps the father, Fred, was a pacifist as he disliked the taking of a life in any form. When the family was hungry and in need of meat, it was the mother, Charlotte, who took aim and brought down the deer that came to drink at the water's edge.

Young Fred now had two sisters and one brother. This was to be the last child as the mother, Charlotte, died in childbirth and was buried in sight of her home on the shore of Cross Lake. Years later, as the waters carried away the soil, cutting into the bank of the lake, the waves washed into the grave and William had his mother's remains moved to Birchwood Cemetery in Pine City.



Mother Charlotte's maiden name was Fisher. Her father had not approved of her marriage to Johann F., had not spoken to her after the union, and there had been no contact after their departure for America. One night not too long before her death, she was awakened by footsteps crunching in the newly fallen snow outside the house. Her husband was not at home, and a little frightened, she sat up in bed. A wave of cold air struck her face as though the door were opened, and it seemed someone came to the foot of her bed, then the feeling was gone. Mother Charlotte awakened her son, Fred, Jr., and together they went to the door and looked outside. All was clear and the snow untouched by human footprints. Later a letter came from Germany telling them her father had suffered a stroke on this same night, and had desperately tried to say something, but had died unable to communicate. I am certain he had wanted to ask his daughter's forgiveness for his behavior.

Even though life was hard without a mother, it was an exciting time for a young boy to be growing into manhood! The lumberjacks, the logs afloat on the river guided into the bay of the lake, the booms and talk of sluiceway rights, the logs jammed so tightly together that young boys could, and did, run from one bank of the lake to the other and back again. All this probably a greater education than that gained in the little school Fred attended on the bank of the Snake River. This schoolhouse was located at the site of Chengwatana.



Chengwatana was platted as the first village in this area and was situated where the Government Road crossed Snake River. Here the stage coach travelled between St. Paul and Duluth. The town consisted of the courthouse, a boarding home, delivery stable, general store, saloon, and the school.

Chengwatana, the old Indian village, was designated as the county seat when the county was officially organized by act of the Territorial legislature in 1956. Kanabec and Carlton counties were included in Pine County until set off in 1858.

In 1872 the courthouse was moved to Pine City on the west side of Cross Lake where the Lake Superior-Mississippi railroad had been built.

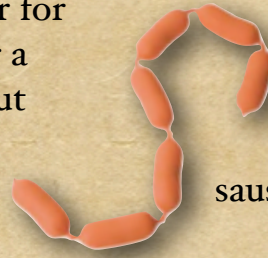


It was the “Chengwatana school” mentioned above that young Fred attended together with a number of Indian boys and girls. Bits of his meager lunch were traded for candied maple sugar which the Indian children had in quantity, and which was a great delicacy. This school building was later moved to a position east of its original site, and is still being used as a home.



One time Fred ran away from school and hid in a hollow stump. The teacher sent some of the Indian children to hunt for him, but they ran by his hiding place, not hearing his snickering. When he went home his father punished him and sent him back to school.

Mrs. Brandes was a kindly neighbor, and tried to help and motherless youngsters. Fred was being punished by her for misbehavior by being locked in her smokehouse. After a Mrs. Brandes felt sorry for Fred and went to let him out allotted time of punishment. As the door opened, Fred and streaked away. He had cut down all of her to catch him but he was a swift runner.



guide the some short time, before the out jumped sausages! She tried

It was inevitable that the lumber kings would be tempted to this rich area, and lumbering naturally became the prime industry of the time. Fred, Sr. made the living for his family by working in the lumber camps, “logging off” the beautiful forests that had in all probability been standing for centuries proclaiming the wonders of God. I write this not as a foolish romanticist, but as one who feels a physical hurt whenever a tree is fallen. Still I know this had to be, and I am proud that my grandfather had a part in the pioneering and making of our great land.

Little is known of the family during this motherless period. Sister Ida seems to have taken her mother's place in the household, as much as a small girl can, and their life continued.

Some time after the mother's death, the farm on Cross Lake was sold and the family moved to Ottertail County near the tiny village of Spring Creek. The nearest town of any size was Pelican Rapids, some miles distant.



The trip was made by oxen team. It must have been a slow journey taking many weeks. Many times when streams had to be forded, someone would ride on the oxen ready to cut the traces in the event the wagon went down, the oxen could be saved.

The farm here, about 100 acres, consisted of prairie land and required no tree clearing. The ground was turned with the aid of a team of oxen, Buck and Bright, pulling the plow, and what and oats were sown. The work was all done by the two boys, Fred and Willie. Their father always seemed to be away working at odd jobs, and the four children were left alone much of the time.

Young Ida sewed pants from flour sacks for her brother, Fred. I imagine she scolded him like a little mother when he sat on black charred stumps with his white pants.



Life was truly hard on this little Engler family, but character was being molded. This was proven in later years as wherever the Englers lived, both men and women, they were respected and loved by all who knew them. I have always had an intense pride in being an “Engler.”

But back in the 1880s, to the prairie covered with tall dry buffalo grass waving in a high wind, the Father Fred driving the horses, which had now replaced the oxen, along the road winding homeward. Unthinkingly he scratches a match, lights his pipe, and unthinkingly tosses the match away. Immediately the dry grass is ignited, and with the high wind the flames race across the plains. Neighbors lived miles apart and only one barn was in the path of the fire. It was completely destroyed! Where Fred Sr. obtained the eighty dollars to pay for the damages he had thoughtlessly caused is unknown. We do know, however, that he went immediately to the owner of the barn and made amends. An act of integrity as no one would have known the source of the fire had he not told, and eighty dollars was a fortune at that time.



As the summers were hot and at times dry, so were the winters cold and the fall of snow heavy.

A Norwegian family named Olsen was the nearest neighbor. “Mother Olsen” is a true example of a “good Christian” pioneer lady. I'm sure she advised the young Ida in her household duties, and also cared for the baby Louise. Whenever Louise would become bored at home, or probably more often when the food supply was lacking, she would pack her few belongings and go for a visit to Mother Olsen.

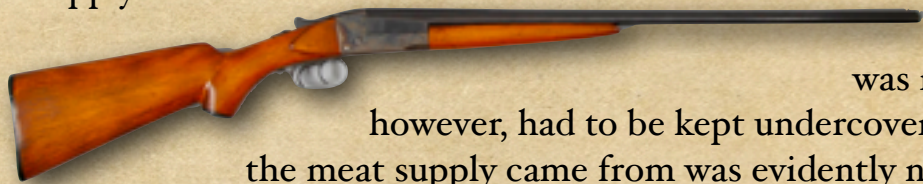
Louise probably owed her life to one of these visits. A blinding snow storm came without warning across the prairie in one of the father's absences. It caught Ida, Fred and Willie without fuel or food except a part of one loaf of bread in the house. Their father sensed this and with the aid of two other men, risking their own lives to save those of the children, made their way to the Engler home. They found the three half frozen youngsters snuggled together in one bed, covered with snow which had lifted through the cracks in the walls of the house. They had taken the bread in the bed with them to prevent it from freezing, but to no avail, it was a rock! Had their father not reached them when he did, they would not have survived the storm. Little Louise was, of course, safe and snug with Mother Olsen.



The only flaw in the life of Louise was that head lice thrived at the Olsen homestead, and would accompany her home at the termination of each visit. Sister Ida must have become quite proficient with the kerosene, all they had to battle the molesters, but these tiny “bugs” could never compete with the love and good care of this good woman!

In this manner a few years go by. Ida is a young lady now and a neighbor boy, Ed Bussinger came courting. The boys and girls are sent to school, but at this age Brother Fred is much more interested in providing food for his brother and sisters than in “book learning.” Brother Fred had been forbidden by his father to use a rifle, but Sister Ida’s friend, Ed, partly having a genuine interest in the family and partly to impress his girl friend, had given Young Fred a .22 caliber rifle or a 410 shot gun (I am not sure which.) After this the meat supply

increased, and family larder The gun, barn. Where questioned, and disclosed.



the was not so bare. however, had to be kept undercover in the the meat supply came from was evidently never with the father away from home so much, the secret was never

Brother Fred was something of a rascal, and I never tired of hearing this story told by my Aunt Louise (the same little girl who made the timely visits to Mother Olsen.) From the story it would seem the Engler farm was at the edge of the prairie, and the school was located through a wooded area adjoining the more rolling plains. As the youngsters started out along the path through the woods to school, Brother Fred could be seen walking along with the others, but as soon as they reached a certain spot out of sight of the house, he would stoop under a bush, come out with his gun, and they would not see him for the rest of the day. Returning from school in the late afternoon, they would be greeted by their brother stepping out from the bushes and they would all go home together with whatever game had been taken that day. Not, however, before young Fred had admonished them “They had better not tell Father” or they would answer to him. Whether it was this threat or the tastefulness of the meat that kept them quiet, Aunt Louise did not say, but the gun remained a secret. The lack of report cards and personal contact between parents and teachers helped young Fred in his hunting adventures. He probably did not miss too much, and being a bright young man taught himself in the three “R’s.” (This was evidenced by help given me when he worked arithmetic problems that even my teacher could not master, and I proudly explained to the class at the blackboard.)



Fred Engler Jr.

The Schmidts

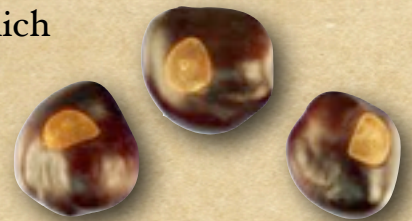


**Emilie, Louie & Herman
Schmidt**

Let us go back again to the year 1871. Unknown to the Engler family then living in New Jersey, there lived in Akron, Ohio the Schmidt family. Louis Frederick Schmidt and his wife Caroline Homberger Schmidt. A baby girl was born of this union on September 14, 1871, and was christened "Emilie." Had a son been born, his name would have been "Emil", so "ie" was added to satisfy the baby's father. This wee girl, who was never to be taller than four feet nine inches was always to remain her father's favorite.

Louis owned and operated a tavern in the town of Akron, and his wife, Caroline, tended her home and baby girl, and did not approve of her husband's means of livelihood. Three years went by and another child was born on July 16, 1874, this time a boy, named Frederick Louis, but called "Louie" after his father. Two years later another son was born, Herman Otto, on December 24, 1876.

Ohio is often called the "Buckeye State" after the trees which once covered its hills and plains. Along with the tiny Emilie this state has given us many famous people. About one out of five presidents have come from the Buckeye State. Thomas Edison, the Wright Brothers, B.F. Goodrich, Harvey Firestone, Ulysses S. Grant, Wm T. Sherman, William H. McGuffey, Horace Mann and many others. This had been a fruit-producing state since pioneer days, when "Johnny Appleseed" wandered over the countryside, planting and caring for the first fruit trees on the western frontier.



The gathering in of the fruit was always a source of delight to "Emmy" as the girl Emilie was called from early childhood. As the apples were gathered from the orchards, they were taken to the apple press where the fruit was crushed and the pulp and juice separated. The juice was stored in huge wooden kegs, apple cider the result. While the juice was still fresh and sweet, the children were given straws and told they could drink "all they wanted." I can easily see, as I write, an eager little face at each bung hole sipping with all the might of their young years.





Harvest time brought another exciting event, the making of apple butter. Huge kettles were placed over open fires out of doors, and the juicy pulp boiled down in this way. Constant stirring was required, which task fell to Aunt Katie, sister of Caroline, and Aunt of Little Emmy. This took a long time, the butter would not become properly thickened until late into the night. The children were allowed to stay up hours after their normal bedtime so this naturally became a long awaited pleasure.

Aunt Katie was a crippled girl, and had never married. She had come with her parents from Baden, Germany, and as was customary in that country carried her burdens on her head. Be it a basket of fruit from the orchard or the finished apple butter to the pantry. As with children in every age, Emmy and her small brothers would try to cause Aunt Katie to lose her balance, but as Emmy told of her mischievousness years later to her children, she always repeated the same words, "But she always moved her head, keeping perfect balance, and never spilled a drop!"

Small as she was, it was Emmy's duty to take lunch to her father at the tavern. One day, as she performed this daily task, two Italians were fighting. When her father saw her come into the room, he grabbed her and put her under the counter telling her "to stay there" until he came for her, and then tried to part the two men. One fighter, attempting to stab the other with a knife, struck Emmy's father by mistake. It was a deeply inflicted wound near the heart, and it was many weeks before he was able to work again. Emmy, huddled beneath he counter, was unable to see this and did not emerge until friends took her home. She did not remember how she reached home, but I am sure it was friendly arms that brought her from her place of hiding to the security of home and mother.

Shortly after this the parents parted, why, we do not know. Emmy never questioned her mother and an explanation was never given. Perhaps it was the mother's objection to the tavern; perhaps it was the differences in their beliefs or ways of thinking. One incident that leads one to believe this to be true is that of the silk material. Louis had returned to Germany for a visit, and while there had bought his wife twelve yards of beautiful black silk for a dress. She believed it to be sinful to wear silk, and never used the material. She later sold it to Sadie Shoemaker (Uncle Lute's sister) for twenty dollars, a fabulous sum at that time.



Mother Caroline and her three children moved to the country to live with her parents. This was a crowded household, Emmy's grandmother and grandfather Homberger, her Uncle Fred and Aunt Barbara (her mother's sister and her brother who later married Ida Engler, Fred's sister) her Aunt Katie and George Vetter (her cousin) together with the four new arrivals.

George Vetter was the son of Lena Homberger Vetter, (Emmy's mother's sister) and is the “skeleton in our family closet.” George was a favorite of his grandmother Homberger, and when his parents moved to Wisconsin he remained behind in her care. No correspondence of any kind was ever received from Lena, and the family assumed she had died, and her husband had drifted on, he was a shiftless person. George was always in trouble, and Grandmother Homberger would take to her bed until the family had corrected whatever he had done. One time he ran away and enlisted in the army. Grandmother Homberger was in bed three weeks that time until Uncle Fred proved to authorities that George was not of age and he was released. Grandmother H's health was immediately restored! Another time he took a twenty dollar bill from Grandfather Homberger's dresser, and afraid to leave the house with it on his person, dropped it from the upstairs window. Unfortunately for George, Grandfather H. saw it fluttering to the ground, and retrieved his twenty dollars. I do not know exactly what the nature of another of George's misdeeds was, but it evidently was something beyond the control of fond relatives, George was sent to the workhouse. Here he was forced to make brushes. Pulling the wires tight to hold the bristles caused them to cut into his hands, with large sores resulting. I can see poor Grandmother H hovering over him and lamenting his bruises when he was released. Soon after that he ran away from home again. This time “riding the rails” of a railway car to Cleveland, Ohio. He must have fallen asleep or somehow lost his hold, fell to the rails and was killed. Grandmother Homberger was never told of his death, and believed to the end of her life that George had gone away and would some day return to her.



Here at Grandfather Homberger's farm, located about five miles from Akron, the children were happy and did not seem to miss their father. As was true of all farmers in that locality, Grandfather had a large apple orchard. The “Golden Gate” apple, a huge yellow fruit was not edible until it had been stored away for future use. The apples being placed on a shelf side by side not touching. How good to eat during the winter months! The orchard was also an alluring hide-a-way for young children to play, especially after dark. One moonlight evening after the youngsters had

been called several times to come into the house and had procrastinated, they saw coming toward them what they thought to be a huge black bear! Emmy, disregarding all thought of being her brothers' keeper, flew to the safety of the lighted house leaving her brothers far behind to fend for themselves! Even after her Uncle Fred came to the house dressed in a black, hairy coat, she would not believe it was he who had frightened them, and the children tarried no more after dark in the orchard.

Up the hill from the farm home was a house with a huge iron dog in the yard. There the children would play by the hour taking turns riding the dog.

Another favorite sport of Emmy's was swinging over a wide rocky ravine hanging from a grapevine that grew by its edge. A very dangerous type of play that she would never have allowed for her children



The home was also near the site of locks in a canal that joined two bodies of water, something over a mile in length. As the boats entered the locks they were level with the ground on either side. Such sport for youngsters to run across the canal using the boat as a bridge, or riding the boat up and down as water ran into the lock or was drained out depending upon which direction the boat was traveling and riding along the canal as the boat was pulled along by a tiny donkey driven by a young boy walking along the footpath beside the canal.

The Captain and his crew must have been as patient as the mother as nothing was ever said and the children continued to enjoy this dangerous pastime as they chewed tar chipped from the locks and softened by the warm rays of the summer sun.

In place of punishment in those days, the children were frightened into obedience. Great loads of barrels were hauled by the home, and the children were told this was the "barrel man" collecting bad children by putting them into the barrels and throwing them into the river! Another frightening thought for the young people was the possibility of being stolen by the gypsies. This was not an idle threat by the parents as bands of gypsies wandering across the countryside had often taken small white children and forced them to beg for money. At any rate whenever the gypsies came, the children were kept indoors.





The tinkle of the organ grinder was always a delightful sound. The children would beg for pennies and follow the enchanting little monkey and his master as far as they dared go. The gaily dressed little monkey would doff his cap, present his cup for the pennies, and jump to his master's shoulder, all to the delight of small children.

The child, Emmy, was now seven years old and began her education in school in the country school nearest her grandfather's farm. The German language had always been spoken in the home, and Emmy could not speak one word of English when she trotted off to school that first day. She learned quickly and was soon teaching her young brothers. Her mother, however, spoke only in her native tongue until her death.

The country school was located quite some distance from the home, and when Emmy's Aunt Barbara was married to Luther Shoemaker (Uncle Lute) they took her to live with them, still in the country but nearer school. Here she was to receive the greater portion of her schooling even though this was her home for a very brief period.

During this time Emmy's mother was supporting her family by sewing under-garments for the Hoffman store in Akron. Dresses she could NOT fit, and Emmy was so ashamed of her frocks, but undergarments with row upon row of tiny tucks and pleats all done by hand, she could do beautifully.

