

DICKINSON COUNTY HISTORY – MISCELLANEOUS AMUSING, HUMOROUS AND INTERESTING INCIDENTS

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 2 [Thursday, April 4, 1889], page 4, column 4

What Astonished the Old Cow.

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An old cow of an inquiring turn of mind went up to a clothes line [*sic – clothesline*] on Ludington street a few days ago and commenced investigating a collection of socks, undergarments, pillow cases [*sic – pillowcases*], sheets, etc. It was evidently struck by the appearance of one of the sheets, and commenced pulling at it. The sheet dropped on crummy's [*sic*] horns and fell over her eyes. She stood bewildered for a moment, and then tried to shake the sheet off. Failing to do this, after she had nearly jerked her neck out of joint, she made a frantic rush out of the yard, and ran kerslap [*sic*] against the fence. She managed to get out on the street, and galloped towards the railway track, pursued by almost every dog in town. Tossing her head, she ran along the M. & N. track, and fell across the ties near Brown street. Here a man pulled the sheet off her horns, and she trotted home, a sadden and a wiser cow, doubtless declaring in her own bovine way that she wouldn't monkey with clothes' lines [*sic – clotheslines*] any more [*sic – anymore*].

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 4 [Thursday, April 18, 1889], page 1, column 3

BROTHER FIFIELD, of the Menominee Herald, says that water is so low in the minor tributaries of the Menominee that he has actually heard of several lumbermen refusing to drink water because all the

water available is now needed for the drive. Most of the lumbermen will appreciate this as mighty bitter sarcasm. But Brother Fifield will have his little joke, even if somebody's feelings have to wilt for it.

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The Insurance Man's "Empty" Revolver.

Down in Norway, last week, A.H. Hayes, agent for the Washington Life Insurance Company, and another gentleman, [*sic*] got into a dispute about the merits of their respective revolvers. Mr. Hayes got both weapons into his hands, knowing that one of them was loaded. While talking, he carelessly pulled the hammer of the one he thought wasn't loaded, and the next moment every man in the store was either trying to duck down behind the counter, [*sic*] or make his way to the street door. Almost by a miracle, [*sic*] the bullet didn't strike anybody, although there were a number of customers in the place. If Mr. Hayes does this sort of thing often people will suspect that it is only an advertising dodge of his to illustrate practically the value of life insurance in his company.

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The Judge is Coming.

THE RANGE has been given to understand that Judge Grant has

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determined to come to Iron Mountain to have a plain and friendly talk with the saloonkeepers. He is not exactly satisfied with the loose way that certain things are done in this city, and he means that it shall have a better reputation if a few frank words from him can possibly direct the change. Anyway Judge Grant will be sure of a hearty welcome from every good citizen in Iron Mountain.

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Serious Horse Play.

Charley Rupp is lame. He explains the circumstances in this way: "I kicked the horse on Thursday, and the darned horse kicked me back, and I got the worst of the arrangement." We should think he did. He was badly cut, and had the narrowest possible escape from having his leg broken.

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A Pocket Pony.

Joe Pascoe has come into the possession of an equine wonder, in the shape of a little horse that does not stand much higher than two feet. He can carry it around with ease, and says he will yet put it in his pocket if he gets a pocket made big enough to hold it. It trots around the saloon, stands upon the tables, and altogether shows itself to be like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, "an amoosin' cuss." Some of Joe's boys tried to make it drink bock beer one day last week, but it made a

break for the door and was caught by the tail just as it was escaping. It snorted defiance at the man who wanted it to become a bock beer drinker. We cannot say what price was paid for the little fellow, but they do say it was a price in strict proportion to its own size – probably about \$ 2½. It makes great fun for the youngsters who peep through the doorway and watch its antics.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 5 [Thursday, April 25, 1889], page 4, columns 3-4

A Broncho Invasion and a Circus.

Some enterprising Texan brought to Iron Mountain, last week[,] a big carload of bronchos [*sic – broncos*], which very soon showed some of our citizens the devilment of which they are characteristic when their foot is upon their native heath. The horses were sold at all prices, from \$25 up [*to*] \$60. Jim Kinnifick bought one of them, and immediately proceeded to take steps to break it in. Half-a-dozen riders undertook on Saturday to do the business for him, but Mr. Broncho [*sic – Bronco*] evidently thought the whole affair was a circus gotten up specially for his benefit. First Paddy got on the pony's back after being dragged on one foot half around the block. Then the fiery untamed steed got fairly down to business. Up flew its heels, and the next instant the rider was floundering in the mud, while the broncho [*sic – bronco*] was galloping along Stephenson avenue as if the old gentleman himself were after it. It was captured and brought back, and Mike Hughes undertook to ride it. The broncho [*sic – bronco*] at first stood on its head, then it stood straight up on its hind feet, then it arched its back, jumped up, came down on

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all fours, and Hughes flew headforemost into a dust heap. He tried to mount again, and the same performance was repeated. The “doctor” next said he would ride that broncho [*sic* – *bronco*] or perish in the attempt. Away went the steed down the alley at full speed, with the doctor holding on manfully. Turning a sharp curve, and giving a playful little buck, off went the rider and off went the horse. It was recaptured and brought back to the stable. From the forenoon until late in the afternoon rider after rider tried his hand at the fun of “breaking in,” and all kissed the earth more or less violently, until, when a good deal of the freshness had been work out of it, Mike Tierney came along and mounted the horse. He succeeded in riding up and down the avenue on it several times in safety. Then it was declared broken in sufficiently for one day, and was locked up in the stable, while Hughes and the others went off somewhere to nurse their bruised and battered bones. At last accounts Jim’s broncho [*sic* – *bronco*] was trying to get out of the barn by kicking a hole through the roof.

