Pioneer Railroad
TO THOSE THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN
(some of whom have passed on)
WHOSE LIFETIME WORK HAS BEEN AND WILL BE
THE PROGRESS OF THE PIONEER RAILROAD
Acknowledgments

For their patience, cooperation, and counsel, the authors are deeply indebted to these gentlemen:

Rowland L. Williams, President, Chicago and North Western Railway System
Barret Conway, Vice President and Secretary
Major General Carl R. Gray, Jr., Administrator, Veterans' Affairs, former Vice-president
Lowell Hastings, General Solicitor
Bradford W. Carlton, Assistant to President
Francis V. Koval, Assistant to President
William F. White, Assistant Secretary
Quentin M. Lambert, Publicity Manager

We are also grateful to our old-time colleague of Chicago newspaper days, John Drury, who dug deep into the archives of the railroad and into the material loaned by the Newberry Library, the Chicago Historical Association, and the Chicago Public Library; nor should we forget Sally Morgan, who typed and retyped the manuscript again and again and again—until it finally passed muster.
## Contents

**Part One. MAN OF VISION**

1. The Gentleman from Delaware County .......................... 3
2. Charles Butler's Proposal ........................................ 11
3. Go West, Young Man ........................................... 18
4. His Honor the Mayor ........................................... 27
5. Galena—Prairie Capital ........................................ 38

**Part Two. PIONEER RAILROAD**

6. The Birth of a Railroad .......................................... 47
7. The Pioneer ................................................... 57
8. North Western Dream ........................................... 68
9. Laying the Foundation ........................................... 77

**Part Three. NORTHWEST TERRITORY**

10. Territory in Need of a Railroad ............................. 85
11. Twin Cities in the Wilderness ................................ 95
12. The Rails Come to Minnesota .................................. 100

**Part Four. THE WAR YEARS**

13. Civil War .................................................... 113
14. Consolidation ................................................ 121
15. Ogden Retires ................................................. 129
16. Marvin Hughitt .............................................. 135
17. Rural Opposition .............................................. 140

**Part Five. THE LAST FRONTIER**

18. The Omaha Climbs Aboard ................................... 149
19. Empty Horizons ............................................... 155
## CONTENTS

### Chapter
20. Advance on the Dakotas  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  159  
21. The Great Capital Fight  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  172  
22. Picnics and Excursions  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  177  

### Part Six. PALACE CARS, HEROES, AND BLIZZARDS
23. Luxurious Travel  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  187  
24. “Ah, Noble Kate Shelley”  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  191  
25. The Great Blizzard  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  199  
26. Casey at the Throttle  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  208  

### Part Seven. THE LAST LAP
27. Entrance to the New Century  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  215  
28. Yesterday’s Frontier  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  226  
29. Again a Farmer’s Railroad  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  234  
30. Tourists, Sculpture, and Cattle  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  243  
31. Progress—and Setback  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  248  
32. Trusteeship and Reorganization  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  253  
33. “Bud” Williams Takes Over  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  261  

### Part Eight. CENTURY OF SERVICE
34. Notes on a Southpaw Railroad  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  269  
35. Locals and Streamliners  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  276  
36. The First Hundred Years Are the Hardest  ...  ...  ...  ...  ...  282  

### APPENDIX
.......

### BIBLIOGRAPHY
.......

### INDEX
.......

---

x

---
Part One

MAN OF VISION
Chapter 1

THE GENTLEMAN FROM

DELAWARE COUNTY

To the Citizens of Chicago and to the People of the Northwest:
Would you behold William Butler Ogden's monument, look around you!


The big man gently patted the big bay gelding, and the horse, responsive as always to his master's gestures, halted his easy, powerful stride.

The trail they had been following had risen somewhat from the Delaware River bank, so that the pair of them—man and beast—were looking over the countryside. This trail began at Stamford in the northeastern corner of Delaware County, where it joined a slightly more imposing roadway that ran west for sixty-odd miles to meet the Hudson River at Ravena—whence it was an easy ride to Albany, then in 1835, as now, the capital of New York State.

The gentleman from Delaware County let the reins hang on his horse's neck, shook the stirrups from his feet, stretched his long legs, and while his mount cropped green mulberry leaves, stared ahead of him. This was the spread of country that had a peculiar attraction for him. Riding from his near-by home in Walton on his way to the sessions of the State Legislature, he was wont to halt at this particular rise, kick off his stirrups, swing around in the saddle, and look backward; coming home to Walton from Albany, as now, he would halt here, and stare ahead.

William Butler Ogden threw one leg over his saddle, hooked his reins to the pummel, and slid easily to the ground. He walked for-
ward a dozen paces and looked down. Ahead of him was cleared land which, not so long ago, had been a mighty forest; the path meandered through tree stumps. As he stood there, the ring of axes came to him sharply on the clear April air; there came also the echo of a crash as an oaken giant tumbled to earth. Ogden's tree-fellers had been busy during his last sojourn in Albany. The view was unobstructed now, all the way to the little white town of Walton. Philadelphia was growing fast, and orders for lumber from the Ogden sawmill—to be floated down the Delaware—overtaxed the mill, though the raw supply along the river had been barely touched.

Let us take a look at Will Ogden as he stands staring past the tree stumps, getting from his favorite post of vantage his first clear look at his home. The little white houses were clustered around the lazy river. The big white house some two hundred yards from the river's edge had been built by his father; so had the sawmill by the river. The mill wheel rotating slowly under the gentle urge of the river had been erected by Will himself twelve years before, when, in his seventeenth year, his father had been stricken by paralysis, and the eldest son had dropped the study of law to become a lumberman.

"We must move with the times, Dad," the boy had explained to his father. The sick man, unable to do more, understanding but voiceless, had nodded in acquiescence. Will knew he would have smiled as he agreed, had not his features been frozen into immobility by the scourge that had come upon him.

So there was the sawmill wheel.

A tall man—just over six feet—Will Ogden was broad-shouldered and slim-waisted. His hands were large and capable. He had brown hair, a clean-shaven face, a high forehead; his mouth was firm and determined, his eyes clear gray. All in all, a remarkably handsome man of twenty-nine, clad in the fashion of a gentleman of his day on horseback: long, high-split, brown riding coat; neckcloth; tight soft-leather breeches; booted but unspurred. Will Ogden loved his horses, as his horses loved him, and had no use even for a riding whip.

Across the lazy river, opposite the sawmill wheel was the flour mill wheel, rotating under the gentle urge of the Delaware as slowly and majestically as its neighbor. Behind it was the low flat-roofed mill, white as its finished product—the flour mill as busy as the
sawmill, for Philadelphia needed bread as well as lumber. Beyond the little white mill, beyond a green garden showing flashes of other bright spring colors, was a low white-timbered house with ivy clinging to its walls.

Strange that a young man should be made unhappy by looking at such beauty as a gentle river, a flour mill wheel, a pretty garden, an ivy-covered, timbered house—that a man should be made suddenly miserable, restless. One side of the river stood for all that he was himself, all that he had gained, all that he had built of himself—postmaster of Walton, member of the State Assembly from Delaware County, major and brigade inspector in the state militia, friend of that fellow Democrat, President “Andy” Jackson, friend and confidant of Governor “Bill” Marcy of New York; one of the leading lumber merchants of the state. Young, handsome, well to do, popular—and unmarried!

The Ogdens had been “people” since the early settlement of North America. The first American Ogden had been the younger son of a Yorkshire squire, a wild, hard-riding youth without prospects and with a facility for picking wrong numbers and wrong cards at the gaming tables. His father, beating Horace Greeley to the punch line by more than a hundred years, had said in effect, “Go West, young man!”—the West in those days being the shore line of His Majesty’s American Colonies. To his advice he added five hundred pounds—no mean sum in those days.

This first William Ogden straightened out quickly, secured a grant of land in New Jersey through the influence of his family, gathered to him portions of several shiploads of bond servants, and built a house. He farmed land to a sufficient extent to provide for him a livelihood plus about as many comforts as were being enjoyed by his brother, the now-reigning Yorkshire squire. He lived in a cleared and productive section near Morristown. His immediate neighbors were the Weeds and the Butlers. William Ogden married a Butler and raised a brood of children. Four of his sons served in the Revolutionary War. One of these, Abraham Ogden, a lawyer, bought the present site of Ogdensburg in St. Lawrence County, New York, on the St. Lawrence River. He had built a sort of fort there, as protection against the Indians, which was ignored by the
British during the Revolutionary War. In the War of 1812, Abraham Ogden's fort and trading village were destroyed by the enemy—but the city of Ogdensburg rose on the ashes—and still thrives.

William Ogden's first cousin, Peter Skene Ogden, wandered into the Far West years before wandering into the Far West became known as a hazardous occupation. Peter Skene Ogden was a trapper, selling his furs to the first of the Chouteaus in the village of St. Louis. He discovered Ogden's Hole in what is now the state of Utah, where he had fresh water, and where furred animals came to drink and to die and to have their hides forwarded to old Auguste Chouteau. When Brigham Young decided that a town should be built around Ogden's Hole, he called it Ogden, and it became a great city. Grateful that Peter Skene Ogden had laid a trail to fresh water, the Mormon leader also picked a mountain and named it after the trapper.

William Butler Ogden's grandfather served as an officer in the Revolutionary War; when that trouble was over, he retired to his estate, refusing repeated demands that he enter politics by serving in the New Jersey Legislature. His son Abraham, who had engaged in the lumber business, became intrigued over the stories of the immense timber forests in the "upper Delaware country." A patent to lumbering stretches of forest could be secured through family influence; the Delaware River rolled down from the forest to Philadelphia—and was not Philadelphia the new country's greatest, fastest growing city?

Abraham Ogden was a great persuader; he talked his clan into moving into the state of New York, into securing patents to the great pine, elm, and oak forests. His wife was a Weed, his aunt had married a Butler, a cousin had wed a Wheeling. Weeds, Butlers, Wheelings and Ogdens moved to the banks of the lazy Delaware, and all of them prospered. Some of them are still there.

Abraham Ogden, with the help of Weeds, Butlers, and Wheelings, built the little white town of Walton on the banks of the river. The families had come to primitive forest, west of the Catskills, 8 miles from Albany, 60 miles from what—in courteous terms—was then called "a carriage road."

The clans cleared the land, they built their homes—crude at first, gradually improved—broke the forest, sowed and reaped, con-
structured their rafts and then their flatboats. Within two decades they had established their trade with the New World metropolis, Philadelphia. Governor De Witt Clinton, visiting Abraham Ogden on the matter of his support of the Erie Canal project, was so entranced with the beauty of Walton and the surrounding country that he made it the subject of one of his powerful orations in support of the man-made waterway. He thundered:

In this sequestered section of our State, where courageous families arrived in wilderness on pack horses within my own memory, patriotism has found a home amid dignified courtesy and genuine hospitality. The society so formed and developed through the influence of these pioneers is distinguished through all the surrounding country no less for its general intelligence and intellectual cultivation than for its moral and religious character. The marts of commerce are open to these gallant people because nature provided them with a waterway. And where nature has failed, my friends, then man must find a way. . . .

Abraham Ogden built his white-timbered house and his sawmill, raised his family from harsh living to comfort, and fell victim to a stroke of paralysis at the early age of forty-two. Inside of seconds he was changed from a strong and hearty man to something breathing—but otherwise inanimate; his brain apparently functioned for he could move his head slightly in gestures of assent and dissent. For five years he so lived and then passed on. This was in 1820, when he was forty-seven years of age. William Butler Ogden was within a month of being seventeen when his father became helpless. For three years after that, he ran the sawmill with the help of a scholarly Weed uncle, who could keep books but who didn't know the difference between a pine tree and an elm. But the business moved almost of its own momentum; Philadelphia needed lumber, and all that the Ogdens had to do was to hew timber, shape it, and slide it down the river. Will Ogden, hoping against hope for his father's recovery, had studied law. With Abraham's death, he became the actual instead of the virtual head of the business. There was his mother, a gentle, well-bred, fragile person; most certainly she had to be taken care of—no fiddling with the law when the lumber business could ensure comfort and moneyed ease for this little lady.
Then there was Mahlon—young Mahlon, as keen on being a lawyer as his elder brother had ever been—and the three girls, lovely girls, who would have no trouble finding husbands. Off they would flit in a few years, so very few years—and, as assuredly, off would flit young Mahlon to practice law in Philadelphia or Washington or New York. And Will Ogden would be alone with his adored and adoring mother. But just a moment! Not so alone, after all—for there was Mary, whose father, John Wheeling, operated the flour mill across the river from the Ogden sawmill. Mary had not always been important to Will Ogden—once she had been just a grubby little girl in pigtails, a nuisance to himself and to other little boys. Then, all of a sudden, she had grown up—a honey-haired, slim, pink and white girl of seventeen.

This realization of Mary and her physical assets came to Will Ogden strangely enough as he was leaving his father's grave. Friends and relatives had gathered round the grief-stricken widow, her daughters, and second son. Will found himself alone—and then felt a touch on his arm.

"Cousin Will, I'm so sorry."

(Most everybody in Walton—that is the Ogdens, the Weeds, the Wheelings—called each other "cousin.")

The voice was soft, melodious. Will Ogden turned to look at Mary Wheeling. What a pretty girl! And yesterday she was a child; today slim and lovely even in unrevealing, voluminous black.

"Thank you, Cousin Mary."

Cousin? He repeated the word to himself, made a swift calculation as to the sort of cousins they were. Oh, yes; Granduncle Weed had married a Wheeling back in Morristown before the War of Independence. And that Wheeling lady had been a cousin of Mary Wheeling's grandfather. Far enough away, by any standard. Peculiarly, he thought, his brief mental genealogical study left him deeply relieved.

They walked on together behind the rest of the funeral party.

"Mary," said Will—he was always a direct sort of person—"I was thinking that some of these evenings I ought to row across and pay your folks a visit."

"I know they'll be glad to see you, Will," Mary replied demurely.
There had been, from the very beginning, a perfect understanding. It came to Will Ogden as he jogged easily along, his eyes on the flour mill wheel and not on his own sawmill wheel, that he had never actually proposed to Mary Wheeling.

They had been sitting one summer evening on the porch of John Wheeling's house. This faced the long garden, the mill wheel, and the river; you came to it either from the water and up the garden path or you came around to it by a circular driveway off the rutted roadway. Mostly forest behind the Wheeling house, for the highway (so-called) to Philadelphia and to Albany ran on the sawmill side of the river.

"When we're married—" Will had begun. He was always one for expressing his thoughts and his plans well ahead.

"Yes, Will," she said quietly—a smile on her face at the sudden rush of color to his—"what is it you have in mind when we're married?"

She was holding in her hand a daisy, from which she had been picking the petals one by one; she would often do this when they were sitting together.

"Then—then—it's all right?" he managed to stammer.

"Of course it's all right, Will," whispered Mary. "It's always been all right ever since I started pulling daisy petals on you when I was nine years old. You know, 'He loves me, he loves me not.' Hundreds and hundreds of times, Will, and it has always come out right. You do love me, don't you?"

Will Ogden took from her fingers the recently unpetaled daisy. Carefully and methodically he placed it between the leaves of the notebook that he always carried in an inner coat pocket. Then, deliberate as always, he took his Mary in his arms and, for the first time, kissed her.

That had been nine years ago, back in 1826, about a year after Abraham Ogden had been relieved from all pain and laid to rest. Two years of sweet courtship; and the wedding had been set for a June day of 1828.

He was in Philadelphia the previous March—busy for a week on an important lumber deal. On a blustery night, his brother Mahlon galloped, mudstained, to the door of his inn, rushed Will to his room,
and broke the news: Mary had passed away after two days of mysterious illness, diagnosed by the doctor as "heart trouble."

On the evening of December 20, 1881, the members of the Chicago Historical Society and more than fourscore distinguished guests gathered together to listen to an address by the Honorable Isaac Arnold, president of the society and a former associate of the Honorable William Butler Ogden, first mayor of the city of Chicago, first president of the Chicago and North Western Railway. At the same time, a portrait of Ogden, painted by George P. A. Healy, was presented to the society. Ogden had died in 1877.

"I recall a dark stormy night in December, 1843," said Arnold, "when we were living together at his house on Ontario Street. The wild winter wind was moaning through the trees which stood close to the building. A great wood fire was burning on old-fashioned and-irons. It was late; we were alone, and had been narrating to each other incidents of boyhood—on the Delaware and the Susquehanna. We had been speaking of schoolmates and early friends.

"He had been humming old, half-forgotten ballads; he seemed wholly absorbed in his memories. The fire burned low, but he still kept on talking. Finally, he went to his room. He returned with a package of carefully preserved, long-ago-faded flowers—roses, pansies, some old garden flowers, daisies—a ribbon, a glove, some notes and a poem. All tenderly cherished relics of one from whom, many and long years before, he had been separated by death and around whose grave, amid all the active and absorbing scenes in which he was living, his memory still lingered fondly and faithfully. He never forgot the Sabbath chimes with which her voice had mingled. Half a century after her death and in his last will and testament he made provision for all those near to her who were still alive."
Chapter 2

Charles Butler's Proposal

Charles Butler, an alert, impatient, clever little man, was pacing back and forth on the long, wide verandalike front porch of the Ogden home as Will Ogden—and Jonathan, his horse—slowly jogged into view on the Delaware road. Will recognized his brother-in-law and waved a salutation; Charles returned it, at the same time yanking a huge timepiece from his fob, glancing at it, and returning it; he then resumed his pacing.