Some weekends Emmy would walk home to be with her mother. The road she had to take was directly by the home of a girl who had not matured mentally. Although a grown woman she had a child's mind and played house beside the rail fence that ran parallel to the road. She played sticks were people and would have them propped along the wooden rails. Emmy, not understanding this affliction, was terribly frightened of her, a small child's reaction to something she did not understand. Whenever the girl was in sight, Emmy would run as fast as her short legs would carry her past the place of danger.

On the weekends that Emmy stayed with Aunt Barbara, she was sent to Sunday school at the neighboring church (not certain of the denomination, but believe it to be Lutheran.) This was all right, but then she was instructed to stay for church services. In those days, the congregation was not favored with a soft spoken pastor relating sermons in a story like manner for all to understand, but with the thundering voice and fist hammering the pulpit, the minister would proclaim "all who did not attend church were doomed to Hell." Even though the trembling girl was "attending" she was given an adverse feeling toward attending church and never felt the peace and security of regular church attendance.



**Barbara & Luther
Shoemaker**



Emmy dearly loved her Aunt Barbara who was like a second mother to her. She had made her home with Aunt Barbara and Uncle Lute for about a year when a son was born, Freddy. Emmy loved the little boy at first sight, and her greatest pleasure was to help care for him. One day she succumbed to temptation and sliding down the cellar door she ripped a tiny three cornered tear in her white pantaloons--she was caught and had to show the tear and confess! Aunt Barbara said, "For punishment you can't play with Freddy all day." In remorseful anguish Emmy spent most of the day in tears, she so dearly loved the little fellow.



Fred Shoemaker

Uncle Jake, Emmy's mother's brother, who had settled sometime previously in Ottertail County, Minnesota, wrote asking his sister to bring her family to Minnesota and keep house for him. Emmy was ten years old and had been with her Aunt Barbara for about two years. It was only natural that she would dislike leaving the security and love in this home and venture into the unknown, but a girl of this age must do as her mother says. Uncle Fred accompanied the little family to safeguard their journey. It was night time when they arrived at Uncle Jake's farm about three miles from Spring Creek and twelve miles from the larger town of Pelican Rapids. Uncle Jake had their first meal already prepared, boiled ham. After they had eaten and were "cleaning up" they found worms floating in the broth! No cold storage in 1881.



The next morning when Emmy awakened, she went outside to look at her new home from the outside. When she saw the little log house with the sod roof from which were growing three foot ragweeds, she began to cry saying, "I'm going back to Ohio with Uncle Fred." This bare little log cabin was sharply contrasted in her mind with the two story frame house that had previously been her home back in Ohio. To add to her discomfort the barn was annexed to the house with only a door between the living quarters of humans and animals. This was a safety measure against the elements as a furious blizzard could blow up within hours. Animals could be tended without going out of doors.

But, of course, Emmy could not go "home with Uncle Fred," she had a new home now and with the ease of the young she quickly adapted herself. Uncle Jake explained he need for having buildings close together. Telling how some men fastened ropes between house and barn so they could follow by feel rather than by sight the distance between

the buildings. Telling also how people were known to have frozen to death only a few feet from their own house because they could not see during a blizzard.

Supplies for the winter were bought in the fall before the snow came, and trips to town were very infrequent.

On one particularly nice winter day one of the neighbor ladies decided to take a chance, and hitching up the team drove to town. On her way home she was caught in the fury of one of the sudden prairie blizzards. The horses battled on, the driver letting them choose their own way as she could not see the road, and animals instinctively know the way to their shelter; but after a short time, their eyes frozen shut from the driving snow, they wandered off the road. Her dog had followed her when she left home, and now as the horses stopped and all was quiet except for the howling wind, she took the dog under the blankets in the sleigh for comfort. This act undoubtedly saved her life, as the warmth from the dog's body kept her warm through the night. In the morning the storm had abated and rescuers came searching for the lady. They found her and the dog safe beneath the covers, but one horse had frozen to death and the second one had to be put to death.

Such were the winters Emmy related in the tales of her childhood to her children. There is no need to explain why no school was held during the winter months here. Paths had to be shoveled before one could leave the house. The drifts around the buildings so deep at times that steps had to be cut in the snow to climb up from the house door. No school did not necessarily mean no work. Snow had to be melted on the kitchen stove and carried to the cattle and oxen each day for drinking water.

The summer that Mother Caroline and her three children came to live with Uncle Jake, he built a new two story frame house. The nails for the new house were carried from Spring Creek three miles away by the young Emilie and her brother, Louie, in a water pail. I can imagine the number of trips traveled to carry sufficient nails to the building site, the number of times they must have stopped along the way to rest their aching arms.



At regular intervals Emmy walked the distance to the post office in Spring Creek to get their mail. No papers were subscribed to in the early days, and if a letter a month was received it was a great event. On one of these excursions for the mail, Emmy was returning home around a lake when she saw a number of animals on the opposite side of the lake which she was sure were wolves. (They were dogs.) Frightened, she turned and ran back the way she had just come for about a quarter of a mile to a neighbor, Mr. Nyes. This good understanding man walked back with her, past the point of her supposed danger and she ran safely home.

Mr. Nyes was the local school teacher. School was held for about three months during the summer because of the severe storms described before. The lesson most ardently stressed was to sit quietly while the school master coaxed the mice from their hiding places to eat crumbs sprinkled on the schoolroom floor. I can vision the scene as told by my mother, Emmy, after all these years, the children sitting so quietly, scarcely breathing, their attention focused on the feasting little guests.



About a year after the Schmidt family came to Minnesota, her (Mother Caroline) mother and father (our great grandmother and grandfather Homberger) came to live with their son, Jake, also. With them came their son, Fred and daughter, Katie.



**Grandmother and
Grandfather Homberger**

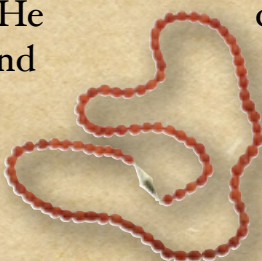


**Powder flask brought
from Germany .**

The Schmidts and the Englers Join

About three miles along the edge of the prairie lived the Engler family. The father and children, Ida, Fred, Willie and Louise. Settlers were few with long distances between, so with only three miles separating the Engler and the Schmidt families it was inevitable they became friends and the children playmates.

Fred was a redhead, freckled faced boy of about twelve who soon succumbed to the charms of the young lady Emmy. He the few pennies earned by trapping and buy food. One incident laughingly made my heartache for this young brought her a necklace. She refused, was not overheard by her admirer, that homely boy. I believe the beads were left be accepted like a lady. Her mind and heart must have been changed by Fred as he later became her husband, and OUR father.



came bearing gifts bought with which were so sorely needed to told by my mother, but which motherless boy, was the time he telling her mother, which I hope that she wanted no gifts from and her mother insisted that they

Parties and dances held in the homes were the only entertainment for both young and old. Music was furnished by some of the young men playing

mouth organs and Jew's Harps.



Our Uncle Louis was one of the mouth organ players for dances. Emmy also learned to play the Jew's Harp and often entertained her own children and later, the grandchildren, by demonstrating this skill.



Father Fred, Sr., although cranky and short tempered at home, was the life of these dances. He would dance with all the girls, old and young, stomping his feet to the rhythm of the music, swinging his partner 'round and 'round until both were breathless. Young Emmy, frightened to have him glance her way during the day, would wait her dance with him impatiently.

Emmy was a self-reliant young lady as shown one day when she was home alone she suddenly decided to haul some screenings to the barn. The threshing had been done on a hill a short distance from the barn. She hitched Old Charlie up by standing on the side of his stall and pushing the harness over his back. Then she tied a chain to the whipple tree, hooked the other end over the edge of a large wooden box (that the binder had come packed in) and somehow rolled the heavy sacks into the box and Charlie pulled it down the hill. When Uncle Jake came home he could not understand how she had ever accomplished such a heavy task.

One Fourth of July a party had been planned to be held at Uncle Jake's. After the dance when the people were going home, they found Grandmother's little chickens laying in the yard-frozen!

One day Emmy and her friend Louise had gone swimming in the lake. They were wading with just their heads above water. Emmy's Grandfather Homberger did not have too good vision and thought they were ducks, almost shot at them. When they came home he scolded them, but they thought it great fun and laughed.

About three years after the Schmidt family came to Minnesota, Mother Caroline Schmidt and Father Fred Engler were married. The marriage probably took place in Pelican Rapids. So the two little families were united with a mother and a father. Their home consisted of one large room with an adjoining summer kitchen and two rooms upstairs. Young Louis Schmidt stayed on at Uncle Jake's, doing odd jobs for him.



**Fred Engler Sr. &
Caroline Schmidt Engler
about 1884**



Louis Schmidt

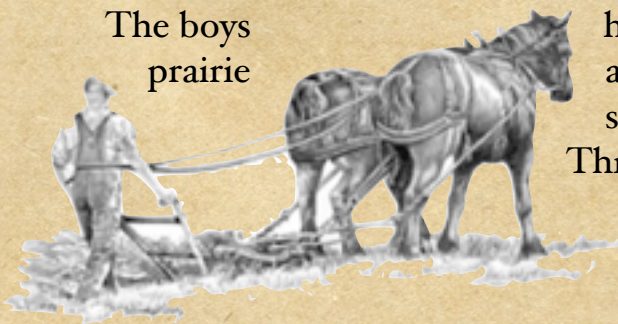
Soon after this there was another marriage in the family when Ida Engler (Fred's sister) married Fred Homberger (Emmy's uncle.).

On October 26, 1885 a daughter was born to Caroline and Fred Engler and christened Theresa. Some time after the birth of Theresa, premature twins were born dead. They were buried together in a shoe box.

Days followed each other in the same pattern. It was the duty of Emmy and Louise (now step-sisters) to water the two oxen and the cow. They would each ride an ox to the water about a quarter of a mile away. In the winter, snow had to be melted and the water carried to the barn for the animals. Later on, Fred Sr. bought two horses and the oxen were sold. Kate and Jennie, the two new horses, were a source of pleasure for Emmy and Louise. Emmy chose Kate, the swifter of the two horses and she and Louise would race. On one such adventure as Kate rounded the corner coming to the barn Emmy flew off and would surely have been killed had she not landed on the straw stack which cushioned her fall. Kate trotted up to the barn and stood waiting.



The two girls and the two boys, (Emmy, Louise, Fred and Willie) spent much of their time playing on the housetop. They would climb a ladder which had been placed against the privy, climb onto the adjoining granary, a step higher than the privy, and so on up to the roof of the old house, and up to the top of the new addition-each a little higher than the adjoining. Then they would chase each other along the ridge pole. Why one never slipped and fell is one of the wonders of youth.



The boys
prairie

had plowed a number of acres (about 200) on the and had planted wheat and oats. The wheat was to sell but the oats were used for feed for the horses. Threshing was performed by a number of teams hitched together pulling the gears of the separator around and around. Now that the boys were big enough to work and plan for themselves, things were better and food more plentiful in the Engler household.

Father Fred was something of a “grouch”, scolding if the “kids” laughed or made a noise. Emmy and Louise were not allowed to sew or do any fancy work. Of course, they cheated on this rule and would sit in the cold unheated upstairs piecing quilts, etc. Their father would steal quietly up the stairs and catch them. He could never understand why they had to waste all the thread sewing those “little pieces” of material together instead of just buying one large piece.



He never explained where they could get money for a large piece of material when they had difficulty getting money to buy a spool of thread !

One thing he did approve was to make shoes. Twine from the straw stack (which had been used in the tying of the grain bundles) was sorted out, braided and sewed over a last, shaped like a shoe. When they were lined they made a strong, durable shoe which was worn both summer and winter. Shoes were also made from braided corn husks.



Woven shoes made by Emmy Engler



Cornhusk mat made by Emmy Engler

Rugs were made from the corn husks too. the husks were first soaked in hot water, then braided into long braids, leaving the tips about an inch high on the right side of the rug. The braids were sewn together with heavy string. These rugs were good for “scrapers” at the front door as well as being very attractive. All this was done during the winter months when they were snowed in and could not leave the house.

School was still attended for a few months during the summer. Ione Canine replaced Mr. Nye as school teacher. She was a very good swimmer and greatly admired by the girls. However, she was as lax as Mr. Nye and the children learned very little.

When Emmy was about sixteen, she went to Spring Creek “to do” for the miller's wife. It was her duty to care for the three children and also to do the house work when the fourth child was born.

One day Emmy took the three little ones for a boat ride. Leaving the lake, she rowed up Spring Creek to see a family living a mile or more up the creek. The creek was so shallow at places that she had to pull and push the boat over the rocks. It was almost dark when they arrived at the neighbor's home. The man took them all home with the team and buggy and brought the boat back the next day. An example of the spirit of the neighborliness of that era.

Young Emmy also worked for Frank LaCrosse who owned the store at Spring Creek. In this household there was only one child. They also went boating. The little LaCrosse girl would take candy from the store and they would have a grand time. it was while working for this family that Emmy was able to buy her first gift for her mother, twelve yards of material for a dress. For the first time Emmy had nice dresses for herself too. She was now able to buy material for herself and her step-sister, Ida, helped her cut and fit the dresses. Emmy had always been ashamed of the dresses her mother had made, she just could not fit them!

Emmy worked for a time for a family named Crandall. Mr Crandall was a farmer. Here she had a very unique experience. The family had just finished building a new home and Mr. Crandall's brother from the city was there to paint the inside of the house. He was a professional painter. The painting had been finished in February. It was almost morning when the painter's wife was awakened by the whimpering of their baby, and she noticed at once that the room was filled with smoke. She awakened her husband and --fainted! Her husband had to carry her downstairs and out-of-doors, then return for their baby. The other Mrs. Crandall (the two men were brothers) called Emmy, who calmly dressed, even to coat and overshoes, and went downstairs. Mrs. Crandall was crying about her new cook stove, not thinking of the little few weeks old baby. The fire had started around the stove and had smoldered, smoking more than flaming. The entire house had to be repainted. After all the excitement was over, they noticed that Emmy was dressed, and could not understand how she had dared to take time to dress with the house on fire. (Whenever she told this story she would say, "I wasn't going out in the cold without being dressed.")



It was about this time that clever real estate agents were circulating enticing propaganda about the "Golden Country," Texas. Two crops could be raised each year - so read the glowing accounts. Of course, the family thought this would be the land of milk and honey, and Jake and Fred went South to investigate and to locate a place to live, the rest of the family to follow at a later date. Jake and Fred decided to settle at Acorn, Texas in Robertson County. Jake rented a farm and Fred went to work for Mr. Kirkpatrick who was foreman of the local section crew on the railroad. Acorn was small town about five miles from Franklin, the county seat of Robertson County.

Mr. Easterly owned the entire town of Acorn which consisted of a cotton gin, a corn mill, store, and a post office located in the store. Saturday afternoon was "Mill Day." No one worked on this afternoon. They all took a sack of corn to the mill to have it ground into flour for the coming week. Because of the intense heat, worms would get into the flour if it were kept for over a week. The sack of corn was carried behind the saddle of the riding horse.



The family had not immediately followed Jake and Fred to Texas. They waited for almost a year, then Grandmother and Grandfather Homberger, Aunt Katie, Uncle Fred, Mother and Father Engler (Fred, Sr. and Caroline), Ida, Louise, Herman, Louis, Willie, Theresa and our Emmy made their way by train to Texas. The trip took almost a week to go from Pelican Rapids, Minnesota to Acorn, Texas at that time. Food was packed for the entire family so no money would have to be spent for this purpose along the way.

This left little Theresa without milk, and she was very sick when they arrived in Texas and the services of a doctor were required.

A small farm had been rented from Mr. Kirkpatrick. Coming from Minnesota, they knew nothing of the fever and diseases prevalent in the river bottom country, and this is where their farm lay. Swamps had not been cleaned or cleared and the mosquitoes and insects spread malaria, chills and fever. They moved onto the farm in November, and when warned by the natives of the fever, they laughed and said they had never been sick a day in their lives! But when spring came the laughter changed to misery, first chills and then the fever. Each so ill one could not get up to help the other, even to a drink of water.



Between the bouts of chills and fever, cotton and corn were planted. After the tiny seeds were planted and growing, the plants had to be hoed. By this time they all realized seasons in "The Golden Land of Texas" were no different than in Minnesota or in any other part of our country, one crop a year was the limit.

In addition to the fever carrying mosquitoes were the poisonous snakes: copperhead, blow-snakes, ground rattlers, spreading adders, ribbon, chicken snakes and many others. Houses were poorly constructed and snakes crawled in and out at will. There were no glass panes in the windows,



much less screens, so insects could fly in and bite interference. Beds had to be checked each night for snakes.



Tarantulas, poisonous spiders, were as large as newly hatched chicks. Centipedes were also plentiful, and also poisonous chiggers - tiny, tiny insects buried themselves in the skin and burned so that it was unbearable. Kerosene and grease were the only available remedies. Everyone carried meat rinds in their pockets to rub over the infected areas. Seed ticks would hang in small balls under leaves, and anyone walking by and brushing against them would soon find their clothing alive with the insects. They would then quickly change

and hang these garments on a bush, the ticks would crawl back under the leaves, and the cycle would start all over again.

Water was carried from a swamp hole that also watered the animals. This hole was through the brush, and as it was Emmy's task to carry the water, her clothing was always filled with ticks and hanging in the bushes, I imagine!!

"Sticking fleas", a little larger than the seed ticks, made it almost impossible to raise small animals or chickens. They would gather on the heads of the chickens,

kittens, etc., sucking out the life blood until the fowl or animal would gradually get thinner and thinner and die.

Those fleas would bite the cattle running loose in the woods, leaving a spot of blood. Flies would be attracted by the blood and lay eggs in these fertile spots. Soon maggots would be growing and eating under the skin. All the men would carry "Chriselic" ointment with them, and whenever they saw an infected animal they would pour this ointment onto the sore, regardless of who might own the animal. This would kill the worms. Sometimes holes would have been eaten large enough to reach in the entire arm.