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“The Course of True Love,” &c.

That the course of true love never did run smooth was illustrated on Sunday forenoon, when a nicely-dressed, young man was taking out his very best girl for a buggy ride. The farther he drove along the avenue the more he became enchanted with the fairness of his companion, until at length, forgetting [*the*] horse and everything else except his great love, he slipped his arm around her waist. Just when the pair

arrived opposite White’s market, near the C. & N.W. crossing, the young man was rudely recalled to his senses. The horse had been gradually swerving nearer and nearer to the sidewalk, until at last it smashed the buggy against the tall electric light post. The young man immediately withdrew his arm – in fact, the shock drove it from that position – and the maiden only saved herself from being thrown to the ground by grasping the dashboard with both hands. Of course, she screamed a little, while the much-surprised young man yelled “Wo!” [*sic* – “Whoa!”] to the horse, which had now slewed completely around and was preparing to make a bolt of it. The ludicrous affair was witnessed by a group sitting in front of the hotel, and when the young fellow heard the shouts of laughter he gathered in the reins and let the horse out to do its very best trotting. The springs of the buggy were badly dislocated, but worse might easily have happened to the ardent young lovers.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 7 [Thursday, May 9, 1889], page 1, column 4

BILLY PARENT, [*sic*] was probably the first citizen that arrived in this city, [*sic*] we now call Iron Mountain. His brother Charley, [*sic*] came with him and set up a tent. He sold dry-goods [*sic* – *dry goods*], to the best extent of his ability, and made a fortune. Billy has lived since the stumps on the pines, and in Iron Mountain, has been a good citizen and proved himself a good man by his charity to all men. – Journal.

Now, we would like to know whether Bro. Berry means to say that Billy Parent has lived on a pine stump since he came to Iron Mountain; or whether he has been moving back and forth, living part of the time on a pine stump out in the woods, and

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part of the time in Iron Mountain; or whether he means that Billy has lived on raw pine stump for breakfast, fricasseed pine stump served hot for dinner and stewed pine stump for supper; that that “the stumps of the pines” were wafted to that better land when Billy Parent existed only as a future possibility; or has Billy lived on the stump since Charley made a fortune? Then, again; [sic] if Billy was the first man in Iron Mountain, how was it that Charley came with him and set up a tent? Because Charley sold dry goods and got rich, must we conclude that Billy sold wet goods and got so poor he had to go and live on a pine stump, and because Billy is a good man, and charitable to all men, must we infer that Charley is a bad man and uncharitable? THE RANGE reserves its right to endorse or denounce our contemporary’s item until these little points are made clear.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 7 [Thursday, May 9, 1889], page 5, column 2

Adventures of Brook Trout Fishermen.

Last Saturday Landlord Wm. Felch, Dr. Mead and Conductor O’Brien, [sic] armed themselves with all the necessary equipment for brook trout fishing and started for the depot with the intention of spending the day fishing. Arriving at Groveland, they proceeded down the stream a shot distance and cast their lines as well as their hopes in the beautiful stream, and waited patiently, for an hour or two. At last the doctor caught a long breath, which was the first catch that had been made by the party, and proposed to try their fortune further down the stream. Climbing over fallen timbers and pushing their way through the dense jungles of cedar swamps and under brush [sic –

underbrush] and finding many obstacles which almost caused the shout [sic – stout] hearts of the bold fishermen to sink in despair, they struggled along their tedious journey, and after a prolonged march, tired and weary, they halted and for the first time perceived they were going in the wrong direction. A discussion then arose as to what course to pursue but owing to a disagreement in the council the company was then and there disbanded. Conductor O’Brien claimed he could smell a hot box in one direction, and Landlord Felch claimed he could smell hot coffee in another direction, and as to the doctor, he being a health officer, he did not know whether it would be healthy for him to remain in company with the rest of the boys or not, but came to the conclusion that he would act as caboose and follow the rest of the train under the control of Conductor O’Brien. The train started, and had not rounded many curves before Conductor O’Brien made a fly, he taking a side track and the landlord and doctor went down the main track. Hours passed. It was impossible for the train dispatcher to catch Conductor O’Brien. Signals were given but of no avail. At last Mr. O’Brien brought up at the dinner pail station, and taking twenty minutes for refreshments made sad havoc in the delicacies spread before him. Thinking the remainder of the train might come along, he left the pail as a signal that they were behind time and could not be allowed either the refreshments or the twenty minutes. After a perilous tramp through the cedar jungle, the doctor and landlord, much to their surprise, came suddenly upon the station they were in quest of, and to their great disgust found Conductor O’Brien quietly side tracked [sic – sidetracked] upon the bank of the stream trying to get communication from the bottom of the deep as to whether he should leave the station without brook trout or not.

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After a while [*sic – awhile*] it was concluded to make up the train and start for Iron Mountain, which was done, much to the regret of the company who did not succeed in capturing a fish. Conductor O'Brien was the most fortunate of the company, he did get a bite (from the dinner pail.) [*sic - .*]

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 8 [Thursday, May 16, 1889], page 1, column 2

TWO drunks sobered up in the cooler last Monday night. One was Sure Thing Maloney and the other was so modest he declined to give his name to the officers. Sure Thing was sent to Menominee for 20 days Tuesday.

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A BESSEMER wag soaked a shirt collar in a solution of nitric and sulphuric [*sic – sulfuric*] acid, and then sent it to Sing Lee [*sic – Kee*] to be washed. The Celestial [*sic – Chinese; Oriental person*] found no difficulty in washing it, but when he attempted to iron it, there was an explosion, and the collar was reduced to atoms – “it bloke allee pieces.” Funny fellows up there in Bessemer.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 10 [Thursday, May 30, 1889], page 1, column 2

THE CITY.