"Poor Charles," murmured Will to himself. "I thought he was out West some place. To look at him, you'd think I was hours late for an important conference. He never forgets he is descended from a Duke of Ormonde and sometimes he acts more like a duke than, I would suppose, does his noble cousin, the head of the clan."

At the steps of his home, Will Ogden slid to the ground from his saddle and smacked Jonathan's rump. The understanding horse paced majestically on and disappeared round the corner of the house in the direction of the stables.

"What good breeze brings you to Walton, Charles?" asked Will as the two men shook hands. The door opened, and a dainty, pretty little woman, looking a full decade less than her fifty years, fairly ran into her son's arms.

"Back again, Will!" cried Abigail Ogden. "I was beginning to wonder—"

"My usual three days' journey from Albany, Mother dear," her son replied with a laugh. "I'm not a hard rider, you know. You wouldn't be worrying or wondering if Charles were not here. He ought to know we haven't train service as yet between the capital and Walton."

"I've been waiting a day, a whole day," complained Charles, again
mechanically yanking out his huge watch—which he returned to his pocket without even looking at its face. "Important matters, Will, important matters for you and for me."

"He hasn't told me a thing about them, Will," said Mrs. Ogden. "They must really be something of moment for him to hang onto them up till you get here; but he's been fizzing like a leaky ginger beer bottle for twenty-four hours."

Even Charles Butler laughed, made another gesture to his watch pocket, remembered in time, slapped his hands together.


"How in God's name did you get hold of my speech?" asked Will Ogden. "You weren't in Albany, and the newspapers haven't had time—"

"Special dispatch rider to Washington," replied Charles gleefully as he slapped the folded papers against his hip. "Old Hickory is interested in railroads. Our first western President, Will, and it will be railroads which will open up the West. I might say he's damnably interested, if Mother"—with a bow in his mother-in-law's direction—"if Mother will excuse the language."

"Did the President give you that copy of my speech?" asked Will Ogden.

"Well, not exactly," answered his brother-in-law. "He passed it along to my brother, the attorney general. Ben knew I was coming here to talk to you about matters akin and so he gave it to me."

"Matters akin?" asked Will Ogden. "Well, Charles, your matters akin will have to wait till I bathe and shave, change my clothes, and have done justice to the splendid supper I know Mother is having prepared for us."

Charles Butler, impatient as always, held up a hand.

"Just a minute," he cried. "Just a minute, Mother. I want to read you what the President underlined." Without waiting for approval from his audience, he proceeded: "'The state-pride alone of the Empire State, gentlemen, calls for the construction at once of the Erie road. Otherwise, the scepter will depart from Judah—'"

"How's that, Mother? The scepter from Judah?"
Wonderful." Mrs. Ogden laughed. "Please continue, Charles."

Will Ogden chewed his lower lip, while his cheeks colored. He was never a vain man; in fact, he was shy and always had to nerve himself to public speaking and public appearance.

"Philadelphia," intoned Charles Butler, thoroughly enjoying himself, "is your great rival and, if New York is idle, will gather in the trade of the great West. Look at what our sister state, Maryland, has already accomplished with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

"Continuous railways from New York to Lake Erie, and south of Lake Erie, through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to the waters of the Mississippi, and connecting with railroads running to Cincinnati and Louisville in Kentucky, and Nashville in Tennessee, and to New Orleans will present the most splendid system of internal communication ever devised by man. To look forward to the completion of such a system in my day may be considered visionary. But, gentlemen, I pray that at least some of us will live to see it realized."

Charles Butler folded the papers, placed them in his inside pocket, and grinned impishly at his embarrassed brother-in-law.

"Son," whispered Mrs. Ogden, her eyes glowing, "I'm proud of you. I wish your father were here."

The Widow Ogden watched her eldest son and her son-in-law, a decanter of old port between them. Charles Butler, nervous, impatient, his words tumbling on each other; Will Ogden, listening intently, his churchwarden pipe cold and unheeded in one hand while the fingers of the other drummed on the little wine table.

He has never been happy, thought the widow to herself, never a day since Mary went away. I think he would have gone from me long since but for the children. Now Mahlon is a lawyer, and the girls are finishing school in Philadelphia. For years I feel he has been training Cousin George Weed to run the mill. He wants to get away from this place of sadness as far as he is concerned. The years have made no difference. And here's Charles Butler with the biggest of his big schemes.

The Widow Ogden sighed, blinked back tears as her crochet needle moved in and out—listened.
"There's just one thing you left out of that speech, Will," Charles Butler was saying.

"And what was that, Charles?"

"Well, you talked of the East and the South and what we call the West. You're going to crisscross it with railroad lines. Andy Jackson calls himself a Westerner but, my goodness, Will, inside of a very few years Tennessee won't even qualify as the Middle West. And then, after the Middle West, comes the West and the Northwest."

"Unsettled land, wild land, desert land," said Will Ogden shortly.

"I know, I know," continued Butler. "It has just taken you three days to come from Albany here. Eighty miles in three days. Inside of a very short time when the railroads cover the territory you mentioned in your speech, you'll make that sort of journey in three hours. Three hours instead of three days, Will. Think of that."

Charles paused to sip his port.

"I am not primarily concerned with the Erie road or the Baltimore and Ohio road or even the Erie Canal. New York wants the trade from the West or what you now call the West; so does Philadelphia. You and I can get the jump on both those places, Will."

"How?" asked Will Ogden. He rose to stick a quill into the flames of the log fire, lit his churchwarden, returned to his seat. But his mother noticed that he let his pipe go out again as he listened to her effervescent son-in-law.

"We'll build a city by the Great Lakes," said Butler. "It will be an outpost of trade at first, then it will gather to itself the trade of the surrounding region as the immigrants flock to the rich land. And then, in the race for the trade and the commerce of what you call the West, we'll be a thousand miles ahead of New York and Philadelphia."

"I presume, Charles," said Will Ogden slowly, "that you are referring as your base of operation to that sometime onion patch they call Chicago."

"Onion patch!" snapped Butler. "Why, I'll have you know Chicago was incorporated as a town two years ago—"

"How many people do you have to have to incorporate as a town?" asked Will, with a grin.

"Why, I believe it's a hundred and fifty—but there were more
than a thousand people in Chicago then. Listen, Will, I've just left there—well, a month ago. I bet there's more than three thousand there now, and the number is growing daily. Why, riding from Detroit to Chicago, it was lucky George Bronson and I were not using a wagon. The trail was so cluttered with immigrants heading for what you call an onion patch that we had to push our horses through the forest to get round them."

"What about the Indians?" asked Will. "Has that difficulty really been all cleared up?"

"Absolutely. The Black Hawk War ended that. The treaty was signed almost a year ago—last May in fact. Saes, Foxes, Chippewas, Winnebagoes, Pottawattomies, they've all gone. The Fort Dearborn massacre is just an unpleasant memory which can never recur. Chicago in a few short years, the way things are going, Will, will be the great metropolis of the Middle West. Serving people all around and in front and not giving a damn for Philadelphia or New York—or Baltimore."

"And how is all this supposed to interest me?" asked Will Ogden.

Charles Butler leaned forward in his chair; here was the big moment. "This trip George Bronson and I made to Chicago was his second. He has been deeply interested since he met Robert Kinzie in New York. This Kinzie is a son of the original settler at the mouth of the Chicago River where it flows into Lake Michigan. He was the Indian agent at the time of the massacre, and his family has title to a lot of property on both sides of the river. George was in Chicago a year ago and he bought one hundred thirty acres of Kinzie land on the north side of the river. On this last trip of ours, I bought those acres from Bronson."

"You bought them?" queried Will.

"Yes, I bought them, and a damn good buy, too. Now the government is holding an auction of public lands in Chicago in May—next month. I have secured permission to follow immediately with an auction on my acreage. I figure, at what we think prices are going to be, that I shall get back my purchase money on a sale of only a third of my lots."

"What did you pay for this property?"

"A hundred thousand dollars," answered Charles Butler.
For the first time that evening the Widow Ogden felt impelled to enter into the conversation.

"Where did you get a hundred thousand dollars, Charles?" she asked. "When you came to me for permission to propose to my daughter you told me you were worth about half that, all told."

"Truth to tell, Mother"—Butler's reply had a faint trace of embarrassment—"I'm not worth much more than that today—"

"—and part of that is your property in Geneva," observed Mrs. Ogden. "Your wife's home and your children's home—not to say your own home."

"What did you do, mortgage?" asked Will.

Charles Butler saw he had to lay his cards on the table.

"Up to the hilt," he replied, "and then some. But don't worry; my investment is good as gold—"

"What do you owe on this onion patch by the lake's edge?" asked Will, but his quiet smile encouraged his brother-in-law.

"I put a thirty-thousand mortgage on the Geneva place. Don't worry, Mother; I had your sweet daughter's permission. I had about twenty-five thousand in liquid assets. I borrowed fifteen thousand from Brother Ben; and you know, both of you, Ben is a canny soul. And as for the rest of it, I gave Arthur Bronson my note."

Will Ogden considered. Charles was evidently, to his mind, leading up to a loan.

"I could let you have fifteen thousand if that would help. Maybe more later—"

"To hell with your fifteen thousand!" shouted Butler, jumping from his chair. He stood in front of Will Ogden—then remembered himself. "My apologies, Mother, my deepest apologies. But, God Almighty, I didn't come to either of you for money! If I could raise another hundred thousand dollars I'd slap it into Chicago real estate. Yes, every penny I could get my hands on, I can't lose."

"You interest me, Charles," said Will Ogden calmly. "But if you don't want money from Mother and me, what is it you do want?"

Butler resumed his seat, swallowed half a glass of port.

"I want you to go to Chicago as the representative of the American Land Company, which is the name I have given the enterprise. I want you to go as soon as possible, lay out the streets, plot the subdivision. The government hasn't sense enough to do that; they're
just selling staked pieces of prairie. You studied surveying, along
with other things. You're my man, and I'll make it damn attractive
to you—"

"What about the sawmill?" asked the Widow Ogden in a strained,
small voice.

"Oh, the sawmill," answered Butler with a wave of his hand.
"Why, George Weed can handle the mill and the trees just as well
as Will here. It would do Will good to get out and look at this new
country. If he does, I'll wager him half a dozen of my Chicago lots
against a case of this port he stays there."

“Oh, I hope not," breathed Mrs. Ogden.

“What do I get out of it?:” asked practical Will.

“I have that all figured out," replied Butler jubilantly. “If you
just handle this sale, I'll give you twenty-five per cent of the gross
proceeds. If you'll stay in Chicago and handle the whole development,
I'll take you in as a fifty-fifty partner in everything after I have
recovered fifty thousand dollars—or half of my present investment."

“You intrigue me, Charles,” said Will Ogden as he rose and
stretched. “You and your onion patch. Don't mind my jokes,
brother-in-law; I'm of a mind to try things out. It isn't the selling
of lots, but something else you said that stirs me.”

He wants to get away, whispered the Widow Ogden to herself.

“What does interest you, then, Will?” laughed Charles Butler,
happy now that he seemed to have the battle won.

“Railroads! Charles, railroads!” replied Ogden. “That bit where
you chided me over my speech to the Assembly. Not railroads run-
ning into Chicago, but railroads running out of Chicago. Away off
into the wilds, Charles, my boy.”

“Well then, you accept?” asked Butler.

“Let's sleep on it,” said Ogden, stretching again. “But if I feel
in the morning as I do now, I'll promise at any rate to take care of
your first big sale. The rest will be up to what I think of Chicago—
and what Chicago thinks of me. Get to bed, Mother”—kissing her—
“and you, Charles.”
Will Ogden elected to make his journey—he still called it his “journey of inspection”—to Chicago by water from Buffalo. Since his talk with Charles Butler and his agreement to enter into the sales arrangement proposed by his brother-in-law, the newspapers had been lavish in their news stories of the flow of settlers into northern Illinois and Chicago. The New York *Evening Star* had considered the migration worth a series of articles by a special correspondent who accompanied an emigrant train made up of “twenty-two wagons and one hundred and fifty hardy sons and daughters of Pennsylvania.” The Indian tribes had been pushed across the Mississippi for all time, and the American people were convinced that it was “safe to go West.” Wagon trains came from New York and Virginia as well as Pennsylvania; the people of the South moved to this promised land mostly over the Father of the Waters. Times were “hard” along the seaboard, and cheap land, maybe free land, had a great appeal. The news had filtered through to the Old World, too. The vehicles of the immigrants were of every kind; sometimes no vehicle was used, for many a man traveled the whole way from the East on foot. Sometimes the light wagons containing the possessions of the movers were drawn by the people themselves, the head of the family between the shafts of the wagon, harnessed with a collar and traces, while the rest of the family according to their strength pulled with ropes attached to various parts of the vehicle.

The pioneers from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the southern states betrayed their nativity and prejudice in the schooner-shaped wagon box, the stiff tongue, the hind wheels double the size of the forward ones and closely coupled together, the whole drawn by a team of four or six horses guided by a single line in the hands of the teamster.
riding the high-wheeler. The harness was of gigantic proportions; the massive leather breeching, the heavy collar, the immense housing of bearskin, the iron trace chains, and the ponderous doubletree and whiffletrees all made a striking picture.

The New Yorker and immigrant from farther east was marked as far as his caravan could be seen by a long coupled, low-boxed, two-horse wagon provided with a seat, from which with double lines the driver guided his lightly harnessed pair of horses. Occasionally the old “steamboat” wagons were seen, bearing some resemblance to the crooked, heavy wagons used by the people from the southern states.

The contents of the immigrant wagons were astonishing indeed in amount as well as variety of articles. A glance under the canvas covering disclosed a startling array of baggage—if “women, guns, rifles, boys, girls, babies, and other knickknacks” may be called baggage. Below, on the axles of the wagons, dangled pots and kettles of all forms and sizes. Sometimes dogs and even cats were included among the movables of the immigrating families. To the Yankee mover, a plow, a bed, a barrel of salt meat, a supply of tea and molasses, a Bible, and a wife were the indispensable articles.

In front of these westward-moving caravans rode the older sons and sometimes the daughters. Their duties were chiefly to attend to the driving of such domestic animals as had been brought along. Sometimes a considerable amount of livestock was driven along by the movers—one family came with 500 sheep, another man drove 150 hogs—but as a general rule a few horses and cows, several sheep, and hogs made up the wealth of the Illinois pioneer.

Ogden had booked passage on the brand new 500-ton steamer James Madison, advertised as “the last word, the final achievement in luxurious lake traffic.” He had had to use the influence of Attorney General Benjamin Butler to secure cabin space; the James Madison, according to her owner, Charles M. Reed of Erie, was booked “to the gunwales” for months to come. Ogden was to share his sleeping space with one George W. Dole, described to him as “a big Chicago merchant.”

He rode first to Albany where he tarried a couple of days clearing up his legislative business, sent his horse Jonathan back to Walton
in charge of a groom, and then went aboard the New York, Albany, Buffalo boat, *Monarch of the Hudson*, with his gear. On May 11, 1835, bright and early, he stood on Reed's wharf and gazed up quizzically at the "Pride of the Lakes"—yet another flowery name added on by the *James Madison*’s proud owner.

"Why," said Will Ogden to himself, "I can’t see the boat for the people."

The *James Madison* was indeed loading "to the gunwales": the regular passenger list for this haul was 865—never mind stowaways and crew. On the two passenger gangplanks men, women, and children were shouting, squealing, weeping, laughing, and—the men anyhow—cursing. They carried beds, blankets, pots, and pans; they carried hens, cocks, chickens, geese, turkeys, dogs, and cats; they toted buckets, shovels, spades, and scythes; they staggered under the weight of huge wooden trunks, and not a few of the male immigrants staggered also under the influence of an inside cargo of hard liquor.

Aboard the *James Madison* it seemed impossible that any more people could be accommodated but still they kept on coming over the gangplanks, prodded by sailors, rammed ahead by the crowd behind.

"A modern Noah’s Ark," remarked Will Ogden aloud, without thought.

"Yes, sir," chuckled a voice close by, "and by gad, sir, like Noah, they have found land—or, rather, they will when they get to Chicago."

Will Ogden turned to look at a stout, pleasant-appearing little man of middle age. Before he could respond to the quip, the stranger went on.

"Mr. Ogden, I believe? Charles Butler told me what you looked like. As your traveling companion, allow me to present myself. George Dole of Newberry and Dole, Chicago. At your service, sir."

Will grasped the outstretched hand. "My pleasure, Mr. Dole."

"Just follow me," counseled the Chicagoman.