This was the golden land of opportunity where two crops could be raised each year: quite a disappointment.



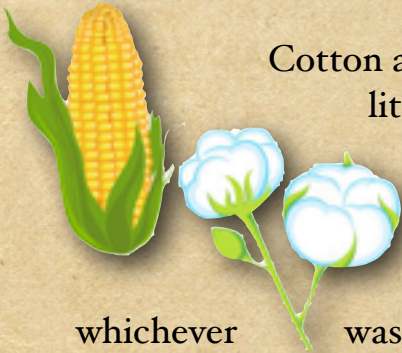
**Fred Engler Jr
& Emmy**

The following August after moving south, Fred and Emmy were married, so the freckled faced boy had succeeded in getting his haughty childhood friend to value his virtues. They were married at her home on August 4, 1889 by Reverend Day. The minister was to send them a marriage certificate, but it never arrived. In those days no witnesses were required to sign, although the entire family and a number of neighbors were present and witnessed the ceremony. Songs were sung and it was a festive occasion.

Fred left the employee of the railroad and had rented a small farm from Major Corn. Here the young couple set up housekeeping. They had no stove so Emmy had to cook outside over an open fire. She always said this was the best way to cook really tasty food. They did purchase a stove after a few months, and the cooking was easier, if not as tasty! To cook in the coals of an outside fireplace, food was prepared and put into big kettles and skillets. The covers rounded inward and the coals were heaped in this hollow. The young newlyweds did not even own a clock and Emmy told time by the slant of the sun in their doorway.

One moonlight night Fred did not come home from the field at the usual time. The later it became, the more certain Emmy was that Indians had captured or killed him. She had heard talk that Indians were near, of course, the Indians would not have hurt him, but she was frightened. At last she could not contain herself any longer and ran up the hill to Major Corn's, sobbing "The Indians have killed Fred." They tried to assure her that Fred was just working late, but she would not be comforted. Finally Bob Corn said he would go look for Fred. A little later the two came back and all had a good laugh at Emmy who was still crying. Fred had been finishing up in the field as Major Corn had thought.

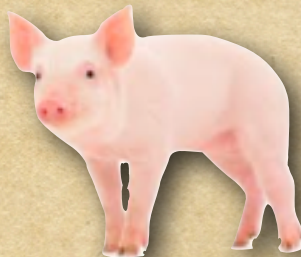
A few months after this episode Emmy and Fred moved to another farm they had rented from Ike Byrd. Rumor was that Ike had murdered and robbed a peddler. It was common for peddlers to walk from place to place carrying their wares in satchels. This peddler was selling clothing and was last seen at the Byrd's. The peddler's bloody shirt was found in Ike's possession, and it was believed he had robbed and killed the man, then disposed of the body. However he was never penalized in any way. This had happened before the family had moved to Texas, and they were told the story by neighbors.



Cotton and corn were raised here also. They had a little mule named "Jack." He would not stay in a pasture no matter how well fenced. Every morning he would be found in the corn field. Fred would go to the door and call, "Jack" and under or over the fence Jack would go, whichever was more convenient. He was a good little worker, and this undoubtedly overshadowed his bad habit. He would go up and down the rows so fast that Fred would get tired out trying to keep up with him.

One night Fred went hunting to get meat for the family larder although it was not the season for this. When he came home, Ike Byrd was there visiting with Emmy. Fred hid the deer, went into the house and they all sat and talked. Weeks later, Mr. Byrd asked how the deer had tasted. He had seen hairs on Fred's shoulder and had known at once that Fred and Emmy needed meat and were without money to buy it.

Fred bought a little pig. When it was big enough he rendered it. While pouring it he cracked the crock. Fred held the crock while Emmy ran for pots and dipped into them as quickly as she could.



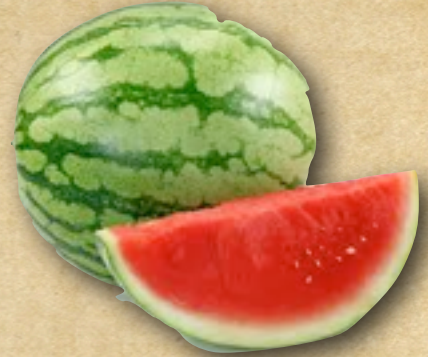
and raised it for pork and lard. Fred butchered it and the lard was rendered. While pouring it he cracked the crock. Fred held the crock together with his hands and dipped the precious lard into them as quickly as she could. Most was saved.

In the fall Fred had made some wild grape wine which was kept in a barrel in the kitchen. A few times he sold a little to people living in the near neighborhood. One night when Fred had to be gone all night, he told Emmy to spend the night with the Easterlys so that she would not have to be alone. The two men that had bought wine before broke into the house and stole some of the beverage. The next night they came again. However, this time Fred was at home watching them through a window, ready with his rifle in hand. He could see them plainly in the moonlight. First they waited at the edge of the woods, probably debating if anyone were at home. Then they came in slowly towards the house as far as the porch, hesitated, and then turned and went away.



“Little Ike Byrd,” then about 10 or 12 years old, was something of a bad rascal, throwing snakes on his sister, Lily, and on our Emmy. Of course, they would run and scream which was great fun for him and exactly what he wanted. When he grew to manhood he killed a man and was put in the penitentiary. This happened years after Fred and Emmy had moved away.

After living on the Byrd farm for about a year, Fred and Emmy bought a forty acre farm which they named “The Sand Hill.” The soil on this farm was perfect for raising watermelons, some weighing over one hundred pounds! They would cut out the juicy red heart of the melon, throwing the balance to the pigs. The coolest place they had was under the bed, so this was where the melons were kept before eating.



Fred had his own cows, pigs, chickens, turkeys and hounds. The calves would be tied at home to insure the cows coming home to me milked. The cows were turned into the woods to forage for themselves. No one had fences. When the cow was milked, they would let the calf suck a little, then milk until the cow held the milk, and then repeat the procedure. Sometimes they would get a whole glass of milk.

In addition to Jack, Fred also owned a horse named “Bill”, but called “Wild Bill” (because of the nature of the beast.) Whenever he was to be saddled, he had to be roped and hobbled first. Once he was saddled, Fred would jump into the saddle and Wild Bill would start bucking. Not able to throw Fred he would start running like the wind. He was the saddle horse, Jack the work mule.

One Saturday afternoon, Mill Day, (Emmy's brother) said he would take the corn can ride Wild Bill,” he boasted. Fred said, “All He knew what would happen. They saddled sack of corn back of the saddle, and Herman in the air went Bill. Herman yelled, “Hup, sailing through the air! Fred took the corn



Herman to be ground. “I right, you go.” Bill, tied the climbed up. Up Hup, Hup,” and went to the mill.

In the spring the ground was leveled for planting. A “bull” tongue was used for making a furrow or groove in which to plant the cotton seeds. This bull tongue was similar to the blade of shovel on a cultivator. Then the seeds were planted. A barrel mounted on wheels with holes punched at regular intervals around the circumference, pulled by Jack, was used for the planting. As the barrel was drawn along the row or



furrow, it turned, and the cotton seeds dropped out of the holes. When the cotton plants were about four or five inches high, it was thinned or “chopped” as it was called. This was done by drawing a small plow along the rows of tiny cotton plants, throwing the dirt away from the plants. The plants were chopped off by hand with a hoe, leaving one plant about every two feet. Using the same “plow-like devise,” the dirt was plowed back against the stalks again. At regular periods or intervals the cotton was hoed. As the plants grew they bushed out, some growing as high as five feet, and in places where the soil was extremely rich, higher still. In the fall the cotton was picked by hand.

The pickers had huge bags that were fastened around their shoulders and were dragged along the ground behind them. Fred wore thick knee pads as it was necessary for him to kneel to pick the bolls growing on the lower portion of the plant. Emmy, being so short, picked in an upright position and had no need for the knee pads.

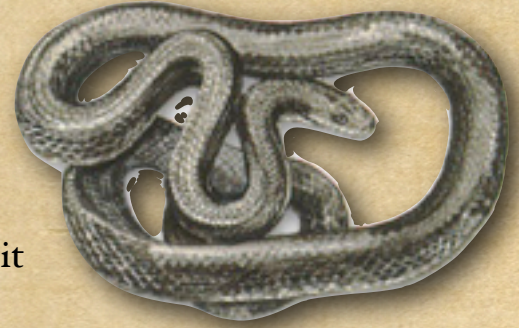
Some of the natives could pick as many as two hundred pounds of cotton in a day. Fred picked a hundred or more each day, and Emmy picked about seventy-five pounds a day. cotton out. Scales were kept on the fields and the bags of cotton weighed when filled. Pickers were paid fifty cents for each hundred pounds picked. Cotton could be picked all winter as the weather was mild. Finger stalls were worn to protect the fingers from sharp pricks, but even so, they were often sore and bleeding.



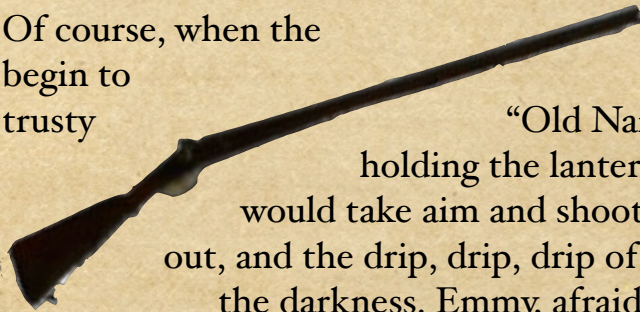
The cotton was emptied from the picking bags into wagons and hauled to the cotton gin. Here, the seeds were removed and the cotton baled. One bale of cotton weighed five hundred pounds and sold for two or three cents a pound after it had been ginned. Seeds were fed to the cattle and the balance spread over the fields for fertilizer.

Most of the people were very poor and would have to charge their cotton seed, groceries, and so on at the store during the whole year. When the cotton was sold, an accounting would be made with the storekeeper which always seemed to come out about even with the sale of the cotton. This was repeated year after year, making it impossible for some to ever improve their position.

Chicken snakes were a problem. The chickens roosted in trees and were easy prey for the big reptiles which were as long as six feet and about four inches in diameter. They would swallow the chicken whole, if not too large, spitting them out if they were. The snake would take whatever they were eating into their mouth and hold it up, letting the food slip slowly down into their stomach.



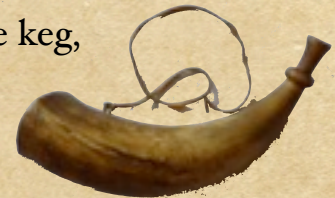
Of course, when the begin to trusty



“Old Nancy”

snakes molested the chickens, they would cackle and squawk. Then Fred would grab “Old Nancy,” his muzzle loader, and with Emmy holding the lantern behind him to shine the snake's eyes, he would take aim and shoot. As the gun exploded, the lantern was blown out, and the drip, drip, drip of the snake's blood was all that could be heard in the darkness. Emmy, afraid that the snake would drop on her, would run to the house. In a few seconds it **WOULD** drop to the ground.

Fred had fastened a nail keg to the outside of the house for a hen's nest, and Emmy had a hen setting on eggs for hatching. They had just sat down to eat one day when they heard the hen cackling. Fred ran outside, and sure enough, there was a snake in the nest. It slithered out when it heard Fred coming. They had just started eating again when they heard the hen a second time. Out went Fred again, and there was the snake coiled around and around inside the keg, after the eggs. Fred hit it with the hoe, but only succeeded in knocking the bottom out of the keg and with it the snake! It tried to crawl through a crack into the house, but Fred caught hold of its tail and wrapped it around his wrist several times to prevent it from slipping from his grasp. The snake tried pulling away, but Fred braced his foot against the side of the house, and “crack”, the snake broke its own back.



Horn to call hounds during hunting. Made by Fred from horn of Texas longhorn steer.



Being cold blooded, snakes like warm places, and Emmy looked the beds over each night to make sure there were none hiding there.

The men would hunt almost every night, just for their own pleasure. Wild cats, o'possum and raccoons were plentiful. They each had a number of hounds. Fred owned “Lily, the Wind Splitter” and “Drive.” They both had the tips of their tails missing, from racing under the barbwire fences at top speed. The men wore lights in their caps, similar to miners' caps, to shine the eyes of the hunted animals. One night, a wild cat was chased all night but could not be cornered, and in the morning, the hunt was given up.

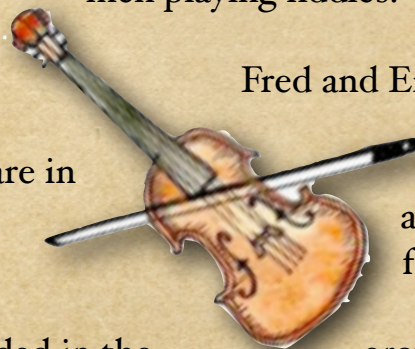
One such night when the men were hunting, Theresa, Fred and Emmy's half sister, then about six years old, had come to spend the night with them. There was a convict farm about four miles from their farm and Emmy was always on the alert for an escaped convict. They would sometimes get away and would come through the woods by the farm in their attempt for freedom. Then the blood hounds would be loosened and would run, baying by the house. On this particular night, Emmy and Theresa, alone in the house, looked out of the window and saw what they thought was a man with a lantern, sitting in a tree watching them. They were terribly frightened. Emmy tried to keep the small child quiet so she could listen, but Theresa kept saying, "If only I had brother Fred's gun, I'd shoot him." The two watched for a long time and finally saw it was the moon shining through the trees. (As I write, I can hear Mother saying, "How foolish we were!") An escaped convict sitting in a tree with a lantern. Makes a good chuckle.



For amusement, neighbors would gather at the several houses for dances. Probably the only light in the entire house would be one kerosene lamp with no chimney. (Fred and Emmy were the only family in the neighborhood with a lamp chimney.) The room would be dim and smokey and reminded Emmy of a "robber's den." Music was furnished by one or two men playing fiddles.



On one of these occasions, Fred was "stomping" and when his foot came down square in dish water pail. I'm sure his dampened even though his



Fred and Emmy were dancing. swinging Emmy the center of the ardor was not foot was soaked.

Some of the young men, not included in the group, would come without invitation and cause trouble. At one Fourth of July dance these troublemakers were concentrating their efforts on one man. They were fighting and he was pinned to the ground; his last resort was to bite his assailant, which he did, biting his whole nose off. The tormentor was taken to the doctor to have his nose sewed back on. Needless to say, he caused no more trouble that day. Sometime in the "fracas" Jake was going to help and got his ear bitten until it bled.

As everywhere, gambling was carried on by the few who were allowed through a trapdoor to the second floor in one building. The ladder was pulled up after them to assure no interference by the law. Willie was sure he would gain his fortune if only he could get through that door.

At long last his opportunity came, one game of cards, his fortune? He lost his only pair of boots.



Christmas was celebrated by the shooting off of fire crackers instead of singing carols; this was something the family could never accept.

Everyone had large patches of watermelons; still those belonging to someone else tasted sweeter to some of the young boys in the neighborhood. They not only took what they wanted to eat, but would smash the ones left and tear up the entire patch. One night Richard Banks, a young man working for Fred, went “watermeloning” and was never to return. The owner of the raided melon patch had poisoned the melons, and Richard was one of those who died from the effects.

Of course, the country was densely populated with negroes. They farmed the same as the white people. Their children ran about clothed only in a little shirt. One thing that impressed Emmy most about the natives of Texas was their happy outlook on life. Everyone was singing from the time they got up in the morning until they went to bed at night. None had more than enough for his next meal, but still he was thankful and sang. The colored folk sang especially well and could be heard at any time of the day, at their work or just walking down a road.



The negro was a simple soul and very superstitious. Two negro men were working for Fred in the cotton field when one of the neighbors died. The negroes immediately left their work and were never seen again. They were afraid to stay near the house where the man had died. Some believed if they cut up pieces of silver, usually a dime, load it in a gun and shoot it, they would be safe. It was their belief this would chase the spirit of the departed away.

All wrong doing was blamed on the negroes if it were possible in any way to do so. If the crime were great, the negro, guilty or not, that was blamed would be hunted down with bloodhounds and hanged by the frenzied mob. If a white man did something wrong, he would hide out in the woods for a few weeks and then return home to find everything forgotten.

Whites and negroes were segregated in all instances. In the homes of the whites where negroes were employed as servants (probably slaves from former days) the negroes would eat in the kitchen at a small table by themselves. This was called the “nigger table.” (This expression was used in our family when I was a child, but I never understood the real meaning until I left the shelter of our family. We were taught as children that all are the same, regardless of color.)

White cotton pickers were also hired as well as colored. They usually stayed at the home with Fred and Emmy. One particularly hot night the chiggers were exceptionally bad, and all were scratching and rubbing themselves with meat rinds. One of the fellows sleeping on the floor lay without so much as a twitch. He was asked if the chiggers weren't bothering him. "Bout eating me up," he answered but still never moved.

This is not in proper sequence, but is a story often told, and should be included in this history of "The Englers." This must have been soon after Fred and Emmy were married. Fred and Willie were working on the section and Emmy cooked in the section house for Fred's and her room and board. Large sore felons developed on several of Emmy's fingers at the same time, and it was impossible for her to do her household duties. Fred and Willie helped her after their day of work was over, peeling potatoes for the next day, even to baking the bread.



Heartaches had come to our Fred and Emmy, and two babies lay buried, a little daughter and a son. After the birth of the first child, Emmy had been given such strong medicine that she became unconscious and slept for a number of days. Her mother cared for her, rubbing and turning her so that she would not become paralyzed. The doctor told Emmy that she could never be able to give birth to a live baby. She proved this to be in error as early in the morning on January 25, 1892 she told Fred he had better go get Mrs. Archie, the midwife.