WHAT funny ideas some people have. The other day a lady was talking to the

mayor about the fire department, the steam fire engine, how much water it would throw, etc., when she said, “I shouldn't think it would be necessary to boil the water before it is thrown on the fire, why wouldn't cold water do just as well?” The mayor had a good laugh and then explained to her the use of the boiler.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 10 [Thursday, May 30, 1889], page 1, column 3

Bit by a Dog.

While Hubie Mead was standing in front of Jim Moriarity's saloon last Tuesday morning, Dad [*sic*] Ryan's dog seized him by the calf of the leg and bit him quite severely. Hubie made complaint before Justice Bergeron and Marshal Catlin put the dog where he won't bite any more good boys like Hubie.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 11 [Thursday, June 6, 1889], page 1, column 2

THE CITY.

A PUBLIC meeting is hereby called for Friday evening, June 7, at the council rooms, for the purpose of considering the possibility of doing something to aid in the relief of the sufferers from the appalling calamity at Johnstown, Pa. Please come and at least by your presence show that you are in sympathy with the object.

A.E. ANDERSON,
Mayor of the city of Iron Mountain.

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XI, Number 11 [Thursday, June 6, 1889], page 1, column 3

Too Much Love.

Pete Torzinsky, a tailor employed by John Saving, showed such unmistakable evidence of insanity last Thursday, [sic] that City Marshal Catlin thought it advisable to take him to Menominee for examination, and the unfortunate man has since been sent to an insane asylum for treatment. It is reported that Torzinsky was deeply infatuated with a young lady of this city, but had never had the courage to tell her so or in fact to even speak to her, but had contented himself with casting loving glances at his inamorata while she was attending divine worship in St. Joseph's church. It is hoped that a few weeks or months at Ionia will either cure him of his infatuation or give him courage to speak out like a man. He has yet to learn evidently that a faint heart never won a fair lady.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 13 [Thursday, June 20, 1889], page 1, column 2

THE CITY.

THE young man who walks his best girl past Ed Ingram's without asking her in to have a glass of soda water from his beautiful new fountain needn't look to us for sympathy if he gets the grand bounce. Such a heartless fellow don't [sic – doesn't] deserve to have a girl.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 18 [Thursday, July 25, 1889], page 1, column 3

Remarkable Canine Intelligence.

A "Prof. Williams," proprietor of a small circus, was in this city several weeks ago, and Bill Webb swapped a white bull dog for one of the professor's Irish setters. Williams took the bull dog along with him as far as Minneapolis, when the animal disappeared. The surprising sequel of this is that last Monday this same bull dog, apparently [sic – apparently] half starved, jumped off a freight train when it pulled into the depot at this city, and commenced hunting for his old master. He found him some hours later at Jim Moriarity's, and there was no room to doubt the genuineness of his joy when he greeted him. This intelligent dog had beat his way back from Minneapolis to this city to find his old master, and the wonder is, how could he find his way? Well, the dog is here, any way [sic – anyway], and Webb is a dog ahead.

The Menominee Range, Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Michigan, Volume XI, Number 29 [Thursday, October 10, 1889], page 1, columns 5-6

Un welcome Visitors.

Our local sportsmen hold the Indiana and Ohio men who come up here every fall to hunt deer and ship their carcasses out of the state, in the utmost contempt, and spare no pains to show them that their presence in Michigan is not desired. One party of local hunters have leased a very desirable tract of land up the line of the M. & N. [Michigan & Northern Railroad] for hunting purposes, and take no small degree of pleasure in hustling the outsiders off their leasehold. Indiana men have the reputation of being the most penurious of any outsiders who come to Michigan every fall

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to hunt, and to make it more a matter of profit by surreptitiously shipping venison to outside markets. They bring their rations with them, and are even so close fisted that they will not accommodate members of their own party without a cash consideration. These men of course come here to kill deer. They run dogs, use head lights, or adopt any other expedient that will net them the largest amount of game.

A party of these Indiana hayseeds happened to be passengers on the M. & N. sleeper when J.J. Cole returned from a trip to Chicago. It was evidently their first experience on a sleeper and the party of five had bought a whole sections, (!) evidently thinking it entitled them to the whole car, and were somewhat chagrined to find the car pretty well filled with other passengers beside themselves. They were furthermore profoundly perplexed [*sic – perplexed*] to make out how a man was going to lie down and sleep on those seats. The question, however, had its solution when they told the porter “if he would show them to their room they guessed they’d go to bed.” The question then arose, how could they undress before the several ladies who happened to be in the car, and whose attention, with that of all the other passengers, had already been attracted to the mystified travelers. It was finally agreed that the biggest man in the [group] should stand outside and hold the crowd curtains together, and allow no one to peek while they were engaged in disrobing. After the four fellows inside had disposed of themselves and the fifth began to look about for a place big enough to lie down on a new difficulty arose. The two small men of the party had gone to bed “up stairs,” and the big fellow couldn’t possibly squeeze into the lower berth. It was finally settled that one of the small men must come down and the big fellow must to “up stairs.” This was rather a serious undertaking for the fellow

“up stairs.” There was no body outside now to hold the curtains together, and the first thing he did was to stick about two feet and a half of bare leg out between the curtains for the inspection of his fellow passengers. Of course the ladies were shocked and the men roared. The Indiana man managed to get his leg under cover again somehow, and the party finally settled down for the night. When last seen by Mr. Cole in the morning they were having a little argument with the porter, who wanted pay for blacking their boots.