They pushed through the crowded wharf to the prow of the steamer. Here was a third, narrow gangplank guarded by four husky sailors. Their leader recognized Dole, touched his cap, and made way. The pair ascended, climbed a perpendicular stair, and arrived
in the wheelhouse. Here sat two big grizzled men who were introduced by Dole as Reed, the owner, and Captain Slocombe, master of the *James Madison*. On the table were jugs of whisky, rum, and gin, surrounded by glasses. Reed poured out generous drinks.

"We'll toast Chicago, the coming metropolis of the lakes," observed Dole.

"Right," said Reed.

They drank.

"However," went on the shipowner, "if Chicago passes Buffalo it will be mainly my fault—at the rate I'm running folks out there. Mr. Ogden, I presume you're the gentleman who persuaded our State Assembly into warming up progress for the Erie Railroad?"

"They give me some credit," admitted Will.

"I guess you're railroad-minded," observed Captain Slocombe.

"Well, so long as you don't put us boatmen out of business entirely."

"There'll be trade enough for both methods of transportation," said Dole. "And that time is almost upon us. But west of Chicago, gentlemen, it has to be land transportation—and that means railroads."

"Humph"—from Reed—"what about canals? Cheaper hauling, too."

"You can't crisscross the nation with ditches," Will Ogden found himself saying, somewhat to his own amazement. "Cost too much, too slow. You can do it with railroad tracks."

"Mr. Ogden," cried George Dole. "You're a man after my own heart! Fill up the glasses, Captain, and let's drink another toast. To the railroads of the West! And they can't come too quickly!"

The two boatmen grinned as they tossed down their liquor.

"I am one of the original incorporators of the town of Chicago," observed George Dole proudly as he sat on the edge of his bunk pulling off his heavy boots. "That was just two years ago come July. I suggest you sleep in your shirt and breeches. The *James Madison* is a fine boat, but you never can tell with steam. Prefer sail myself, but speed is the thing today, and I march with the times. As I was saying, we incorporated."

"How many of you?" asked Ogden.

"There were only twenty-eight of us who claimed the right to
vote, and thirteen of those were running for office, including myself. I'll give you their names, first because you're going to meet them all personally, and secondly because if you stay in Chicago, these folks are going down in history."

George Dole checked off his list on stubby fingers.


Down to his shirt and breeches, Dole stretched himself in the lower bunk.

"Who won?" asked Will Ogden. He was sitting on the floor of the cabin, puffing at his churchwarden.

"I tied John Owen for the number one spot," replied Dole. "My partners, Oliver and Walter Newberry, didn't qualify themselves. Walter had been in Galena for several months drumming up trade. We're wharfers, shippers, commission merchants, if you don't know, and when we get to Chicago this boat will tie up at the Newberry and Dole dock off Rush Street. Oliver was down along the Mississippi somewhere. He's planning to build flatboats for the Illinois and Michigan canal trade to the big river, once they get it cut."

"You think Chicago has a future?" asked Will.

"Son," replied George Dole, swinging his short legs over the bunk to face his questioner, "if I didn't, what in hell would I be doing there? I'm no rugged plainsman, Mr. Ogden. I can take a certain amount of hardship, but, looking at me, you probably say to yourself, this is no pioneer in the accepted tough American mold. I'm not, and neither are Oliver or Walter Newberry. We come of the same type. New England merchants who could have stayed back there and prospered. We belong to a breed which has to push forward to accomplish its destiny—let me say, rather, the destiny of these United States. What's the shore line, settled by my ancestors? What is the middle country, settled by yours? Just scratchings on the surface of what is destined to be the greatest nation in the world.

"You're heading into a rough land, Mr. Ogden. You could stay
in the great state of New York, and opportunity would be ever pounding on your door. I know all about you. You're a well-to-do businessman, you're a member of the Legislature, you're a friend of the President, among your kinfolk is one of Mr. Jackson's chief advisors. Let me ask you a question, Mr. Ogden. You look too sound a man on your feet and in your head to be swayed entirely by Charley Butler's oratory. You're giving up security and comfort to gamble. Why, I have been told that you're likely to be governor of New York some day—maybe more than that. Why are you coming to Chicago?"

Will Ogden sat, silent. George Dole waited, his stockinged feet dangling over his bunk.

"Well, Will," he said at long last—this was the first time he had called his companion by his first name—"well, what about it?"

"It's this way, George," replied Ogden slowly. "I'm running away from something. I'm running into something. As you say, I was settled at home, but—" he hesitated—"but, if I can put it this way, George, the Lord gave and the Lord saw fit to take away. There will always be a loneliness, back there, and maybe where I'm going, I can shake it off." Will Ogden stopped, abashed. He had as good as let out his secret—and to a comparative stranger.

"The Lord gave," said George Dole slowly, "and, as you say, the Lord saw fit to take away. Blessed be the name of the Lord, Will. Maybe He planned it that way."

The little man rose from his bunk, stretched out his hand. Will returned his grasp.

"You're going to do big things in Chicago," said George Dole, "for sure. Captain Slocombe's rum has me slightly dizzy. I'm going to bed."

"I'll take a turn outside first. I need a breath of good night air," said Will Ogden.

Below him, in the belly of the James Madison, the close-packed throng seemed at first to be just a sea of heads. The night was starlit, with a clear new moon. Lake Erie was smooth; the ship rose and fell gently. When he had stepped out of his candle-lit cabin, things had seemed at first a sort of blur. But above the murmur of voices there was music, singing. The people below him were on their way
to a far place, an unknown place—but they acted as though they were mighty happy about it.

There was a tangle of tongues below him; there was talk in German, and he caught a flow of words in French. A big man—a full six inches taller than I am, thought Will—was talking to a companion. His words were English, but his accent was definitely foreign. He had his broad back to the wheelhouse structure, and his head was in line with Will Ogden’s boots. His companion, definitely a New Englander by his talk, seemed as puzzled as Will over the giant’s nationality.

“I be Cornishhhhh,” hissed the big man.
“Cornish? Where’s that?”
“I be from Cornwall,” the giant answered, “in Britain. You call it England. We call it Britain. We was there firsttttt. I be lead miner.”

“Where are you heading for?” asked the New Englander.
“Galena,” answered the Briton. “Plenty lead, plenty work in Galena. Lead, she all dug up in Cornwall. Galena, I fix up good.”

“Big city, Galena,” observed the New Englander. “Me, I’m from Massachusetts. But my folks came from England and this is the first time I knew there was any others but English living there.”

“It be long story,” said the giant. “What be you?”
“I’m a road builder. Been working on the National up by Cumberland. I figure there’s going to be lots of road building and street making around Chicago.”

Will Ogden leaned over, tapped the New Englander’s shoulder.
“Pardon my listening,” he said as both men turned around. “But if you’re a road builder I’ll be able to use you in Chicago. Surveyor?”
“Yes, sirree.”
“I don’t know where I’ll be stopping as yet,” said Will. “But you’ll be able to get me through Newberry and Dole. My name is William Butler Ogden. We’ll dock at their wharf, Mr.—?”

“Hale, William Hale,” answered the road builder. “Born in Boston. My dad fought under Washington all over the place. As to where you can find me, mister, I’ll be sleeping under the stars, wrapped in my blanket, and I’ll be eating as long as five dollars lasts. Then I’ll sell my blanket—”
"—you'll be working for me the day after we land," promised Will. "If you need an advance—"

William Hale raised his hand as though brushing something away. "Maybe I'll need it, Mr. Ogden—when I go to work. Thanks, but I'll manage."

The lead miner had been listening intently. "You rich man, Mister Hale," he said with a grin. "Me, when I pay my boat fare, I got two dollars."

"And you're going to Galena!" exclaimed Ogden. "Why, that's nigh onto two hundred miles from Chicago. How are you going to make it?"

"I walk, I work, I eat, I get there," replied the miner, laughing. Why, you couldn't dare offer money to a man like that! Tramping to Galena through the forests, over the rough trails, with settlers' cabins maybe a day's tramp apart, maybe more. Here he was, thought Will, with two thousand dollars on his person, a draft for five thousand on Robert Kinzie. More could be had as he needed it. The miner had come 3,000 miles, the roughest part of his long journey still ahead of him; the road builder had thrown up his job, was going to Chicago with but very little more. They had no fear, either of them; complete faith in themselves, complete faith in the future. "I'm proud to have met you, gentlemen," said Will Ogden.

A hush had descended on the ship; the babel of many tongues had ceased. A tall, thin, bareheaded man wearing the cassock of a priest stood on a packing case at the far end of the deck. He had clapped his hands together to bring silence. Now he stood with one arm still raised to hold attention.

"Friends," he said in a clear resonant voice which carried back easily to Will Ogden. "I'm Father O'Meara. But don't be alarmed. I am not going to preach to you. There are too many faiths represented among you for me to so presume. We are embarked on a great adventure. We have come from many lands; some of you speak strange tongues. But that won't last long. Very soon you will be talking the language of the country you are adopting as your own. Those of you who have been born in America have an advantage, as have those like myself who have used the same tongue in other countries. But all in all, we start fairly equal."
"We are poor people, all of us. . . ." Will Ogden caught a brief smile on the priest's face as his eyes seemed to pass over the well-dressed figure standing by the wheelhouse; later they were to become great friends. Father O'Meara in 1837 became pastor of the Church of St. Mary's of the Lake at the southwest corner of what is now State and Lake streets.

"Yes, you are poor in the things of this world," went on Father O'Meara, "But that does not bother you. You are rich in blessings, rich in opportunity. You cannot fail. The courage that embarked you on this journey is your bulwark. And now, if you will permit me, I shall sing to you a song of remembrance recently written by my fellow Irishman, that brilliant composer, Tom Moore."

A glorious voice swept over the ship.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken. . . .

As the singer ended on the third verse there came seconds of silence before applause broke out. Father O'Meara was helping a small wizened man up onto the packing case; one hand clasped a bow, the other an ancient fiddle. The little man arranged himself, snapped the bow across the strings of his instrument, broke into gay music, as Father O'Meara sang:

Fly on the sugar bow!
Shoo, Fly! Shoo!

Earlier, Thomas Moore's new song would have made Will Ogden profoundly miserable. Now, though it had stirred him, his thoughts were pleasant.

A girl and a boy were jigging down there on the deck while the throng, led by Father O'Meara, was clapping hands in time to the fiddler's rendition of *Pop Goes the Weasel*!
Chapter 4

His Honor the Mayor

The steamer *James Madison* made the trip from Buffalo in four days. The vessel was overloaded, and Captain Slocombe proceeded slowly. Calls had been made at Cleveland and at Detroit, but these stops did not lessen the human cargo by very much. About sixty persons disembarked at Cleveland, less than forty at Detroit. The Chicago area was the main goal—the city for those who planned to enter business or industry, the farm lands to the west and northwest for those who intended to live by the soil.

On the morning of May 15, 1835, Will Ogden caught the first glimpse of the village that he was to help build into a metropolis. There had been a heavy rain the night before, but the sun was bright and Lake Michigan sparkled. The shore line was divided about equally between grassy meadow and fine waterside growths of maple, cottonwood, oak, ash, cherry, elm, birch, and hickory.

The steamer passed through the harbor basin—recently deepened, as George Dole pointed out, by the Federal government at a cost of five thousand dollars—and entered the river. On his left were the neatly kept, whitewashed stockade and buildings of Fort Dearborn. At the base of the slight promontory on which stood the military reservation, straggled a street of houses, stores, and inns. At the water’s edge were a series of wharves at most of which vessels were either loading or unloading. On Ogden’s right was a large brick structure, the only imposing building in sight; behind were green fields and patches of forest.

“That’s where you’ll put up,” said George Dole. “The Lake House, best of its kind between here and New York. Business, of course, is on Water Street, but you can get back and forth across
the river easy enough, what with the ferries and the rope bridge."

"Where's my property?" asked Ogden.

"Right along there back of the Lake House," replied Dole. "From the hotel to the lake is all Kinzie land. There's the old Kinzie house, the one with the Lombardy poplars around it."

The river was clear and transparent. The mud and filth of Water Street were not visible from the deck of the James Madison. The low wooden buildings seemed to hold out a promise; and on the other bank of the river was beauty. The bright colors of the flag of his country waved in the breeze over the fort.

Captain Slocombe's private gangplank was lowered ahead of those for the use of the ordinary passengers and, except for two sailors, Will Ogden, closely followed by George Dole, was first to put his foot on terra firma—if it could be termed terra firma!

He stepped on a board, and it flapped upwards, the portion where he had planted his foot sinking into a hole. The plank jumped about four feet at its farther end, bringing with it a rain of mud which splashed the carefully dressed Ogden from head to toe.

"Got to be careful in the rainy season," Dole laughingly observed as Will wiped mud from his face and vest. "But, as I always say, remember Rome."

"What about Rome?" asked Ogden taking out a second handkerchief and still rubbing away.

"It wasn't built in a day," laughed Dole. "Come on, don't be downhearted; that's good Chicago land you're wiping off your face and clothes, and it will do right by you in the end even if it was a bit rough on first acquaintance. My men will take your things to your hotel, and now we'll walk over to Mark Beaubien's Sauganash House. We'll be just in time to meet the bigwigs of the town; sort of weekly get-together, this is."

Avoiding mudholes, sometimes skipping from plank to plank—he had learned to hit these things in the middle or not at all—Will Ogden followed his rotund little guide, wondering as he walked.

The little town was jammed full of people, all sorts and conditions of people: trappers, farmers, merchants, sailors, soldiers, adventurers; they pushed and shoved, fought for firm footing, floundered in the mud, staggered against stalled wagons, dodged the hoofs of tired horses. The stores were makeshift affairs out of which and
into which people were forcing their way. On raised boards, barely out of reach of the sticky mud, other merchants were displaying wares on the open street.

"Fifteen thousand people here if there's a single soul," cried George Dole as he himself slid in the mud and grabbed at his companion to keep on his feet. "That's because of the public lands auction. You haven't much time to get your lots ready."

Together they pushed their way through the doors of a large frame building which opened directly into a huge, raftered, smoke-filled room with a crowded bar at the far end. To their right was a large alcove furnished with several long tables at which men were noisily eating and drinking.

"There are our friends over by the windows," said George Dole as they pushed forward. A dozen diners arose from their chairs and greeted the little merchant vociferously. They remained standing as Dole introduced Ogden.

"Friends," he cried, "a new Chicago citizen, the Honorable William Butler Ogden, member of the New York State Assembly, a friend of Andy Jackson and a friend of the common man! Mr. Ogden is giving up his chances of becoming governor of New York in the not-so-far-distant future to cast in his lot with us. He is interested in land and also, I think, even more interested in transportation. Come along now, Will, and shake hands."

Grasping his friend by the elbow, George Dole marched around the table shouting each name as its owner shook hands heartily with the new arrival.

"Elijah Wentworth; Grayson Hubbard; John Calhoun, who edits our newspaper, the Chicago Democrat; Mark Beaubien, who runs this hotel and plays the fiddle; Doc Pete Pruyne, who doses us; Tom Owen; Archie Clybourne; my partner, Walter Newberry; Gholson Kercheval, who represents Uncle Sam hereabouts; Captain Wilcox from the garrison; John Hogan, our postmaster. That's all for the time being, Will. Now sit you down. Wait, here's Bob Kinzie just coming in. You've got a draft on Bob if I remember right."

Will had forgotten his mud bath; these were pleasant, hearty men, urging him to eat and drink, asking for news, listening with deepest interest. Keen-minded, daring men.

They've got something to live for, thought Will.
With the help of the Cumberland road builder, William Hale, Ogden quickly got his lots into selling order. There was labor aplenty available in Chicago in the early summer of 1835—not because of any depression, but because of the huge influx of men intent on buying lots or looking to establishment of business after the tumult of governmental and personally conducted auctions had died down. These people were not the type to sit and wait for things to happen. They were glad to do a day's work for a day's pay.

Within three weeks Ogden and Hale with their helpers had cleared the fields of undergrowth, marked off the streets and lots, and were ready for their customers. Will staked off the land for his own house—he was no longer on "a journey of inspection" but had determined, this early, come weal or woe, to be a Chicagoan.

The site of this mansion, a landmark until the Great Fire, was bounded on the east by Rush Street, on the south by Ontario, on the west by Cass, and on the north by Erie. Walter Newberry was to build his home across the street on Rush, and St. James's Church was soon to go up at Erie and Huron. Ogden, a genial understanding mixer but never a boisterous glad-hander, had in his first few days of residence made friends of all the influential early Chicagoans. Back in New York and Pennsylvania, men still had the coolness and stand-offishness of their English ancestors and cousins. Ogden, thinking the matter over, could not recall a single fellow member of the Legislature who had ever addressed him as "Will"; here in Chicago, barely settled down, he was so addressed by men who ten days ago had been unaware of his existence; and they expected him to so address them. First names and their abbreviations were the badges of camaraderie among the argonauts who were pulling this muddy village into a great outpost of empire.

On June 15, 1835, the government public auction sale of "canal lands" began, the most important sections of which lay between State Street and the lake, bounded on the north by Madison Street and on the south by what appeared on the maps as Thirty-fifth Street; another important section of these public lands lay in the bend of the Chicago River where the North Branch separated from the South Branch, bounded on the south by Kinzie Street and on the north by Chicago Avenue. The American Land Company's lots, managed by Ogden, lay directly south of the above-mentioned "canal
land" bounded by Kinzie, Rush, Chicago Avenue, and State Street. A further stretch of "canal land" adjoined Ogden's lots to the north, bounded by Chicago Avenue, State Street, the lake, and North Avenue.

