

Memoirs of Alfred H. Ladman
from his own handwriting

About the Memoirs

*In transcribing these pages,
I have changed only the printing,
copied his words exactly as he spelled them.*

- Editor

To my grand children I would suggest keep your nose clean, you will look better. Pay your debts, Your credit will be better. You don't need to love your enemies, just try to avoid them. When you cant do good to some one, Don't do them any harm. Have fun and in a nice way. Remember what the poet said:

**Pleasures are like poppies spred
you seize the flower, the bloom has sped
or like the snow drop in the river,
one moment white, then got forever.**

A H. Ladman

Memoirs

of Alfred H. Ladman

Chapter One

A. H. Ladman, born in a log house one mile from Portland Mo in yr 1883. Started to public school in Portland when 5 yrs old. Attended this school 2 mts, when my father built a new house on our farm, but across the line in another district, so had to walk a mile & a ½ to school from there.

Father owned 185 acres of land in the hills with only about 15 acres of fertile bottom land. The hill land at one time was in timber which father and my four brothers older than I cleared off and farmed what was tilable. When I grew up to be able to help with the farm work, most of the patches of tilable land on the hill were worn out and only fit for pasture and would not support many head of stock. Consequently I had to look to other fields for a livelihood (am still looking)

I quit school when I was 17, and went to Iowa, got a job on a farm at \$18.00 per mt, worked 7 mts or until corn picking time in the fall, which paid a better wage. That year I sent my parents \$10.00 a mt. saved enough money to buy a 14 jewel Waltham watch, underwear for the winter, over coat, a couple shirts, pair shoes & overshoes and a ticket on train back to Portland. Stayed there one week, when my brother who was teaching school at Hartsburg Mo talked me into going up there to again attend public school for 3 mts.

1902 Back to Iowa leaving behind 3 girl friends at Portland and one in Hartsburg. They all loved me. (one man's opinion)

That yr took a 3 mt. job on a farm at \$25.00 per mt, also bought a bicycle and worked odd jobs the rest of the year. Did a stretch on the fence gang on Milwaukee R.R. while there met a man who was a gold wire artist making wire jewelry. I became interested and sent for a kit & instructions for making wire jewelry. Became very good at the art and took in quite a few dimes doing it.

1903 Early spring got a job cutting wood with partner who was a mason & plasterer by trade, but loved to cut wood in the winter. In those days wood and coal were high as we did not have gas in that part of the country, electric light plants were just beginning to be built in small towns. Most all the timber land was along the river bottoms where we cut wood, when the snow melted the river came up and we had to get a team & wagon to haul our wood out on higher ground. We didn't make much money but our bread basket was well supplied.

The mason wanted me to work for him during the coming summer but I chose to get a job on a farm at \$25.00 per mt. So I hired out to a slave driving dutchman, I worked for him just two days, which netted me \$1.66. So back to town I went, Back to the mason & plasterer, whom I shall refer to as the boss.

The next day, The boss said, "I have a small patch job to do, will only take an hour, you can go with me & mix the plaster, I will collect a half days pay for the job," which was \$2.00 for him & \$1.00 for me, that appealed to me. The next job came up, plastering a house in the country where we got our room and board pluss our wages. I felt rich at the end of the wk with \$12.00 I could call my own.

I worked with the boss that season, mixing mortar & carrying brick. When we were out of mason work, I did odd jobs for from 15 to 20 cents an hour. On occasions the boss would allow me to practic plastering & laying brick. That fall of 1903 I went back to Mo.

My parents were getting old so I desided to stay with them on the old run down farm which at that time would hardly keep a chicken alive. Money was scarce and the Wolds Fair was going on in St Louis 1904, so I borrowed \$25.00 at the bank and took my two sisters to the fair. Back home from the fair I desided the old home place was a slow death.

My brother Chas. was teaching school in Monata (*Moniteau*) Co. Mo unmarred and trying to farm & teach, so he again talked me into staying with him and doing the chores for my board, till spring. I had the privlidge of doing a little trapping while there, that paid me a little \$12.00, as furs were very cheep those days. I got acquainted with the people in the neighborhood very fast as brother and I attended a party every week.

There weren't any cars or picture shows in those days, the only amusements were parties and entertainments put on by local talents, at the school or church. Some times there would be 35 to 40 people at these parties.

Myself being a little gifted in giving readings & clownng, I fit in the picture like peas in a pod, but as always I fell in love again, who do you think, (a girl.) She stayed on my mailing list for a yr.

