

Katherine Coleman

Interviewed by Ruth Doyle on June 23, 1983 at an unknown location.

Oral history tape number: 33

Well, right back of that old house there was a very small little house – clapboard, as I remember it – but cozy, and that’s where I was... let’s see, was I born there? I think so. I think that I was born there. It was just off the Square. The Elks Club was on the corner and this took up the back part of the front side of the Elks Club. I think that’s the way it was. Now, what did you want me to say?

How many sisters and brothers did you have?

I had an older sister, Margaret. Do you mean at that time? Or all together?

All together.

I had an older sister Margaret; a brother, who was just a year younger than I, Jerome; and two younger sisters, Elizabeth and Ellen. There were five of us. But they weren’t all born in that little house.

You had to move before they all came, I imagine.

We moved over to 416 Wisconsin Avenue, which is where the Masonic Temple was at that time, on the corner of Wisconsin Avenue and Johnson Street. We rented a house [unclear] where Dr. Claypool was. Do you remember Dr. Claypool? He was a famous early surgeon. He was born and brought up in Madison. He still has some relatives here. He was moving to Chicago, taking his practice and going to Chicago, and we rented his house.

Is your father[Louis Rollin Head] a doctor?

[Unclear]. I think that was 309 Wisconsin Avenue. It was right next door to the Masonic Temple. I can remember that my sister and I, after the family had put us to bed – we always slept in the same room – we would crawl down to the foot of our beds and look out that side window and see all of the fine people coming to go to a party at the Masonic Temple.

All dressed up.

Yes! They’d have these big parties and the doors would be open and the lights on.

Did you hear the music?

You’d hear the music. I suppose Mother and Father knew that we were doing that, but we didn’t tell them. We thought we were hiding it. We lay there by our window and watched those elegant people, dressed elegantly, come in to a party at the Masonic Temple.

Is that the same Masonic Temple that is there now? Or have they had a new building?

I must tell you in the beginning that my memory is not very good; it’s vague about things that far back. As I remember it, the Masonic Temple was on the corner. There was a driveway where my father drove in next to it and that was all that separated us from the Masonic Temple.

The Christian Science Church?

On the other side.

I see. You were on the Johnson Street side.

We were on the Johnson Street side. Judge [Jairus H.] Carpenter lived right next door to us and he was... well, I can’t tell you... all of these are sort of disjointed memories. But I remember that there was a crabapple tree between our house and Judge Carpenter’s and we were not supposed to eat those crabapples because they were [unclear]. That didn’t deter us particularly and we used

to get what in those days was called cholera morbus.

Miserable, in other words.

Of course, we didn't know what cholera morbus meant, but it hurt.

Where did you go to school?

Well, when I got old enough to go to school, First Ward. Do you know where First Ward was? It was on Johnson Street. Third Ward school was the place where we all went to school. I didn't go to kindergarten there. I think I went to a private kindergarten that some mothers got together and organized. I can't really say about the sequence, but we did go to a kindergarten and I think that it was in the Third Ward School. Third Ward School became [unclear], didn't it?

I don't know. Brayton School. Was it on Wilson Street?

Washington Avenue. What was the one on Washington Avenue?

I don't know. I wasn't around then. I was growing up in Wausau.

Well, I can't tell you, but anyway we used to walk... the first Capitol was there and the driveways through the Capitol were tar, pebbled tar.

Hard on the shoes.

Hard on the shoes. And I'm ashamed to say, we used to dig some of the salt tar out and chew it.

It didn't hurt your teeth any, did it?

Didn't hurt our teeth, but my goodness, it must have been dirty. Well, there were no horses that went through the Capitol at that time.

So you were spared that. You weren't eating any horse droppings.

Oh, no.

You were at Central High School. A lot of the kids from the grade school, I suppose didn't go on to high school in those days, did they?

I can't quite remember that, but I have a feeling that they organized what they called the Sixth Ward, which was out near Orton Park. They organized classes out there and they took the same classes out at that little branch of the high school.

That's interesting. Why did they do that? Was the school too crowded?