The governmental auction sale, conducted by John Bates at his place of business on the west side of Dearborn Street near Water, brought in during the two weeks' sale a total of $354,278.57. Other governmental sales made during this period through preemption laws and private entry totaled $105,680.19. The average price of lots was $100 as compared with $50 for the previous year. A good augury for Will Ogden's enterprise. At his own sale, immediately following that of the government, he disposed of slightly more than a third of the property for $78,000. That meant that Charles Butler and he had cleared within $22,000 of the original investment and commitment of $100,000 and still owned two-thirds of their acreage.

In a real-estate brokerage venture of his own, Will Ogden later took into partnership a bright, aggressive, Pennsylvania youth, William E. Jones. The firm called itself Ogden, Jones and Company, handling the Butler land and further property investments of George Bronson, who had originally sold the acreage to Charles Butler. Bronson moved permanently to Chicago in the summer of 1835 as did Mahlon Ogden, Will's younger brother, who entered into a law partnership with Isaac N. Arnold. Ogden, Jones and Company later became Ogden, Fleetwood and Company, then Ogden, Sheldon and Company, under which name it still operates in Chicago—the oldest real-estate firm in the city, possibly the oldest in the country.

Eighteen thirty-five had been a boom year for Chicago, and 1836 seemed to be going even better. Excavation had been begun on the state-financed Illinois and Michigan Canal, and Will Ogden, through his now-trusted lieutenant, William Hale, had taken a contract for a portion of the "ditch" which was to connect the lakes with the Mississippi through the Illinois River and so, it was planned, make Chicago the greatest supply and receiving mart in the country—reachable wholly by water.

The most important event concerning the subsequent career of William Butler Ogden—though he was quite unaware of it at the time—occurred on January 16, 1836, when the Illinois Legislature
granted a special charter for the incorporation of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad to build a line out into the prairie country toward the Mississippi "near the lead mines of Galena, Illinois and Dubuque, Iowa." Thus the parent "germ" of the Chicago and North Western Railway System.

At the first meeting of the incorporators, Theophilus W. Smith was chosen president with the following Board of Directors: Edmond D. Taylor, Josiah C. Goodhue, John T. Temple, Gregory Smith, Ebenezer Peck, and James H. Collins. The charter provided for a railroad "from Galena in Jo Daviess County to the Town of Chicago." The capital stock was fixed at one hundred thousand dollars, and Section 7 provided that "if at any time after the passage of this act it shall be deemed advisable by the directors of the said corporation to make and construct a good and permanent turnpike road upon any portion of the route of the railroad, then said directors are authorized and empowered to construct a turnpike . . . and as many toll gates as shall be deemed necessary thereon." After fixing the tolls for people, horses, oxen, and wagons, the directors agreed that "sleighs used in summertime should be charged one-half of the winter price."

The directors, somewhat railroad-minded, were not as yet entirely un-highway-minded!

In March, 1837, the town of Chicago, by act of the State Legislature, became a city, and its people looked around for their first mayor. There were two candidates—John H. Kinzie, a son of the original settler and first Indian agent—and William Butler Ogden. The election was held May 2 in the then six wards of the new municipality—and Ogden won easily.

He had accomplished tremendous things between the date of his arrival in Chicago and his election as its first chief executive—two brief, busy years. Looking back at the record it seems almost incredible that one man could crowd so much constructive activity into such a short space of time.

He had succeeded in selling all the lots on the property he shared with Charles Butler; he was interested financially, as owner or as partner, in other parcels of real estate to the north, south, east, and west of the city; his firm represented many eastern holders of Chi-
Chicago property. He had developed the construction portion of his business so that he was laying out, paving, lengthening, and repairing all of the streets that lay north of the Chicago River; he built homes through the length and breadth of the near North Side; he was one of the major contractors on the work of digging the Illinois and Michigan Canal; he had, himself, designed and built the first floating swing bridge over the river and he was to plan and construct many more of these necessary aids to city traffic and enlargement; he was building Chicago's first large-size factory for Cyrus McCormick's reaping and mowing machines; he held the sales agency for McCormick's inventions in the rapidly increasing farming communities to the immediate west of the new city's limits.

An extremely busy man, you might say—aside from assuming the duties of chief executive—and almost on the dot as he took his seat the bubble burst; the land boom of the Middle West crashed! Up to this time everything had been prosperous in the lake city; all things had seemed to point to even more prosperity. But a financial revolution swept down with almost lightninglike speed upon the entire country—on the heels of a four-year craze of speculation. Immigration to the West stopped overnight; business stagnated; city property became almost worthless; nobody wanted to buy, everybody wanted to sell.

If Chicago awoke to find itself in a bad way, the state of Illinois was in much worse shape—almost hopelessly in debt. The biggest headache was the canal which was to provide the much vaunted waterway from the lake, to the river, to the sea. Other state moneys had been poured into disconnected and uncompleted portions of railroads. Private insolvency was the rule rather than the exception. Many farmers deserted their farms; the state's debts pointed to heavy taxation, the eventual loss of their property if they remained. Shutters went up on scores of Chicago stores; the operators of others took what they could lay their hands on and departed. The state of Mississippi repudiated her debts, and in the Illinois Legislature there was a strong bloc that sought to solve the Illinois problem in the same fashion. The cry "repudiation" spread through the country, got its hold on Chicago. A crowd stormed into the office of Mayor Ogden demanding that he urge "relief laws" on the Legisla-
ture, that the local courts suspend compulsory fulfillment of engagements, that a moratorium be declared on delinquent taxes.

"Citizens of Chicago," said the mayor after his raised arms and his commanding presence had brought silence to the angry throng, "do not commit the folly of proclaiming your own dishonor. Many a fortress has been saved by the courage of its inmates and their determination to conceal its weakened condition. Let our real state be known, and destruction will be inevitable and immediate. Above all things, do not tarnish the honor of this infant city."

Somebody cheered; the crowd departed, a few of them repeating his words, "The honor of this city!"

And Mayor Ogden, at the time he spoke his brave words, was hardly more solvent than the most harassed debtor in his audience!

He had laid streets—and had not been paid for his work; but his workmen had been paid. He had dug part of the uncompleted canal, and the state had no money to give him; but he had paid his diggers. He had built McCormick's factory, and the farmers who bought the machines had been unable to make their payments; but the carpenters and the bricklayers had got their money from him, day and date. He had houses a-building—and those who had commissioned him to erect them had no money with which to pay him. Charles Butler, his faith in Chicago's future still unswerving, had denuded himself of all his profits, tossed them back into the tottering venture.

As the last of the crowd disappeared through the doors of his office, the mayor of Chicago wearily picked up a sheet of figures. He could quit his adopted city, penniless. He could go back to his sawmill by the Delaware River, still efficiently operated by Cousin George Weed. Business was not as good as it had been in Walton, but the eastern lumber market had not been hit as had other markets.

Go back and take it easy and stare across the river—at what might have been!

The mayor walked to a window of his office—a window which gave him a view of the four corners of Clark and Lake streets. What he could see of the river was almost empty of vessels. Yesterday a ship from Buffalo carrying 700 barrels of flour had come into port. This morning it had gone back East, still loaded. Nobody in Chicago had the price of a shipload of flour. Below him the streets were deserted.
The angry debtors had dispersed to their homes—to worry over the future, to think over what he had told them.

"I told them to have faith"—Will Ogden was talking to himself—"how do I dare let other thoughts enter my head!"

He stepped to an outer office where William Hale was poring over his canal contract accounts.

"William," said the mayor, "the James Madison will be pulling out of here for Buffalo this evening; I want you to go to Walton with all speed with a letter to my cousin, which I shall now write. I want him to raise every penny he can on my properties there—and as quickly as he can. Stay there till he gets it. He has my power of attorney. Then rush back here with a letter of credit for the full amount."

"Why, Mr. Mayor," said Hale, "that's your nest egg, isn't it? Are you going to toss it all into the pot?"

"My nest egg is here in Chicago, William," said the mayor with a smile. "But right now it needs some mothering, if it is going to hatch."

Depressions come and go in this land of ours; always we manage in some fashion to rise superior to them; and it was so with the panic and ensuing depression of 1837. Seventy-eight bushels of wheat went out of Chicago in the year of 1838; but there were more than 3,700 bushels shipped out in 1839. In 1845 more than a million bushels were exported from the city, and that amount was doubled in the following year. In 1837 the harbor of Chicago exported to the value of but eleven hundred dollars. In 1846, 2,790 vessels arrived in port carrying merchandise valued at $4,938,000.

As the depression receded and as Will Ogden cleared the mortgage on his loved eastern home, the products of the richest agricultural portion of the Middle West poured into Chicago, bound for the hungry markets to the East—wheat, flour, corn, oats, and meat. Not a bushel of wheat went out of Chicago in 1836; but ten years later the amount exported was 2,160,000 bushels, one-quarter of which went directly to Europe. Four years later Chicago became the country's foremost market in the handling of meat and lumber.

Jonathan Young Scammon, known to his intimates as "J. Young," a big, jovial, bearded "down-Easterner"—he was born in Maine—
turned in at the gate of William Butler Ogden's home on Ontario Street one bright November morning of 1845 and caught Ogden as he was coming through the front door on his way to his offices at Clark and Madison streets. They walked along together, crossing the river on Mr. Ogden's Clark Street bridge.

J. Young Scammon was a man after Will Ogden's heart; they were cast, you might say, in something of the same mold. The Scammons were early Irish settlers. J. Young's father, a farmer, was also a member of the Maine State Legislature and planned to have his son follow in his steps. But at the age of fourteen the boy lost two fingers of his left hand in an accident.

"You'll be no use for farming, son," said Eliakim Scammon. "Guess you'll have to make a lawyer out of yourself."

So J. Young attended college at Waterville, Maine, but failed to graduate because of lack of means, his father's ambitions for him being slightly ahead of the capacity of his purse. In 1832, when he was twenty years of age, he apprenticed himself to Lawyer John Otis of Hallowell, taught school as a means of subsistence, and was admitted to the bar in 1835.

He had heard of Chicago and there he planned to go—to the fantastically sprouting village by the shores of Lake Michigan. In September, 1835—six months after Will Ogden had made a similar journey with far brighter prospects—Scammon arrived at Newberry and Dole's wharf aboard the good ship *Erie Canal* with his lawyer's certificate and ten dollars. Chicago needed about everything—and among its most pressing needs were bright young lawyers. A week after his arrival, with his bill at Mark Beaubien's Sauganash House his chief worry, he was appointed deputy clerk of the Circuit Court.

Inside of a year Scammon had entered practice in partnership with Morris Buckner. Branching out of his profession, while still retaining an active interest in it, he went into real estate on a shoestring, reaped a fortune, and lost it. He regained it, lost it in a series of newspaper ventures; regained it in railroad investment, management, and organization; lost it again in the Chicago Fire. A third time he regained it in real estate, lost it for the last time in bank failures. He died in 1890 at the age of seventy-eight—broke.

J. Young Scammon was one of the most popular of the early Chicago pioneers, whether luck was with him or against him. A genial,
hearty man, deeply religious, his mistakes were his own, and he shouldered them; they were largely due to his intense enthusiasm over the city of his adoption. He made several fortunes easily and seemed to lose them just as easily. He was the earliest advocate of free schools, a founder of the Chicago Historical Society, an organizer of—and generous donor to, when he had it—the University of Chicago.

As Ogden and his ebullient friend strolled over the Clark Street bridge, Scammon observed, "Those farmers out Rockford way want that railroad plan revived."

"You mean the Galena and Chicago Union," said Ogden. "I've been giving that matter some thought myself. Been interested in it ever since it was started and ever since it flopped."

"Sort of figured you were," said Scammon. "They're calling a meeting in Rockford for the twenty-eighth. They've asked me to go along and they also asked me to find out if you would come with me."

"I certainly will," replied Ogden. "That link with Chicago is long overdue."
Chapter 5

GALENA—PRAIRIE CAPITAL

Let's talk of Galena, with which William Butler Ogden had decided Chicago should be linked in the first railroad of the city of his adoption.

Years before the first settlers trickled into northern Illinois, the district around Galena had been explored. Hennepin's map of 1687 locates a lead mine on the present site of the city, and French traders were reported buying lead in quantity from the Indians in 1690.*

In 1819 an expedition of eight boats carrying a hundred slaves, in charge of Colonel R. M. Johnson, left St. Louis and after a voyage of twenty days reached the site of Galena. Colonel Johnson made a permanent treaty with the Indians for permission to mine the lead. It took him about two years to get started, but by 1821 he was moving lead in quantity. Between 1821 and 1823 he shipped an aggregate of 335,000 pounds a year; this went to 5,000,000 pounds in 1827 and in 1829 to 13,344,150 pounds.†

In 1824 a store was opened in the village, and the first colony of white settlers arrived. This colony was under the command of Dr. Meeker and hailed from Cincinnati. They came on a keelboat, and the journey took sixty days. The opening of the store made Galena in a way independent of Peoria, to which one had had to go previously to purchase necessities.

Immigration now flowed in rapidly, and mining camps were opened at Shullsburg, East Fork, and New Diggings. In April of 1826 more than two hundred men were digging in the vicinity of Galena. That number had increased to more than four hundred by June. In the

† "Illinois and Her Resources," Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, 1888.
entire adjacent mining territory it was estimated that 1,600 men were at work.

The fame of the lead mines spread abroad, and immigrants poured in, mostly from southwestern England, where the famed lead mines were beginning to show signs of petering out. In 1826 the mayor of Galena reported that the town had "twenty cabins and 550 inhabitants." In 1827 his report showed 100 houses and stores and "between six and seven thousand people residing in the district." The immigrants were in the majority Cornishmen, and the balance was about equally divided between native-born Americans, Frenchmen, and Irishmen. The Winnebago War of 1827 sent the miners in the outlying regions scurrying to the shelter of Galena where they were bottled up for three months; with peace they scattered again to the diggings.

That same year Jo Daviess County was organized, the town of Galena was surveyed and divided into lots. Though organized as a county of Illinois, the settlers were not enthusiastic about this allegiance; they wanted to form a state of their own and in 1828 petitioned Congress that a section north of the line of 1787 be organized into a territory, with Galena as the seat of government. Nothing was done, but in the forties the northern counties of Illinois tried again to separate. The boundary question was thereupon settled on the present line.

The lead-region population increased amazingly, and with this outside impetus Galena grew as the market place and the base of supplies. In 1830, when the Illinois and Michigan Canal Commission, empowered by the Legislature to proceed, employed James Thompson to "plat a town to be called Chicago" Galena was already incorporated and boasted some 900 residents, "a most singular and mysterious medley of people from all quarters of the earth seeking wealth." *

In 1832 the special correspondent of the Baltimore American estimated the populace at "from five to seven thousand inhabitants." At this time the most optimistic of Chicagoans figured their strength at 250 people. Galena grew, a prosperous mercantile headquarters in the middle of a far-flung mining region. "For miles around," stated

* Reynolds, History of Illinois, 1871.
Niles's *Register*, "the region was dotted with mining camps and trading posts."

In 1832 came the Black Hawk War, and the out-of-town miners were scurrying once again to the shelter of the city. But the Battle of Bad Axe forever broke the power of the Sac and Fox Indians, and when, by the ensuing treaty, the Indians were removed beyond the Mississippi, the miners returned to their camps, as assured as were the already advancing hordes of immigrants on Chicago that "the West was safe."

From this time on, Galena was slowly to lose the characteristics of a frontier town. It began to dabble in varied industries, to acquire a degree of culture. In 1836 it had five churches and a chapel, a temperance society, a library association, a fire department, a branch of the State Bank of Illinois; there was an annual ball, handled by the elite of lead-mining society; there was a sound, respected newspaper, the *Northwestern Gazette and Galena Advertiser*.

In 1839, when William Butler Ogden was completing the last lap of his term of office as Chicago's first mayor, the city of Galena proper boasted 550 buildings, a population of 3,000, and an assessed value of $1,700,000. Around the city, and dependent upon it for trade and the necessaries for existence, were between eight and ten thousand miners and their families. The *Madison (Wisconsin) Express* referred to Galena at this time as "the largest and most flourishing city of the West, north of St. Louis." Its location was peculiar, crowded together as were its houses on the edge of the river bluffs. With a permanent resident list of around three thousand the population always shifted with mine layoffs, new discoveries, and the arrival and departure of immigrants; idle miners, whether idle by choice or otherwise, crowded into the town. The election officials were always in a dither. As Niles's *Register* put it, "The inhabitants shift about so from place to place, and so many of them live in the holes and clefts of the rocks that it is difficult to say where they belong."

As already told, the original charter of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad had been granted by the Illinois Legislature on January 16, 1836. Work had been suspended in 1838 because of the depression of the previous year. Eight more years were to elapse—while the piles and stringers rotted on Chicago's Madison Street—
before Ogden and his associates prodded the dream once more into reality.