But I couldn't stay put. So back to Iowa in 1905 but the urge to travle on was to great. After working around Mapleton long enough save up \$50.00 I went on to Portal N. Dak. & file a claim on a piece of land, arrived there April first found the ground covered with snow and the land for homesteading some 25 or 30 miles away. A locater cost \$40.00 just to go see the land and after seeing the land you had to go back to Portal, take a train to Minot S. Dak where the land office was, and file a claim. All this meant money which I did not have. So I did odd jobs including mason work of which I was an amature but I got by several jobs. To add to misery I became afflicted with boils and would have to lay off of work till a boil would run its corse then go back to

work till another boil appeared meanwhile my hotel bill would run up, but I managed to keep even.

I heard there was to be a 4th of July celebration at Crosby N.Dak, 40 miles away so I took a gamble and built a corn popper and ordered a big bag of popcorn from Minneapolis. Next in line was to get transportation to Crosby. Finally contacted a man with spring wagon to haul a buddy & I to Crosby, He wanted \$15.00 for the trip, we talked him down to five. Crosby being a small town there wasn't room for another person to get a room, & meals at the restaurants were high, our money was limited so the man that brought us out there loaned us a pup tent. We went to the store and bought some bread, egg, bacon & canned goods & butter, set up our torch which we had for the popper, opened a can dumped the contents on a piece of paper put some butter in the empty can, broke an egg into the can and held it over the flame to cook. Only one egg at a time but it did the biz.

My buddy Called Dirty Dutch was to help me and we would share alike, next morning we had to buy a rite to run a stand \$2.50.

We set up the popper, the darn corn wouldn't pop, only got about two bags of corn out of a popper full. Business was slow as we had the stand at the edge of the board walk in the middle of the block. Dutch became disgusted and said "I'm going down the street to get job at another stand that sold every thing. There was a bowery dance near this stand. Dutch got his job and came running up to me saying Al "bring the popper down by the stand, there are more people down there, so I moved down. We used a large wooden box to set the popper on, But the corn didn't pop any better, then I got disgusted and collapsed the popper, which was in sections held together with screen door hooks, glass on three sides. I became despondent, and having a good supply of wire jewelry on hand I mounted the box and started barking. I would give a reding & sell jewelry then another reding and more jewelry until my supply of jewelry was exhausted, around \$10.00 worth. When I got down off the box there was my popper set up by a Swede whom I knew and he was selling corn faster than he could make change. I asked how come the corn is popping so good? He said "the stand near by turned their corn over to me, It was corn pack in 1 lb. pkgs. Just then the man at the stand called me over and said "sit down, old man, you must be dry and hungry! have a cup of coffee & a sandwich. I've had more business here since you came, then I've had all day." Needless to say the bowery was almost vacant for awhile, Then they started to drift back to the dance. The man at the stand said "do you think you can sell lemonade" I said I can try, so I would make my round of the bowery with a basket of corn then follow it up with a tray of lemonade, soon we were out of ade & pop corn both, but I had enough money to jingle.

I collapsed the popper had it ready for transportation. too tired to think how we were to get back to Portal. Next morning some one was pulling at my feet, it was the Sweed, he said, "here is a man that hauls freight from Portal he will haul you in. The freight-man was a Norwegian, talked very broken, I said how much. He said \$5.00. I said okay.

Forty miles in a lumber wagon is a long way. and he carried no lunch. Twenty miles out was a water hole where the freight man unhooked his team and gave them a rest, Dutch and I opened a can of beans, set up our torch, fried eggs and had enough bread to go around which seemed to please the Norwegian very much. We got to Portal about mid nite, while Dutch & the man were putting up the team I stole over to the hotell, where I boarded, went into the kitchen grabbed a big ham hock and loaf of bread, took them to Dutch and the Norwegian, when they had finished eating I said to the Norwegian you want 5.00 he said "no \$2.00 will be enough, "I was hungry."

Next day I mounted the popper on bicycle wheels and wheeled it to a street inner section where I made my stand each evening till midnight. it run me around \$6.00 per day until I again had the urge to move on, so back to Portland Mo.

I did get sweet on one, a Norwegian girl named Tena Johnson who talked with a brogue, but placed every word of a sentence in its proper place better than I could. She had only been in USA about 3 yrs, I asked her how she learned to speak so proper, she said when she came to this country she hired out to an educated family in Minneapolis and the lady insisted, since she was learning to speak English she just as well learn to speak proper. Tena pronounced it Pro-Pur.

There were only 6 girls in Portal, and since Tena waited tables at the hotell where I stayed, I became quite well acquainted with her. So she & I took frequent walks up town after supper. We enjoyed each other very much till she told me she came to the US to marry an old country sweet heart who lived on a claim about 50 or 60 miles away from Portal. He would come see her about twice a yr. One evening she and I met him up town. He had come to see her, he took us both in to an ice cream parlor & paid the bill. I told him I was pleased to make his acquaintance, and bowed myself out.