Emmy

Fred jumped on his horse and raced across the yard, not noticing where he was in his haste to bring help to Emmy, until he found himself being carried directly toward the open well. Not slacking his pace, Fred urged his mount on, sailed over the well, and on his way for Mrs. Archie. However before he could return with help, his baby daughter, Augusta, had been born.



Augusta Engler

All baby clothes were sewn by hand as Emmy did not have a sewing machine. Somehow, somehow she always managed.

Whenever two men met, their greeting was the same, "How'll you swap?" And one time Fred could not resist. He traded everything they owned in the house for a saddle. I don't know if it was a special kind, but he really must have wanted that saddle! This was one of the few times when Emmy "put her foot down." She let everything go but the bed. "You can't have the bed," she said, and the bed stayed. Fred must have done some more swapping, as it wasn't very long before the house was furnished again.



Life went on at the “Sand Hill” farm for another year. It was spring and cotton planting time again. Mother and Papa were “chopping cotton” not paying too much attention to the little one year old Augusta toddling in their wake. Reaching the end of the row, they looked back over their work and found that Augusta had been helping too. She had pulled out the entire row of cotton plants.

Another day Augusta wanted to play beneath a persimmon tree at the edge of the cotton field where her parents were at work. Papa said he had better look for snakes first. He walked over to the tree and found a spreading adder. This is a deadly poisonous snake. It spreads itself flat on the ground, and being brownish in color is hard to distinguish from the earth. It would surely have bitten the baby had she toddled there by herself. Papa killed the reptile with his hoe and Augusta was allowed to play beneath the tree, the parents keeping a watchful eye in her direction.

Mother was working in the cotton fields another day when she noticed their dog was acting very strangely. The dog had been lying by Augusta who was again playing beneath a tree. Then Mother saw the snake near the tree. In his eagerness to protect the child the dog would not let Mother go to Augusta. Finally after frantic moments, the dog was soothed and Mother snatched Augusta and ran.

Each farmer had his own brand for cattle and horses. This was on record in the courthouse. (Now that a family has been established, Fred and Emmy will be known by their true identity: Mama and Papa or Mother and Father.) Papa's brand was a heart with the letter “F” inside. The cattle all ran at large, and brands were the owner's only protection against thieves. In many instances, brands were changed or similar brands placed over the original. Laws were few and not too well enforced. Pigs were marked by different slits and cuts on the ears. These markings were also recorded in the courthouse. It was not an uncommon sight to see a mother pig with one type of marking and her litter with a different mark on them. Some natives riding through the woods and spying a litter of unmarked little pigs were not averse to affixing their own marking. Our folks were most fortunate in not losing many, if any, animals in this way. They did not have many animals, not more than two cows at an one time, and also their brand was a difficult one to change.



The pigs foraged nuts in the woods. It was a race in the fall as to which would reach them first. The pecans, especially, grew on such large, tall trees with the limbs so high it was impossible to pick the nuts by hand, so humans and animals alike waited until the ripened nuts dropped to the ground or were blown down by the wind.



Florence Engler

On October 30, 1893 father rode again for Mrs. Archie. In short time another baby girl, Florence was born. So Little Augusta had a sister.

At this time Uncle Jake and Aunt Katie lived together on a farm near New Baden. Uncle Fred and Aunt Ida were living in a section house about two hours ride from Acorn.



Aunt Katie Homberger

One sunny day Aunt Katie, Mother, Augusta and Florence decided to visit Aunt Ida. They boarded the train at Acorn and asked if they could get off at the section house where Uncle Fred worked. The conductor told them he was behind schedule and he could not take time to stop for them, although the train had always stopped for other passengers. When they drew near the section house Mother threw out a flour sack filled with nuts she was taking to Aunt Ida's, thinking they would have to walk back from the station to the section house, and the sack of nuts would be too heavy for them to carry. Of course, the bag burst, as a result the section hands enjoyed the pecan meats for days.



Uncle Fred saw the train taking them on and went to meet them with his horse and buggy. Mother did not know this, and they all started walking up the railroad track towards the section house. They were afraid they would get lost walking on the road and knew the section house was on the railroad tracks. Before getting to the section house they had to cross a ravine on a high trestle. They were so afraid a train would catch them on the trestle and they would be killed. Luck was with them and after they had safely crossed the trestle they met Uncle Fred.

Soon after this, Uncle Fred and Aunt Ida moved to a farm near New Baden. Father rented a farm there too, and both families lived in the same house. Each family had two rooms and did their housekeeping separately. (I never thought to ask what happened to "Sand Hill.")



Lena Engler

It was at this home near New Baden that another daughter was born on December 15, 1895, and christened Caroline for her maternal grandmother.

Cotton, corn and sweet potatoes were grown the same as at Acorn. Everyone had large orchards of fruit, but there was no market for any of it. Most of the fruit, peaches, pears and apples spoiled on the trees. Fruit was dried for their own consumption. There was no refrigeration for sending fruit north for market.





One day Mother was drying peaches. She placed the pieces of peach on trays and put them on the roof of a low building to dry in the sun. She noticed a stream of ants crawling up the wall and right beside them, another row of ants coming down from the roof. Those coming down were each carrying a little ball of peach stuck on a little spear on the top of their head. They knew instinctively what the folks had learned that “every season has a reason” and were preparing for the fruitless months. Mother promptly moved her peaches inside the house to dry.

Even with all the “pests” that went with life in Texas, both Mother and Father liked it there and often remarked they wished that they had never moved away.

Cane and sorghum were grown for syrup for their own use. Cane was planted by placing a stalk of cane in the furrow and covering it with soil. A shoot would grow at each joint. The sorghum seed was planted and cared for in the same manner as the cotton plants. The sap was taken from the stalk by crushing it between two rollers. The rollers were turned by a horse walking around and around in a circle. The juice ran from the rollers into a pan with fire underneath it (the fire was underground) and was boiled right at the sugar mill. The syrup was then taken home and stored in barrels. After a few days the syrup would start to work or ferment because of the intense heat, but it did not seem to hurt the syrup, or if it did, it had to be eaten anyhow because there was nothing else.



Occasionally in the summer and winter, rain would fall, but in the spring of the year there would be heavy rainfall. The folks lived near Duck Creek which was only a few feet wide until the spring rains fell, then it would swell until it was about three quarters of a mile across. This flooded low land was our parents' cotton field. However, the water had always receded and soaked away before the planting time.



Washing machines were unheard of, at least to the people in our income bracket. All of the women gathered at the creek, dampened and soaped their dirty clothes, placed them folded on a large rock and beat them with large paddles. This crude system is very effective and the wash was snowy white.

Fishing was foreign to the “Minnesota Way” of line and hook. Here, the river was muddied by walking horses around stirring up the bottom until the fish came to the surface for air. Then they were killed with clubs and thrown to the women on the shore who cleaned and fried them on the

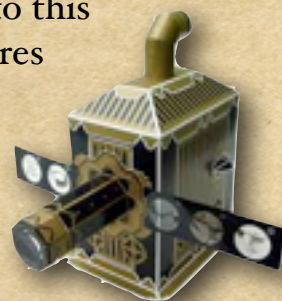
river bank. All the neighbors would get together for these fish fries as a number of men were needed to stir up the river bottom. Then too, it was much more fun.



All had only the bare necessities with which to live. When Mother and Father moved to Ike Byrd's, they bought their first cook stove. With the purchase of the stove she was given free: a wash tub, a boiler, two deep frying pans, two pancake griddles, clothes pins and two iron kettles. The folks were the only family who had a chimney for their lamp. Ike Byrd, who reportedly had money, used a saucer for tallow, using a little woolen peg for the wick. Of course, no one subscribed for papers or magazines, so there was no need for light for night reading.

Ike Byrd did not trust a bank and kept his money buried in his yard. One day he said to Mother, "You have been waling over my money for a long time." Then he told her he had it buried by his front door. "But it isn't there any more." He had changed his hiding place.

Once in a great while a traveling entertainer would find his way to this little town and would be greeted with enthusiasm by the natives. Pictures would be shown with the use of a magic lantern. I am not exactly sure how this worked but would imagine it was something like our modern projector. It was a great thrill to all who could afford to attend this gathering.



All travel was by horse for the Engler family as they had no buggy. Mother and Father would each take one of the children on a horse with them and be on their way. (One must have taken two.)

One day Fred was racing and probably "showing off" and fell from his horse. He coughed blood for almost a year and the doctor gave him medicine which he said Father had to take or he would not live. it must have been bad tasting, as after time, Father threw the medicine away and ate the pickles he had craved. His condition cleared up at once and never returned.

Wild honey was gathered whenever found. Uncle Fred sighted a bee tree one day. He took the honey and supplied the entire family for a long time with this one "find." They filled tubs, boilers and all the dishes they had.

When a bee tree was found, the tree would be cut off above and below the swarm of bees, a board would be nailed over each cut and the hive taken down. this way they had their own hive of bees.





At New Baden, Augusta and Florence went to Sunday School at the German Lutheran Church. Mary and Freddy Homberger (Aunt Ida's children) also attended the same Sunday School. Mary, a proud, vain

little girl would not walk with the other children, walking either way ahead or behind them.



Homberger Children

It was the habit of some of the men of this era to use tobacco by snuffing it up their noses. One time Mother found her two small daughters with a little brush of "snuffing" tobacco. What the reaction was, I do not know, but it was never repeated.

The first spring after moving to Texas our great grandmother and grandfather Homberger died. They were quite old and could not take the fever and chills. Great grandmother died in May, slept away in the night, and about two months later Great grandfather followed her. He had contracted dropsy in addition to the malaria.

When Lena was a baby, Grandfather and Grandmother Engler moved to Oregon. They wanted Mother and Father to come too, and finally gave in (1896?), packed their few belongings and boarded the train for Dundee, Oregon.

When they reached Sacramento, California, they had to change trains with a day wait for the train north to Oregon. The weather had turned extremely cold (fruit corps froze) and the little family from warm Texas was freezing too. They had taken a room at a hotel but it was unheated. Mother and the children all crawled into one bed for warmth. The men fared better, they walked about town and kept warm in the stores where stoves had been lighted.

Augusta and Florence were enchanted by the hotel bed. It was so high they had to use a chair to climb into it.

The baby Caroline became ill on the trip, partly from being chilled and partly from not having proper food. They had packed lunches to save money buying food, and she probably did not have enough milk. She was such a sick little girl, the folks were afraid she would die. Father had three dollars, his entire fortune, but they had to see a doctor. He gave Caroline medicine and she became well, but his fee was three dollars.

So it was when they arrived in Dundee, Oregon at Grandfather Engler's, it was without one penny as well as no work.

As the train was rolling along through Arizona on its way to California, it suddenly seemed to be traveling through water. Mother said they could see the wheels of the train “sloshing” through the water. It was their first experience with a mirage.

There was a Hindu family traveling on the same train. They had a Persian cat with them which they treated like royalty and worshipped.



Father looked for work immediately, but only local men were being hired. Finally, he went to Portland but found the same conditions existed there. He returned to Dundee and at last was given a job by Zack Davis. He worked in the prune orchards at first. The fruit trees had to be cultivated every day to bring the moisture to the surface as there was no rainfall during the summer months. His starting wage was \$20.00 a month, later raised to \$40.00 per month.

As soon as Father was given this job, the family moved into the Davis' old house. They had just completed a new house and had furnished it with all new furniture. Everything from dishes to furniture had been left in the old house, so the folks just moved in.

In the prune orchards, shakers with long poles would give each tree a shake or two so that the ripened fruit would fall. No one else was allowed to shake the trees as one had to be experienced in knowing just how much of a shake was needed to bring down the ripened fruit and leave the green still hanging. Boxes large enough to hold a bushel of fruit each were under the trees, and the pickers each had a box of his own to fill. They were paid five cents for each box filled.



The soil was mostly clay, and after the rains began in the fall, picking prunes became something of a chore. The women's long skirts would be coated with clay and hung in heavy clumps.

Soon after Father began working for Mr. Davis, work was started on a prune dryer. This was a large, two story frame building. Three wood kilns in the basement furnished heat for the drying. First, the prunes were dipped into hot lye water to



prevent skins from breaking. Nets filled with prunes were lowered into the vats of lye water, then dipped into vats of clear water to rinse. The prunes were then poured into trays and placed on shelves to dry. The shelving ran the entire length of the building and were placed in rows about five feet apart. They reached from the floor to the ceiling and were separated from each other by about three or four inches. Once the prunes were on the trays drying, the temperature was held at a constant high degree. They were watched and soon as they were dry, they were removed and fresh fruit would replace them.

After the prunes were dry, they were taken to the packing house. Here the prunes were packed into five pound boxes. This work was done by women; the services of about one hundred were required. The boxes had a glass cover and were placed before the women, upside down. A fancy lace paper doily was placed on the glass. Only the largest, most choice prunes were used to show. they were flattened to appear still larger. After this layer was completed, the balance of the prunes, were just poured in to fill the box. The bottom was then nailed on, the box turned right side up, and it was ready for shipment East.

It was Father's job to watch the prunes, take out the dry ones and refill with fresh ones as room became available. He also fired the furnaces. It was so hot in the dryer and so cold and drafty in the basement, that father contracted pneumonia.

Grandmother Engler worked in the packing plant. Mother worked in the orchard, picking up prunes as the children could be with her there. Each picker had a number that they put on their boxes.

Mother had a string in which she tied a knot each time she had filled a box. At the end of the day she counted her knots and knew how many boxes of prunes for which she should receive pay. A unique tally. The children all helped pick prunes too; even Little Lena had her box with a number. Grandfather Engler worked in the orchards, cultivating.



A number of men came from Germany one year to inspect the drying plant and to see how prunes were processed in the United States. Preparations were begun weeks

ahead of time; the buildings were decorated with real evergreens. Trees were set on each side of the walk from the street to the building. When the delegation arrived, Father met them in Dundee and took them through the plant, explaining the procedure of drying, packing, etc. of the prunes.

This was a great event in the little town of Dundee. All of the people in the town were there. Even the school was closed that the children could be present for the lengthy speeches that were given on the loading platform from the dryer to the railroad spur that ran to the main track about a quarter of a mile away. This had also been covered with little trees nailed to each side.

The school children marched and Augusta was so proud because she could speak German to these distinguished visitors. She was probably the only child that could speak their native language.

The smaller of “petit” prunes were fed to the pigs. Father always raised at least two pigs each year for the family meat.

Then a joyous occasion - on December 14, 1897 the first son was born and christened “Herman Otto.”

Time passed for the Engler family. The children played house in the pasture near their home. A large tree had been cut down, leaving a stump about seven or eight feet in diameter.

This made a perfect table for the youngsters to eat their play meals of cold potatoes and juice of wild honeysuckle. Bessie and Laster Warner, neighbor children, were playmates. Most fences were made of boards which also provided an intriguing spot for young people to explore.



Herman Engler

In the fall of 1987 Little Augusta started school. She stayed with Grandmother and Grandfather Engler because the school was close to their home. Every Friday night she would go home. She and Aunt Theresa went to school together. One day Mother and Florence went to see Augusta. While Mother visited with her mother, Augusta went to school, taking her sister Florence with her. At noon Florence ran back to her mother at Grandmother's, and Augusta ran after her, then refused to return to school. That evening when Aunt Theresa came home from school she told Augusta, as older children will, “Just wait until you go back to school,” implying that she was really in trouble. Augusta was frightened to return to school the next day, but of course, she had to go. Mrs. Dunstan, her teacher, never even mentioned her being absent the afternoon before. What relief!



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Rain and drizzle fell most of the winter. One time the weather turned cold enough to snow, about two or three inches. The children were so excited they could not keep their mind on school work. School was closed.

Mt. Hood, about one hundred miles away, could be seen very plainly from the Engler home. This is a volcanic mountain and smoke could be seen erupting from the summit.

Mrs. Davis, the wife of Father's employer, was very good to the family. She made over her own dresses for the girls, brought the children sweets, home made pastries etc. At Christmas, the first for the family in Oregon, Mrs. Davis decorated a tree and had the children come to her home to see it the afternoon before Christmas, with a present for each child beneath the tree. That evening, after the children had fallen asleep, she had Father take the tree home. On Christmas morning there the tree stood in all its splendor in their own home. "Why, that tree looks just like Mrs. Davis' tree," the children cried.



Walter Engler

On September 14, 1899 another son, Walter Davis, was born, named "Davis" for their friend and employer. The little family had grown to a "not so little" family now.

When Walter was not quite a year old, and Herman about three, Herman became ill with a very high fever. the doctor was called and said Herman had scarlet fever. Father stayed with Herman in his room constantly. Mother took care of the rest of the family and kept them out of the sickroom. All cracks were filled, even the key hole, in an effort to keep the other children from getting this dread disease. Herman's throat had to be painted twice a day. This was very painful and he fought it with all the strength of a three year old. Mother had to help Father by forcing his mouth open while the medicine was applied. She would then go to the smoke house, wash herself well with strong soap, change her clothes and go back to the children.



Friends brought groceries, leaving them in the yard, a great distance from the house as they were frightened they might get the disease. After weeks of sickness, Herman was well again. The house was thoroughly fumigated, and life resumed its normal pattern. Mother always believed Herman got the germ from a bunch of grapes that had been given to him by one of the laborers in the dryer. There was only one other case of scarlet fever in the entire community.

Mrs. Layman lived about three miles from Dundee on the road the children had to walk in going to school. She looked very much like a witch, in reality who was a very nice lady, but the children were very frightened of her. One day, on their way home from school, they met her on the road. When they saw her coming, they turned and ran back the way they had come, making a loop and going home another way, over a mile longer. Later the children were taken to her home and after becoming acquainted with Mrs. Layman, came to like her very much and were no longer afraid.