The Range-Tribune, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume XVII, Number 45 [Saturday, February 29, 1896], page 8, column 1

BECOMING FAMOUS.

Thomas James the Subject of a Sketch in the Detroit Eve. News.

We find the following concerning a well-known **Iron Mountain character** in the Detroit Evening News under an Ironwood date:

“**Thomas James**, the champion eater of the upper peninsula, if not of the state of Michigan, recently arrived in this city, and our dealers in provisions are laying in extra large [supplies] in preparation for his wonderful gastronomic feats. James is an ordinary-looking man and weighs only about 180 pounds, but his capacity for general eatables seems to be practically unlimited. He has worked on every range in the upper peninsula, and is well-known, particularly by boarding-house keepers, who absolutely refuse to keep him at any price.

“Although the **miners of this section only pay about \$17 per month for board**, James has already offered double that

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amount, but without avail, as the boarding-house men who have tried it claim that they lost money at this price. Hence James is obliged to “keep bach [bachelor]” and do his own cooking, and although he is an industrious miner and makes good pay, he is always in straitened circumstances, as it requires every penny he can earn to keep him in groceries and meat.

“It is related of him that on one occasion, when working in a mine near **Florence**, he came into the boarding-house, where the table had been provided with eatables for eleven hearty miners’ midnight supper, but James sat down and cleaned the board and yearned for more.

“On another occasion a boarding-house keeper at **Crystal Falls**, who had a mammoth range, wagered that he could make one “pasty” – a sort of meat pie peculiar to the Cornish miner – which would be sufficient for one meal for James. The pasty, as large as could be baked in the great oven, was made, and as no man could carry it down the narrow ladder-way, it was sent down in a skip to James, who was working below. Then the boarding-house man smiled a bland smile of satisfaction, feeling assured that the gastronomic wonder would not be capable of stowing away the enormous pie. Soon, however, word was sent up from James to send down more eatables, as he could not sustain himself on such a meager allowance.

“Then the boarding-house men gave up in disgust, and since that time James has been an ostracized man, and compelled to manufacture his own pasties. James is a modest man and is in no way proud of his wonderful capacity to absorb provisions. In fact, he rather regards it as a calamity and himself a marked man, and his only ambition seems to be to secure a sufficient quantity of eatables by working hard every day.”

The Daily Eagle, Marinette, Marinette County, Wisconsin, Volume __, Number __ [Saturday, August 1, 1903], page __, column __

A WOMAN WITH A GUN

**A Quinnesec Woman Stops
Construction Crew From
Crossing Her Lands.**

A RIGHT OF WAY DISPUTE

**An Injunction to be Obtained to Prevent
Further Delay.**

A Quinnesec woman held at bay fifty or more men, who were employed by the Wisconsin & Michigan road extending the tracks there, with a revolver and drove them off her premises claiming that the company had no right to build through her lands. The trouble is not all over yet for it is expected that in order to lay the rails through her lands it will be necessary to secure an injunction to prevent her interference with the work, for she has given the men fair warning that she will not permit them to work on her lands.

She says that not only the said company had gone back on her, but that her own Attorney [*sic* – *attorney*] even had told her her case was helpless, and in view of the fact that the law was not on her side she would take the matter in her own hands and prevent said work. In accordance she dressed herself in a man’s coat, turned up the collar, buckled a belt tightly about her waist, took a heavy gad [*sic* – *stick*] in one

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hand and a revolver in the other, and after pulling down over her eyes an old slouch hat to make the desired effect, went ot [*sic* – *to*] work to prevent the Italians from dumping the dirt cars. The charge up the hill with stick and revolver, the terrorized running and tumbling over the embankment of workmen and cars, and the victorious stamping up and down was a picture to be appreciated only by the eye of witnesses. It was necessary to resort to all kinds of tricks to fool the old lady into letting the cars slide by, and not a little amusement is caused when some poor fellow was chided by the old woman for doing what he ought not to do, and enjoined them from further work under penalty of being killed.

In the afternoon the battle was resumed with the spouse as “high private” and under the direct command of his wife as captain. More amusement was caused by the well planned maneuvers of the famous guards, to prevent the blasting, and it must be said that it took more than “tricks” to scare the good dame.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 9, Number 19 [Thursday, October 6, 1904], page 5, column 2

NORWAY NOTATIONS.

There was a great deal of excitement in the city last Tuesday morning over the report that a wild man had been seen in the woods about six miles north of the city on the Metropolitan road. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sequin were out on that road Monday afternoon hunting partridges, and while Mr. Sequin was away from the rig for a short distance, Mrs. Sequin saw a man running through the woods. She thought he was naked and that his body was covered with

hair. Becoming frightened, she called to her husband, who hurried to her side and just caught a glimpse of the man as he disappeared through the woods. They returned to the city and reported what they had seen. The story spread rapidly and the next morning a large posse of men was organized, headed by Postmaster Sampson, and armed with rifles, shot-guns [*sic* – *shotguns*] and 200 feet of half-inch rope, started for the woods to hunt for the wild man. They had not proceeded far before Pat Langin, who is employed as pocket man at the Aragon mine, overtook them and confessed to being the one thought to be the wild man. Mr. Langin was out hunting partridges and was clothed in a dark colored wool shirt and pants and the shirt was open at the neck and exposed his chest. This, with the fact that he wore long hair and beard, made him appear to Mrs. Sequin like a wild man as he was running after a wounded bird through the underbrush. The posse returned to the city. As the sequel to wild man was made known to the public their fears were allayed and they at once began to realize the ridiculous side of the affair.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 9, Number 19 [Thursday, October 6, 1904], page 5, column 2

RANDVILLE REPORTS.