That was the first time I lied in N. Dak, The next day she was all mine again, but not the same Tena to me.

I had had two yrs experience in N Dak all in one season boils & all.

That fall of 1905 back to Portland Mo. I bought 35 acres adjoining the home place. 5 acres was in apple orchard just ready to bear, when the crop was ready I sold apples at 50 per bu after hauling them 20 miles, the money didn't jingle that time. Yr. 1906 so in 1907 back to Iowa, first off took a contract to fix up an old school house, patch plaster, build a new chimney and paint the

walls & wood work. Made a sizable draw on the job, then joined a medicine show, went to Dakota City, Neb. for first stand in show biz. Again my talent as an etainer came in handy. I was with the show about 7 wks when the manager & I disagreed, I blew a fuse & **quite** in Decator Neb.

I hung around the hotell a few days wondering what to do next, when a man from Fremont Neb. checked in at the hotell who was in the well, windmill & pump business out of Fremont but had several wells to drill around Decator, so I hired out to him. As usual picked up several girl friends while in show biz, so many that it kept me busy to buy souviner cards. Which was a fad in those days, the postage was getting out of hand so had to start discarding girls. I stayed with the windmill and pump business till the middle of 1908 then back to Mapleton and joined my old boss the mason, this time to work at the trade. Then I got married at 26 yrs of age. Had decided it was cheaper than buying all those cards & stamps, that's when I really stepped out of the pan into the fire. I moved to Kansas City Kan, and wages were so cheap & jobs so scarce that it was nip & tuck (mostly tuck) to make a living.

My wife died 3 yrs. later and I came out to Castana Iowa, and picked corn that fall. Then back to K.C, K. with nothing to do and a baby to support I had to grab at some thing. I read an add amature photographers wanted I took the job which took me to western Kan. where I took farm seins (*scenes*) the co paid \$40.00 per mt, room & board at hotells and furnished horse and buggy to get around with.

Spring came and I went back to mason work in K.C.K. I took many picture in spare time while working at my trade. Took one picture that netted me \$36.00. Then I had to send a letter to an old flame* who later said I do. That was the best investment I ever made, for in 1964 we had been married 51 years.

*(*When Retta was born in 1893 Al's mother said, "get your good clothes on we are going down the hill to meet your future wife." Retta was always quite small. Al, ten years older, carried her over the creek on the stepping stones to get to the school house.)*

1914 moved family to Castana Iowa, lived in town 5 yrs then bought 43 acres of land in the hills west of Castana, lived there till 1941 when moved to Jefferson Iowa, worked at the mason & plastering trade and gardened on the side.

Retired from mason work in 1960 and devoted my time to gardening, since. I almost forgot to mention, when I left N. Dak I sold the popcorn popper to dirty Dutch, received his I owe U for \$6.00 as he was broke. Have never seen the \$6.00 or heard of Duch since. (dirty eh!)

Should mention that while in Mo 1906 I took a job in a corncob pipe factory in Washington Mo. This paid \$6.00 per week and my board was \$3.00

per week, so in the fall when corn was ready to cut and shock, I quit the factory and got a job cutting corn by hand, as there were no machines to do the job, They cut and shoked all corn in those days, then shuked it out by hand in winter. I got 15 cents per shock and board. Shocks were 16 hills squair. (Big money) Big corn on Mo river bottom.

Jockes (*jokes*) I have hered.

I always like jocks and some time taold one myself. One that amused me was about a cat, that started killing baby chicks. The owner picked up a club & clubbed it to death, threw it over the yard fence.

The next morning when he opened the door, there sat the cat on the doorstep mewing at him, so he desided to do a better job of killing the cat, He then took it to the chopping block and chopped its head off threw the head & cat over the yard fence. Next morning there sat the cat on the door step with its head in its mouth. I have always wondered how it got its head in its mouth.

Another story that an old Irishmen told me, was about a man he caught out in the barn, trying to get a bridle adjusted around his neck to hang himself with, (blindens on the bridle) The Irishmen took the bridle away from him and said "What you think you are doing"? The man replied I'm tired of living and want to go to Heaven. The Irishman said, "you would look like Hell, in Heaven with a blind bridle on".

Years ago, in covered wagon days, an uncle of mine named, Wink Blackburn, living in Mo desided to move to arkansaw, so he fixed up a covered wagon, on his way out he went thru a little town (Portland Mo) where he was well known, one man yelled to a merchant and said, "you better give Wink a ham, he is going to Arkansaw to live." The merchant yelled back and said "Ill wait till he comes back, He will need it worse.