When Walter started to walk, Mother had to watch him constantly. He was a rascal! About two hundred feet from the house was a ram which ran continually, being operated by the flow of water from a nearby spring. the ram was in the center of an open well. Each time the ram moved up and down, a spray of water would be forced up. This fascinated Walter, who would have over the edge of the well watching the flow of water until Mother came to carry him away. The first time her watchful eyes left him, back to the ram Walter would run. This ram pumped the water to the two dryers, the packing house, Davis' house and the folk's house.

While working for Mr. Davis, Father helped plant a prune orchard. A large area was cleared and trees about three feet high were bought from a nursery and planted.

Mr. Wieske, who also worked in the dryer, came to visit frequently. He had run away from home in Germany when he was a boy. He had worked his way to America by boat. For a time he had been a sheep herder. At that time each herder was alone with his flock for weeks and months at a time. To keep his mind and hands busy, he had learned to carve articles from wood. He carved beautifully. He had made a bouquet of flowers for Grandmother Engler, and a Dutch boy and girl for Aunt Theresa. At Easter time he carved and colored eggs for the children. They all loved this except Lena- he was always teasing. He would pull her out of bed in the morning; she was embarrassed and would dread his coming. However, he did it only in fun. He enjoyed Mother's cooking and told her he would marry a German girl someday to cook for him.



When Augusta was about six years old, she proudly gave Mother dress goods for Christmas which she had bought herself. The material cost fifty cents. It was a gray cotton material but shone like silk. She threw the package into the children's open bedroom window so that she would not have to carry it through the house and take the chance that Mother would see her and ask questions about the package. Herman, who was with her when she made the purchase, was cautioned not "to tell Mama," and he kept the secret well.

About a year after talking the folks into moving to Oregon from Texas, Grandmother and Grandfather Engler had moved back to Minnesota. Grandfather had said many times, he “wanted to die in Minnesota.”

Uncle Fred and Aunt Ida had moved back to Texas. He did not like the continual rain all winter in Oregon, and often said, “It isn't going to rain on me much longer.” However, they later moved back to Dundee where the rain fell on them for the balance of their lives.



**Aunt Ida
Homberger**

Uncle Herman and Uncle Louis came back to Minnesota with Grandfather. While they were living in Oregon, Uncle Herman had worked for a bakery, delivering bread and pastries. After doing this for a while, his nose bled so frequently that he had to see a doctor. He was told these nose bleeds were caused by jumping down from the delivery wagon at each stop, so he had to give up this work.

When the two brothers came to Pine City, Minnesota they farmed together west of Pine City on Snake River.



Ida Engler

On June 1, 1902 another daughter was born. She was named “Bertha Ida,” but was called “Ida.”

Aunt Ida Homberger had asked that she be named for her and so it was.



The Engler Family 1903

It was about this time that Mr. Davis sold his orchards and dryer to a man named Prince and moved his family to Merriman, Nebraska. Here he started a grocery and dry goods store. He wanted Father to go with him, but the family decided to stay in Dundee, and Father continued to work for Mr. Prince. Mr. Prince was a very wealthy man from New York, and his wife was something of a snob. She would not condescend to live in Dundee, but came occasionally to visit her husband and her son, Harold. Father had to meet her at the train depot and drive her to the Prince home. I marvel at his ability to keep quiet as she talked all of the way, saying how terrible Dundee was and that she “wouldn't stay there.” She never stayed for over a few days at a time, but Mr. Prince did not seem to mind. He was probably glad he did not have to live with her every day of his life. Although a very wealthy man, Mr. Prince was a very conservative man. He thought a great deal of Herman and would often take him for walks, holding his hand. On these occasions he would sometimes treat Herman to half a walnut. I should have said “share” as he would eat the other half himself. One day in a generous mood he gave Herman a whole penny. This trait undoubtedly accounted for his being a millionaire.



His son, Harold, was a “good for nothing” fellow. He had been spoiled by an indulgent mother and never outgrew it. He never worked. On one Fourth of July he bought sixty dollars worth of fireworks, went down by the river and shot them all off by himself.

Harold had married a local girl whom he treated very badly. He expected everyone to wait on him and everything to wait for him. He was never at home on time for meals, but even if he came home as late as four o'clock in the afternoon for his noon meal, he expected everyone to be waiting and the meal hot. If the rest of the family had eaten, he would become so angry that he would throw the furniture around and break the dishes.

Mr. Prince started converting the prune orchards to walnut orchards. Every other prune tree was taken out and a walnut tree planted. After the walnut trees started to bear, the other prune trees were removed and replaced by walnut trees. This way there was no lapse in the harvesting of a crop.

The folks were planning to buy a prune orchard of their own when Father got pneumonia again. This was the third time, and the doctor told him he must leave the damp climate of Oregon or he would not live.

So again, the family packed their belongings (Mother said each time they moved they were forced to leave some treasures behind) and made their way to Merriman, Nebraska where Father worked for Mr. Davis in his store.



They arrived at their new home in July, and the weather was hot and dry. Sand storms were a very common occurrence. It was impossible to be out in such a storm. The driven sand would cut into the flesh like knives. It sifted into the houses covering everything with a film of dust.



The best growing product in this area was the “sand burr.” One time when Mother was out walking around, the hem of her long skirt became so filled with the clinging burrs that she had to cut them off. Mr. Davis had a nice lawn and paid the children a penny for each sand burr plant they dug from it.

The water had an alkali content and could not be used for drinking. Water was hauled in by railroad tank cars from a neighboring town.

Indians from as far as one hundred to two hundred miles away came to trade at the store. The whole family would come, set up their tents and stay for a week or more. The squaws would sit on the ground, wrapped in blankets, for hours at a time in that intense heat and not move a muscle.



The Indian bucks would visit the tavern, and not being too steady when they emerged, would fall into the sand burrs. They all had long black hair which they wore in braids. Their women were kept busy picking the burrs from their thick hair.

The Indians brought beaded jackets, belts, blankets etc. to trade for groceries. Many of the merchants would take advantage of their lack of knowledge of values, giving the Indian only a few items for a native made garment, and then sell it later for a high price.

Country children, white and red, would come for miles riding their ponies, to school.

The Davis family wanted the folks to buy a farm and stay in Nebraska permanently. Mr. Davis drove them around the country to see the farm land. This blow sand did not produce very healthy crops. They saw one man making hay. After making a complete round of his average size field, the basket attached to the hay rake had only a handful of hay. Seeing this, Father decided to return to Minnesota.

It so happened the day they left Nebraska for Minnesota was Halloween. Cowboys had ridden in from the range to celebrate. The law had not yet figured out how to rule in this still wild country, and law officers were told not to interfere with their fun or they would be shot. The train was to leave about two o'clock in the morning, and Father had the family walk down the center of the street, not saying a word for fear they would antagonize one of the cowboys, and they might be shot. Father stayed with their luggage until it was put on the train so it would not be stolen or destroyed.

The sidewalks were packed with boxes and debris by the pranksters. A lady was building a millinery store, the framework was already up; the entire building was torn down. Iron pipes had been shoved through box cars of a whole train that was sitting on a siding. This could have been very dangerous had another train tried to pass.

Fred Engler, who spent his boyhood days in Pine City with his parents, brothers, and sisters, returned on Monday of this week with his family after an absence of twenty-two years. He will make this place his future home and will purchase a farm as soon as he gets one to suit him. Most of the time during his absence he made his home in Oregon, but for the past few years was in Nebraska.

Pine Poker November 6, 1903

When the family arrived in Pine City, they stayed with Grandfather Engler for a short time. They soon found a house to rent in the Village of Pine City. The house they rented belonged to the Husted's (Mrs. Becvar's father) and was in the vicinity of the cemetery.

Father and his brother, Uncle Willie, worked on the "saw-rig" in Pine City that winter, sawing wood for the residents of Pine City. Wood was the only fuel at that time. The wood lot was

located where the county garage now stands. There was also a horse shed where farmers could tie their teams and be somewhat sheltered.

One of the neighbors to the folks had a huge St. Bernard dog which frightened Mother until she found he was a very friendly pet.

Another neighbor was the Borchers's (Herman's folks.) After all the passage of years Mother spoke indignantly when she told this story: The Borchers had a hen which disappeared one spring day, and Mrs. Borchers accused our folks of eating her! This was an unpardonable accusation!!! And I can imagine terms were not too friendly between the two families. About two weeks elapsed and what should emerge from beneath the house, but a mother hen with chicks. I never learned if there was an apology, but one was certainly warranted.



A big event that year was Thanksgiving Day. They had been invited to Kick's for dinner, and the children had all been hoping and hoping that snow would fall so they could go in the sleigh. Thanksgiving Day eve came and no snow! They all went to bed, very disappointed children, but when they awakened in the morning, the world was white with new fallen snow. Grandfather hitched up the team and the whole family had a sleigh ride to eat dinner at the Kick's (Uncle George's folks.)



The saw rig 1905

The first Christmas was celebrated on Grandfather's farm. Grandmother had a Christmas cactus blooming for the first time (they bloom every 50 or 100 years.) Walter found the pretty red petals and picked every one! Walter was always getting into mischief. Another time he put a nail down the pump at the Hustad house. The pump refused to work, and when taken apart the nail was discovered



Augusta, Florence, Lena and Herman all went to school in Pine City that first winter.



Webster School

When the family moved to Nebraska, the climate was mild and no excessive amount of clothing was needed. Minnesota winters called for warm clothing. Herman had no coat, and there was no money with which to buy one for him. He was forced to wear a girl's coat which, of course, was a great hardship as he was a regular boy. Girl's coat and girl's curls. When Herman was a small boy he had long curls and everyone thought him very cute. Herman, however, thought otherwise and coaxed his mother to cut his hair. One day she relented, took him to a barber and had his hair cut in boy style. When his sisters saw him, they all cried, but Herman was happy.

That spring Father bought the Netser farm located five miles east of Pine City. The family moved to this eighty acre farm which was to be the family's last home together.

{ Fred Engler, who purchased the old Netser place at Hustletown, moved out there the first of the week. }

Pine Poker March 25, 1904

The few acres that were cleared were badly in need of fertilizer. Evidently, the former owner did not know or care about taking care of the soil. The corn planted that first year grew only about three or four inches high. There were no hay meadows at all. In the late summer Father and the boys camped in the swamp about two miles east of the home place and cut slough grass. There was no food value in this grass and, of course, the cows could produce no milk and were barely kept alive. The horses fared worse. Not having money to buy young, strong horses, Father had to buy what he could, and the old ones could not survive the cold weather with poor food.

This first year was not too profitable.



The First Log Home

The little log house was snug and warm, and though times were hard, Mother was happy here. The house was small with only a small space for a basement. Vegetables, etc. were stored in a root cellar.

Father continued to work in town on the saw-rig, and Mother and the family kept things going on the farm. Father stayed in town all week, hiking home on Saturday night carrying groceries, including flour and sugar on his back.



Being alone all week with the children in this rather unsettled community was frightening for Mother. Wolves roamed the sparsely populated area. They would come right near the barn to feed on the animals that had died. Mother spent many anxious moments when the children were out, thinking they would be killed by the wolves.

Another exciting event this first year back in Minnesota was the birth of another daughter, Louise Eleanor, born April 21, 1905.



Louise Engler

The second spring, more land was rented, the fields on the home place were plowed and cover planted, then turned under to build up the soil. Fertilizer was spread on the fields and a better crop resulted.

Father's gun provided most of the family meat. One day when they were out of meat, Father asked Mother if she would help him hunt for rabbits. So she went along as the "dog" to scare out the game. This was in the winter time and Mother, being only a little over four feet tall, had difficulty walking in the deep snow. She would fall into a snow bank and would have to pull herself out by holding onto weeds. But the hunt was a success, and they went home with enough game to feed their hungry family.

Father had saved \$1000 from his labors in the Oregon orchards and this was the price of the Netser farm. This left them with no financial reserve, but the older girls all helped with whatever financial aid they could give. They were well and happy as they worked together to improve their home and to prepare for the coming winter.

As I stated before, the log house was snug and warm. it consisted of three rooms, one large room and two bedrooms.



Blueberries, strawberries and cherries grew wild and in abundance. Mother canned hundreds of quarts of fruit, and in addition, the girls sold \$80.00 worth of blueberries at eight and ten cents a quart. Augusta bought a six quart ice cream freezer with a part of her money, and we have all enjoyed Mother's good homemade ice cream over the years.

Mother always had a large garden. Vegetables were dried and canned and stored in the root cellar.



A large keg of sauerkraut could always be found in the basement beside a huge jar of dill pickles. Fried down meat covered with lard, and hams, bacon, and side meat hanging in the smokehouse are wonderful memories of childhood!



As the land improved, better crops were harvested and the family prospered.

On August 23, 1907 another little daughter arrived to take her place in the family, christened "Emilie Charlotte" for her mother and grandmother.



Emilie Engler

Adlers were one of the nearest neighbors. They had two children, Clara and Bert. Clara and Lena were good friends, as were Walter and Bert. The two boys liked to sit on the basement stairs with the trap door closed. One time as they were sitting there in the darkness, Lena went to an outside vent and called into it, "I'm going to get you." The sound carried down the vent and sounded as though it were coming from the opposite corner of the basement. Up flew the trap door and out scurried the boys into the safety of the kitchen. They were sure someone had been hiding in the basement and were just waiting to catch them.

The Kuni, Frood Bell, Elmer Carrier, Norton and Brown families were a few of the closer neighbors. They were active members of the little Methodist Church that stood about one and one-half miles northwest of the home place.



1916 Plat Map

The children attended Sunday School here. Picnics were held at the different homes. The girls still talk of the cakes with the thick frosting that Mrs. Carrier took to these festivities. This was a real treat they did not get at home

At one of these picnics Emilie was running, maybe a game, or someone was chasing her, anyhow she ran into a fence, was cut quite badly, and fainted. Emilie fainted quite easily in her younger years. One



time she walked, deliberately, off the edge of the bench which the children sat on while eating or working around the dining room table. Another fainting spell!

One day Emilie asked Mother if she could go to the edge of a field to a wooded area to pick Savvy berries (June berries.) She was told she could go, but if there were cows in the pasture she should not go inside the fence. There were cows grazing when she reached the woods, so like an obedient child of those days, she turned around and returned home. Feeling a bit drowsy, Emilie crept up onto the sawdust in the icehouse and fell asleep. When she did not return in the proper time, Mother was frantic, thinking she had gone into the woods to pick berries and had been caught by wolves. Everyone joined in the search for her without avail. After her nap, Emilie came calmly from the icehouse unaware of the fright she had caused.

On November 2, 1910 the older children were told to go quickly and get Mrs. Wiedemann (the country midwife.) Grandma Wiedemann lived on the south side of the Snake River, our folks on the north side. The two families were friends and visited frequently. A boat was kept on the river bank, and our family would walk to the river, row across, and up the steep hill to the Wiedemann farm house. This was much faster than driving by horse and buggy to the bridge across the river near Pine City and back again. On this particular night, Florence and Herman were so excited, knowing why Grandma Wiedemann was needed, that they did not beach the boat high enough on the shore, and when they returned with Grandma W., the boat had floated downstream. After a great amount of anxiety, the boat was retrieved and Grandma W. arrived in time to deliver Helen Viola into her mother's arms and into the hearts of her father and sisters and brothers. When Little Louise heard Helen crying for the first time she wanted to know "where that tom cat was that was mewling."



**Grandma
Wiedemann**



Helen Engler

The older girls were now young ladies. Augusta had taken teachers' training at Mantorville and Lena had graduated from high school and taken teachers' training at Austin. Florence had begun teaching after two years of normal.

In 1912 Florence was teaching at Hay Creek School in the Grasston area. She roomed and received her board at the Emil Hoberg home (Alian's aunt.) During her stay here Mrs. Hoberg asked Florence if she would like to attend a Harvest Festival with her at Grasston. At the festival she was introduced to a young man who was in charge of the exhibits; his name was Edward Swanson. Edward farmed with his father in Royalton Town, Pine County. Florence was wearing a white dress which made a great impression on Edward. "It was so white and clean, I had never seen a dress so white," he told

Florence in later years. The young people did not see each other until some time later at a wedding. Then one Sunday afternoon Florence had a call from Hildur, Edward's sister, inviting her to their home. Edward had asked his sister to call Florence - rather subtle! As Edward had hoped, Florence accepted Hildur's invitation and also Edward's to attend church services with him that evening, all premeditated. Thus began a romance, which with marriage on June 7, 1915, still exists to this day.



**Florence & Edward Swanson
1915**

After four and one-half years it may have come as a surprise to learn that another child was to be added to the household. On April 27, 1915 Grandma Wiedemann was called again, and I, Margaret, the ninth and last daughter was born.

My sister, Augusta, had told me many times how she lighted matches and looked at me for the first time when she came home on a weekend. When she picked me up I did not cry. When she wondered why, our father said, "Blood is thicker than water," meaning I knew her for my sister even though I had never seen her before.



Margaret Engler

Ida stayed home and cared for Mother until she had regained her strength after my birth.

We were now a family of nine children, but when anyone would remark about our large family, our father would say, "I don't know which one we could do without!" Each equally dear to our mother and father, what a warm secure feeling, the knowledge of this can bring to a young child.

Father, with the help of his brother, Uncle Willie, built a new house less than a quarter of a mile from the little log home, just across the field. The new home was built by the town road which had just been established, running east and west along the Snake River.

This was a large, well built frame house consisting of a kitchen, dining room, living room, bedroom, pantry and a bathroom, and a large room which we called "the shed" on the first floor, and four large bedrooms on the second floor. There is also a full basement. We have had many laughs over the years; as there was no electricity there could be no running water, and instead of a tub in the bathroom, Mother kept her bread, fried-down meat, etc. in the



The new Engler house.

“bathroom.” Whenever we had company and someone would say, “Get a loaf of bread from the bathroom” we would giggle and have great fun. The cream separator, washing machine, churn and such were in “The Shed.”



During the first years, the cream separator was turned by hand, later when the boys grew older it was operated by a gasoline engine.