Well, the distances were so great and there was just a streetcar to take. It took I don't know how long, stopping at every two or three blocks. It would take an hour to get downtown. I must tell you that I had one or two what they call cerebral accidents, which has not cleared my memory but it just confused me about some things.

That's all right. I'm not worried about exact dates or anything like that. What kind of a high school was it? Did they have a lot of activity in high school? Belong to the Latin club and plays and parties?

Yes, yes. And that's where I learned to speak. I gave the commencement address when I graduated. I was trained in what was oratory by Miss Mary McGovern. Would there be any chance of you remembering her? Well, she was the English teacher. She was very strict and people were afraid of her, the students. But she picked me out to train me in giving that

graduation speech, which I did.

That must have been a thrill.

It didn't mean so awfully much to me. I was chosen above one or two others, girls who had the proper marks, who had been in competition for it. But it didn't... and I can remember when I went back home and the newspapers had already had the selection. I just can't remember, but anyway the family was very much surprised that I hadn't told them that I was in competition for that. It didn't mean a thing to me.

What was your speech about? Do you remember?

Yes, now just let me think. I had an uncle, Mr. Emery, who was dairy and food commissioner at that time. He was the one that told me how to learn that and where to find it. Now let me think if I could tell that. It was something very serious and very complicated, but I got up and I did it. I don't think anybody understood what I was talking about.

You didn't scold everybody.

Oh, no! This was really a speech, a graduate address. Mr. Emery, who was dairy and food commissioner at the time, trained me and told me that I had to make my final consonants heard and that you couldn't just slip over and expect people to understand.

So you practiced and practiced, I suppose.

Yes. I used to practice it regularly, and Mother and Father took it perfectly seriously.

It was a serious experience.

Well, yes, I thought so.

Do you remember about how many kids there were in your class? How many graduated with you? Approximately. All high schools were smaller, I think.

They were very small, but we had this branch out in the Sixth Ward, you see. I don't have any idea. Maybe 600.

Did most of them go to college? The university being here didn't attract them?

No, I can't remember how many were preparing for college, but not a great many. And the University of Wisconsin was not very big. But see, I just have these vague ideas. I don't have anything definite.

That's all I need is vague ideas.

The university was very small, and I wish I could tell you who the professors were.

Did you go to the university? Or did you go away to college?

I went to the university for a year. Then my sister had graduated and was going to Bryn Mawr for a graduate year and my family thought it would be nice for me to have an eastern experience, so I went off to Bryn Mawr with my sister. I entered as a... they wouldn't take me on my transferred credit from the University of Wisconsin, so I had to take regular examinations for Bryn Mawr and they marked me and gave me a degree. What would it be? It wasn't a degree; they just took me on [unclear] is what they did. And let me go my own way.

What did you think of your eastern experience? Was that fun?

Well, I was fortunate in getting in to... I stayed in a dormitory. It was not one of the big dormitories that housed girls from the... the words don't come to me very well. It was in Denby, which was one of the halls at Bryn Mawr, and it was people from Baltimore, students from Baltimore and the New England states. It wasn't anything very sophisticated. And I had an interview with the head of scholarship. Can't remember her name.

I suspect that Bryn Mawr hasn't changed a great deal. My husband and I visited there last fall. We have a friend on the faculty there. It seemed like such a small, beautiful, beautiful campus.

Yes, it is, or was.

And the buildings seemed to be as though most of them were out of your era.

They had built some new campus, I think, off from the old campus, so that it enlarged without changing its atmosphere.

Beautiful spot!

It is a beautiful spot. Well, I loved it. I lived in a dormitory that housed girls from Baltimore and the New England states, and the people who came from New York and the city lived in Pembroke. One of the halls is named Pembroke. There was Pembroke East and Pembroke West. And there was a Rockefeller Hall. All those had their definite characteristics: what kind of a girl went to Rockefeller, which were at either Pembroke East or West, that was the smartest place to be. That kind of thing, you know. But good old Denby was just an ordinary...

I suppose that most of the girls were very bright, though, weren't they?

Oh, I suppose they had to be. And, you see, I wasn't bright enough to start out being a freshman at Bryn Mawr. I was what they call a transfer and I was there on [unclear]. If I behaved myself, that was fine. But I didn't get any credit at Bryn Mawr for that year. I got my credit back here in Wisconsin.