I was in Portland one day when a young lady came to town to catch a train for St Louis where she had a job. During the bom scare a man told her she better stay in Portland for if they started bombing the U.S.S. they will bom the larger citys first. She said "well I would rather die a quick death in St Louis, then a slow death in this town.

I got carried away with jokes and almost forgot to mention that I had joined seven different lodges in my time.

The Odd fellows & Rebaces

The Red men & Pocahontas

The (*can't read*)**Modern?** Woodman & The Circle, and the Yoeman Lodge.

I seldome stayed at one address long enough to get acquainted with the pass word, But it was an experance, worth a great deal to me as all their teachings were uplifting. After getting married, and as times got harder I had to drop out of the lodges.

My experances with lodges was that they all taught moral principles, more so then some churches do. Had it not been for lodges I would be more of a bum than I am to-day.

To my grand children I would suggest keep your nose clean, you will look better. Pay your debts, Your credit will be better. You don't need to love your enemies, just try to avoid them. When you cant do good to some one, Don't do them any harm. Have fun and in a nice way. Remember what the poet said:

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A H. Ladman

Ladman History

As I (Alfred Ladman) have copied it along with what I remember I have before me the original copy of the pasport of Joseph Polacek (my mother's father) dated 1853. Also have a copy of Anton Ladman Sr. nationalization papers. Taken out Oct 18th 1860.

Polacek's and Ladmans came to America about the same time. They came on a sailing vessle, voiage took nine weeks, from the East cost of Atlantic ocean to New Orleans U.S.A. Elenora Polacek was nine at the time.

My grandfather Antone left the ship and came up the Miss river to St Louis Mo. where he lived about two years and where he made contact with the government land office and purchased 40 acres of land for \$5.00. The 40 was near Portland Mo. So grandfather Antone with his family again took a steam boat rode up the Mo river to Portland. As he could not speak english, it was hard for him to converse with the natives, although he spoke both Bohemian and German of which there were quite a few around Portland, but non were familiar with maps and could not tell grandfather where his 40 acers was.

There was a small community of germans & bohemians settled about ½ mile from Portland, so grandfather desided to settle there. The settlement was named Hillrun plotted into lots, but was never put on the map.

Several places of business were started there, namely a sigar (cigar) factory, a brewery, distillery, rope factory, Tan yard, brick yard and clock maker shop. In all a lively place, untill it was swallowed up by surrounding towns that lay near the Mo river where there was transportation by boat. There were no railroads.

This part of the country was covered with big timber at that time and all houses were built of logs or brick. Grandfather (Antone) purchased a lot in Hillrun and bought trees near by to make into logs. He was to cut down these trees and pay 20 cents per log. Money was scarce so he chose the larger logs and split them making two logs out of one, and built his house. When it was time to settle for the logs, the owner of the timber came and counted the logs in the house and charged him 20 cents per log.

Grandfather lived there several yrs, till one day he was talking to one of his german friends, who was a justic of the peace in Portland and had some knowledge of maps. So grand father told him about the land office in St Louis cheating him out of \$5.00 for 40 acres of land which no one could locate for him.

The justice said "Do you have the papers discribing this land"? Grand father said "yes" so one Sun. the justice came out to Hillrun and located the 40

for grand father. To his surprise the 40 was less then a 1/4 mile from where he lived and all covered with timber.

Grand father went right to work clearing timber and built a house on the 40. In the mean time my father (Wm Ladman) got married and bought an 80 acer place 5 miles from Plrtland which he later traded to Grand father for his 40. I was born in the log house on that 40.

Later on my father bought another 40 adjoining and still later on he bought 80 acers more by this time Hillrun was no more, the people had moved away. So father bought up the lots in Hillrun when ever he could find an here (heir) to deal with, and when he couldn't find an hare (heir) he got a tax title, which never was contested.

Hillrun contained about 35 acers of good land. Later in my time father built a new 8 room frame house on our place.

By this time my brothers George, Douglas, Charley and Edgar were old enough to help clear and farm the farm.

My father Wm Ladman was 13 yrs. old when he came to America having attended school for several years in Bohemia. He attended public school in Missouri three months. He learned to speak English and German here in U.S.A.

He became justic of the peace at Portland Missouri and held that office for 16 years. At that time most marriages were performed by justice, during his term in office he married near 40 couples also hered (heard) many lawsuits. He was quite well versed in law. If I had the ability to learn, like father had, I wouldn't be so dumb today.

A.H. Ladman

Family Tree

For the benefit of the young Ladman generation it may be of interest to mention the names of grandfather Anton's children and wife whose name was Anna. The children's names were Emmanul, Wm, my father, whom every one called Uncle Bill.