The family moved into the new home in the fall of 1915, with all of the children happily carrying household items across the short distance from the log house. when nightfall came the smiles turned to tears and the children wanted to “go home.” Papa said, “It’s not home yet.”

Mother worked hard and endlessly in the fields helping our father during the day, tending the garden in the early evenings from which she canned hundreds of quarts of vegetables for the winter months. In the late hours of the evening and wee hours of the morning she would knit socks, mittens, everything we needed, and sewed all of our clothing.



Walter’s wool mittens knit from the wool of the family’s sheep.

With a family as large as ours, clothes were handed down from one youngster to the next until the garment was worn out.

My sisters wanted me, the baby, to have a new coat and all pooled their resources and bought me a brown wool curly winter coat. After it had been given to various cousins to wear (Kenneth W. the last, I believe) I stored it away upstairs with fond memories.



In July of 1916 Papa was stricken with sciatica rheumatism and became so bad he had to be carried to the **Margaret’s Coat** doctor for help. He went to the Mud Baths in Shakopee where he was treated without being helped, so he transferred to Dr. Stearns, an osteopath, in St . Paul where he found relief, and after some time returned home.



Shakopee, Minnesota

It was haying time at home, and with the boys so young, it was really a hard time. But when Papa came home well again, the barn was filled with hay and the farm work all done. Boys and girls alike pitched in to have all in order when our father returned.

Tragedy struck again in 1918 when a cyclone took our barn. Pieces of the barn were carried by the wind and spread across the farm. Luckily the cows and horses were out in the pasture; a horse belonging to Frood Bell was the only animal injured. A mother pig and her young and our kittens came crawling from the debris, unharmed.

I remember Papa standing at the north window of the kitchen, watching the storm, and saying after a flash of lightning, "The barn is gone." He was thankful it was not the house where we might all have been killed or injured. The barn could always be rebuilt, which was what happened.

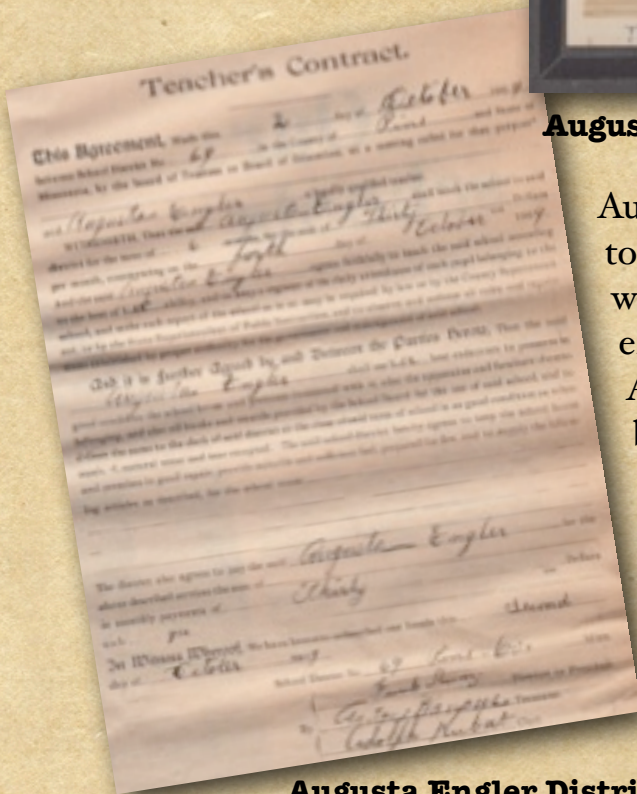
Augusta taught the Kunze School (District No. 69), the Beroun School and the home school, District No. 1. While teaching at Beroun, Leonard Machart was one of her pupils.

When Leonard graduated from the eighth grade,



Augusta Engler Teacher Summer School Sandstone 1909

Augusta rowed by boat to his home on Cross Lake and took him to the Bede home and arranged for him to work for his room and board there, then proceeded to enroll him in high school. Our Aunt Louise had told Augusta of the Bede home. Leonard was such a bright boy, she could not see his education ceasing at this point. Had it not been for Augusta's personal interest in him, Leonard would, in all probability, never have been president of our First National Bank. He always speaks his appreciation of this himself.



**Augusta Engler District 69
Teacher Contract 1909**



Otto, son of Grandma Wiedemann, had been courting Augusta for some time, and on January 12, 1918, after he had returned from the first World War, they were married at Pine City with our father and Florence's husband, Edward, in attendance. Soon after, they left for St. Louis, Missouri where Otto was employed.



Otto & Augusta Wiedemann

It was this year also, 1918, on February 15 that our mother's mother, Grandma Carolina Engler died at her home west of Pine City. She had been making her home with her son, Louis.

Lena also taught in the Hay Creek School near Grasston where she met her husband to be, Alian Wicklund. She also taught one of the two room schools at Sturgeon Lake. Here she stayed with the Severin Klosowski family. The nationality in this area is predominately Polish, and she tells of Polish weddings where festivities lasted several days. Plates were broken with silver dollars for an opportunity to dance with the bride. Lena taught the Meadow Lawn school where she stayed at the Pete Brackenbury home. Clara Adler, Lena's good friend, had married Peter and wanted Lena to stay with them.



Lena & Alian Wicklund

Lena and Alian were married at Pine City on January 18, 1926, attended by her sister and brother, Helen and Herman.

Our brothers were now young men. Herman had worked at Proctor,



Power Dam House

Minnesota for some time, had been a substitute mail carrier, and worked for the Eastern Minnesota Power Company in the power house by the dam over Snake River, east of Pine City.

Mrs. Caroline Engler Dies
 Mrs. Caroline Engler passed away last Friday morning at the home of her son, Louis Schmidt, at the old place about four miles west of the village, from hemorrhage which was caused by bronchitis, from which she has suffered for about four years. Funeral services were held at the George Wick home at 1 o'clock, Sunday afternoon, and from the German Lutheran church at 2 p. m., Pastor Gebker preaching the funeral sermon.
 Mrs. Engler was born in Germany in 1845 and came to this country when about 20 years of age. Three years later she was married to her first husband—Mr. Schmidt—in Ohio. Following his death she was married to Mr. Engler in Clay county, Minn., in 1884 and they came to Pine County in 1898 when they at once settled at the place where she passed away, Mr. Engler having died there seven years ago.
 She is mourned by four children—Louis and Herman Schmidt and Edames, Fred Engler and George, with whom hosts of friends are mourning her death. The pall bearers at the funeral were, Frank Wiedemann, Gustav Myers, Geo. Dorr, A. R. Heyrlich, Otto Becker and Wm. Glasow.

Card of Thanks
 We wish to extend our sincere thanks to all for the sympathy and assistance extended by kind neighbors and friends on all sides during the illness and at the recovery of our beloved mother.
 Children of
 Mrs. Caroline Engler
 and families.

**The Pine County Pioneer
 February 21, 1918**

On April 2, 1921 Herman and Ruth Bowers were married in Duluth.

The young couple lived in an apartment over Dr. Wiseman's office in Pine City. Later Herman purchased a lot on Cross Lake. Relatives and friends gathered early one Sunday morning for a "house raising." Before nightfall the entire frame was up and closed in. It was an exciting day for us young children. I remember homemade ice cream was in great quantity.



Herman & Ruth

Walter was still at home. He had bought a forty acre tract near the home place and was clearing and breaking this new land. Always kind and gentle, he was his mother's great joy.



**Emmy & Walter
about 1920**

Ida had completed high school and, following her older sisters' pattern, also took teachers' training and taught the John Sway school at Kerrick. She stayed at the Sway home. Here she became acquainted with Naomi Clewitt (now Mattson) and they became very good friends, a friendship which has lasted over the years.

While at home the north upstairs room was Ida's. This is the coziest of the upstairs rooms, and I always liked to play there, but Ida never seemed to mind.

Ida dreamed a lot in her sleep and would sometimes talk. Louise, Emilie and Helen were always trying to get her to talk about her boyfriends, but it seems, unsuccessfully. One dream she must have dreamed quite frequently as the girls related that she would say, "blood, blood, three pails of blood." This must have made a great impression on me as a young child, as I can still vision three pails overflowing with blood.

As I am also a part of this family, I must also be a part of this history; being the youngest I am sure I was probably the most pampered. I know I had a happy childhood. My place at the table was next to Papa where he could watch over me. Whenever we had cake he would say he did not like frosting and cutting it off his piece would put it on my plate. I really believed for years that he did not like it and could not understand anyone not liking such a delicacy!



very

My first remembrance with any clarity are my periodical attacks of appendicitis. Each spring with the ripening of wild berries, these attacks would occur. I can remember being forbidden to eat the wild raspberries that grew below the hill from our home. How could a youngster of four or five resist those bits of red, sweet juicy temptation? Not I! I do not recall even being sorry I had fallen to temptation when I was lying in bed trying to be quietly “sick” into a large rag Mother had put by the bed. Trying not to disturb Mother who was asleep beside me knowing that she had worked hard all day and was tired. I can still see the patten of the lamp glove shadow on the ceiling of the bedroom. Mother always left the lamp burning when I was sick.



Dr. Wiseman

When I had the final attack in April, 1921 Dr. Wiseman, sitting with Papa on the trunk at the foot of the bed, said my appendix would have to come out as I might not survive another attack. The only help known then was to pack the patient in ice, with no water to drink. At least that is my recollection! I can remember begging for a drink, and when Mother held a damp cloth to my parched lips, grabbing the cloth and trying to suck a drop of water into my mouth.

Hospital and surgery at that time, for us at least, was an unknown, and I was terrified. One time (I remember clearly Emilie and I were carrying wood for the kitchen stove.) I refused to take the medicine prescribed for me, and Emilie, thinking only of making me take it, told me that if I did not take it, I would have to go to the hospital and be cut with a big knife. Of course, she thought if she could get me to take the medicine I would never have to have the operation. She was only a little girl trying to help her still younger sister. Now when the time came to go, I remembered this very vividly. Mother went with me, by train, to the Miller Hospital where Dr. Wiseman met us. It must have been a terrible experience for Mother to have me wheeled away from her to the operating room crying, “They are going to kill me.” I had visions of a room with walls lined with large butcher knives.



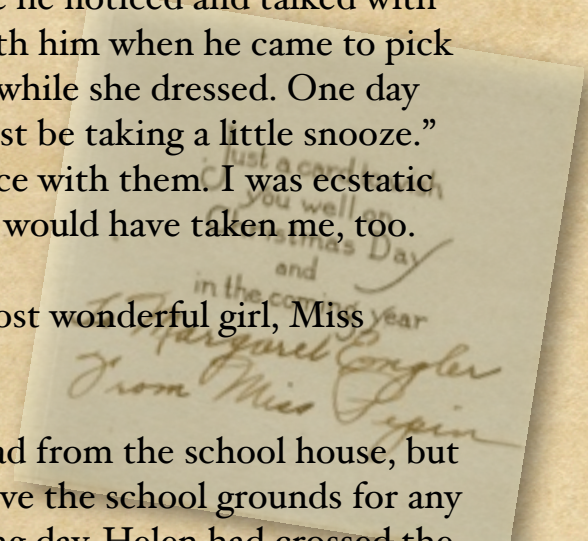
Helen, who thought she would never see me again, had sent her precious Peterkins with me, and after the effects of ether had worn off and the “up chucking” had stopped, I was given my first food. Ice cream on my sixth birthday! From then on, it was fun. Then came the happy day when a strange man peeked into the room and spoke to me. It was Papa, with his mustache shaved off, come to take us home. Such a rejoicing when we reached home. I can only say how blest to be so loved.

Ida had been going “steady” with young Pete Beavers for some time, and on April 22, 1921 they were secretly married at Lindstrom in Chisago County. (When I was lying in the hospital!) The marriage was kept secret as Ida had contracted to teach the Appleby School on Highway No. 6, south of Pine City, and married women were not eligible to teach in that district. However, as the year progressed and Ida found they were to have a child, the secret had to be disclosed and she resigned as teacher.

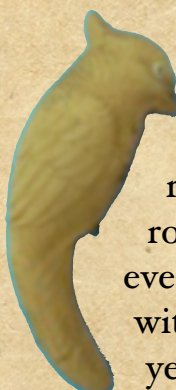


Ida & Pete & daughters

Pete was a great favorite of mine, I suppose, because he noticed and talked with me as an individual. I would always run to sit in the car with him when he came to pick up Ida, and we would have such interesting conversations while she dressed. One day she was particularly slow getting ready, and I said, “Ida must be taking a little snooze.” Another time Ida had told me she would take me to a dance with them. I was ecstatic until Mother said, “NO” and then absolutely desolate. Ida would have taken me, too.



I had started school and had as my first teacher a most wonderful girl, Miss Dorothy Pepin (Mrs. Peter Resch.)



Our mail box was directly across the road from the school house, but the rule was that we smaller ones were not to leave the school grounds for any reason! After the mailman had gone this one spring day, Helen had crossed the road to get the mail from our box, and there was a package for me, the first I had ever received! She called across the forbidden road that I had a package, and without thinking, I dashed across to get it. It was from Pete, three little birds, one yellow, one pink and one red with a larger parrot, oh my what a treasure! Of course, Miss Pepin saw me, and I had to stay in my seat for one whole recess. The only punishment I ever received in all my school years. My gift was worth it, I still have them perched on plants around my own home, a little faded and cracked, but still beautiful to me.

Ida and Pete left soon after revealing their marriage for Marshalltown, Iowa where Pete was employed. They returned to the Rush City area some years later where they still reside.

Following her sisters' footsteps, Louise had been attending high school in Pine City. During her sophomore year she left school to marry Art Bloom on August 1, 1921, with her sister, Ida, and George Bloom as attendants.



Louise & Art Bloom

They lived in the Village of Rush City where Art was

employed at the flour mill. It was here on May 31, 1922 that their son, Kenneth was born.

Kenneth, a tiny little boy, was born with yellow jaundice, a little wrinkled skin stretched around his tiny frame, crept into my heart at first sight and was always to remain there. Louise, being such a young mother, and with Kenny, such a sick little newborn, Mother went to take care of them and I went with her. I was only seven at that time, but old enough to watch (and I thought, help) the tiny life spark begin to blossom under the constant care and love received.

Our parents had taught us to respect each other, as well as things belonging to others. Nothing belonging to a sister or brother was used or played with unless we received permission. A trait I hold most highly. We might have tried to “get by” with Mother, but we knew our father would uphold her decision, and with him we never argued! Except maybe Helen, always bolder than I, sometimes called Papa “The Old Kaiser” and got away with it. She was always the ingenious one, I, the follower.



Such wonderful happy years we had; each summer we would clean the remaining corn and mice from the log corn crib, and set up our play housekeeping quarters. Ione Stevens had given me a set of china dishes (I still have them) and Helen made a cupboard from a wooden box which she nailed to the wall of the corncrib. It was complete with shelves and curtains to cover the opening. This was the ONLY time I recall her miscalculating: the nail used in fastening the cupboard to the wall was not large enough to hold

the weight of the filled cupboard. It crashed to the floor, and some of my dishes were broken. Sister Helen tells me I did not speak to her for three whole days, and she was desolate. I do not remember that, but must have been really shaken to have kept my silence for that length of time. However, that was the only casualty, and we had great fun. Helen made curtains that we hung to divide the crib into rooms, and somewhere resurrected rugs for the floor. She sewed, hammered and painted, with a beautiful little white table decorated with pick flowers as a result. To me, this was all very fascinating, especially the board she fastened between the cracks in the logs for a drain, now we had running water, if only OUT it was still wonderful.



I only recall Emilie playing with us once, on one of her “visits” home from Augusta's. She brought us sliced cucumbers to add to our feast. Usually we had fried egg

daisies, bread, pies and cakes we had fashioned from the red clay we carried from the creek and baked in the oven.

Later Father build a new chicken house for the baby chicks ordered by mail and picked up at the post office or delivered to the house by the mailman, Peter Resch. (Peter married my first grade teacher, Dorothy Pepin.) After the chicks had grown and were moved out of the new house, Helen and I moved in. My happy memories are still in the old log corncrib though, much as we enjoyed the new house.



When I was small, each time I rode in the buggy, I would become seasick. Our annual visit to Sister Florence's was something I looked forward to with dread. As soon as we reached their home near Braham, Florence would put me to bed upstairs, and there I would stay, retching, until it was time to start home. After Walter bought his Model T Ford, we made the trip in shorter time than with the horses, and while the ride still affected me, it was not as severe as before.

On one of these visits Edward gave me a tiny collie puppy! It was truly love at first sight for both of us. Wherever i went, the puppy was right beside me, so we named him "Tag-along" and called him "Tag." He slept under my bed when he did not crawl in beside me and dear, understanding Mother pretended not to notice.



After Tag was full grown, Helen and I pretended Tag and a tame sheep (one we had probably bottle fed as a lamb) were our riding horses. Helen braided bridles, and she on the sheep and I on Tag, would gallop across the pasture. Not really riding, we would straddle our mount and run along with them I had no difficulty with Tag, he would go wherever I led, but Helen's sheep was another matter. When we came to the creek, we had to pull her across as sheep do not like water. Then we would have to pull her back again. Helen recalls

Papa saying, "Now you girls leave that sheep alone." I do not remember that. We never disobeyed and we did continue to ride until we outgrew our trusty steeds.

We were always thoughtful and never overworked our animals. At regular intervals we would tie them to a tree and feed them mash mixed with milk or water, taken from the calf meal sacks. The sheep did not seem to mind as shown by her own act. We would leave her in the pasture after our ride, but when we reached the house, she would be right at our heels. Many hours we spent fixing the fence, tying all the open spaces shut with binder twine, but she always found a way through and came to the house looking for us

So many interesting discoveries we made on these excursions, the springs along the creek; how excited we were the time we located a new one down the hill from the old house in the creek bottom (Bear Creek). The Killdeer birds nested in the pasture. When we came near their nests the mother birds would pretend to be crippled and would hop away from the nest, thinking to lead us astray. Then Helen and I would search and search in the area from which she was trying to lead us. Many times we would find the nest, but never touched, only looked.