You came back after one year at Bryn Mawr?

I used to remember all these things, you know, but I've had two strokes, little ones. Well, you can imagine what that does to your memory, so I just can't tell you all the things.

Your grandfather was apparently a doctor.

He was a doctor.

What is a peripatetic medical school?

Well, peripatetic, meaning it moved from one place to another. It would stay in Vermont for a while and then it might go over to Massachusetts and have classes there for a while.

That's interesting. That was because of the difficulty of transportation and so on?

Yes. And he just would settle in a certain place and people would come to him, you see. That's the way he got to Albion.

I assume there was no doctor there, at Albion.

Well, there might have been what they called a practitioner but not a trained doctor.

Now, where did your father go to medical school? Your father grew up in Albion? Did he come here to Medical School, to Wisconsin? There wasn't any medical school yet.

He went to New York state somewhere, but I can't remember where.

I have among my great uncles and older people, the doctors went to Rush Medical School.

In Chicago.

Yes. That's where they all went.

Well, this is what is called, I guess I told you, a peripatetic, that it moved around from one place to another.

That was your grandfather.

That was my grandfather, yes.

And your father?

My father went to Rush.

And then he came back to practice in Madison?

Yes.

Was there a hospital in Madison then? They must have had a hospital.

I get the generations mixed up. I think the hospital when my family first came here was in a building where Hamilton Street comes down from the Square, and then something comes here, and then Gorham Street is here. There was a building right in there that had all of those streets adjacent.

Sharp corners. That was the hospital? Do you remember that there were big epidemics where people died of their germs in those days the way they don't now? Smallpox?

Yes. There was no vaccinations. I think they were beginning to experiment, just with a scratch test, to see whether you were. You can see my memory is so vague.

None of your sisters or brothers died as children? As little children?

I don't think so. There were five of us.

It seems to me every family had one child that got whooping cough or scarlet fever or something like that.

Well, you see, my father was a doctor. I don't know whether that made any difference or not. I know that he knew enough about contagions so he didn't let us go and play with children who... they used to let children go loose with whooping cough, you know. I had friends who would just hang on to a tree while they whooped and then they'd come back and play with us.

Yes, that's a good way to spread the germs.

Yes. But my father didn't allow that. I cannot tell you. I'm sorry my memory isn't better, because it was a fascinating period in a great many ways.

You started telling me about Mr. Coleman who, you said, was a product of the First World War. Did he come to college here, too?

No. He came to Madison to work. He went back and started to go to the University of Chicago, and then after he got attached to me, he decided that he would not finish his college course but that he would come back to Madison and [unclear] and that's when he came back and started

working at Kipp.

Kipp was already going?

Oh, yes. Now, I can't tell you about the founding of Madison-Kipp. It's all in here, I think [apparently referring to a book of written memories].

You've got lots of interesting things in here. Hollister's Drugstore. Tell me about that.

Well, Mr. Hollister was a fine old gentleman. I think that he lived up on Pinckney Street somewhere. He had a pharmacy, I think they called them, and it was right near... my father had an office in what was called the Brown Block. It was on the corner of Pinckney and East Washington Avenue. Here's Washington Avenue and there was a marketplace here. Do you remember the marketplace?

No, I don't. I've heard about it. I think they're trying to restore it now, the old East Washington marketplace.

Well, East Washington was a double street, you see. In between was where they tied their horses with nose bags on while they did their business, and then they'd come back. Washington Avenue had that central place for the horses. I can remember my father had an office in what was called the Brown Block – because it was owned by the Brown estate. It was on the corner of Pinckney and East Washington.

That must have been Timothy Brown Senior's family, was it?

Yes, the older generation of that family. I can remember my father telling the story of some man coming in and blackmailing him. Now, what reason he had to think he could blackmail my father, I don't know. I can't remember. You sort of caught me unaware. I think it's all in there [apparently referring to the written memory book]. My father took him by the scruff of his neck, my friend told me, and threw him down the stairs. Say he had an office here and here was a stairway here. My dentist, Dr. McConnell, had an office there and this went up another flight of steps, then there was a skylight or something. Then here was this main stairway for the building and mid-way there were swinging doors. My father gave that man such a pitch that he rolled down the stairs and opened the door and got out onto the street, got up and ran, and we never saw him again.