Calvin McGaughey has been fixing up his cottage lately and has bought some new furniture. It is hinted that he is soon to take unto himself a wife. Calvin is very mysterious about the affair and claims he is still in the market. Mr. McGaughey has a fine home, a lucrative position with the St. Paul railroad, and is in position to make a

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happy home for the lucky fair one, whoever she may be.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 9, Number 21 [sic] [Thursday, October 13, 1904], page 5, columns 1-2

RANDVILLE REPORTS.

Reverend Fathers Kraker and Jodocy, of Iron Mountain, were in town last Monday. They started out to hunt rabbits, but owing to the fact that they lost their dog early in the forenoon and spent the balance of the day looking for him, they went home at night without any rabbits and also without the dog.

...

Josiah Beard and John Garland, of Iron Mountain, were unfortunate in their partridge hunt last Sunday. They drove their horse into the Sturgeon river to water him and he became unmanageable and swam across the stream, upsetting the rig, and the two men barely escaped drowning. They left the horse in the woods over night and went to Iron Mountain on the train. Monday morning Garland returned and engaged the services of Byron Wilbur, who built a raft and ferried the horse across the river for him and Mr. Garland drove home, thankful that his life and that of his friend, Beard, had been spared, and that they had recovered their horse and rig.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 9, Number 27 [Thursday, November 24, 1904], page 1, column 4

Don't Believe It.

A report is in circulation to the effect that Postmaster Cruse, while deer hunting at Porcupine Castle this week, followed a hog's track over six miles, finally "catching up" at the Hamilton & Merryman farm. The Press declines to believe the story. It is undoubtedly a base libel put in circulation by some one [sic – someone] envious of our postmaster's success as a nimrod. Mr. Cruse has a reputation as a mighty hunter that extends from the cattle ranches of Keweenaw Point to Tom King's chickenyard at Randville, and the attempt to tarnish it will – and should – fail miserably.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 9, Number 28 [Thursday, December 1, 1904], page 5, columns 1-2

CHIPS FROM CHANNING.

The train crew on the Copper Range railroad played a good joke on the agent at Rockland and Conductor Allen and his crew on the St. Paul last week Thursday. When the Copper Range train came from Ontonagon the engineer reported that there was a wounded buck near the track about a mile from Rockland, and Allen, anxious to secure the deer, cut the engine loose from his train and with his brakeman, P.L. Vincent, and J.H. Kohne, agent at Rockland, all got on the engine and ran down to where the deer was reported. They soon came in sight of the deer, which was a fine specimen with large antlers. The buck had evidently been wounded in the back and was sitting on his haunches in the snow and held his head high in the air in defiance of the new-comers. The engine was brought to a stop, Engineer Jas. Hart took the gun and fired three shoots [sic – shots] at the wounded deer, missing him

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each time. The brakeman, P.L. Vincent, also tried three shots, and in his excitement also missed the deer. Agent Kohne then said to give him the gun and he would kill the deer. He shot twice and the second shot hit the deer in the head, but did not seem to hurt him any, as he did not move, and still maintained his defiant position. The men then decided to investigate and found on close inspection that the deer had been dead about a month and the crew of the Copper Range train had placed the carcass in a sitting position, propping the head up with a forked stick. The St. Paul crew took the joke in good humor and are [sic – is] now devising some means to get even.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 15, Number 12 [Thursday, August 11, 1910], page 1, column 3

A Rat Story.

The Iron Mountain Water Works company has been unloading a consignment of 1,500 tons of coal this week. Supt. Croll says that more than a thousand large wharf rats were received in the consignment. Ben Nowatski, who bossed the job of loading [sic – unloading], declares that some of the rats were as large as cats. In a consignment of coal received at the pumping station direct from Pennsylvania mines, several hundred snakes were received. The snakes were all sizes and breeds.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 15, Number 22 [Thursday, October 20, 1910], page 1, column 6

Foot Social.

We have been requested an [sic – to] announce that a foot social, in which the gentlemen will bid for the women's feet after the manner of a basket-social, will be given by the young folks and the teacher at the Twin Falls school on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. All are invited. The ladies are requested to bring something for the lunch, which will [be] given after the auction. This social is for the purpose of getting pictures and story-books [sic – storybooks] for the school.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 15, Number 22 [Thursday, October 20, 1910], page 4, column 4

RANDVILLE NOTES.

Ed. Ryan's auto broke down at Carey's Spur last Saturday night. He was driving at a high rate of speed, coming from Sagola. When near LaCourt's farm, a horse came suddenly into the road. To avoid killing the horse, Mr. R. applied the brakes and broke the driving shaft. Chas. Rauer came up from Iron Mountain on Sunday morning to repair the machine, but when he found that a new driving shaft was needed, he and Jos. Bonen, the chauffeur, went partridge hunting. They afterwards met an auto going to Iron Mountain and left Ryan's horse tied to a post at Carey's Spur and went home. Mr. Ryan went after the horse and had fifteen men in the woods looking for Rauer and the chauffeur.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 15, Number 25 [Thursday, November 10, 1910], page 4, column 3

DICKINSON COUNTY HISTORY – MISCELLANEOUS AMUSING, HUMOROUS AND INTERESTING INCIDENTS

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

SAGOLA NEWS GOSSIP.

Frank Knisely was doing a little target practice last Tuesday getting ready for the hunting season. He set up a tin-can [sic – tin can] and shot at it – and killed his dog.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 15, Number 28 [Thursday, December 1, 1910], page 2, column 4

Joined the Revolution.