On one excursion to the creek we were leaning over the railing of the bridge looking down, and young birds in a nest fastened to the inside of the culvert became frightened and fluttered out of the nest and into the cold creek water. We knew they were not old enough to fly and Helen dashed down the bank, into the water, caught the young birds and put them back into their nest. They promptly hopped out again into the water; this was repeated several times until the tiny exhausted birds stayed in the nest, and we ran quickly home hoping they would stay there safely if we were not there.



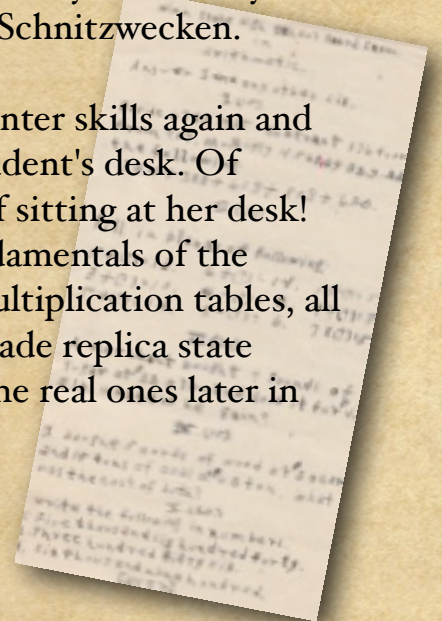
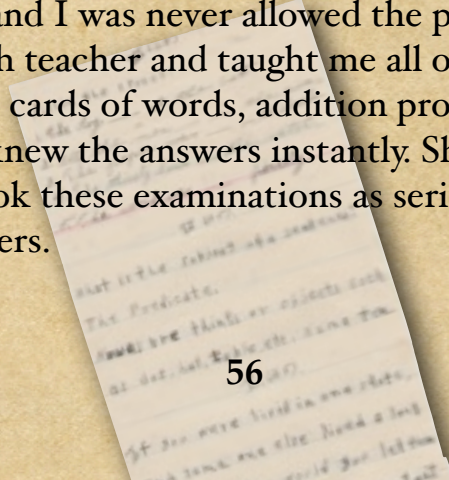
One spring we found a wild mother rabbit's nest back of the machine shed filled with tiny balls of living fur, we were enchanted and made many daily visits to the nest. One time the dogs followed and on our next visit the nest was torn and empty. We felt we were murderers.



All seasons were fun times, in the fall of the year we would pick many sacks of hazel nuts that grew in our pasture along the Snake River. it was a great day when Mother and spread the nuts husks were dried we “winter cracking” and thought I was now old enough to climb the ladder to dry on the roof of the horse barn. After the would peel it from the nut and they were ready for for Mother's good Christmas Schnitzwecken.



Helen, always the imaginative, I, the plodder, plied her carpenter skills again and from wooden boxes and boards she made a teacher's desk and a student's desk. Of course, she was the teacher and I was never allowed the privilege of sitting at her desk! She was a strict and thorough teacher and taught me all of the fundamentals of the lower grades. She made flash cards of words, addition problems, multiplication tables, all of which we studied until I knew the answers instantly. She even made replica state examination forms, and I took these examinations as seriously as the real ones later in school. I still have these papers.



During the summer months we farmed. I believe it was Augusta who had given Helen a wagon. She immediately stripped the box from it so we had a hay rack. the next step was to manufacture hay slings. At that time the rope sling was something yet to come; slat slings were all we knew. Using binder twine for rope and sticks from the lumber pile for slats, the slings were easily made. But now how to fasten the ends together around the hay? I trusted Helen to think of a solution, and surely enough, in Mother's button drawer she found a huge hook and eye. She



fastened one part to each end of the sling, and we were ready to make hay. We had cut sweet clover that grew along the edge of the road. I was the horse (naturally) pulling the hay rack on which was spread that intriguing sling. Helen loaded the hay onto the wagon, and I pulled it back to our barn, an area we had roped off between the trees in back of the smoke house. Helen had also fastened a rope for a track between two trees so we could pull our sling of hay up from the wagon and

over to the spot where we wanted to drop it. She had also fastened a string to the hook so when the sling full of hay reached this spot, she could trip the load by pulling the string attached to the hook. How I longed to trip that load, just once! But Helen said, "No! You are the horse, I made the sling." This was true, and a horse should not have such a lofty aspiration.

Another incident should be noted. Louise and Emilie had been told to take care of their smaller sister, Helen. After awhile they became tired of her trailing them everywhere they went and told her to stay home and they started across the field to the old house. Naturally she followed them and Emilie threw an empty thread spool at her, not meaning to hit her, but her aim was too good and she hit Helen in the eye. Louise and Emilie, immediately contrite and frightened, promised Helen a small pullet egg, a prize they had been saving for themselves. Helen, not easily swayed, went home and, pouting under the dining room table, printed on the bottom of the table, "Emilie hit me in the eye with a spul (sic), I don't lik (sic) her anymore," Emilie now has the table with the message still there.

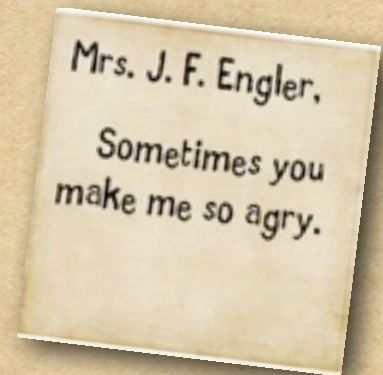


Another time Emilie was sick and in her bed in the east room, (Louise, Emilie and Helen slept in this room) and Helen crawled under the bed, unknown to Emilie who was asleep. Helen raised up under the bed, pushing up the spring and frightening Emilie half into hysterics. Her screams brought Mother flying up the stairs. Helen was poked out from under the bed with a stick which was then probably applied to the proper place.

Helen loved her dolls and took care of them as though they were real babies. She cut a piece from Ida's new white graduation or confirmation dress (not sure which) and sewed it into a garment for one of her dolls.

I was just the opposite, dolls and sewing did not hold too much interest for me. My time was spent lying on Papa's bed, with both bedroom doors closed, reading. I read every book in our school library many times.

I do not recall ever questioning our parents' decisions, but evidently one time I did. I do not recall what I wanted to do, but Mother said, "No." Not having the courage to openly oppose her, I wrote a note saying, "Mrs. J.F. Engler, sometimes you make me so agry." Helen saved the note and gave it back to me years after.



Father and the boys still continued to cut hay in the swamp to mix with the horse feed until the home place was producing better and until neighboring acreage was available to rent. When the men were working the swamp, Mother would take their meals to them. One time she took Helen and me with her. There was no road and as the buggy bumped across the rocks, Helen was told to hold me from falling out of the buggy while Mother drove. As we lurched over a particularly large rock, Helen reverted to the primitive "preservation of self first," and letting go of her hold on me hung onto the buggy so SHE would not be thrown out. Of course, I flew out, landing on the rocks by the horse's feet. The horse stopped short of stepping on me, and I was unharmed.



Christmas was always a happy time.

There might be only one gift for each of us, but we never even thought of that as not being the way it could be. I would have to go to bed early on Christmas eve so Santa

could come. The tree would be standing in

the living room waiting to be trimmed. In the morning Papa would ring our sleigh bells as though

Santa were leaving, and I would scramble out of bed to

the magnificence of the decorated tree. We had real candles on the tree, but these could only be lighted when Papa was through with the evening chores so he could watch that one of the candles did not burn too close to the tree and a fire be started.



When I was a little older, Helen and I would present a Christmas program each Christmas. Again she was the instructor while I was the performer. She would hang a curtain between the dining and living rooms and pull these between each poem or whatever I was giving, while I would run into the bedroom and change costumes for the next act. We would wait until Papa was through with chores so the entire family was in attendance.

It may have been a holdover bought a bronco. He was a very followed his own town or going home along the river road. continue until he he would trot on which direction he was headed.



from Texas days, but Father independent fellow and inclinations. When going to he would stop at a certain spot Nothing could persuade him to made up his own mind, then to town depending upon

Mother had driven the bronco to Emma Hoefler's wedding. (I believe Helen was with her.) She had been given a large piece of wedding cake to take home to the family. On the way home the bronco started to run, and Mother could not restrain him. Home he flew, no stop by the Copper Mines this day! When they raced into the yard at home and stopped, Mother looked for the cake. It had broken into pieces and by rolling around on the floor of the buggy had formed into perfect little balls. They all had a good laugh after the fright was over.

We have a picture of the bronco wearing deer horns the boys had fastened to his head. They thought his antics great sport.

Over the years Father had turned our "scrub grade" cows into a fine herd of purebred Holsteins which were top producers with a high butterfat test. (He was a member of the Holstein Friesian Association.) Some of the cows had to be milked three times a day. No.1 was one of the cows to be milked at noon, I thought it so queer that she should have no name, only a number. Pauline was another good producer. She usually had twin heifers. One time she jumped over the fence and cut the tip of one teat off. The milk would run from her continuously, and Papa had to sell her. This was a great loss as she had cost \$300 when cattle were selling for from \$50 to \$60 each.



Always a leader in the community, Father was first to have new farm equipment. I remember well the thrill of the side-delivery hay rack and the hay-loader which relieved the pitching of hay onto the load by hand. He was first to use commercial fertilizer and lime to replace minerals in the soil. He was first to plant alfalfa for hay. The first years

the alfalfa seed had to be germinated before planting. This came in a package similar to a snuff box. Papa would lay a large canvas over the living room floor, and after having mixed the seed with the germ by hand in a wash tub, would spread the seed on this canvas for a day or so until planted.



Our father was also one of the group which organized the Farmer's Cooperative Creamery. He served as a director on the first board, and I believe was still serving at the time of his death. He firmly believed the only way farmers could improve their status was by “sticking together” as he put it. The Cooperative Creamery was the first step in this direction.

The heated arguments our father and Uncle Herman would have whenever they get together! Uncle Herman would sell his cream wherever he could get a fraction of a cent more, and could never understand that if all would work together, they would be in a position to control.

Father also served on the Town Board and on the School Board for practically all of the years he lived in Chengwatana. He insisted on hiring well qualified teachers (some of the board members were satisfied with teachers who would teach for low wages and did not care about their qualifications) and saw that they had good material with which to work. The only bad feature in our little schoolhouse was the furnace. I believe there was an error in the installation of the registers. The heat register was placed near the ceiling while the cold air register was near the floor. As heated air is lighter than cold, naturally the heat stayed near the ceiling while down below we froze. On real cold days, we would have our classes in the basement standing around the old fashioned wood stove (the kind with a jacket.) We roasted in front and froze behind, but did not mind and never thought to complain. Imagine what the reaction would be today in such a situation. We had great fun when the boys threw 22 shells in the stove when teacher's back was turned.



Emilie had left school upon graduation from the eighth grade, but I rarely remember her at home. Most of the time she was across the river helping Augusta who now had a growing family of her own.

When Emilie was seventeen she went to Saint Paul to work. Accompanying her were Ellen, Alma and Emma Johnson, and Alma and Effie Carlson from the Braham area. Alma Carlson was a mother to the younger girls, rarely letting them out of her sight.



Emilie Engler

I am sure our parents had many anxious moments in letting this young daughter go so far from home and especially to such a large city. They had given us a wonderful background of love, respect and thoughtfulness of others. Right was lived in our home, not just words, and above all our parents trusted us. In this way we were prepared to go out into the world when our time came. With this training Emilie made her way to a new strange way of life.

Papa used to joke, to lessen Mother's worry and to cover his own concern, that anyone trying to run away with Emilie "would drop her under the first street light," really a pun as Emilie is undoubtedly the beauty of the family and was Papa's favorite. At least that is what some of the older girls have said.

They would have worried more had they known some of the experiences the girls had. Much later we learned of the unethical landlord where the girls went to the bathroom in numbers so as never to meet him in the hall alone. They moved very quickly from that apartment.

The girls worked in the dining room at the Swedish Hospital.



Swedish Hospital

This is out of order chronologically but is a story of Emilie: One of our cows had been badly cut, and Papa was washing the sore with vinegar. Ida, who was holding the cup of vinegar, fainted and in falling threw the vinegar into Emilie's eyes. She must have been standing close by, watching. Emilie was sure Ida had done this on purpose, but soon got over her anger.

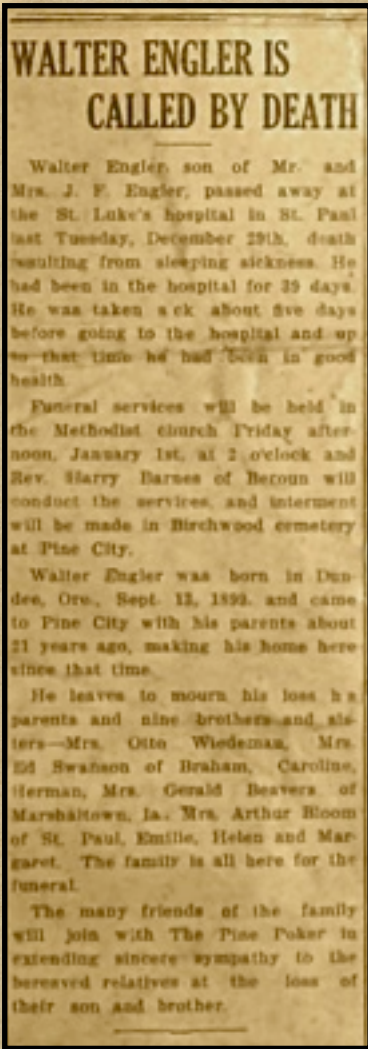


After Emilie left, Helen and I were the only children left at home. Emilie became virtually our fairy godmother. She bought me my first pair of slippers (always shoes before) of black patent leather, new dresses, jewelry, and for Christmas, a combination blackboard and desk!



She soon met a young man from the Isle-Wahkon area who was working in Minneapolis and knew immediately she had met her last "boyfriend."

Emilie and her good friend, Ellen Johnson, left their work one summer to return to Marshalltown, Iowa with Ida, Pete and their small daughter, Phyllis. They had a grand time the few weeks they were there, but Emilie was anxious to come home to "her Mike." they returned to Minneapolis where they found work at Sanitary Food Company.



**The Pine Poker
December 31, 1925**

Now, for the first time in my short life, a black cloud of sorrow settled over our family. Our beloved Walter became seriously ill. Dr. Wiseman's diagnosis was brain tumor. However, specialists at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Paul said "sleeping sickness," and at great cost, treated him for this. Dr. Wiseman's diagnosis was correct.

Louise and Art were now living in St. Paul and Mother stayed with them to be near Walter so she could be with him each day. Papa tried to keep our household normal, but our hearts were heavy. Each morning I would pray on my way to school that Walter would come home well and strong, but this was not to be. On the morning of our school Christmas program, Nels Hamburg, our hired man, came to get me from school, and I knew without being told that word had come that Walter was worse. We went immediately to the hospital, a four hour drive in freezing weather in the Model T Ford. We all stayed at Louise's until on December 29, 1925, early in the morning, Walter left us. A hollow in our family that time cannot fill. Mother never complained, but over the years spoke of Walter often, never forgetting. Almost forty years later, after she had gone to join him, we found among her few keepsakes a little metal matchbox filled with matches and her note "this was Walter's" and that she had taken it from the trousers he had last worn.



As the sun continues to rise and set, so life must go on, and time does ease all sorrow even though one does not forget. Emilie left her work at Sanitary Food and came home to stay with us, thus the heartaches were eased.

The following year Emilie went back to Minneapolis to work at Dayton's Department Store, starting in the dining room and later in the office.



On September 3, 1927 Emilie and Mike were married without telling the folks. It took a little courage on Mike's part to tell Father, but after walking up and down a few times in the barn where Papa was milking, he finally told. It was a happy time as we all loved Mike and had already taken him into the family.

Our father sounded stern, but underneath the exterior, he was very understanding and wanted only the best for his girls. I recall one boyfriend of Emilie's that was afraid to stop at the house for her. As he drove by he would honk the car horn, drive down to the creek, turn around and come back. By this time Emilie was supposed to be out by the road waiting to get into the car. This irked our father as he said if anyone was not willing to show his face, he was not the right kind of friend for his girls.

In the spring of 1928 I graduated from the eighth grade. Sister Helen had been an efficient teacher with a true strictness of the old school. She had taught me such things as subjects, predicates, verbs and so on before I had started school. This enabled me to skip the first and third grades, so even though I had not started school until I was seven years old, I soon found myself with youngsters of my age in class.



I was now ready for high school and this presented a problem. I had never had my hair cut and wore it in long braids down my back. I had wanted to have it cut long before, but Papa liked it long, so long it was. I had never combed or braided it by myself, and now I would have to be away from home without Mother to comb my hair. So screwing up all my courage I went to the barn to have my secret talk with Papa about a hair cut. He was taking care of the horses, and I climbed up on a stall and presented my case. Finally he said, "All right, go and have it cut." Bill Bantleon did the shearing; I still have my hair somewhere among my treasures. Magnus Challeen had always given me a box of candy at Christmas time, but now this came to an abrupt halt. He, like Papa, favored long haired girls.



Bill Bantleon



Our father had never been real well. I recall he always took medicine of some type. As he never complained I, as a youngster, never worried or thought too much about it. Waking up at most any hour of the night, I would see a light burning in the dining room; Papa, unable to sleep, would be reading. This also was traditional over many years and the sign was unheeded.

In the spring of 1929 Papa's condition could no longer be ignored, and in May his good friend, Henry Cornelius, took him to Anoka where a doctor was supposedly helping cancer victims.