Anton Jr. known as uncle Toney, Anna Meyers and Mary Kubacheck.

E.W. Ladman's children were George, Douglas, Charles J., Edgar B, Augusta to died at birth, Lorenzo Fred, who died at age five, Alfred H, Julia A, Fredrica Ann.

Emmanual Ladman and Elenora Polacek were married Dec 27th 1865 in Hillrun. Emmanual was born Sept 13th 1842 near Prebum Bohemia. Elenora was born Aug 22nd in the city of Peasek Austria Bohemia, Europe. Grandmother Ladman Antone's wife Died Oct 3rd 1899 she was of the Catholic faith but never attended church after settling near Portland, Grand father Antone died before I was born.

Alfred H Ladman

More Funny Stories

The continuation of hapenings that struck my funny bone, starting in N. Dak. another fellow and I dug a well for which we were to receive \$1. per ft, we dug 20 ft and struck water then dug 2 ft more and quit. the natives told us if we dug below the water, that we could dig to China before we would hit another vane so we presented our bill of \$22.00. the man did not want to pay the bill unless we would go deeper. But he would not guarantee payment if we lost what water we had. So we placed the bill in a lawyers hands. He collected the bill and charged us \$2.00

There was a man drilling a deep well in town and near where we borted. He stuttered something awful. We asked him if he thought we could collect. He said "su-su can" He then told us about drilling a well for a man that refused to pay him, so he threw a rope around him and tightened under his arm pits, then told his helper to pull him up to the top of the derrick. Then he said to them "Na-na-now will you pa-pa-pay; if you don't you can ha-ha-hang there till ya-ya do pay and the man agreed to pay.

Another insident that happened to me was while working for a farmer and stone mason just across the line from Portal N.Dak. He sent me out in the country on the prairie with a long bar to loosen up nigger head stones, which he would pick up with a team & wagon and haul them into town & dress them up to build stone foundations. He was good at it. It was just after the rainy

season every low place and cow track were full of water, as the water stood there till everaporated by the sun. Every cow track was full of full of misquoto lava (wiggle tails). On one occation I became very thirsty, not having any drinking water along. I would spred a kerchief over a cow track and drink thru the kerchif; as I never liked wiggle tales, they always tickled my toung.

There was a wagon trail out to where I was working with rocks, not a building for miles. I would walk out there to work. Some times would meet a Canadian Mounted Police dress in a red coat, with his head & eyes looking straight ahead, would almost touch his saddle in passing. He wouldn't pass the time of day with you or even exchange glances. He sat there like a dummy, as dum as a tode.

We got the nigger heads hauled in and the mason built a foundation for a brick house, which was built by some Knuck brick layers, walls tied to gether with S shape wires (about no 10 wire). the building cracked from top to bottom in several places, the Knucks blamed it on to the foundation, which made the old stone mason very mad. His comment was, I usually get along with any one, they can do it one me, they can rub it in, but when they pull my whiskers to use for toilet paper, I'll lower the boom.

While at Portal I got a job building a fence around a cemetary the misquotes (mosquitoes) were terific. We had to wear something around our heads to keep them off, but when we wanted to line stakes we had to lift the screen, there by leting a few inside, which would almost drive one crazy.

A dum dutchman working with me. He was as slow to catch on to anythings as an Englishman would be. Dirty dutch was witty but this fellow was always a block or two behind catching on to what one said. There we were with misquoto bar around our heads, now and then a small misquoto would find its way thru the netting and pester us with its buzzing. There was a man plowing with a team near by so we desided to go talk to him and find out how he was coping with the little biting devils.

We discovered he was using cheese cloth around his yead. He said. "they get inside misquoto bar and when one gets inside its worse than a million outside." So dutch and I went back to work not saying a word to each other, when all at once dutch broke out into a braying laugh. I said whats so funny! He said "that dam fool said one inside is worse then a million out side, any dam fool would know that those out side didn't matter."

Now we go to Kansas City Kan where I lived five years, working at the mason trade. an old Englishman had me to build cement walks around his house and out to an out door toilet, as this was in the suburbs there where they had no sewer. He had just finished building the toilet the day before, and here came the city toilet inspector. The Englishman said "Ther it is, go look et it."

The inspector looked it over, after had left I said: What did he say? Oh he "said it will do for awhile. Well said I, it ought to do for a while, There weren't an ounce of human excrement in it.

I lived in a surberb on the line of the city limites, just across the line was a tract of land layed out in lots, outside of city restriction. So these lots were sold to people that built houses & shacks acording to their means, usually people that had jobs down town and would work on their house or shack on Sundays. Many of these people had no knowledge of carpenter work. I was noseing around at one place where a man had a couple sons helping him, one was on top putting up rafters, when he ran out of rafters he would yell at some one on the ground, to pass him another slant stick.