Meantime Galena changed mightily. The Rock River Valley had filled up with farmers; tariff regulations as well as thinning veins of lead closed down the furnaces. Almost overnight, one might say, the exportation of wheat took the place of the exportation of lead. Here, too, was the most convenient trading post of the region. The amount of exports in the forties was greater than that of any town adjacent to the Mississippi above St. Louis. Thirty thousand families were dependent upon Galena for their supplies of merchandise. Despite the drop in lead and because of the increase in loads of wheat, Galena's population practically doubled between 1839 and 1846, at which latter date the railroad plan had again come to life.

In the period of its transition from frontier town to supply and shipping headquarters for a rapidly growing agricultural community, Galena owed its good fortune to lack of any railroad communication anywhere in the state and to the fact that it was perched most strategically as regarded its clientele, close to the greatest of all waterways, in direct communication with the southern and foreign markets—for which it served as collector. Galena was also the distributing point for supplies to the people of the Rock River Valley brought up the river and so it remained until the Illinois Central Railroad penetrated its sphere of influence and drained the trade of the farming districts to the Great Lake port of Chicago. Through a chain of circumstances, Ogden's Galena and Chicago Union road was many years getting to Galena.

The Rock River Valley as of today is a question-mark-shaped piece of land in northern Illinois, traversed north and south through its center by the Rock River. The soldiers serving in the Black Hawk War, the great majority of them from the eastern states, liked the Rock River Valley. When they returned home they spread word of the beauty of the country and the fertility of the soil; these sales talks, combined with the signing of the peace and the expulsion of the Indians, brought the vanguard of the New England and Middle States pioneers to northern Illinois.

The northern portion of the valley, however, did not, during the very early years, make as much headway as did the southern section
where towns such as Fulton, Prophetstown, Sterling, Dixon, and Oregon were founded. Rockford began its growth in 1835 and moved quickly; inside of a year log cabins had been supplanted by frame houses. During the same period many settlers came to Stephenson County, a majority of them lead miners from Galena who, because of the slump in lead production, had decided to become farmers while good land was still available. The most important settlement was Freeport, where fifty families established themselves in 1836.

This early period of settlement in the valley may be taken as typical of the progress of settlement into a new country. The river served as the highway of communication with the outer world; the two great roads through the valley, the one crossing the river at Dixon, the other at Rockford, also played their part. Gradually the filling-in process took place, and numerous smaller towns dotted the banks of the river. Along the two great wagon roads, settlements were also found, but these were not to develop even into villages until the railroads came.

The towns, so far, had shown no signs of becoming cities and were not to make rapid strides for another decade. The reason was simple. Lines of transportation were not developed, save a poor one on the Rock River. Lack of transportation facilities cause a lack of markets, and since good markets help in the development of an agricultural district and are dependent upon this development for support, it seems that the problem of transportation was to be the key to the situation. In the interacting influences of agriculture and steam was to be found the solution of the prairie problem.

Other conditions unfavorable to the rapid settling of the country also prevailed. Markets were scarce. The Rock River man was compelled to cart his produce to Galena or Savanna, on the Mississippi River, or to Chicago if he had a great quantity to sell. The expense of transportation taken in connection with the value of his time left little or no reward for the farmer who journeyed to market. To Galena was a trip of a week or more; to Chicago, anywhere from fourteen to twenty days; and after arriving, his wheat was worth but forty or fifty cents a bushel.

In spite of these drawbacks there was a Rock River immigration fever prevalent in many parts of the country, and settlers poured in
and scattered themselves along the timbered portions until in 1840 the population of the valley had reached 21,500. After 1843 the country filled up with amazing rapidity and by 1848 had in it over 66,000 settlers.

This great increase may be attributed to several causes. The Rock River country was known as a place of extraordinary facilities for agriculture. Those coming during the period previous to 1843 had sent extremely favorable reports to the East, and naturally others followed the lead of the pioneers. The financial chaos was over, and money was again becoming plentiful. Illinois began to regain her good name, lost with the breaking down of her internal improvement scheme, and her half-notion of repudiation of her debts. Heavy taxes, too, had kept many away, but with the reestablishment of the state finances upon a firm and honorable basis, immigration began anew. Finally the railroad through from Chicago to Galena was promised and before the close of the decade seemed an assured fact. Many flocked to the neighborhood of its route, seeing its value as a market maker.

Rockford was the metropolis of the northern prairies and enjoyed the most rapid and steady growth of any of the towns along the river. The Winnebago farmers were acquiring wealth and were abundantly satisfied with their circumstances. They possessed livestock valued at almost $270,000 in 1843 and during the preceding year had produced 786,000 bushels of small grain, a remarkable development when one stops to think that fifteen years before there were no farms under cultivation in the county.

Stephenson County more than kept pace with Winnebago during the decade, receiving about 1,700 more settlers than did the latter county and reaching a total population of 11,666. As Rockford was the center of the agricultural district of Winnebago County, so was Freeport of Stephenson County. It was situated on the Galena-Chicago state road along which the proposed railroad was to be built. Its growth was as yet retarded by the fact that supplies were carried from Galena to stock its stores, but the energy and hopefulness of the settlers helped to build it up and give it a prominence in the district which was to be increased when steam traffic was finally a reality. Scattered along the line of the proposed railroad were small settlements patiently awaiting the time when they, too, by the aid
of steam, would become markets for agricultural produce and derive benefit from the products of the country.

To the north and south of the railroad line, wherever a patch of timber gave shelter from the heat of summer and the cold winds of winter, there could be found a settler’s cabin, and before the end of the period every available bit of timber had been claimed. The farmers owned $326,000 worth of livestock, and produced 759,000 bushels of small grain in 1850. The prairies were, however, still unsubdued if we may judge from the amount of unimproved land at this date, there being 123,300 acres not yet under cultivation and only 76,300 cultivated. Low prices alone worked to destroy the prosperity of the farmer, and when not long afterwards a remedy was applied, the advance made by the district was a rapid one.

All this, past, present, and expected future, was crystal-clear to William Butler Ogden when he and his associates decided in the fall of 1845 to try to make the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad dream a reality and so run the first railroad train out of Chicago.

At the expiration of his term as mayor in 1839 he had again picked up his contracting and real-estate business, delegated to associates during the period of his civic duties. He began building the town of Peshtigo on Green Bay as the center of his rapidly extending Wisconsin lumber interests. He took on contracts for the building of West Side streets in addition to his North Side activities of a similar nature. He was appointed president of the Board of Sewerage Commissioners, was extremely active in the advocacy of public parks and recreation centers, and served two terms as a member of the State Legislature.

Despite his varied interests, Ogden during this period—from 1839 to 1845—found time to gather together the finest library in Chicago, housed in his home; he also collected statuary and paintings. In the milder seasons he devoted himself to his immense flower garden. His was a familiar figure during planting time when, driving a horse and wagon, he would jog into the country to spend hours digging up wild flowering shrubs and vines which he transplanted personally to his own garden. His collection of books, paintings, and statuary was completely destroyed in the Great Fire.
Part Two

PIONEER RAILROAD
Chapter 6

The Birth of a Railroad

William Butler Ogden was sick abed—the doctor diagnosed his trouble as a fever-cold with pneumonic possibilities—when the first public meeting looking to the resuscitation of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad was held at Rockford on November 28, 1845. His friend, J. Young Scammon, was there, however, and pledged on Ogden's behalf his fullest support for the plan. At this meeting delegates were selected from Winnebago County, and a similar procedure was later carried out in those other northern Illinois counties through which the road would pass. The delegates from Chicago (Cook County) were chosen December 5 at a meeting in the Saloon Building, presided over by Mayor Garrett. These were William Butler Ogden, J. B. Russell, John B. Turner, J. Young Scammon, B. W. Raymond, Isaac N. Arnold, Walter L. Newberry, and General Hart L. Stewart. A convention date was set for January 7, 1846, at Rockford.

The Cook County delegates made their journey in Scammon's commodious coach over the Galena-Chicago state road, which was considered quite a highway despite its enormous ruts and occasional planking. It was a mild winter, and the party made good progress completing the journey in two days, stopping overnight at Elgin where practically the entire populace of the hamlet crowded into the common room seeking news of the projected railroad and to stare at the men from Chicago, which city someone present referred to as "an octopus"—probably the very first of the numerous occasions on which the epithet has been hurled at the Lady of the Lakes.

The landlord set the table for his guests (Scammon, in his delightful notes on the occasion, has failed to pass along the name of this boniface or even the name of his inn). As he slapped down food and
drink, the landlord told the delegates what he thought of their plans.

"I'm agin all railroads. There's your roast beef rare, Mr. Ogden. Help yourself to the cabbage and potatoes. Railroads is bad for hotelkeepers and bad for farmers, only farmers ain't got the sense to know it—yet. They'll find out, Mr. Scammon. There's your roast beef well done; that's the way we'll all be when you gentlemen get through—well done. Oh, it's fine for the big fellows at both ends—in Galena and in Chicago. But what you're going to do is dry up all the little places in between, like Elgin. Just whiz by, pay us no attention, and let us rot."

"Your farm produce has got to be sent to market," observed Ogden, "and they need some of this fine beef in Chicago. You can't eat it all yourselves now."

"Them's fine words," continued the landlord as the people of Elgin listened and signified approval of their champion. "There's your steak, General, cooked to a cinder like you asked for it. Reach for the vegetables. What I say is these farming folks pass through here on their way to market, be it Galena or Chicago; and they stop and eat and drink. Sometimes they need beds."

"Instead of just passing through, tired and, I admit, hungry," observed Scammon, "they'll come here and stop to load their produce on the cars. They'll get their money here in Elgin instead of having to jog miles on miles to the market. They'll be happy instead of worn out; they'll have money in their pockets and instead of spending it in Galena or Chicago, they will spend it or invest it right here in Elgin. The cities will benefit through redistribution of the products. Elgin, and places like Elgin, will benefit from speedy distribution from the wholesale to the retail market."

"He's talking sense," observed someone at the back of the throng. "I wasted all of two months last year getting my oats to Chicago."

"That's right," agreed Scammon, "and when the road comes through, you just stay around here on your farm."

"That's as may be," said the landlord, still surly. "You folks will make money while the road is a-building and then you'll sell out to those big bugs in New York and Philadelphia."

Ogden stood up.

"Friends," he said, "we might just as well make one point clear right now. We are on our way to the Rockford convention where I
hope to find a broader outlook than that mistakenly held by this gentleman. If this plan goes ahead the money for it will come from your pockets—"

"That's just as I was sayin'—" interrupted the landlord.

"—just a minute till I finish," Ogden cut in. "When I say you will furnish the money, I mean of course that you will not furnish it until you are convinced of the soundness of our plans. And when you furnish the money, you will own the railroad; you, the farmers and the businessmen of the section of country through which it will be run. I pledge you my word of honor and the word of honor of these gentlemen from Cook County with me that no eastern capitalists or foreign money will be gathered for the purpose of the road so long as I and these associates of mine have anything to do with the venture. It will either be your road and Chicago's and Galena's road or, for me, there will be no road."

"That's talking, Mr. Ogden," shouted the farmer who had had trouble with his oats. "Put me down for a share."

Other voices joined his.

"I'll come in, too."

"We know Mr. Ogden around here."

"Anything's better than that state road."

"Take your time," laughed Ogden. "Wait till the convention is over and you see the new prospectus. Keep your money till we come round to call on you."

"Pie, gentlemen?" the landlord asked placatingly. "Cherry pie?"

Three hundred and nineteen delegates from the counties of northern Illinois along the proposed route of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad attended the Rockford convention which was presided over by Thomas Drummond, a Galena lawyer. It was an enthusiastic meeting, for missionary work similar to that done by Ogden in Elgin had apparently swung the farmers to the idea of a railroad of their own connecting their two great marts, Chicago and Galena.

J. Young Scammon made a report on the present condition of the road as begun by a survey in February, 1837, by engineer James Seymour. This survey had covered the proposed line from the foot of Dearborn Street in Chicago to a point on the Des Plaines River
now occupied by the town of Maywood. In June, after only four months of work, all hands were laid off as a result of the panic.

In November, 1837, President Theophilus W. Smith was succeeded by youthful Elijah Kent Hubbard; piles were laid along Madison Street as far as Halsted, and stringers placed on top of them. By fall of that year, with business and financial conditions still bad, Hubbard halted work again. However, he carried out the provisions of the charter and kept the company alive by holding yearly meetings until 1844, at each of which he was elected president. He passed on at the early age of twenty-six.

In 1845 the charter of the road “and all property owned by the corporation” was purchased by Elisha Townsend of New York and Thomas Mather of Springfield. Diligent search fails to show exactly how these two gentlemen secured the rights to the road and its physical assets. W. H. Stennett, in his history of the Chicago and North Western Railway system called *Yesterday and Today*, says the sale was accomplished “in some now unknown way.” The probabilities are that Mather in Springfield had wind of interest in Chicago regarding revival of the project, got in touch with Townsend, a monied man, and—between them and for a consideration—they were enabled to jump the gun. However, Mather and Townsend were not unfair in the proposal they authorized Mr. Scammon to make to the Rockford convention. They were willing to turn over the charter and all the property for 200 shares in the revived corporation—100 down on completion of the bargain and 100 if and when the railroad reached the Fox River. The original capitalization had been one hundred thousand dollars, divided into 1,000 shares of one hundred dollars each.

All that the company had to show for this, at the time of the convention, was the offer of sale for the equivalent of twenty thousand dollars in stock, the rotting construction along Madison Street, and 940 acres of timbered land along the Des Plaines River near Maywood. Of course nobody present at the convention could peer far enough and clearly enough into the future to know that these 940 acres were eventually going to be worth far, far more than the old capitalization of the road plus the recapitalization. Referring to these wooded acres, Mr. Scammon merely observed that they would
supply fuel for the engines "for many years to come" as well as ties and timber for construction.

At the conclusion of Scammon's address, Walter Newberry offered this resolution:

If a satisfactory arrangement, as stated, can be made with the present holders of the stock of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company, the members of this convention will use all honorable measures to obtain subscriptions to the stock of said company.

The resolution was adopted by an overwhelming vote as was the succeeding resolution, proposed by Scammon:

Resolved: That the wants of the farmers and businessmen of northern Illinois require the immediate construction of a railroad from Galena to Chicago. That the value of farms along the route would be doubled by the construction of the road and the convenience of the inhabitants immeasurably profited thereby.

Resolved: That in order to accomplish the object of this convention, it is indispensably necessary that the inhabitants and owners of property between Galena and Chicago should come forward and subscribe to the stock of the proposed railroad to the extent of their ability; and that if each farmer upon the route shall take at least one share of the stock (one hundred dollars) the completion of the road would be placed beyond contingency.

This resolution too was vociferously and overwhelmingly passed. The convention gave authority for making the necessary arrangements with Townsend and Mather and for the opening of subscription books at Chicago and Galena. The lowest down payment on a share of stock was set at $2.50. Will Ogden volunteered to personally canvass the residents of all the settlements through which the road would pass. Temporary Chairman Drummond announced that he would be stock salesman for Galena; J. Young Scammon took over the job for Chicago; all three stated that they would serve without salary or commission, and pay their own expenses.

At a meeting held in Chicago on February 17, William Butler Ogden was elected president of the reorganized Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company, Francis Howe was appointed secretary, and the following elected directors: William H. Brown, Walter L.
Newberry, Thomas Dyer, J. Young Scammon, Charles Walker, and James H. Collins. All these six men were Chicago pioneers, and to their number was added, in the following September, John B. Turner of Chicago, Benjamin W. Raymond of Chicago, C. S. Hempstead of Galena, Thomas Drummond of Galena, Elihu Washburne of Galena, W. N. Davis of Au Sable Grove, Allen Robbins of New York. (Although there is no documentary evidence to this effect, Robbins is believed to have represented the interests of Townsend and Mather on the Board.)

“All that we have to do now, Will, before we get started laying track,” observed Scammon as he and Ogden were leaving the Saloon Building after the election, “is to gather in the money. Between the three of us—Drummond, you and me—you’ve got the toughest job.”

Scammon was wrong—as concerned both Chicago and Galena. Canvassing his own city steadily for a year he succeeded in selling only twenty thousand dollars’ worth of stock, or 200 shares, outside of what had been taken up by the local directors. Isaæ N. Arnold, in one of the numerous papers that he read to the Chicago Historical Society after he had retired from law practice and politics to devote himself to writing of the early days, had this to say of Scammon’s failure:

Chicago was a small and ambitious city. It had three divisions occasioned by the river and its north and south branches which run almost at right angles with the main river leaving, east of them, the north and south divisions and, west of them, the west division extending the whole length of the city. Such divisions always create local jealousies and the selfish interests excited are often difficult to manage or control.