That's the way to handle those things.

That's the way those swinging doors were. Halfway down, sort of a little landing.

Just to keep the draft out.

And I think it kept people from just wandering in, too. It was just right off the Square.

People do that now. Now, life on the lake. [Ruth Doyle is apparently reading from the memory book]. You must have spent a lot of time on the lake.

I was always afraid of the water. Now, why? Whether my father instilled us with that fear of water purposely, or how I got that fear, but I still have that fear of water.

You don't remember any particular frightening incident? Any boat that tipped over?

I don't think so. Whether it was I who had the experience or whether I knew about it when I was a little girl where some boat tipped over and dumped these vacationers out and some of them didn't get to shore, I can't... my memory isn't...

My mother used to tell us about when she came to college here, going across the lake. Apparently there was some wonderful place in Middleton for eating and dancing.

Yes, yes.

And you could go by boat.

Yes.

And they also could go to Esther Beach across Lake Monona.

Yes. And you could go over to Picnic Point. I don't know, but I think maybe my father was afraid of the water. He never lived near water, see, and I think that he instilled us with a fear of drowning. I can't explain it any other way, but I've always been afraid of the water.

Where did your mother [Esther Reed Head] come from?

Mother came from New England. These names escape me. East Bloomfield, New York, which was outside of Rochester.

Where did she meet your father? Do you know?

She came out here. Her father had had what they called consumption, tuberculosis, and there was no cure except rest and a different climate, if possible. The different climate had not come into effect; they didn't realize what climate had to do with it. She took care of her father in his dying days and contracted tuberculosis herself. My father told her that she should go west, get out of the city and get into the country and get some fresh air. She had a friend who was at this little Albion place down here, a college preparing for the university, and her relative, some relative of hers, had come out here to teach in that little college, preparing for the university. Albion Academy it was called. And so this friend of hers came out and spent the winter with her at Albion Academy. My father, who was at the university, met her at the train in Edgerton and drove her up to Albion, and that's all it took.

Isn't that nice! Then when they were married they moved to Madison?

You're really taxing my memory. I think it's all in here, but I'm not sure. I wouldn't want to... each one of the grandchildren has one of these [memory books], and I would be perfectly willing to... I don't want you to take this volume, but if I could get a volume for you, you could look into it yourself.

That would be lovely. But I don't want you to... if you have any hesitation about it, I don't want you to do it.

I'm sure it would be all right.

These are lovely pictures of your children. Reed is your youngest child?

Reed was what they call my [unclear]. Don't you think that's a nice name for Reed?

He's a lovely person, Reed is. You can be very proud of him, and of Jane, too. I think she's marvelous.

Oh, yes, she is.

She's such an interesting person.

She's awfully nice to me, you know, for a daughter-in-law.

She must be good company.

Very good company. I don't see a great deal of either of them, but Reed is very devoted and very attentive, whenever he can be.

He's awfully busy now, I guess, isn't he?

Oh, very busy, and out of town a great deal. But Jane's been a wonderful companion for him and really a help to him in his business. The business has expanded so.

And their girls are so pretty. I haven't seen them in years. We used to... I watched them grow up at St. Paul's Church.

Oh, did you!

Yes, from little tiny girls. They got taller and taller and taller, and then pretty soon they were all gone.

Oh, you were a part of St. Paul's?

Yes.

Wonderful church. What was the Father's name there that I was so devoted to?

Father Kutchera, probably.

Father Kutchera. He married me, you know.

Oh, did he? You were married in the chapel?

I think he got a dispensation from the bishop so that I could be married at home.

Oh. You were not Catholic.

No. Episcopalian.

Almost the same.

As near as I could get. I was brought up as a Congregationalist and belonged to a very nice little Congregational Church in East Bloomfield, New York, which is outside of Rochester. If I could talk long enough, I might be able to tell you some of the connections in my life. But, you know, it's so far back and my memory is so poor.