Raul and Julio Medero [sic – Madero], students of the Michigan College of Mines, have left the college for Naco, Ariz., to join their brother, Francisco Medoro [sic – Madero], the leader of the Mexican revolution. The boys have not been home for the past year as they were advised they would be arrested if they returned. The copper country is greatly interested in the revolution as much of the copper country capital is invested in mines in Sonsra [sic – Sonora] and Chihuahua. Most of the mine superintendents and engineers in those districts where the uprising is at its height, [sic] are either copper country men or graduates from the Michigan college of mines [sic – College of Mines].

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 15, Number 30 [Thursday, December 15, 1910], page 6, column 1

SAGOLA NEWS GOSSIP

C.B. Fenton, of Iron Mountain, and Russell Pringle were out rabbit hunting last Saturday and took the hundred-dollar

pointer along. The dog deserted them about one mile from town and came home. Fenton and Pringle only got two rabbits and some one [sic – someone] stole them.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 16, Number 10 [Thursday, July 27, 1911], page ____, column ____

SAGOLA NEWS GOSSIP

John and Clarence O'Callaghan and Dr. J.W. Dougherty came down from Witch Lake in their auto last Thursday afternoon. When near Sagola, Dr. Dougherty attempted to unload a rifle and a jolt of the car caused the gun to be discharged. The bullet went through the floor of the car, the exhaust pipe and the transmission case[,] disabling the car so that it had to be left at Sagola until new parts could be obtained from Iron Mountain, which were received Saturday and the car repaired.

Iron Mountain Press, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 20, Number 11 [Thursday, July 29, 1915], page 6, column 4

QUINNESEC NOTES.

Dan Fraker has an unusually intelligent horse. It goes to a water hydrant, paws a hole in the ground with its hoof and opens the shut-off with its teeth, letting the water runs [sic – run] into the hole. When the animal has finished drinking it shuts off the water again. This seems almost incredible, but is vouched for by a Methodist minister and four ladies who saw the act.

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Number 14 [Thursday, August 19, 1915], page 1, column 3

Money for Rats.

Got any rats about your home, store or office? Don't let the cat get 'em if you have, because after next Monday rats will be a valuable asset. Under the new law which goes into effect on that date, rats are valued at five cents a head. In order to realize on the pesky animals it will be necessary to present the heads, neatly lopped off, in batches of not less than five to the city clerk. When the clerk has satisfied himself regarding the correctness of the rat hunter's claim as to when the animals were captured, he will issue a certificate for presentation to the county clerk who shall draw a warrant on the county treasurer, the latter being instructed by law to pay from funds in the county treasury, five cents in good American coin for each head.

Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, _____ Year, Number _____ [Saturday, April 26, 1924], page 2, column 1

ALLEGED SPREE COSTLY TO 'DOC'

Candy Wagon Over-turns, Later His Horse Runs Away

Alleged to have been heavily inoculated with "spiritus fermentus," "Doc" Lacey, negro vendor of ice cream, and confectionary, involuntarily provided

children living on the north side with sweets last night.

According to available informatoin [*sic – information*], "Doc" had spent the evening hobnobbing with the great god Bacchus. Climbing into his wagon, which had been parked on a side street, awaiting his pleasure, "Doc" turned his trusty steed's head toward home. His general direction was correct but his manner of directing the equipage resulted in the wagon being overturned. The stock in trade rapidly disappeared before the onslaught of a horde of youngsters. Passersby righted Doc's chariot and set him on his way.

While proceeding along Hughitt street enroute [*sic – en route*] to his home near the ball park, "Doc's" horse was said to have entered into the spirit of the occasion with more enthusiasm than discretion. A short but snappy runaway followed which ended with "Doc" reclining in a convenient gutter and the wagon reduced to wreckage. "Doc" was said to have escaped with minor injuries.

The Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 4, Number 24 [Thursday, May 8, 1924], page 1, column 4

TONY UPSET BY THREE ANSWERS

Our Bashful Hero Says He Must Have Time For Consideration

With three "proposals" from girls at hand, "Bashful Tony" asks that he be given time to think before any more are sent to

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[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

him. He called at The News this morning. The letters awaited him.

“Fine!” was Tony’s comment. “But they’d better let me consider these before any more write. A fellow has to be careful and move slowly in matters like this, you know.”

Each of the trio of applicants for wifehood in Tony’s proposed home wears her hair bobbed. Each is sure that Tony will find her the girl he has been looking for. They range in age from 19 years to 22. Each asks that Tony communicate with the writer at once.

The bashful seeker of a wife will call at The News again in a day or two. Any letters that will have been received will then be turned over to him.

Asked whether he cared for any more applications, Tony grinned broadly and said:

“That is enough to keep me busy for a while [*sic – awhile*]. Maybe later, I’ll have to look ‘em up, you see. That takes time.”

Two of the letters are from Vulcan girls and one is from an Iron Mountain miss.

Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Year _____, Number _____ [Sunday, **October 4, 1925**], page 2, column 1 [*probably Monday, October 5, 1925*]

REPORTED SHOT; ONLY HALF SHOT

Sheriff and Coroner Are Called Out to “Case” In Village

“My god, sheriff, rush out here at once! There’s a man who has been shot!”

The distressed voice gasped its message over the telephone and then came the click as the receiver was replaced. Sheriff Cleveland was electrified into action. Here indeed, [*sic*] was a case demanding immediate attention, with the possibility of another mystery to unravel, another episode in the sordid story of crime.

But calm even in the face of emergencies, the sheriff bethought himself of another official who should be notified of the tragic happening. Quickly he put in a call for Coroner J.B. Erickson and told him to report at once with his ambulance.