Mr. Ogden resided on the north side of the river, as did three other directors, Walter Newberry, Thomas Dyer, and John B. Turner. Mr. Ogden was especially identified with the north side and he was accused by those who never suppose other than solely selfish motives can influence action of “wanting to build a railroad that would never pay, to help him sell his lots.” Naturally the gentlemen of the north side desired the road to cross the north branch and locate its depots or stations in the north division; while the west-siders could see no necessity of expending money to cross the river because the west side was the largest division of the city and the nearest to the country.
But if Scammon fell short of his objective in Chicago, he made good as an assistant to Ogden in sale of stock to farmers, to which job he turned when he found his own field almost arid. Outside of his own purchases and those of his fellow Galena directors—C. M. Hempstead and Elihu Washburne—Drummond disposed of barely fifteen thousand dollars' worth of stock to the people of his city. Scammon comes forward with an explanation:*

At Galena businessmen and bankers were fearful of the effect of the railroad on their town. It had long been prosperous at the head of navigation on Fever River (which ran from the Mississippi) and as the great lead-mining center and mercantile distributor for northwest Illinois and southwest Wisconsin and the country north of the mines.

The great obstacles met there were two: one, the local effect upon the town, and the other, the fear that before the road should be completed the enterprise would break down, the small stockholders would be sacrificed and the road would pass into the hands of the large capitalists.

So it was to the farmers and the villagers of the region that the organizers of the road had to turn for the money with which to start their enterprise, and their ambassador was William Butler Ogden.

He had gone back to horseback riding on this new mission of his—the selling of a railroad to the farmers and to the people of the little places that were cropping up over a far-flung, widely scattered territory. He knew riding was good for the figure, and so Will Ogden would jog along. He was forty-two years of age now and getting a trifle heavy of late; still he was an imposing, handsome man—trim, clear-eyed, with few gray hairs. He was still a bachelor, though many a pretty woman had set her cap at him, only to give it up at long last while wondering what could be the matter. Isaac Arnold could have told them, so could Arthur Bronson or Charles Butler or Mahlon Ogden; but men had not the habit of gossiping of such things in those days.

Through the summer and fall of 1846, through spring and summer of 1847, he rode the length and breadth of the ten counties. In the second period of his missions, Young Scammon had picked up a portion of the burden; the going had become a little easier then, and

the responses perked up the bearded lawyer whose Chicago money-raising experiences had left him a bit downhearted. But all in all it had been quite a job; in his wildest dreams Will Ogden had never visioned himself as a stock salesman. But he had made a record, the story of which had filtered through to the great money marts of the East. Erastus Corning, president of the New York Central, controlling spirit in the Michigan Central, the only railroad in construction west of Lake Erie, had written Ogden asking him to become associated with his interests.

"A man who can gather up more than three hundred thousand dollars from a bunch of backwoodsmen!" exclaimed Corning when he heard about it. "I need him!"

And William F. Weld, the Boston "Railroad King," who grabbed chunks of roads wherever he caught the glimmer of a bright future, had written: "If you need money I'm ready to come in."

But Will Ogden didn't need an eastern stock-selling job and he didn't need any eastern capital—not now. He had sold the farmers a farmer's railroad—a farm-to-market road. He had told them it would be slow going, but that it would be built with their money and the money of no other people; of course Chicago and Galena could still come in with more money if they felt better about things, a little more optimistic. Will Ogden wanted to build as the money came in, in driblets; ten miles at a time, maybe twenty, maybe thirty. All right, pay as you go and build as the money comes; no debts, no borrowings, and if there are profits over and above a trifle of a dividend then toss them back into the road.

He had slept in rude cabins, in lowly farmhouses, in tents, and more than once of a summer night, by the roadside, wrapped in a blanket, his horse hobbled near by. The job on the whole had been much easier than he had thought at first, particularly after the bad news from Chicago and Galena. These farmers, these villagers had met him more than halfway; they wanted this road once they got the idea—and they grasped it with surprising mental agility. There was, in many cases, the question of money down; some of them had it, many had not. The way they lived they could get along for quite a spell without cash, and when they got it they were in the habit of slapping it right back into stock and seed and suchlike. Many times Ogden loaned a first payment on crop prospects.
During his campaign over those two years he had a big hand in the taming of the prairies. He found his farmer clients were in great measure using wooden plows, and they clustered around bottom land because, as they told Ogden, their instruments of tillage could not break through the tough buffalo grass to get to the good earth below. John Deere, inventor of the steel plow, had recently settled in Moline, where he opened a small factory. Apparently operating on the principle of the old adage about the better mousetrap, Deere waited for his customers instead of going to them. While selling railroad stock, Will Ogden also sold—without remuneration—the Deere steel plow. In the Chicago area he still held a selling franchise for the McCormick mowers and reapers. He showed the farmers how they could take on more acreage, make more money, buy more “Galena” stock, by personally demonstrating the superiority of steel over wood on presumably unbreakable land. On the heels of the spread in popularity of the Deere plow, a new flood of hard-land farmers swept into northern Illinois.

At the first annual meeting of the reorganized Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company, held at its offices in the Merchants’ Exchange Building in Chicago on April 5, 1848, the president was able to report that $351,800 worth of stock had been sold. It had been decided that there were sufficient funds in the treasury to make a start.

Surveyor Richard P. Morgan, who had been lured away from the Hudson River Railroad the previous September—at the munificent salary of $2.50 per day—informed the directors that he had mapped out the course of the road “on the half-section line corresponding with the center of Kinzie Street, on which course it continues for thirteen miles, crossing the Des Plaines River a little south of the St. Charles Road.” (This St. Charles Road was the eastern part of the stage road from Chicago to Galena, and its eastern portion was also the stage road from Chicago to Dixon and Rock Island—over which Frink and Wagner ran coaches for many years—until the coming of “the Galena” put them out of business.)

Morgan planned to parallel the state road to Galena, a distance of 182 miles, and had at first estimated the cost at $14,553 per mile. Obviously, despite the response of the farmers and villagers to the
pleas of Will Ogden, contracts could not be entered into for the completion of the line. The Board of Directors therefore had approved contract for the first 8 miles of track from Chicago to the Des Plaines River and at this first annual meeting had secured approval to contract for construction of 31 miles more—as far as Elgin.

President Ogden asked Surveyor Morgan if his estimate of $14,533 per mile meant that he would use T rail or strap rail. Morgan said he had figured on T rail but that if strap rail were to be used he would be able to cut his cost to $8,500 per mile.

"Ruinous financial difficulties in Great Britain [where T rail then came from] have prevented the company from getting iron," reported Ogden, "so it has been decided that strap rail will have to be used." (The superstructure of a railroad in those days was composed of crossties 9 feet long and 6 inches thick which were laid 30 inches from center to center; on these were placed longitudinal rails of Norway or yellow pine, a portion 6 inches square and a portion 7 inches square secured in place by triangular blocks or knees of scantling, firmly spiked to the ties on each side. Upon the longitudinal rails was an oak ribbon 1 ¼ by 3 inches square, and on this ribbon an iron plate rail, 2½ by ¾ or 7/8 inches and weighing about 30 tons to the mile."

So it was decided, at the 1848 meeting to close the first fiscal year, that "the Galena," as it had come to be called, should start off as a strap-rail railroad: that on completion of the track to the Des Plaines River work should be continued—the money was on hand—to Elgin; that construction should be begun on a depot in Chicago at the southwest corner of Kinzie and Canal streets. There was no mention of other depots along the line—they were still in the offing—either on the left- or the right-hand side of the tracks.

At this first annual meeting the directors were authorized to purchase a locomotive—preferably secondhand—and, if possible, to pay for it with stock; authorization was also given for the purchase, under the same conditions, of three passenger cars and thirteen freight cars.

Apparently the directors were devoid of any silly superstitions regarding the future of the Galena's freight trade.
Chapter 7

THE PIONEER

The purchase of passenger cars and freight cars, as authorized by the Galena's Board of Directors, was a comparatively simple matter; not so the securing of a locomotive with which to haul them. In the summer of 1848 Surveyor Richard P. Morgan and Chief Engineer John Van Nortwick were busy laying strap rail between Chicago's first railroad depot at Canal and Kinzie streets (also in course of construction) and the Des Plaines River; Van Nortwick was notified by President Ogden to go look for a locomotive—a secondhand locomotive, to be paid for with stock.

"That's a difficult order to carry out," the Galena's chief engineer told its president. "Railroads, as you know, Mr. Ogden, are sprouting up all over the Middle West. A good many of them seem to have more money than we have; possibly because they are projects fostered by eastern bankers and not, as in our case, by the people along what is to be our right of way. Cars I can get you. Locomotives, that's something else again. But I'm on my way."

Van Nortwick lunched at the Tremont House that day and by lucky chance ran into an acquaintance, Robert Mahan, paymaster for the Michigan Central Railroad. The Michigan Central, coming out of Detroit, had just reached its then Lake Michigan terminus at New Buffalo and was of three minds as to its plans for the future—whether to put in a line of market-ferries between New Buffalo and Chicago, to build on around the edge of the lake to the already sprawling city, or, as Will Ogden had suggested, to let the Galena build out of Chicago round the tip of the lake to meet the Michigan Central in New Buffalo. The estimated cost of this last plan, $328,000, knocked it on the head for Ogden. Later the Michigan Central did build around the lake, but when Van Nortwick ran into Pay-
master Mahan in the Tremont House the latter’s road was resting easy on its laurels; it had done a record job of tracklaying with light engines as haulers; Ogden was building the first leg of the Galena with horses as traction.

“Yes, we’ve got some light engines,” said Mahan in reply to Van Nortwick’s query. “Good enough for those ten miles of strap rail you’re starting off with. We’re getting new stuff from Baldwin any day now. How many of these hugger-muggers do you want? Four be enough?”

“One will be quite enough,” replied Van Nortwick modestly. “You’ve got to crawl before you walk, leap, or run. Just a little farm-to-market railroad, Mahan.”

“Well, if it’s crawling you want,” replied the Michigan Central paymaster, “we’ve got it. Cash on the barrelhead, I suppose.”

“We’ll pay you in stock,” replied Van Nortwick firmly.

Mahan’s ardor cooled slightly, and he said the matter would have to go to higher quarters. In the meantime, would the Galena engineer come out to New Buffalo and look over an engine or two? Van Nortwick was agreeable. In the Michigan Central yard he found what he was looking for—the first locomotive of the Chicago and North Western Railway System!

All engines had names in those days and this humble hauler of ties and rails and working men was no exception; it was called Alert; Mahan had neglected to mention that Alert was a used engine when the Michigan Central had bought it from the Utica and Schenectady Railroad two years before. As a matter of fact, when Van Nortwick first looked it over, Alert had already put in eleven years of grueling service; when its purchase was finally approved by President Ogden it became not a secondhand engine but a third-hand engine—which was nothing to its discredit. Alert had been built to last; it still lasts, as this is being written, at the ripe old age of one hundred and twelve!

The Galena’s engineer went carefully over every bolt and plate. The tiny locomotive bore the name of its maker, the Baldwin Locomotive Company of Philadelphia. Its cylinders were 10 inches in diameter with an 18-inch stroke; it had but one pair of driving wheels 4½ feet in diameter and weighed 10 tons. Naturally, as of its vintage, it was wood-burning; it had iron tires, weighed 24,000 pounds.
and its original water container was a barrel in the cab; later its tender capacity was 1,015 gallons. The first engineer of the Galena’s first locomotive was John Ebbert; its first fireman, Daniel Sheehan. Ebbert lived to exhibit his engine at the Chicago World’s Fair of 1893, passing on six years later. But his iron horse, the first locomotive to pull a train out of Chicago, showed up again at the St. Louis Fair of 1903 and at the second Chicago World’s Fair, in 1933. In 1948 it made its bow to the public again at the Chicago Railroad Fair.

Van Nortwick did some scurrying back and forth between Chicago and New Buffalo. The purchase price was finally settled at 40 shares of Galena stock, par value per share one hundred dollars; the chief engineer had a new name plate made, and Alert became Pioneer. On the afternoon of October 22, 1848, Chicago’s first railroad engine was lowered from the boat that had carried it from New Buffalo onto the planking of the Clark Street dock on the north side of the river. Its fresh black paint gleamed; its brass and copper facings had been polished to mirrorlike reflection; its wheels and smokestack had been sandpapered till they resembled steel. From the dock it was horse-hauled to the Galena depot at Canal and Kinzie streets where, next day, it was jacked onto the tracks. No official holiday was declared, but apparently all Chicago took time off to watch the unloading of its first railroad locomotive. Reporting the Pioneer’s arrival in the depot in its issue of October 24, the Chicago Daily Journal stated: “The Iron Horse is at length on the track and will ‘fire up’ in a day or two over that part of the road which has been completed.”

Moving around among the throng on the afternoon of arrival, William Butler Ogden, subscription book in hand, sold over twenty thousand dollars’ worth of stock in the Galena. Chicago had wanted to be shown! Well, he was showing Chicago!

On the afternoon of October 25, the Galena directors and some few friends rode out as far as the tracks had been completed, to what is now Oak Park. Nothing untoward happened, the Pioneer behaved well, farmers and merchants lined the single track, cheering the progress of the train, which consisted of one passenger car and one open freight car—the latter empty on the westward journey.

At Oak Ridge (now Oak Park) the directors and their guests descended for refreshments which were served in the shack doing
duty as the road's first suburban station. Following an enjoyable hour and just as the Pioneer was about to knuckle down to a home-going demonstration of its pushing as well as its pulling abilities—the Galena had not as yet got round to a turntable—Director J. Young Scammon noticed a farmer on the outskirts of the crowd, perched on a wagonload of wheat.

"Where you taking that, friend?" asked Mr. Scammon.

"Newberry and Dole," answered the farmer.

"How would you like your wheat to be the first hauled into Chicago by train?" asked Scammon. "Free," he added.

The farmer, whose name unhappily has not been passed on to posterity, wasn’t any too sure about his likes or dislikes, but when he understood that he, too, would ride the train with his produce, he gave consent. Willing hands transferred the bags to the open freight car—and so came the first train-hauled wheat to the city that was to become the world’s leading wheat market.

From that October day of 1848 the Galena never looked back—always forward. Work did not progress as fast as it did on other railroads which were springing up all over the country, with a special rash of them in the Middle West; where the Federal government was being goaded on by Senator Stephen A. Douglas who had secured the first railroad land grant for the Illinois Central. Washington, from aloof stinginess, had suddenly become almost overgenerous in its concessions to promoters wishing to lay track in the "new lands." Iowa had been admitted to statehood in 1846, Wisconsin in 1848; the tide of immigration was in full flood into both new commonwealths, and an agricultural and town building boom was on.

But the Galena proceeded slowly, making money as it went along but never borrowing for expansion, putting only profits back into extension of track and purchase of equipment. By 1850 the Chicago, the Elgin, the Illinois, the Belvidere, and the Rockford had been added to the engine roster still headed by that third-hand old stalwart, the Pioneer. Wood was used for fuel, and the average cost per cord was $2.13; there was timber aplenty all along the right of way.

The Galena reached the Des Plaines River (Maywood) on December 15, 1848. The track was opened to Turner Junction (West
Chicago) 30 miles west of Chicago in the spring of 1849. Here the road swung almost due north to Elgin, a distance of 12 miles. From Turner Junction another line was later extended westward through Dixon to Fulton on the Mississippi River, a distance of 105 miles. Turner Junction (named for John B. Turner) served as the north-

![Map of Illinois and surrounding states](image)

ern terminus of the Aurora Branch Railroad, and for a number of years the trains of that road and its successor, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, ran from this point over the line of the Galena into Chicago.*

Elgin and the countryside staged an enormous celebration when the Pioneer puffed into that city on January 22, 1850. Belvidere was reached on December 3, 1851. Track reached Cherry Valley March 10, 1852, and “amid cannon and the ringing of bells” the Pioneer proudly snorted into Rockford on August 2, 1852. The

Galena’s arrival in Rockford put stagecoaches out of business to the East, and the Galena advertised connections with stages from Rockford to Galena and Dubuque; to Beloit, Janesville, and Madison; to Dixon and to Rock Island.

Meantime there had been dissension on the board of the railroad which had blossomed into open quarrel and accusation. President Will Ogden, in addition to his investments in Chicago real estate, had also gone in heavily for timberland purchase along the southern Wisconsin border and along the Galena’s right of way. He was back in the lumber business in a big way just as he had been in Walton, New York, as a young man operating the family sawmill. He had a ready market for his midwestern lumber in Chicago both as fuel and for construction purposes. He was also selling cordwood and railroad ties by the trackside for use in the engines and on the right of way of the Galena—something which, seemingly, he had a perfect right to do.

The charge was made that Ogden was using his position as president of the Galena to increase his railroad tie and cordwood sales and shut off competition. The accusation was never made to his face, but upon hearing of it he immediately submitted his resignation both as president and director—which the majority of the directors refused to accept. Ogden withdrew the resignation, but at subsequent meetings refused to take his seat when those directors who had accused him of profiteering were present. This was in the summer of 1848, and until June, 1851, J. Young Seammon presided over meetings whenever Ogden absented himself. On June 5, 1851, when Ogden insisted on resigning over the protests of the majority of the Board, John Bice Turner was elected president of the Galena.

But Ogden was by no means through with his favorite railroad.