Actually, I think your memory is marvelous.

Once I get started, I can remember.

The tornado. [Again, apparently making reference to the memory book] That's recent, isn't it? My friends Willard and Frances Hurst had a cottage over there and that tornado came through, took their cottage and the one next door and just threw them into the lake. There were three people who died. Frances said that was a weird experience to go out after the storm and see your cottage just floating around in the lake.

It didn't take them, though?

No. They were not there, but there were ladies in the next door to them. Yes. It killed three women. It reminded you of the time in Albion when you and Margaret were there during a severe thunderstorm [apparently reading from the memory book]. Suddenly there was a tremendous clap of thunder and we saw a bolt of lightning coming on the telephone wire. The doctor had to

have a telephone. Streaked along the cornice of the living room where Margaret was lying on a couch and it burst when it got into the window.

It was a big bay window. Grandfather was sitting in the chair. Do you remember Morris chairs? Well, Grandmother had this bay window in which she trained the rose bush outside. Lovely place. And their writing desk was there. Grandfather was sitting in the Morris chair with his feet up. I saw that bolt come in and it left a charred line along where the ceiling joined the walls. It burst right over Grandfather's head. And at the bay window.

He was very fortunate.

It was high enough. I think he felt that it was the cause of his deafness. He was very deaf in his old age.

I'm sure that could happen, couldn't it? Some people have trouble speaking after one of those things. Look here, I'll give you another subject. Pet. Pet was a pony.

Pet was a pony. She was a mean one. Did I say so?

Literally a wild Indian pony, you said. With brands on both hips and a long mane. Where did you get her?

Father just went out into the country and made inquiries and when he found her... she was a pacer, you know, the gaits, where they go this way and... well, I won't explain it. Well, anyhow a pacer was supposed to be a very easy seat in the saddle. But it was not a very pretty gait, to my way of thinking, so that I could trot much better. Pet was an Indian pony. She had been handled by young boys until she was viciously mean. She used to literally buck. They had taught her to buck. She could buck me off out of that saddle in no time at all. Well, you know what that would do to a little girl, to be bucked out of a saddle. She wasn't going to like riding a pony like that. All our friends who I rode with had single footers or big saddle horses that their fathers rode and so forth. So I was never very happy about Pet. What did I say about her?

You said "After we had Pet, he bought us a run-about." What's a run-about? "Pet got used to being hitched to the run-about."

That's a little four-wheel cart.

After she got used to that, she couldn't buck you off any more, because she was attached to the wagon. Tenney Park. You say before Tenney Park was formed, the road from the Yahara River on Sherman Avenue to the entrance on Gorham Street was a causeway, a marsh on both sides. Vilas Park was a marsh, too, I guess, wasn't it?

Yes. I think so.

Nowadays you aren't supposed to fill in the marshes. But those are marvelous parks. What would we have done without them?

I think there are enough marshes around still, but I don't know. There's certainly a use for marshes.

Were you a birder? Were you and Mr. Coleman birders? Are you still?

I know a lot about birds, but I don't keep practicing. You have to keep in practice, you know. We used to have a bird club that went out with Mr. Leopold. Mr. Leopold, before he was well known, took a group of us around every Saturday or Sunday morning, pointed the birds out and

told us what they were and described them. Then we'd go home and look them up in a bird book. I had that great big two-volume thing of birds.

Where did you go on your bird watches?

Well, usually out University Drive. We'd start by driving out to the horse barns and go down to the lake there and then all the way out to Picnic Point.

You'd have all the water birds as well as the land birds.

Mostly water and marsh birds when you were on that side. For the land birds, where did we go? Up near [unclear] there were lots.

Do you watch television? There was a wonderful story about Roger [unclear] on Sunday night, I think. It was very interesting.

Yes, yes, I remember that. I remember seeing it. But I can't see the television any more. I may see a little but no [unclear]. I actually don't have any sight. The only sight I have is a little corner of this corner down here. I have clouded vision over here, but I have pretty good vision in this eye. The only really clear vision I have is in the corner of that eye.