I was a freshman in high school at this time, and staying in town with sister Helen at the Frank Bartos home. We had two rooms rented upstairs and did our own cooking and cleaning. I got up very early on the morning they were to leave for Anoka and hiked the five miles home, hoping to reach there before they left. But they had risen even earlier and were already on their way when I reached home.

While Papa was staying at the clinic in Anoka, Mike took him to Rochester where he went through the Mayo Clinic. But they could not help him, and sent him back to Anoka. He was there for about a month, when they too gave no hope and said he should come home where his family could be near and care for him. Helen was still home and learned to give him the hypos that gave him some relief from pain.

On July 27, 1929 our father died, and the rock of security upon which I had been standing all of my life was gone forever.

LAST RITES HELD FOR J. F. ENGLER

John Frederick Engler, resident of the town of Chengwatana for the past 26 years, passed away at his home northeast of Pine City on Wednesday of last week, July 24th.

Mr. Engler had been in poor health for some years but was not taken seriously ill until about two months ago when he went to the Mayo hospital at Rochester and went thru the clinic there. He was informed there was nothing they could do for him and he then went to Anoka, where he remained for 3 weeks receiving medical care. He returned home about a month ago and his condition gradually grew worse.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Carl Steging from the Zion Lutheran church, last Saturday afternoon, July 27th and the remains were laid

The Pine Poker August 1, 1929

LAST RITES HELD FOR J. F. ENGLER

(Continued from page 1. to rest in Birchwood cemetery. The pall bearers were Froot Bell, Anton Drimel, John Becvar, Henry Cornelius, Adolph Wanous, and Anton Wanous.

Mr. Engler was born in Arlorm, Germany, October 3, 1869, and was 59 years, 9 months and 27 days of age. He came to the United States in 1871 and on August 4, 1889. He was united in marriage to Amelia Schmidt in Acorn, Texas. They came to Pine City 26 years ago and have resided in this community since that time. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Amelia Engler, and 8 daughters and 1 son—Augusta, Mrs. Otto Wiedeman of Pine City; Florence, Mrs. Ed Swanson of Braham; Caroline, Mrs. Allan Wicklund of Braham; Herman of Pine City; Ida, Mrs. Jerald Bevers of Rush City; Louise, Mrs. Arthur Bloom of Rush City; Amelia, Mrs. Ed Burklund of Minneapolis; and Helen and Margarete at home. One son, Walter, preceded his father in death on December 29, 1925. Mr. Engler is also survived by three sisters—Mrs. Emil Hoefler and Mrs. George Kick of Pine City and Mrs. Ida Homberger of Oregon.

Mr. Engler was one of the progressive farmers of the community and took an active part in public affairs. He was the first president of the Pine City Co-operative Creamery, was a member of the Hustletown school board for 17 years and was a member of the Chengwatana town board for a number of years. He was a member of the Lutheran church and of the Woodman of the World.

Card of Thanks

Words cannot express our sincere gratitude and appreciation for the help given us by our friends and neighbors during the illness and at the death of our dear husband and father. We wish to thank you all, many times, for anything that you have done to make our loss easier to bear.

Mrs. J. F. Engler and
Children



Papa had told Mother to sell the farm, not to try to operate it by herself. That fall Emilie and Mike bought the farm including stock, machinery and all. Mother and I continued to live on the farm with them.

Helen had graduated from high school in the spring of 1928 and had taken normal training during the 1928-29 year. While in high school Helen had become very good friends with George, son of Dr. and Mrs. R.L. Wiseman. This friendship soon blossomed into a lasting romance.

Upon graduation from normal training, Helen taught the home school, District No. 1, for one year. Then she worked for the East Central Power Company in Pine City and Amery, Wisconsin.



**Helen & George Wiseman
Greta & Bob**

On July 15, 1931 Helen and George were married in the living room at home by Rev. Thompson, Presbyterian Minister with Bill Moses and myself as attendants.

All this was happening during the depression years. It must have been a great struggle for Mike to feed three extra people. Uncle Louis was still living on the farm too, but we were always made to feel so welcome and that the farm was still our home. We never once had the feeling of being unwanted.

I graduated from high school in the spring of 1932. Men were looking for work everywhere, happy if they could work for room and board without pay.

In the summer of 1932 Helen became very ill, and discovered that she and George were to become parents. I went to stay with them to care for Helen and to prepare meals for George. Poor George! To suffer both Helen's and my learning to cook.



On February 23, 1933 twins were born to Helen and George, Greta Ann and Grace Lee. Little Grace was born with a collapsed lung and lived for only twelve hours.

Greta, a tiny mite of four pounds, was coaxed by love and untiring care into life and the fold of her family. Every two hours she had to be fed a few ounces of formula, and being a "little preemie" she wanted to sleep and did not approve of being awakened every two hours. It would take almost the two hours to get her to take the required nourishment, and it was time to start all over again. And the horror of those cork bottles with the cork!! Being premature, she had to be kept warm, and this meant being tucked in with these bottles filled with warm water. I will never forget my worry of the cork popping out, and I being the one who scalded the little precious.

I finally found temporary work at the Pine City Hardware, then owned by Arvid Swanson (Mel's father) and Norman Schroeder. I stayed at the Schroeder home and helped with the children and housework during the evenings and worked at the store during the day. This I liked, housework-NO! But it was work for which I was paid and I was grateful.

About this time Uncle Louis bought the Stelzner home on Cross Lake in Pine City Town, and Mother and I went to live with him, Mother doing the housework.

Every day I would row across the lake to see Mr. Clint Boo, who was in charge of the Unemployment Office in Pine City. Finally, in desperation to be rid of persistent me, I believe, he found work for me with Francis Brady, the Emergency County Agent. This was in the spring of 1935. We worked in the old Village Hall which was located next to the courthouse and used county equipment as much as possible. Much of my work was the typing of seed and feed loan applications. I did most of this work in the Auditor's office using the typewriter there.



Staff from the office of the Emergency County Agent in front of old village hall.

Joe Therrien was the auditor at that time, and when there was a vacancy in his office in September of that year, he asked me if I would work for him. Need I say that I was the luckiest girl in the world! Mr. Therrien told me later that he had chosen me because even though I had been working only a few days, girls who had been there

much longer asked me how to do the loans. I had really not been told myself, but as there was no one to ask, had used common sense. They must have been right, as the loans came through, approved by the state and federal governments.



I began my employ in the auditor's office on September 29, 1935 and have been there ever since. I certainly had never expected my stay to have been this long.

Louise and Art had parted some time ago. After working at Stacy for a time, Louise and Kenny came to care for Helen when Bob was born. On June 7, 1936 Louise was married to Clair Shuey, and she and Kenny went to live on the "Shuey Farm" about eight miles east of Pine City on the St. Croix Road.



Louise & Clair Shuey

Herman's wife, Ruth, had passed away. Herman had taken his family to California. On March 25, 1936 he and Dorothy Beatrice LaTourneau were married at Sacramento, California.



Margaret & Tony Holler

During my junior year in high school I had begun to "go steady" with Fred Holler, better known as "Tony." After a long courtship, due to the long years of unemployment during the depression, we were married on October 6, 1942.



In 1948 we built our home on a small tract of land purchased from Uncle Louis, a point extending into Cross Lake. A tiny piece of the original farm Grandfather Engler had owned almost a hundred years before. It was on this point that the Chippewa Indians held their ceremonial dances, Deborah Roberts told me. She could remember the dances with the lighted torches reflecting into the waters of the lake.



Margaret & Tony Holler Home



**Emilie Engler
and her daughters
1951**

In September, 1953 Mother came to live with us. This was her home until June 13, 1963 when, after thirty-four widowed years, she was relieved of her earthly cares and duties and was called to join the loved ones who had preceded her into eternal life.

Mother had suffered a stroke on May 27th from which her tiny aged body could not recover. The cycle, which had begun in Germany ninety-four years before, had been completed.



**The Engler Girls & Aunt Theresa Kick
1963**

Death Comes To Mrs. J. F. Engler

On Saturday, June 15, funeral services were held at the First Presbyterian church for Mrs. J. F. (Emilie) Engler, Pine City, who passed away Thursday, June 13, at her home at the age of 91. Rev. Douglas Throckmorton officiated at the services held at two o'clock in the afternoon. Music was played by Mrs. A. W. Smith. Pallbearers were Calvin Grandt, Chester Cornelius, Walter Blanchard, Gene Olson, Earl Hammagren and Robert Shuey. Interment was at Birchwood cemetery, Pine City.

Mrs. Engler was born September 14, 1871 at Akron, Ohio, to Louis and Caroline (Hombberger) Schmidt. On August 4, 1889 she was married to John Frederick Engler at Franklin, Texas. They came to Pine City in 1903. She was ill for about two weeks before she passed away. Her husband and one son preceded her in death.

"Grandma" Engler kept busy painting and making rag rugs up until the day of her stroke which caused her death. She also continued with her pioneer art of making corn husk mats and slippers, some of which are on display at the Minnesota Historical society.

She is survived by one son, Herman, Oakdale, Calif.; eight daughters, Mrs. Otto (Augusta) Wiedemann, Mrs. Clair (Louise) Shuey, Mrs. E. L. (Emilie) Birke-land, Mrs. Fred (Margaret) Hol-ler, Pine City, Mrs. Edward (Flo-rence) Swanson, Mrs. Allan (Car-oline) Wicklund, Braham, Mrs. G. W. (Ida) Beavers, Rush City, Mrs. George (Helen) Wiseman, Frederic, Wis.; one sister, Mrs. George (Theresa) Kick, Pine City; one brother, Louis Schmidt, Pine City; 22 grandchildren; 48 great-grandchildren.

**The Pine Poker-Pioneer
June 1963**

After thoughts--

When Mother first moved to Ottertail County from Ohio, the prairie was still marked with Buffalo Rings. The buffalo were gone, but the scenes of their fights still remained. The buffalo bulls would fight by putting their heads together and circling around and around. The dirt was packed so tightly that the prairie grass could not grow in these circles.

When Herman was ill from scarlet fever, Papa would hold him up to the window so that his sisters and brother could see him. They were all so anxious and worried.

There were no hummingbirds in Germany, and Grandfather Engler thought he would send one back so that his family could see one of the tiny creatures. He had placed it on the window sill in their home. Uncle Willie, a little boy who had probably never had enough meat at one time to satisfy his hunger, picked the bird with the thought of cooking it.

When I was sick, Tag laid outside my bedroom window all the while I was in bed. My school teacher came to see me; when she walked by the window, he bit her. He was protecting me as he was very gentle. When I was in the hospital he would not eat the entire time I was gone.

I had never given much thought to Grandfather Schmidt until just recently reading Duane Swanson's clipping from the Elkhart, Indiana newspaper, captioned "A Lonely Man Dies." He had never remarried and had never seen his family since the children were small. Uncle Herman was just a baby in arms. My heart is heavy for all the sorrow in this life.

Family Genealogy

Johan Frederick **Engler**

b 1834 Germany

d August 3, 1906 Pine City

Married Charlotte Fisher d 1876

Ida 1867

John Frederick Jr 1869

William 1871

Louise 1875

Carolina Homberger -

b May 9, 1845 Germany

d Feb, 15, 1918 Pine City

Married Louis **Schmidt**

Emilie 1871

Louis 1874

Herman 1877

In 1884 Carolina Homberger Schmidt
married Johan Frederick **Engler**

Therese 1885

Grandchildren of Johan Frederick Engler & Carolina Homberger Schmidt

Emilie Schmidt b 1871 Ohio d 1963 Pine City, married in Texas 1889, moved to PC 1903

Married John Frederick **Engler** Jr b 1869, d 1929

Augusta 1892	Ida 1902
Florence 1893	Louise 1905
Carolina/Lena 1895	Emilie 1907
Herman 1897	Helen 1910
Walter 1899	Margaret 1915

Ida Engler- b 1867 lived in Oregon

Married John Frederick **Homberger** b. 1854

Mary 1885	Bruno 1896
John 1890	Dora 1898
Ida 1892	Idella 1901
Katy 1894	

Herman Schmidt b 1877

Married Lena

Leonard 1910	Helen 1914
Lawrence 1912	Walter 1919
Hattie 1914	

William Engler- b 1871

Married Louise **Kick**

William 1896	Carl 1904	
Fred 1898	Elizabeth 1909	<i>approximate dates</i>
Ruben 1901		

Louise Engler 1875, d July 8 1953

Married Emil **Hoefler** b 1873

Emma 1896	Marie 1905	
Raymond 1897	Royal 1909	<i>approximate dates</i>
Margaret 1900		

Therese Engler- b 1885

Married George Ernest **Kick** b 1884

Carl 1910	Glen 1922
Florence 1913	Harold 1924
Margaret 1915	William 1926
Waldo 1918	Clark 1928
Robert 1920	

Children & Grandchildren of John Frederick Engler Jr & Emilie Schmidt Engler

Augusta and Otto Wiedemann:

Eleanor Mary - March 24, 1919
 Roland Joseph - April 2, 1920
 Kenneth Frederick - August 24, 1921
 Adrienne Augusta - August 28, 1923
 Lorraine Emilie - January 16, 1931



Otto Wiedemann Family June 1949



**Adrienne Wiedemann
& Daniel Hejney
1951**



**Lorraine Wiedemann
& Ray Rohweder
1949**



**Eleanor Wiedemann
1943**

Florence and Edward Swanson:

Evelyn Magdalena - July 28, 1916
 Glenn Ormer - September 11, 1919



**Florence & Edward
1960**

Caroline and Alian Wicklund:

Duane Aldon - August 6, 1929



**Lena & Alian
Wicklund
1949**

Herman and Ruth Engler:

Arden Alfred -- February 10, 1922
Ardus Adel - August 14, 1923
Bernice Elaine - January 1, 1925



**Herman and Dorothy Engler
1969**

Herman and Dorothy Engler:

Carole Ann - April 19, 1937
John Frederick - August 18, 1938
Janet Louise - September 27, 1948

Ida and Gerald (Pete) Beavers:

Phyllis Jeanette - April 19, 1922
Geraldine Helen - November 7, 1929
Donna Lou - August 29, 1931



Geri Beaver



Donna Beaver

Louise and Arthur Bloom:

Kenneth Arthur - May 31, 1922

Louise and Clair Shuey:

Patricia Adelle - September 23, 1939



**Mary Louise &
Pat Shuey
& Barbara
Holler**

Emilie and Everette (Mike) Birkeland:

Beverly Jean - March 16, 1934

Helen and George Wiseman:

Greta Ann - February 23, 1933
Grace Lee - February 23, 1933
Robert Frederick - January 22, 1935



**Greta
Wiseman**



**Bob
Wiseman**

Margaret and Fred (Tony) Holler:

Barbara Ann - February 7, 1944
Brian Todd - December 13, 1962

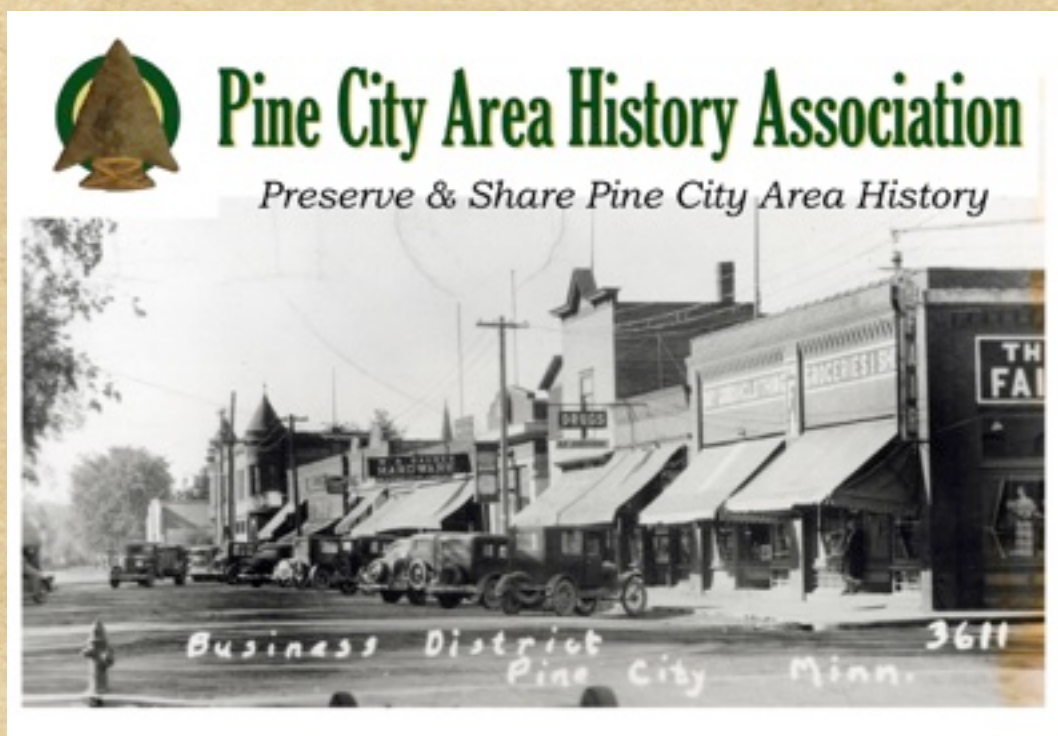


A local history project by:
Pine City Area History Association
Preserve & Share Pine City Area History

The Pine City Area History Association is grateful to Margaret Engler Holler, Clark and Harold Kick, Robert Shuey, and Duane Swanson for sharing family photos, artifacts and memories. It is opportunities like this that make it possible for us to achieve our mission of preserving and sharing Pine City area history.

To learn more about the Pine City Area History Association, visit us on Facebook at: facebook.com/PineCityHistory

or visit our Website at:
pinecityhistory.weebly.com



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THE ENGLERS

BY MARGARET ENGLER HOLLER



Emmy Engler
1944



*Margaret Engler
Holler*
2016



Emmy Engler & her daughters
1936