I was once watching a negro mixing mortor an he broke a shovel handle. I said you broke your shovle handle. He said "it had no buisness being a shovle-handle."

I took a formen job in north Kansas City for the Presto Light Co where they built a plant consisting of three large buildings. We had a crew of nine bricklayers. First off had to get a man to mix mortor, a big burley negro applied. He was big not fat, and had grey hair. I said you will need a helper as we intend to have nine layers. He said, "No sar, the day I can't mix mortor for nine brick layers, I'll just quit and go fishing or buys me a rockin chair. All I wants is equipment the way I wants it. So we had the carpenters to make him 2 large mortor boxes that he could slack, 2 barrels of lime in at a time each box. We called him dad, he was lots of fun. One day I asked him if he was married, He said " I outer be, I'se got a woman I paid \$2.50 fr in St Louis."

One day he told me about a negro applying for a job mixing mortor. The employer asked if he could mix red mortor, he replied, yas sar I can mix red mortor, I can mix brown mortor, I can mix black mortor, I'se even been know to mix grizzly mortor. Then dad laughed and said, "The darn liar, who ever heard of grizzly mortor."

Back to Iowa for a few funny hapenings

My bosses boy planted some tobacco seed. He was a smarty, a neighbor boy came over, so he showed him the tobacco plants. The boy asked him what kind of tobacco it was and he told him "I think it is Prince Albert."

I plastered a house at Turin Iowa for an old widower who had an old lady house keeper. He called her Maw. When the house was finished there were two bed rooms one East and one west. He said Maw Im taking the East bed room, which one do you want?

The story that amused me most was about a german coupl near Castana Iowa named Ulch. His name Nickles, her name Agness, both Catholics. Agnes

weighed about 200 lbs. They had a goat that was mean about butting when you wasn't looking. They also had a corn crib built about two ft off the ground and the hens had a nest under the crib. Agnes would have to get on her hands and knees to get the eggs. One evening Agnes was gathering eggs and Nick was doing other chores and when she got down to get those eggs from under the crib, the goat decided to lend a helping hand, so he made contact, which put Agnes about two ft more under the crib. Nick stood there and laughed, Agnes was quite high tempered, and wasn't about to end the story at this point. She gathered herself up with a few broken eggs, then went to the house. They had a wash bench just outside the kitchen door, where Nick would wash up before going in to the house. Agnes graciously had a pail of water sitting on the bench with a wash basin near by and a three ft 2 x 4 just inside the door, so when Nick bent over Agnes lowered the boom on him and said now laugh dang yes. (you's)

Agnes spoke with a German brog and would draw her words out a mile when she talked. Her brother Joe Leibolt live near by, and one day his dog came into Nick's house and lapped up the Holy water that was on a stand. A week or so later he and another dog started tearing up Nick's pigs, so Nick got his gun and killed the dog. Then Agnes said "I knew da dog would come to a sad end when he drank dot holee vater."

One day Nick turned Agnes's ducklings out. This is how she told the story. She said "Nickles the sonnava bich turned my little ducklings out, so they could go to the riffer and ven they got back there vasn't any."

When I went to Portal N. Dak I checked my trunk and paid 25 cents extra to check my bicycle from Sioux City to Minneaplis, there I had to recheck, another 25 cents on bicycl to Minot N.Dak. where I took the Soo line on to Portal, but the trunk & bicycle didnt arrive at Minot when I did, the baggage man said I will recheck them when they arrive, then mail you the checks, which he failed to do. So I waited two weeks then one day saw my trunk in the express room at the deopot so by identifying the trunk and paying 50 cents for a lost check, I got my trunk, but no bicycle. Another week went by when a fellow I met up with at the hotel desided to hop a freight with me to Flaxton S. Dak, to try for a plastering job. While passing the depot there the freight room door was open and there was my bicycle, another identificon and 50 cents for a last check. I got possession of my bik, which I biked back to Portal some 15 miles. Later sold the bike for \$9.00 which I bought in Iowa for \$5.00.

Not having an education, my frazes may not sound like I had ever been to grammer school, but I am like the fellow that said "I don't spit very nice but I get it all out."

I remember a negro plasterer in Kansas City that would have the draymen haul his staging lumber out to a job, then you would have to watch him when he loded up to leave, after finishing the job. One day I saw him loading up a plank that didn't belong to him, I said hold on there, that isn't your plank. He said "It must be my plank it's got white on it."