John Bice Turner was the fifth president of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company, his predecessors being Theophilus W. Smith, Elijah K. Hubbard, James H. Collins, and William Butler Ogden. Smith, Collins, and Hubbard were merely presidents of a paper railroad for purposes of keeping the charter alive. Ogden was the first president of the functioning railroad.

A stocky man of medium height, Turner was one of the ablest
citizens of the Chicago of his day. He came to the Galena with a background of railroad building and administration experience which was to stand the budding little line and the great carrier into which it developed in good stead.

Like his friend Will Ogden, John Turner was a native of New York State. Little is known of his early struggles, but unlike Ogden, he was certainly not born to affluence or in all probability even to comfort. He first came to notice as a railroad builder when, in 1835, at the age of thirty-four he was awarded a contract to build 7 miles of the Ransom and Saratoga Railroad. Previous to this good fortune, Turner is believed to have worked up from tanner's apprentice to tracklayer to section foreman. He did such a good job of his 7-mile strip that he was made general manager of the entire line—only 40 miles long. The Ransom and Saratoga trains were hauled by horses, and Turner built barns and stables for their accommodation at intervals of 10 miles. In the same year, in partnership with his brother, he took a contract for the construction of the Delaware division of the New York and Erie Railroad Company. The crash of 1837 wiped out his construction company. Three years later he had somewhat recouped himself through a contract to dig a portion of the Genesee Valley Canal. A completed contract for construction of a portion of the Troy and Schenectady Railroad put Turner for the first time in his life a few thousand dollars ahead, and he was able to achieve a boyhood ambition—to go West with some capital in his pocket. With his wife and two younger children—his eldest boy was a student at Williamstown College—he arrived in Chicago on October 15, 1843, with letters of introduction to William Butler Ogden, Charles Butler, Walter Newberry, George Dole, and J. Young Scammon. His first venture was the purchase of a thousand acres of prairie land south of Blue Island which he stocked with sheep driven in from Ohio.

This practical railroad-man-turned-sheep-farmer amazed Will Ogden; he and J. Young Scammon had been dreaming about resuscitating the Galena for several years; but there were lots of things about railroads concerning which the pair knew nothing; the arrival of John Bice Turner seemed something like a gift from on high. Ogden and Scammon came to visit the sheep farmer at his rooms in
the Tremont House. Yes, he told his visitors, he was interested in railroad building and particularly interested in the Galena; it seemed he had all the facts and all the difficulties at his finger tips.

"Then why," asked Scammon, "do you start up a sheep farm when railroads are the coming things and you are a practical railroad man?"

"I wasn't going to push in until I knew I was wanted," replied Turner with characteristic modesty. "Back East you Chicago gentlemen are getting the name of being a rather close corporation."

"Close or not," chorused his visitors, "we need you."

As managing director of the reorganized Galena, Turner proved himself an able lieutenant to President Ogden; when the latter insisted on the acceptance of his resignation, both pro-Ogden and anti-Ogden directors were agreed that Turner was their logical leader.

The Galena entered Freeport on September 1, 1853, thus ending the march westward over that particular line by the progenitor of the North Western system. Two routes lay open if the original plan was to be carried out and entrance made into the city whose name was borne by the railroad line. One of these would be to the northwest by way of Warren and Scales Mound; the other to the southwest by way of Savanna. But the Illinois Central was already building to Galena, and President Turner was of the opinion that the countryside, rich and prosperous as it was becoming, could not support two railroad lines running almost parallel. Chief Engineer Van Nortwick of the Galena reported:

There can be no doubt that the true policy of both companies is to form a connection at such a point as shall be found most practical, east of Galena, and construct but one road to that place. It is understood that both companies favor and contemplate such an arrangement.*

Freeport was agreed upon by the two roads as the point of junction, and on the Galena's arrival there the Illinois Central took up construction of its Freeport-Galena division. The iron horse—though it was not the Galena's iron horse—reached Galena and the heights above the Mississippi River on October 30, 1854.

The Galena's first railroad depot, as has been told, stood on a triangular piece of ground west of Canal Street and south of Kinzie Street. It was at first a one-story wooden shack running east and west, entered from what was then called West Water Street, which ran along the north branch of the Chicago River. The depot faced the railroad tracks which were south of the building. In 1849 this depot was enlarged, and provision made for freight handling as well as for passengers. A second story was added which was used as a general office, and on top of this was a glass enclosure looking like some sort of observatory. This was for years President Turner's post of observation. Armed with a telescope, he would engage in his favorite relaxation—if you could call it that—the detection of approaching trains through his glass and reports of their progress or lack of it, shouted down through the flimsy building to employes and patrons alike. He could see on a clear day his engines puffing away as far off as Austin—six miles. Samuel Morse had already invented the telegraph, some six years before, but the railroads had not as yet got around to using it.

In 1852 the Galena substituted T rail for its archaic strap rail and in the same year placed a floating bridge on the Chicago River at practically the same place where now stands the Chicago and North Western Railway bridge. In 1853 the road completed its second depot, standing east and west along North Water Street with its east end on Wells Street. Sometime after this depot was occupied, Wells Street was filled in and raised about 8 feet; this caused the Galena company to add 30 feet to the length of the building and put on another story, making it three stories high with a frontage of 45 feet on Wells Street and 75 feet on North Water Street. This building remained in use until the Great Fire of 1871 when, like most of Chicago, it went up in smoke.

The Galena had a third depot in Chicago for the use of passengers. Owning land on the east side of North Dearborn Street and south of Kinzie Street, the company in 1851 erected here a two-story building, the lower portion of which was used originally for freight purposes and the upper for offices. For some time during the middle fifties the passenger trains of the Galena road ran to and from this building, and while this was being done neither the first nor the second depots were in use. Nobody knows the reason, and if there had
been any explanation in the records these were unavailable because of having been destroyed in the Chicago Fire.*

The directors of the Galena apparently felt somewhat chagrined over the failure to gain a railroad monopoly from Freeport to the Mississippi. On the heels of the Illinois Central’s triumphant entry into the city of Galena, Chief Engineer Van Nortwick was ordered to locate a line from Turner Junction to a suitable point of connection with the Rockford and Rock Island Railroad, from which point it would continue through Dixon to Fulton on the Mississippi.

The Galena’s chief engineer, somewhat disheartened by events, perked up over this order. His report was:

There can be no doubt that this route must form the great trunk line west from Chicago to Council Bluffs and even west of that point, and that this is the one upon which Chicago must rely to secure the business of central and western Iowa rather than upon other western lines having eastern connections south of that city.

Van Nortwick sold the idea to his directors, who authorized an increase in the capital stock of the Galena to a sum “not exceeding five million dollars” with which “to extend the Dixon and Central Iowa route to Dixon and, if they should deem it expedient, to the Mississippi River; or to unite or consolidate with any other road on that route.”

President Turner got busy on this latter phase and secured from the Mississippi and Rock River Junction Railroad Company a lease by which a continuous and complete line of railroad would be made and operated from Chicago to Fulton under the control and management of the Galena. This lease provided that the Mississippi and Rock River Junction should “prepare the roadway for the superstructure” and that the Galena should “complete, stock, and operate it in perpetuity.” For its work the Mississippi and Rock River Junction was to receive 7 per cent annually on its expenditures. For this splendid piece of work Engineer Van Nortwick was made “president and engineer” of the Mississippi and Rock River Junction Railroad.

The work went ahead rapidly. Stock had sold readily, and for the

* See Appendix for detailed history of the North Western’s Chicago depots.
first time in its existence the Galena did not have to count the pennies. By January 10, 1854, track was open as far as Lane, 45 miles from Junction. Despite heavy snowfalls that late winter, the road was completed to Dixon by December 4 of the same year.

On January 9, 1855, as had been expected, the Mississippi and Rock River Junction consolidated with the Galena, and Van Nortwick set speedily about forging the last links of his chain from Chicago. On July 22 the first Galena train rolled into Sterling. On September 23 the iron horse puffed into Morrison, and on December 16, the old Pioneer, given—as always—the place of honor, snorted proudly into Fulton and gracefully deigned to take a drink from Old Man River.
From 1851 until 1855, William Butler Ogden was not officially interested in railroading. He had a large and ever growing real-estate business in Chicago; as a contractor he was laying most of what are now the downtown streets of the city of his adoption; facing these streets he built stores, offices, and homes.

He was a busy man—and if he was not, during those years, a practicing railroad man he was nevertheless a very active theoretical railroad man. He was lumbering in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. And the Galena was still his baby—though there were still on its directorate men who had hurt him to the quick. But his friends on the Board, such as John Bice Turner, J. Young Scammon, and others, came to him frequently for unofficial consultation and advice; he never failed them, passed along his constructive thoughts of today, his dreams of tomorrow. These dreams were to develop into reality—the strategy of that enterprise that was to become the Chicago and North Western Railway System.

Approaching his fifties he was still an extraordinarily active man, an ardent horseback rider. In his journeys out of Chicago into what was then considered the Northwest—Wisconsin, northern Michigan, and Minnesota—he preferred his horses even where he found railroad lines, though he did not neglect to use these to test their efficacy and their ultimate purpose in these plans of his for the future of the territory.

We have told the story of J. Young Scammon accosting the farmer on that first triumphal run of the Galena to Oak Park (then Oak Ridge) and the switching of the bags of grain from the horse-drawn wagon to the two-car train hauled by the Pioneer on its first run back to Chicago. That wagonload of grain made a profound im-
pression on Will Ogden; it indicated to him in no uncertain terms the basis of prosperity for railroad lines running out of Chicago west and northwest—as indeed it indicated the basis of prosperity for all the “Granger” lines that were to come.

Years have passed since Will Ogden rode the trails and dreamed of a vast railroad system that would tap as yet unpeopled regions and conjure forth farms and villages, furnaces and cities, factories and ports, that would provide life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for millions yet unborn. It all came true—and looking at the vast, fertile, peopled domain as it is today, the whole development seems simple, natural; it was, and it is—but where would the automobile be without the spark plug? There is no question but that Ogden was the spark plug of the Chicago and North Western Railway System; it is just as certain that he was the spark plug that brought civilization and prosperity to the area from which his “baby” most rightly took its name.

The whole thing is as simple and direct—again looking back at it today—as those first 10 miles of strap railroad that he laid down out of Chicago, due west. Ogden’s strategy shows clear in a railroad map made just before the advent of the Civil War—a line across the Mississippi with the system in embryo shown in additional lines of 80 and 100 miles running north into Wisconsin. The essential beginning of the dream was assuming reality—a trunk line north and a trunk line west; Cedar Rapids the western terminus, Green Bay the northern.

Ogden, in his studies and dreams, had ridden far into upper Michigan. He had sat on his horse—man and steed both weary, both determined—and stared at the muddy waters of the Missouri, and out into Nebraska. These journeys developed the major objectives that were to become the accomplishment of the North Western—the western offensive with the Missouri and the farmlands-to-be as the goal; the northern offensive, aimed at the grain lands and the iron and copper country.

Three hundred years ago Jesuit missionaries found copper on Lake Superior, the richest beds of native copper in all the world. In 1850, Jean Louis Agassiz, the great Swiss-American naturalist and geologist, wrote his book Lake Superior, in which he pointed out the
At the richness of the region in copper and iron deposits. The first bar of Lake Superior iron had been drawn through a blacksmith's forge in 1846. When Will Ogden rode into the copper and iron lands he carried Agassiz' *Lake Superior* in one of his saddlebags. He had read all about the riches that lay underground, had made a trip to the Lowell Institute in Boston to interview Agassiz and had returned to Chicago and his process of making dreams realities—with this advice: "You can study nature in my book, Mr. Ogden. But unless you go out of doors yourself you cannot find her. This new country needs students far more than it needs textbooks. The book of nature is always open."

In the Lake Superior iron and copper region, Will Ogden sensed that this portion of his dream would be easy to realize; here was a traffic goal that, instead of being attained over desert wastes, was reachable across terrain perhaps as profit-bearing as the treasure that unworldly men of God had merely recorded and then left for the enrichment of crass men of business. As a practical lumberman, Will Ogden viewed with great satisfaction the forests of pine, the seemingly inexhaustible stores of hardwoods; well, suppose the timber was exhaustible? What then? Ogden was a builder, a lumberman, a railroad man—and he was also a farmer. In his rare days of leisure he was a hunter and a fisherman. He dreamed on, but his dream was as soundly practical as the dreams of Stevenson, Whitney, Ford, Columbus, or the Pilgrim Fathers.

Will Ogden saw trains hauling copper and iron through a land of barley, small grains, and dairies. Where the pine stood as he rode the edge of the forests he saw the farmer moving in with the clearing of the land. He saw the tamarack swamps drained, cattle turned into the brush and the clearings, to the most nutritious of grasses, the coolest of waters.

It was on a September afternoon of 1854 that Ogden and his horse halted on the heights above the Missouri River where Lewis and Clark had held their council with the Indians just fifty years before. Across the brown water was a village thriving by leaps and bounds—Omaha! Nebraska had been a territory for four months. Already there was talk of a transcontinental railroad to cross the Missouri at this point; it was not even to begin construction for
another eight years. What could be easier than to meet such a railroad from the coast here on the river and form a junction? Jump the gun! Will Ogden dreamed on, dreams that were to come to pass, all of them.

This Nebraska Territory was extraordinary, definitely a necessary link in the chain. Will Ogden crossed the Missouri, rode deep into the new lands. Grasses that cured on the ground! Great for stock raising. Hay country, wheat country, small-grain country. Too young for dairying, but that would come, as it would come to the Wisconsin timberlands. Ogden rode back to Chicago, heartened. He had given two years to studying the potentialities of his railroad dream. He celebrated his fiftieth birthday a few days after his return, and his close friends gathered at his Rush Street mansion to congratulate him—John Turner, J. Young Scammon, George Dole, Cyrus McCormick, Perry Smith, Charles Butler, Mahlon Ogden, William H. Brown, Judge Henry W. Blodgett, and a rising young New York lawyer named Samuel J. Tilden who was later to win the presidency of the United States on the popular vote of the electorate of the country, only to lose it in the electoral college.

To these friends on his fiftieth birthday William Butler Ogden outlined his plans for a "northwestern railway." His picture did not take in South Dakota and Wyoming—he was a little early for that, even in a dream—but in all else the plan which came through was his. He spread a map on a table and traced his system through traffic mines of the future, some of which even then had hardly the status of villages—Chicago (the fountainhead, the mainspring), Milwaukee, Duluth, Superior, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux City, Des Moines, Omaha, Lincoln.

In the summer of 1855 a telegraph line was laid alongside the Galena tracks from Chicago to Freeport, and for the first time on any western railroad trains were operated by means of Morse's invention. In 1855 President Turner also tried out two soft-coal-burning engines in place of his old wood-burners. His agreement with the builders was that he need not buy if the locomotives were not a success; they were not.

Turner and his Board of Directors laid down ambitious plans in
1856. They mapped out an extension of the Galena westward from Clinton, Iowa, taking over 40 miles of track that had been laid down by the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Railroad before it ran out of money. The complete plan had been to run to an as yet unselected point in Iowa and from thence north “to connect with a road extending northwesterly to St. Paul.” The Galena stockholders were warned that these were defensive measures; the Middle West had gone railroad mad, and lines were being projected everywhere, some on paper, some in the begging stage, some gathering finances, some actually laying track.

Turner had still another headache. It had been decided that Chicago needed jack ing up if parts of it were not to sink into the swamp. George Pullman, later inventor of the Pullman car, was the man who put most of what was later the Loop on stilts. And the Galena had to go along and hoist its depots, engine house, and tracks an average of two and a half feet over about sixteen acres of land. The soil had to be hauled from Babeock’s Grove (now Lombard), and though the Galena did its own hauling, the job ran into real money.

The little railroad, the most prosperous and best-managed business of its kind in the Middle West despite the hoisting job and despite competition, entered the panic year of 1857 in good financial shape and had already laid second track as far as Turner Junction. It boasted 56 locomotive engines and 1,200 freight and passenger cars. It owned 260 miles of finished road at a cost, to date, of $8,293,294.62; had a bonded debt of $2,958,015.28; during the year over 613,000 passengers had been carried.

“All our original plans have been carried out,” announced President Turner, “with the exception of the completion of the second track. The gross earnings for the year were $2,800,053.”

The financial panic of 1857, brought about primarily by railroad promotion and railroad stock speculation, crippled all western railroads. The Galena, built solidly, its stock in the great majority held by men and women who believed in its future on the record of its successful past and who were not in any sense of the word speculators, dug in and held on. But passenger and freight earnings fell off more than 25 per cent, and between August, 1857, and the following January its working force had to be cut from 1,904 to 722.
Bankruptcy was the rule among the majority of the western roads. But while the panic ran its course, the Galena kept on laying its second track.

What had been accomplished up to this time is best shown in the Galena report for the fiscal year, 1857, as taken from W. H. Stennett's history of the Chicago and North Western Railway System, entitled *Yesterday and Today*.

