

1. Name and address of informant **Mr. L. A Sherman, 307 S. Denver Ave.**
2. Date and time of interview **Oct. 1938 3 calls 6 hrs.**
3. Place of interview **Home, 307 S. Denver Ave., Hastings, Nebr.**
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant **None**
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

None
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.
Four room frame house. Partly modern but neat and clean. A cherished possession is an old parlor organ which wife of informant plays well by ear.

FORM B

Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER...~~Frederick W. Maul~~...ADDRESS...Hastings, Nebr....
~~Johns Hollins~~
 DATE...Oct. 1935...SUBJECT...Folklore
 NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT...Mr. L. A. Sherman, 307 South Denver, Ave....

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

TAKEN BY INDIANS

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

"I was born in Quincy, Ill. My mother died while my father was serving in the Union Army. I was sent to my sister in Perdischene, Wis. He took care of a railroad hotel. Dan Wally an old Indian scout staid there too. He was a big fellow, 7 feet tall. Wide Shoulders. Weighted 260 lbs. He had an 8 gauge shotgun. The stock was made special size. The gun looked like a cannon. He used the gun to shoot deer and antelope in the 60's and 70's. The ^{fire} back ~~fire~~ from this gun would knock the average man down.

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

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

The next day old Dan Wally came to the camp. When the chief saw him he went out to meet and greet him. They shook hands. Dan said to the chief, "Boy Lost." Then he called in a loud voice, "Lou, Lou are

here." Oh boy was I glad to see Dan. I knew now I had them all buffaloed. I ran out to Dan and he took me home. From then on, I knew the Indians and they knew me. When I would meet them they would shake hands with me and wouldn't let loose.

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

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

Here at Perdichene, Wis., I learned the butcher business. Learned to kill cattle, hogs and sheep. Also to cut steaks, roasts and make sausage."

MEETING UP WITH JESSE JAMES

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

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

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

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

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

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

BUSHWACHERS

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

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

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

We were afraid the rebels would come back but the fellow never came back. Dad and brother got their muskets out. Dad watched in

front of the house and brother watched in back of the house, but no one came back. The next morning the Union soldier put his uniform in a suitcase. We gave him a suit to put on. He wanted to go to his brother in Illinois. So dad took him to the station and he left. Dad came home. We never saw him again. After 6 months we got a card from him. He got home. A year later dad got a letter. He sent money, a roll of money and thanked dad.