Your eyes look perfectly normal.

Yes, and I see. I get around, if I know my way. But I couldn't walk from here to somebody's door if I didn't actually know what it was like. What I do is I have a wonderful little young man who is... he started out as being a young man when I first met him. Now he is married and has three children, fairly well grown, and has a mustache and curly hair. He was just a kid when I first met him. I hang on to his back pocket and he leads me wherever I want to go. And it works! And he is so loyal and so devoted. I think that he had some fortunate part of it, too, because he has learned all of these things that I was interested in by telling me, "Well, now, Mr. Leopold says this." And the things that I don't hear, he tells me about; the things I don't see he describes for me.

That's wonderful, it really is. You're lucky to have someone like that. Do you go away in the wintertime?

I used to, but I can't do that any more.

Traveling is very strenuous, isn't it. How about "the time I was sued"? That's what you wrote here. And it says "I had an old model T Ford and it was a football Saturday."

Oh. [unclear] They were going to sue me. I used to know all about that, but I can't remember.

You were driving out of the driveway. You went to a small greenhouse and you were driving out of the driveway and leaning over to release your brake and put in the clutch, and you were sideswiped by another Ford. "Much to my amazement, his car rolled over two or three times down the middle of the road."

Sherman Avenue.

"And all that could be seen was the top of one of his legs sticking straight up out of the curtain" [apparently reading from the memory book].

I thought I had killed him. Then when he got up and got out and was perfectly alright and said he was going to sue me, I thought that that showed that he wasn't dead or...

The result was one of his [unclear], that must be one of Mr. Coleman's [unclear], told him that he could sue, which he did. But you got the lawyer Frank Gilbert and he coached you on how to behave in court, and "then they discovered there was a slight rise in the roadway approaching my car, which would account for my not seeing the coach. I went to trial. Mr. Gilbert thought I should go to trial because he thought that he was suing me because they thought Gramps would make a settlement. But Gramps would not do that, so I went to trial, scared to death. The result of the trial was the judge threw the case out of court and charged them with [unclear]. Very fortunate."

Oh, I forgot about those things.

Some of your happiest memories, you say, as a little girl growing up, were the summers and holidays you spent in Albion with Grandmother and Grandfather. What did you do there? What made it so nice there? Were there a lot of children around?

Yes, there were all kinds of relatives who had children that we were enough for ourselves. There was a creamery for one thing. We were allowed to go down and watch the farmers bring their patented milk to the creamery to be processed. Also we waited in what we called the "fritz". I later learned that I could call it the [unclear]. You had bent pins for hooks and strings and just sticks for poles. We fished and we actually caught perch in that creek there. Grandmother... now, did Grandmother bone them?

I'll bet you did it.

I think I boned the fish and then Grandmother... well, somebody taught me how to bone it. I think I could still bone a fish now.

It's a real skill, isn't it?

Yes, it is a real skill, because you have to hold that bone and all of it. I learned to do that and my grandmother would fry them in the skillet. There were also bullheads, too, but we didn't like the bullheads. Do you know bullheads?

Yes. They didn't taste very good, did they?

Oh, no! And they're an ugly fish: ugly looking and I bet they're ugly as far as the other types. They're thieves. Anyway.

How did you go to Albion? That was quite a trip.

I sometimes rode my pony. Father and Mother would go in the surrey or the little cart, and they never let me go on the roads alone until I was older.

That was quite a trip on the pony, though, wasn't it?

Yes. And sometimes I would ride with them and have the pony tethered behind us. And then just got on when I was [unclear].

So your grandparents would think you had ridden all the way from Madison.

Just a way to get the pony down there.

So the pony went with you. And you stayed all summer. Did your mother stay with you?

Yes, and Mother didn't like it there. Father was a practicing doctor and had to be here and she would have much preferred to stay. But with five children, what was then a fairly big city and a

busy doctor, where she would be alone, it wouldn't have been very happy for her and she knew that. But she didn't like Albion, except she loved the relatives. We had some very charming and interesting relatives down there who did interesting things.

Did your mother have many brothers and sisters?

Well, this wasn't Mother's family. And my father had... isn't that funny? I can't remember my father's family.