Then both sheriff and coroner raced to the scene of the murder, or suicide, or whatever it was. The excited informant had given the location as the St. Paul right-of-way near the Phoenix Lumber yard in the village of Kingsford.

Revolver on His Chest

Large crowds had gathered about the spot when the officials arrived. They pressed their way to the center and there, prone upon the ground, lay a man. His eyes were closed in the attitude of death. Not a muscle quivered, not a part of his body moved. Upon his chest was a German revolver, with two unexploded cartridges jammed in the chamber.

An examination showed that there was still a spark of life. And while there’s life there’s hope. Tenderly the victim was placed in the ambulance and carefully wrapped with blankets. Then began a speedy journey to the General hospital.

Nurses fluttered about and made hasty preparations to handle an emergency case when the sheriff and coroner brought in their “injured” man. He was immediately placed on the operating table and the resources of medical science and skill were called upon to save him.

But when the examination was started not a bullet hole could be found. Neither was there a trace of an injury or a mark of

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blood. And as amazement replaced the looks of anxiety on the faces of the watchers, the victim woke up.

Surprise Party on Him, Too!

Stupidly he gazed around and endeavored to comprehend what it was all about. Traces of alcoholic fumes lingered near him and it began to appear that if he wasn't all shot at least he was "half-shot."

He began to mumble and presently it was determined beyond doubt that he had suffered no physical injury, although he had been badly pummeled by John Barleycorn.

The amazed looks hereinbefore mentioned turned to ones of disgust. Ether and bandages were replaced in their receptacles. Nurses ceased their ministrations and medical science went back on the book shelf [*sic – bookshelf*].

Less tenderly the victim, Stanley Bovinski, was removed from the operating table. And considerably less tenderly was he conveyed to the county jail.

There, after he had sobered up, he was relieved of \$10, the price of the ambulance call and other expenses incurred. His gun also was confiscated, and the sheriff, naturally[,] had a good mind to confiscate him. But he didn't, and Stanley was allowed to fare forth again.

Incidentally, nurses at the hospital received a big box of candy from the sheriff.

And the sheriff – well, he's used to being called out on false alarms. Besides, he doesn't eat candy.

Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 5, Number 12 [Friday, April 24, 1925], page 3, columns 1-2

LAKE SHALLOW, COULDN'T END LIFE

Man Has Difficult Time Following Tussle With Radio Birds

Birds that talk French and a warning in the same language through the loud speaker of a radio drove a North side man into the police station this morning with one of the strangest tales ever heard by Chief of Police Smole. He asked to be locked up in a cell of solid iron so that the man who was "out to get him" would be unable to reach him with the large knife he was carrying.

The story, as told to the police by the man, who, police said, is a half breed Indian, dates back about a week when he was taken ill while working at the Ford plant and sent to his home. He was put under the care of physicians. Last night, he said, while listening to the radio, a voice in French warned the man that unless \$20 he owed was paid immediately he would be killed this morning at 10 o'clock.

Walks Streets All Night

Fearing death the sick man left the house and wandered about on the North side all evening, but the "voice of the horn" also proved to have "three birds," all of which were able to speak French, planted in the pockets of the sick man. According to his story the birds would report back to the owner at regular intervals to notify the "radio man" of his whereabouts.

Desperate efforts were made by the man to catch the smallest bird, whose appearance signified certain death, to exhibit to the police. A thorough search by the man of all his wearing apparel failed to reveal the whereabouts of the "bird" that had come to forecast the end, although he told police that he could hear it whistle plainly.

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Constant questioning failed to change the man's story and Chief Smole finally summoned a doctor who ordered the man returned to bed. He was suffering from a high fever and is not yet over a severe attack of erysipales [sic – erysipelas]. Police returned the man to the place where he is staying with orders that he be locked up until cured of the disease. Questioning by the doctor brought out the fact that the sick man was indebted to the people with whom he is staying to the amount of \$20 and last night he attempted to borrow an additional \$10 to pay another creditor. This loan was refused and the "voice of warning" which came over the radio in French followed.

Escapes from Room

Following instructions of the doctor, police returned the man to his rooming house where he was locked in, but tenants failing to hear any noise within the room after a brief period of time had elapsed opened the door and found he was gone. Curtains and a bed sheet were tied to the bed and hung out the rear window, providing mute evidence as to his method of escape.

Police headquarters were immediately called and a search was started for the missing man who was later found at the North side fire station. According to statements made to the police he had started for Lake Antoine on the [sic – a] dead run believing that he was being pursued. He jumped into the lake in [an] attempt to commit suicide but said that the water was not deep enough although he had foiled his pursuers by ducking from sight to escape "four bullets" which he avers were fired at him.

His clothing was soaked when Officer Cavaiani returned him to the city lock-up where he has been put under care of physicians. The attempt to end his life may

prove fatal as the man was running a high fever when he plunged into the lake.

Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 5, Number 34 [Wednesday, May 20, 1925], page 1, column 5

LOST CHILD AT POLICE STATION

Danny Says He Lives On "Next" Street But Where Is That?

A world explorer not yet into his teens and giving his name as Danny Grip was found on Stephenson avenue this afternoon by Police Officer Cavaiani and taken to the police station.

Danny didn't become afraid because he was lost. He took it bravely and was most agreeable when the police officer offered to take him to the officer's home.

Danny knew that he lived in Iron Mountain on the "next" street and that his father and mother were home. He also told police he was going to school when he gets bigger. He answered questions between bites, the police having purchased him a large bag of chocolate candy to keep him occupied until his parents miss him and make inquiry at the station.

Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 5, Number 39 [Tuesday, May 26, 1925], page 3, column 3

"DAREDEVIL" TO SHOW HIS STUFF

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[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

Plans Difficult Feat While Hanging From Court House Tower

“Daredevil” Jack O’Day, disabled World war veteran who is making a tour from his home in Los Angeles, Calif., across the United States, will give an exhibition downtown this evening, imitating the great Houdini.

O’Day[,] performing a difficult act, having six men tie him with chains and locks, stopping the circulation of the blood, and then frees himself. The exhibition will take place on some side street off of Stephenson avenue in the main shopping district.

Tomorrow evening he will perform a real thrilled, hanging by his feet from the fourth story window of the court house in a straight [*sic – strait*] jacket. He will release himself from the straight jacket while suspended head first above the cement sidewalk, four stories below. O’Day’s wife and child are accompanying him on the trip.

The Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 5, Number 214 [Monday, December 21, 1925], page 8, column 1

LARGEST MAN IN PENINSULA DIES AT FOSTER CITY

**Ernest Struebing Suc-
cumbs; Weight Was
570 Pounds**

Ernest G. Struebing, aged 56 years, weighing 570 pounds and declared to have been the biggest man in the upper peninsula of Michigan if not in the state, has passed away at his home in Foster City, following an illness of about a year. Complications resulting from his excessive weight are said to have caused his death.

Death occurred at Streubing’s farm home. The casket which will bear him to his grave tomorrow is seven feet in length, 38 inches wide and 34 inches high and will be borne by eight pallbearers.

Streubing was born in Germany, October 22, 1869. He came to America 35 years ago and has lived in Foster City for 30 years. For the past several years he conducted a farm in that community and recently installed an oil station in front of his home. He was also employed by the von Platen Fox Lumber company some time ago as a camp foreman, and worked for a time for the Morgan Lumber and Cedar company.

The deceased is survived by his widow and 10 children. They are Fred, Ernest and William, of Iron Mountain; Ruth, Lester, Clarence and Robert, of Foster City; Mrs. H. Knutson, of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., and Mrs. Arthur Plant, of Iron Mountain.

The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 1 o’clock from the farm home the Rev. John Eckstrom officiating.

The Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume 5, Number 214 [Monday, December 21, 1925], page 8, column 3

MAHER IS SET TO START LONG DANCING GRIND

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[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

24-Hour Mileage Test Will Get Under Way This Evening

At about 10:30 o'clock tonight Frank Maher, dancing instructor, will "shove off" on his 24 hours of continuous dancing, with the purpose of establishing a record in mileage covered during that time[.] The test will be held in the Northern ballroom, under the auspices of the Thomas Uren post of the American Legion.

There will be general dancing at the Northern beginning at 8:30 o'clock and Maher will start his long grind while this is going on. A committee representing the American Legion will be in constant attendance to check up on his progress and to take hourly readings from the pedometer which Maher will carry in his pocket as he dances.

Guesses as to the probable mileage which Maher will cover during the 24-hour period continue to come in to the Northern. Already about one hundred persons have estimated the distance and their guesses range from 20 to 180 miles. No guesses will be accepted after the start of the test tonight, Mr. Maher said this morning, and persons wishing to submit estimates up to that time are requested to bring them to the Northern in person today or tonight.

It is not likely, Mr. Maher said, that he will be able to obtain enough partners to make frequent changes. However, several have volunteered to start with him and when they have finished the instructor will dance alone. An orthophonic Victrola will provide the music while Maher is at work alone.

The instructor is still looking for competition. "I'd like to have at least one or

two start with me," he said today. "It would help a lot, for it would provide an incentive, and also they act as 'pacers' for me."

Tomorrow morning the Northern will open for those who wish to witness the test.

Tomorrow night there will be general dancing beginning at 8:30 o'clock. The "Masked Marvels," the new orchestra at the Northern, will furnish the music.

Iron Mountain News, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, _____ Year, Number _____ [Tuesday, August 14, 1945], page 2, column 3

Horse Brings Aid To Man Hurt In Woods

William Peronto, Foster City logger, credits the faithful intelligence of a horse to the fact that he is safe at home, although suffering from a badly-dislocated knee, as the result of a freak-accident occurring while he was at work in the woods near his residence, in **Breen township**.

Peronto was skidding logs, and driving his horse along a narrow trail, when the logging-gear brushed against a sapling, bending it far over as the horse moved along. **Snapping back, the sapling caught Peronto full in the leg, dislocating his knee.**

Alone; several miles from home; unable to walk and in great pain, Peronto loosened the skid-chains and **ordered the horse off home**. The animal hesitated a moment; then moved off in the direction of the Peronto farm. Once on the way, he went straight to his destination. Halted at the farm-yard by a stout gate, the horse bushed against it; shattered the latch and went on in.

Louis Siegler, Jr., a neighbor, saw the horse trotting along the road, dragging the

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chains behind him. Failing to find Peronto at home, he inquired at the nearby farm of **Robert Charlebois**. Believing that something had happened to Peronto, Sieglar and Charlebois set out at once for the site of the latter's job.

Found Injured Man

There they found the injured man, suffering intense pain and unable to move. Peronto was taken out of the woods, on a stretcher, to a nearby road where **Joseph Petrovich**, also of **Foster City**, was waiting with his truck to bring the man to *[the]* **General hospital**. He was later removed to his home.

Because the treatment of the injury was delayed while he lay in the woods, waiting for his horse to bring the message to his neighbors, Peronto will be confined to his home for some time.

Meanwhile, the faithful animal who made the trip, alone, back to his home-stable, is getting extra rations of the best oats that Peronto can obtain. He was also enjoying a holiday today, in the combined observance of the end of war, and the gratitude of his master for bringing help.