My uncle Toney Ladman once had a pet crow he called Jerry. Now Jerry loved to pickup any thing that shined like tin foil etc. He would take his lute and put it in a nest that he had atop a tall walnut tree, which was hard to climb. One day uncle was teasing Jerry with a 50 cent piece, thinking if Jerry made a pass at it, uncle would jerk it away, but Jerry was to quick. He grabbed the 50 cent piece and up to the next it went. Unk said Jerry you have ha it, I'm going to take you for a ride. So the next day he put Jerry in to a sack and went to town which was 5 miles away. Uncle always road horseback. So Unk turned Jerry loose near this town, thinking he was rid of Jerry, but when Unk got back home that evening there stood Jerry on the door step cawing at him.

Uncle Toney was like an inquisitive kid, he would pick up some gadget lying in the yard then sit on the door step and scrap (scrape) on it with his jacknife to see what it was made of. One day he picked up an old dinemite cap, started scraping on it and it exploded, shot of a big part of his thum and apart of his forefing.

Now since we are talking about some one in the family I'll mention more about some of them. I had four brothers older then I, nearly all sturborn as a mule, except me, I was considered the black sheep of the family, never sure about anything. I always kept out of jail, because when the cops were here I was over there.

Brother George and Chas.J. could never see I to I. GJ's birthday was Feb 14th. I remember an argument the two had one time. Feb 14th I remember an argument the two had one time. They almost went to blows, when my dad and mother told them to stop it. C.J. was teaching school and felt superior to his older brother. The boys clamed up. I was about 12 yrs old and it was Feb so I finally broke the silence by saying Washington's birthday is coming up soon. Then C.J. said "yes sevel (several) great men were born in Feb. There was Abe Lincoln, Thomas Edison, Washington and Lowel. Then George spoke up and said: and CJ Ladman. We all had a good laugh and the rest of the day passed quite smoothly.

George had an enemy who belonged to the Mason Lode (lodge) with him and they were at each others throats, till George desided to bring this fellow to trial before the lodge and have him thrown out of the lodge. In the mean time Geo desided to quit the lodge, but not till he succeeded in getting the other fellow out of the lodge first. So the lodge gave them a trial and threw

both of them out. George's comment was, He that diggest a pit for another falleth there in himself.

My brother Ed was a building contractor in Kansas City, and at one time had a contract to build 52 houses in N Kansas City. He didnt have time to drive any nails as he had 35 men working undere him. All his men were taught when sheeting a roof to stand the sheeting against the building where they could pull it up after they got up on top. One day a new man applied for a job. Ed always had a new man start on sheeting. The man said what for me, Ed said you can start sheeting that house there. I'll send another man to help after a little. The man went up the ladder and yeled at Ed who was still near, looking at the building. The man said I'm up here come on with sheeting. Ed said come on down we don't need you. There was no argument when Ed fired any one.

It was on one of Ed's jobs that I built 40 ft of brick chimmley in 8 hours.

That winter we visited at Portland Mo. While there were invited to dinner at Ed Lawrances, he being a father-in-law to a cousin of mine. Mr Lawerance was quite old, very def, presice and titeas the bark on a tree in winter, only worth a little over 100 thousand dollars when he died. We sat down to a long table with everything on it from soup to nuts. He said "well Alfred there it is help yourself. We didnt have to go out and russle it like you have to do in Kansas City. We had it right here." Then he asked me what I did in the city, I told him, mason work, then I told him about building 40 ft of chimmley in 8 hours. He cleared his throat and said, "Couldn't you have built a little less and did it a little better?" It was there where I saw ear corn that was in the bottom of the crib for 15 yrs. He said; Any fool can make money, but it takes a smart man to save it. He would not help his inlaws that would not help themselves, but he would help those that were trying to help themselves. He built a store Bldg. in Steeman Mo. for one of his son-in-laws. He engineered the building, himself. At one time he saw they (the carpenters) had dropped a few nails, so he said, "Dont you fellows ever pick up any nails?" The carpenter would drop a nail on purpose, when he was around, then walk to the ladder, and down to the ground, from the scaffold, pick it up, and back up again. The old gent watches this for a while, then said: "Never mind the nails boys. I'll hire a boy to pick up the nails."

Years ago before Mo had a compulsory school law, many kids never went to school at all. Their parents couln't read or write. I remember one family that had several quite large children, say 8 to 12 yrs old that had never been to school. Some of the neighbors talked to the parrents and persuaded them to start the kids to school. This story is true, one boy ten yrs old started to school. The teacher asked him his name which he knew. then she gave him a little quiz, so she could place him in a class. She started with a primmer. She

showed him a small word and asked him what it was. He looked her in the eye and said; "Yeases and Crist teacher, if you don't know, I don't know, this is the first day I ever wen to school."