The father was the son of the board president, the town board, I imagine [appears to be reading from memory book]. Board trustees for the college at Albion. The center building burned somewhere around the 1920s or 1930s. The chapel, a red brick building, was torn down to build the adjacent firehouse. But a small group of native villagers saw the importance of saving the twelve-acre campus and the remaining buildings. The classrooms. Those buildings survive to this day, don't they?

Yes.

Every once in a while there's a little flurry that somebody is going to do something with them, but they haven't yet. Your grandfather was president of the board of trustees for forty years.

It was one of the first preparatory schools for the university.

[Continues reading]. And had many distinguished graduates. Knute Nelson was a United States senator. Thor Kinderline, a famous naturalist. Your mother came to be preceptress at the Academy.

The preceptress was to prepare the girls. Chaperone.

And I suppose it really was chaperone in those days, wasn't it? [Appears to be reading]. "Father was a medical student at Rush Medical College in Chicago and as the son of the board president was delegated to meet the new arrivals from the East and drive her three miles from the railroad station at Edgerton to Albion. When she left in June, he asked if he could accompany her as far as Mackinac on the boat she was taking to Buffalo. They were married a year later." That sounds nice, doesn't it?

Yes, it was.

Kind of romantic. But then they came back. When your father graduated from medical school, then they came back to this area. "My grandfather came to Wisconsin from New York, where he graduated from Alfred Academy and prepared for the medical profession. They arrived in 1843 on a steamer on the Great Lakes and walked toward Wisconsin."

Now, there was something that happened to him that put him out of Alfred. Does it say anything about it? Those are some of the things that I was not personally acquainted with. They did something to my father there that wasn't square and, instead of making a great big to-do about it and damaging other people, he just left. I think that was it. I wish I could remember what that was. Alfred Academy.

There's a city called Alfred, New York.

Yes, well this was Alfred Academy. It was some scandal there in which Father could have taken sides but didn't want to because of what it would do to the Academy and the people on the side of the events. The result was he had to leave.

Aren't you glad he did?

Yes, I am! I think it was a very wise decision.

Now, are there other things you think I should talk to you about? This has been very interesting and it will be a lovely tape.

Well, it's up to you. I just am glad that I had it all down in writing.

You know, that's very far-sighted to have done.

That I did this before my memory was so faulty.

A very, very smart thing to do.

I think that it was my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Reed Coleman, who put this into my mind and told me that I should do it, that it was an early part of Wisconsin and that I should have some definite well-formed record. I think it was she. It may have been my husband's brother. I don't know.

I think it's very important. I find now with my family, my children, we communicate by telephone and we very seldom even write letters any more and so there's no written record. I used to, when they went away to college, I would write them each a letter every week telling them what was going on at home. We don't do that at all any more. Everybody's too busy.

Well, now, I'll tell you, that was happening to me. That's exactly what prompted me to do this. I think that it was my either my daughter-in-law or my son who said "Mother, you should write all these things down so we can remember the early part."

It is very important.

It is! And that's what prompted this. And it wasn't difficult, because I had a very good secretary and I just told her the whole thing. You've got a secretary, too.

Don't have to pay her either. All paid for.

I hope you don't spread the copy. Except to me.

"Father's new car." Do you remember that?

Yes. Now, just let me think. It was a...

Waverly electric.

Oh, yes. Oh, yes!

Was that one of those lovely chromes that the ladies used to ride around in?

It had a stick like this.

And lovely upholstered seats, flowers in it.

It was a beautiful car. Just a beautiful car. A Waverly electric.

He became the medical advisor at Morningside Sanitarium, when there was lots of tuberculosis. I suppose the Sanitariums were full all the time, weren't they?

Yes. And then some political thing took over, away from Father. I can't remember what that was. But Father founded that and it was transferred to Morningside.

This is what you say. "You put it on runners in the wintertime, but it didn't look right that way.

The next car was a Buick. He drove it for a long time. One night as he was driving out to the Sanitarium, he stopped for some reason and a car and a truck bumped into his car and wrecked it. He didn't know what to do. It was beyond repair. Tom went to Deerfield and bought him a new Buick and gave it to him for Christmas." That's a wonderful present. You say "At one time Father was quite wealthy, but he invested in stock at the wrong time."

In Montana lands.

Do you still have some of that Montana land? I imagine it's come back in value.

I think we held it until we got something back out of it, but I don't remember. I think they felt we were [unclear] we had held on to what we had. But Father sort of went haywire and got more than he was capable of handling.

You went to Bryn Mawr. Your mother outfitted you in elegant tailor-made clothes. Wine-colored suits, with skirts down to the ankles. A felt hat with a great big ostrich plume.

Did I put that picture in here of the ostrich feather hat? I think it's for Sunday school. They made me put it on for a Sunday school.

It's beautiful! Do you still have it?

I think so. I'm not sure. But I put that on for fun, you know, because they were teasing me about how beautiful I was in my best clothes at that stage.

It's beautiful. Well, I think I'm going to leave you now.

Well, it's awfully nice to see you and I hope that you had a pleasant time.

I've enjoyed it very much.

Looking at my past.

Now, if you think of anything that you think would be nice for me to know, you can give me a call and I'll come out again.

Well, now what kind of things would you like to have me tell you?

Whatever you recall about Madison as a city in those days, what kind of... we've got about six ladies that we're talking to to find out what it was like to be a child. I've got some of that from you.

Did you get all I knew about the streetcars?

No, I didn't. Do you want to talk about streetcars?

Oh, and Mr. Montgomery was... did I tell you about him?

No, you didn't. Why don't you tell me about him?

It's awfully hard to think about those things off-hand. Mr. Montgomery lived in a house that was on the corner of Pinckney and Gilman and had great big whiskers that came down to here, you know. He owned and ran the streetcar company. The streetcars used to go all the way around the Square and down State Street and out to what we called the Sixth Ward, Orton Park and places like that. He used to be out on the street in Madison – I don't know what kind of a coat he had. It may have been a cut-away or something – seeing that things were going right. My memory of those things is so indefinite that I think I really shouldn't talk about it. But I can just see Mr.

Montgomery. Of course, I learned to know his daughter very well later. I think Mr. Montgomery was with the streetcar company when he first came to Madison, wasn't he?

I think so. I was not around then, but I always heard about his name in connection to it. Was there a man named Mr. Devine that had something to do with the streetcars?

I think so and I think he lived out in what we called Elmside. Would that be true?

I don't know. Where's Elmside?

Elmside was at the lake. You know where the Madison-Kipp is? Then you go down to the lake from the Madison-Kipp and that was Elmside. It went down and went into that marshland. But up on the hills there was an eating place where we used to go for sandwiches and suppers. I wish my memory was better. It's just so dim. I can see these places, but what's happened to them or...

Streetcars were a great invention. We should have them back, shouldn't we?

Yes, we should! And they went all the way around the park at first, you know, and you had to transfer... if you went out Pinckney Street and wanted to go over to some place on Main Street, you took a transfer. You got off and got on the other car.

You did all of your shopping in those days right on the Square. There were grocery stores and...

I think so.

Drugstores.

There was a big grocery store on the corner of Pinckney and Mifflin. I can't remember the name of it now.

Those were wonderful days when your mother could pick up the telephone and order and they'd come over and bring the groceries. You'd call the meat market or the vegetable store and have them bring what you wanted.

Yes.

Now, you say Grandfather was thirty-four and an attractive bachelor in the community when he married your grandmother, who was just twenty-two. That's quite a thing, isn't it? First years after they were married, Grandfather introduced her to Shakespeare and [unclear]. Grandfather's practice extended over a radius of twenty miles or more. Winter, summer, rain, snow, or wind, he attended to the sick on horseback, or in a carriage. I suppose he wore a muskrat coat, too. Did you take the children sometimes in the carriage? Did he take you along with him in the sleigh ever?

Yes, I think so. I was trying to remember. We used to sort of slouch down and had a buffalo robe, you know. Or a big woolen robe that you'd slouch down under the robe.

Did you have hot bricks in there? [Phone call interruption, and conclusion of interview].