Another amusing incident that happened in Mo. was when Bob Matison was about 7 yrs old. He (Bob) couldn't speak very plane at the time. He wore a blouse, loose around his chest but a tight band around his waist. Nothing underneath but Bob. Bob went to the creek with some older boys but kept lagging behind catching frogs. Later the older boys waited for Bob to catch up, and when he caught up he was rubbing his belley and said "Them stratcis," one of the boys said "What scratches?" He said them frods." there he had about a doz. fogs inside his blouse next to his skin.

My boss the mason had a helper one time (a half wit) named Gerdy. They were plastering a house for a fellow that wouldn't cooperate with them on anything. You run on to that thing quite often when working for the public. The half wit said to the boss I would like to steel something from that old so and so to make up for his meanness. the boss laughed (not thinking that Geady would actually carry out his threat.) So he said Gerdy why don't you steel that new brick trowl we saw in the house? Now the boss had told Gerdy that Keen Cutter was a poor brand of tools. So when they were thru packing their tools to depart, Gerdy tore out to the house and came back all out of breth, and said. "Rennie we don't want the dam thing." Rennie said "What thing?" Gerdy said that brick trowl. It's a Keen Cutter. Gerdy only weighed 125 lbs., half of that mouth & wind.

As I mentioned my brother Charley was a school teacher and studed sintific farming in colledge so later he bought a farm which he tried to farm during week ends an on vacation. It was nessary for him to hire a man to be on the farm while he (Charley) taught school. So he hired a cousin of mine that had only about a third grad education. Now Charley used to gloat about his own education, which disguested my cousin Andy Ladman. Chas told Andy that it took an education to even use farming tools. Here I must add a comment of my own. Charley was as much a farmer as I am an airplane piolet.

One occation Charley had bought a corn planter, all planters have what is called a marker, which makes a mark in the soil to follow for the next row to be planted. There are various kind of markers, this one had a disk, mounted on to a goos neck shapped iron, so whenyou pulled it along the disk would dig in. Charleys reasoning told him that crook was wrong so he took the thing to the forge, heated it and was in the act of straightening it out, when Andy stepped up and said;"I see it takes an education to use farming tools."

I was called to do some plaster patching for a teacher in Grand Ju (Junction)

Iowa. He phoned me it would be ready a certain day. When I got there, I discovered the carpenters had not been there to prepare the place for plastering. The teacher was put out and very excited. He said, "They didn't come yesterday. They didn't come today, they didn't come tomorrow. So what am I to do, I have to move Monday and no place to go.

My brother Dug second from the oldest was a trader. My father gave him a horse for his 21st birthday so he started out trading horses. Every day or so he would come home with a worse horse than he went away with. One day he walked in, had a small music box in his pocket, which he would play before coming in. I had never seen or heard one, so I was all ears and curious, so I said; What is that? Then father spoke up and said; That is Dug's mule. Since the last time Dug rode away he was riding a mule.

One time Dug and a couple other fellows went out to Kan. to work in the wheat harvest, on their way back to Portland they stopped in Kansas City. Dug being a trader saw a man with a boat by the river side. He asked the man, How much for the boat. The man said \$10.00 So the boys went up town got some fish hooks, line and empty jugs, got into the boat and floated down river gng fishing. A short ways from Boonville Mo they landed a 50 lb catfish. The boys said; What we do now? Dug said help me dress this fish and I'll show you. Which they did. Then Dug sliced the fish up and peddled it out around town. Then they walked back to the river. (Mo. river that is) Having had all of the river they wanted, they sold the boat for \$15.00 and took the train home to Portland. They usually rode in a chartered box car. Ha!

If you want more stories; they tell me you can get story books at a book store or magazine rack. Go buy one. I'm tired and want to go to bed.

On second thought, I will give you one more. I was listening to a barker on the street in Sioux City Iowa about the time the labor unions were getting started. This fellow said; "The unions are all wrong. They are yelling for more work and less yours. Now that isn't what we want. What we want, is less work and more hours to do it in."

When I was a boy, there was a young lady from St Louis visiting my folks on the farm. I showed her around the farm, the hogs, chickens, garden etc. The potatoes were in bloom, I said "There is the potato patch. She said; "Well I always thought potatoes grew under the ground.

Most of the above happenings were in the good old days, when you could buy Hamburger at 10 cents a lb or 3 lbs for a quarter, liver from 3 to 5 cents a lb, sugar from 4 to 5 cents a lb. and bread, a 16 oz loaf for five cents. Sometimes 6 for a quarter.

A.H. Ladman