**Main Line**

The road was opened to Elgin, 42 miles from Chicago, January 22, 1850. This portion of the road was originally laid with strap-rail iron, resting upon longitudinal stringers, but during 1852-1853 this track was replaced with iron T rail.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Main Line Opened To:</th>
<th>Distance, miles</th>
<th>Point of Origin</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Huntley</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>September 15, 1851</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marengo</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>October 18, 1851</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belvidere</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>December 3, 1851</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cherry Valley</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>March 10, 1852</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rockford</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>August 2, 1852</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freeport</td>
<td>121</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>September 1, 1853</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beloit</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>Belvidere</td>
<td>November 14, 1853</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Chicago, Fulton and Iowa Line**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Track Opened To:</th>
<th>Distance, miles from Turner Junction</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lane</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>January 10, 1854</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dixon</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>December 4, 1854</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sterling</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>July 22, 1855</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>September 23, 1855</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fulton</td>
<td>105½</td>
<td>December 16, 1855</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*This year the name Turner Junction was changed to Turner in honor of the Galena president.*

**Second Track—Openings**

To city limits, 2 miles from Chicago, September 1, 1855.
To Harlem, 9 miles from Chicago, December 15, 1855.
To Cottage Hill, 17 miles from Chicago, October 19, 1856.
To Babcock's Grove, 20 miles from Chicago, June 7, 1857.
From Danby to Wheaton, 2½ miles, June 7, 1857.
From Wheaton to Winfield, 2½ miles, November 1, 1857.
To Turner Junction, 30 miles from Chicago, December 6, 1857.

ST. CHARLES AIR LINE BRANCH*

Opened from South Branch station to Harlem, 10½ miles, January 1, 1856.

AVERAGE MILEAGE BY YEARS

The general average of the number of miles of T-rail track in use in the main track, from September 15, 1851, to May 1, 1852; seven and one-half months, was 31½ miles, equal to 19½ miles for one year.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>General Average, miles</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>May 1, 1852, to May 1, 1853</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 1, 1853, to May 1, 1854</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 1, 1854, to May 1, 1855</td>
<td>196½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 1, 1855, to May 1, 1856</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 1, 1856, to May 1, 1857</td>
<td>279½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 1, 1857, to May 1, 1858</td>
<td>282½</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Equal to 188½ for one year.

The total length of track, in miles, in use January 1, 1858, is as follows:

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Main line, from Chicago to Freeport</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beloit branch, from Belvidere to Beloit</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>East Elgin branch</td>
<td>1½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago, Fulton and Iowa line, from Junction to Fulton</td>
<td>105½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Charles Air Line, from Chicago to Harlem</td>
<td>10½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>259½</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second track</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sidings and gravel pit tracks</td>
<td>42½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>332½</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*This is the little road that was bought in 1854.
REAL ESTATE

The company owns the following acreage of real estate:

Right of way .................................................. 3,300
Land at and near Harlem Station, 9 miles west of Chicago. 940

DEPOT GROUNDS

Main line and Beloit branch, including 62 acres in Chicago 165
Chicago, Fulton and Iowa line ................................ 116

Total .......................................................... 281
Gravel pits ......................................................... 68
Miscellaneous lands ............................................ 3,491

Total real estate ............................................... 8,080

(Of the land described in this statement as miscellaneous, a large portion was bought on account of the wood growing thereon. When the wood is removed the land is resold by the company. These lands are scattered along the line of the railroad, and are generally contiguous thereto. The company owns about 1,200 acres [included in the above list] located on densely wooded islands in the Mississippi River, a few miles above Fulton.)

During 1858 the Galena was beginning to feel its own oats—aside from those oats it was hauling; it had become a force to be recognized among other roads, to be deferred to, powerful enough to extend a helping hand—for considerations, of course. A contract with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad required that the latter use the Galena tracks, and pay for the privilege—to and from Chicago east of Turner Junction. A contract with the Mineral Point and the Illinois Central companies provided that, on a percentage basis, the former should send all the business the destination of which it could control over the Galena for a period of twenty years. In November of this year the Fox River Valley Railroad was sold under court decree to Benjamin W. Raymond and by him conveyed to the Elgin and State Line Railroad Company, whereupon the Galena entered into a contract to operate.

At the very moment President Turner, on behalf of the Galena, was signing the contract with the Elgin and State Line Railroad,
William Butler Ogden was sitting in the offices of his New York attorney, Samuel J. Tilden. The Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac Railroad Company had failed to meet the interest on its bonds. The Illinois State Legislature would meet for its biennial session inside of the next six weeks when, in all probability—Ogden told Tilden—acts would be passed authorizing the sale of the road and approving the formation of a new corporation to acquire it.

William Butler Ogden wanted control of the Fond du Lac; he classed it as one of the foundation stones that would turn his dreams of a great northwestern railway system into reality. Tilden, a realist if ever there was one, found himself in complete agreement with the dreamer.
Chapter 9

LAYING THE FOUNDATION

The transportation history of the United States has proved that waves of railroad consolidation have always followed on the heels of major industrial depressions. The sequence is natural. Hard times came along, and weak railroads, newly constructed and partly constructed lines tumbled into the hands of bondholders and receivers. These latter have but two lines of thought—unless a war comes along and provides a shot in the arm in the form of troop, equipment, armament, and supply hauls—and these lines of thought are “sell for what you can get and cut the loss; that—or consolidation.”

Consolidation is the recipe of the men with vision acting on the old adage “if you can’t fight ’em, join ’em.” Out of the financial crash of 1857 there peered—in so far as the Middle West of that day was concerned—a weird collection of bankrupt railroad lines, some of them dragging along by grace of optimistic pump-primers from the young cities of the New World and from the hoary cities of the Old World; others had quit cold, their strap rail, their T rail, their wood-burning engines rusting by the right of way.

The territory was overrailroaded for the populace, what with paper plans, stock market promotions, parallel lines, competing lines. A great proportion of the roads actually laid down had been based by their promoters, for profit, on sweeps of immigration to the new lands and the clearing of these into productive farms and, after that, the advent of business and industrial centers, villages, then towns, then cities. It didn’t work out that way at that time; the railroads in many cases were built, and then whistled for pioneers; these pioneers, whose toil and production were to justify the railroads, were unable to get into action fast enough; the roads, waiting for profits or even enough returns to justify operation, ran out
of money; the panic halted hopes of getting further sinews of war. With few exceptions the railroads went bankrupt, remained isolated and fragmentary, passed into the hands of receivers, were sold under foreclosure, or were abandoned.

Out of such confusion, through the organizing genius of one man, grew the Chicago and North Western Railway System.

In 1847, before resuscitation of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, William Butler Ogden and J. Young Scammon had visited various Wisconsin settlements with the idea of sounding out sentiment on connecting railroad lines in the vicinity. They put an idea in the heads of a group of Janesville and Beloit citizens who in the following year "created a body corporate by the name of the Madison and Beloit Railroad Company." (The temporary title for this venture must not be confused with the Beloit and Madison division of the Galena, already referred to.)

Apparentlv realizing that a gross error in timing—and in naming—had been made, the Wisconsin company, in February, 1850, secured legislative permission to change the name of the Madison and Beloit and also to change the location "at any point on the south line of the state of Wisconsin" and to "extend said road to any point on the Wisconsin River that to them may seem proper." An amendment, approved five days later, authorized the company to "extend their road from Janesville to Lake Winnebago by way of Fort Atkinson, Jefferson, and Watertown." The incorporators were further authorized to change the name of the organization to the Rock River Valley Union Railroad Company. The act of February, 1850, was further amended in March, 1851, to give the company authorization "to extend its road to Lake Superior." Another amendment authorized extension "from the point of intersection on the Wisconsin River to the village of La Crosse in the County of La Crosse and thence to Willow River and St. Croix Falls."

On February 12, 1851, the Illinois Legislature had approved a charter for the formation of the Illinois and Wisconsin Railroad. The charter granted authority to build from "the north line of McHenry County, Illinois, to Woodstock in the same county and thence to a point on the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad in Cook, Kane, and McHenry counties and within fifty years to build
into Chicago and to connect with any railroad south of Chicago and through Indiana."

In March, 1855, the Rock River Valley Railroad Company was granted permission by the Legislature of Wisconsin to consolidate with the Illinois and Wisconsin. The former road had at this time laid track between Minnesota Junction and Fond du Lac, a distance of about twenty-nine miles; meanwhile the Illinois and Wisconsin had built from Chicago northwesterly to Cary, Illinois, a distance of about thirty-nine miles.

On March 30, 1855, the consolidation became official, and a new corporation was formed which took the name of the Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac Railroad Company. During 1855 it extended its line from Cary to Janesville—52 miles.

Between June, 1856, and January, 1857, the Ontonagon and State Line Railroad Company of Michigan, the Wisconsin and Superior Railroad Company of Wisconsin, and the Marquette and State Line Railroad Company of Michigan were all organized and given authority to build beyond the northern end of the Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac. In March, 1857, according to plan, all three of these lines were consolidated with the Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac. Putting their cards on the table along with the announcement, the directors of the acquiring road stated:

The object and desire of the Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac Railroad Company was the extension of their line from Janesville northwest via Madison and La Crosse to St. Paul and from Janesville north along the valley of Rock River to Fond du Lac and to the great iron and copper regions of Lake Superior.

Thus we see the dream emerging into reality. William Butler Ogden had accepted the presidency of the Illinois and Wisconsin shortly before its merger with the Rock River Valley Union; at the time of the merger, his brother-in-law, Charles Butler, was president of the Rock River Valley Union. The Fond du Lac’s Chicago depot, taken over from the Illinois and Wisconsin, was between Kinzie Street and Grand Avenue, close to the present location of Canal Street. In May, 1857, the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad had been finished as far as Prairie du Chien, and the Fond du Lac made a deal with the Milwaukee and Mississippi so that it could run its
trains from Chicago to Prairie du Chien, a distance of 227 miles, without change.

The consolidation with the Ontonagon, the Wisconsin and Superior and the Marquette and State Line brought a spurt to close the gap between Minnesota Junction, Wisconsin, and Cary, Illinois, this being completed in '59 despite the panic and ensuing depression. Thus, a continuous line from Chicago via Janesville to Fond du Lac——176 miles. The drive, financed in large measure by loans from Ogden and his associates, had for its primary purpose the securing of a land grant along this track approved by Congress for the development of Wisconsin lines. However, a contest ensued in the State Legislature, with the result that the Wisconsin solons moved the location of the land grant so that it perched along the rights of way of the newly constructed La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad Company and the as-yet-to-be-constructed Wisconsin and Superior Railroad Company. The Wisconsinites evidently considered the Chicago and Fond du Lac an Illinois venture although it had been chartered in both states. However, between the date of the Legislature’s edict, October, 1856, and January, 1857, the Fond du Lac took over the Wisconsin and Superior, thus retrieving a portion of the land grant——six sections, or 3,840 acres, per mile. Thus partial justice was done, for Ogden and his associates had spent many weary months in Washington getting Congress into the proper frame of mind for approving the public lands grant before it came to the State Legislature.

But the Fond du Lac had been traveling too fast for the country—or more rightly, the country had not been traveling fast enough for the Fond du Lac. It struggled valiantly through the first eighteen months of the 1857 panic but defaulted on the interest on its bonds and was finally forced into a bankruptcy petition. In February, 1859, the Illinois Legislature authorized sale, reorganization, or both, and was followed by the Wisconsin Legislature a few weeks later. At a meeting of the stockholders and bondholders, Samuel J. Tilden and Ossian D. Ashley were appointed the road’s agents.

Acting for the bondholders, James Winslow, William A. Booth, and James F. D. Lanier, as trustees, sold the road under foreclosure at an auction held in Janesville, Wisconsin, June 2, 1859, to Tilden and Ashley as agents. The latter, in turn, conveyed it a few days
later to the Chicago and North Western Railway Company, which was organized June 7, 1859, under concurrent special acts of the legislatures of Illinois and Wisconsin, approved February 19 and March 14, 1859, respectively. The price was $10,849,938 in the stocks and bonds of the new purchasing company. Ogden was elected first president of the North Western with the following, besides himself, as members of the Board of Directors: Perry H. Smith, E. W. Hutchins, G. M. Bartholomew, Charles Butler, Thomas H. Perkins, Mahlon D. Ogden, A. C. Courtney, Henry Smith, J. R. Young, J. J. R. Pease, M. C. Darling, and Albert Winslow.

By act, approved by the Wisconsin State Legislature in April, 1861, the Chicago and North Western Railway Company was authorized to locate a line of its road, or a branch, by way of Fort Howard (Green Bay), Wisconsin, to the north line of the state, at the Menominee River. It was not built to Fort Howard until the fall of 1862, as at that time (the spring of 1861) the road was unable to meet the interest on its first mortgage bonds, and on April 11, 1861, the bondholders held a meeting in New York City. The committee then appointed visited Chicago, to look over the valuable grounds of the company, to report upon the best way out of the financial embarrassment, and to ascertain whether it was expedient to extend the road from Appleton to Green Bay and west from Neenah to Waupaca, Wisconsin. As was to be expected, although the extension was looked upon as important and as a necessary development of the system soon to be made, the committee, after visiting the towns and attending enthusiastic meetings, "withheld the recommendation."

President Ogden decided on frontal attack; he went direct to the people of Brown County and at a meeting in Green Bay requested a right of way to the town and offered $49,500 worth of North Western stock—not easily negotiable—for an equivalent in county bonds which were readily cashable. His principal argument was faith in the future, but for the first time—and, in so far as we know, the last—glamour girls were used to promote the construction of a railroad.

Ogden was accompanied on this journey by Perry H. Smith, vice-president of the North Western and a former resident of Appleton. Smith was acquainted with the Grignons of Kaukauna, an influential French family—at this time many of the residents of this sec-
tion were of French birth or French extraction, and the language was even more in use in the region than English. Smith took Ogden to visit the Grignons and also brought along a personable young man of his acquaintance by the name of Vassar, whose first name has not been passed on but who was described as a nephew of that Vassar who founded the famous girls' college of the same name. Vassar was a fluent French conversationalist. At the Grignon mansion, the railroad men were hospitably entertained and introduced to the three daughters of the house—a trio of "incomparable beauties." Neither Ogden nor Smith was of an age and an appearance for the stirring of girlish hearts—but not so Vassar; he came, he saw, and he conquered. Nothing came of it in the romantic sense beyond flirtations on the part of Vassar and the three girls, but in the business sense—which was what mattered to Ogden and Smith—the hard-to-sell bonds of the North Western were finally exchanged for easily negotiable Brown County bonds, the cash was secured—and the road was completed to Green Bay.

It was Smith who suggested a campaign for the bond issue along the banks of the Fox River. A steamboat was hired, a piano placed on deck, and as the vessel proceeded leisurely along the stream and through the locks, the three lovely Grignon girls, "beautifully dressed"—according to Mr. Smith—sang and danced for the entertainment of visiting Brown County folks who loaded the boat from stem to stern at every halt, while Vassar thrummed the piano. The bond issue was oversubscribed.

The road as far as Green Bay was formally opened November 13, 1862. Congress had granted the North Western 80 acres from the military reservation for depot purposes. Two large grain elevators were constructed at the same time, one at Green Bay and the other on the depot land in Chicago.
Part Three

NORTHWEST TERRITORY
Chapter 10

TERRITORY IN NEED OF A RAILROAD

Thus the stage was set. Eventually, the pioneer Galena and the North Western would become one great system spanning the farm-lands, the forests, and the empty plains of the Northwest. But first a war was to intervene, and other railroads were to be built. They had to be, but sometimes they were mighty slow in coming.

For instance, look at Minnesota.

Although there was a tremendous surge of railroad building in the years between the start of the Galena and Chicago Union and the advent of the Civil War, the Middle West had not come fully into its own in railroad transportation. Wisconsin was developing, but more as a lumber region than as an agrarian settler’s goal, because of Will Ogden’s knowledge and appreciation of the value of timber as an adjunct to conquest by civilization. In the Northwest, however, up Minnesota way, the settlers were still trudging in pure pioneer austerity when Lincoln made his first call for troops.

In Minnesota there were few people, no money, and little of anything else save a mass courage—not cashable at the moment. According to the census taken when this bit of wilderness was given territorial status, the population was 4,680 and assessable property totaled $414,936. All that saved the region from complete isolation from the rest of the world was a system of broad and placid rivers by which produce—if there should ever be any—might be freighted down to the Mississippi. The only mart towns were a few sprawling settlements on the great river, one of which was St. Paul.

The vast lands west of the Mississippi were for the most part unsettled and unsurveyed.

85
The early comers to the territory are now classed as people of great courage and endurance, as no doubt they were. In the hamlets of civilization, where they had listened to tales of great riches in the promised lands of the North Star country, they seem generally to have been looked upon as simple crackpots—not a bad diagnosis on the face of available evidence. But, whatever you may say of the mélange of hopeful Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, and Irish who began to pour into the tributary valleys of the upper Mississippi, you can’t deny that they dreamed great dreams.

When the first legislative Assembly convened, in 1849, Governor Ramsey addressed it with evangelical optimism. He looked out from the windows of a makeshift capitol at the sprawling shacks of a makeshift river town better acquainted with canoes and rafts than with the steamboats that elsewhere were making the Mississippi the most important axis of commerce in the Middle West. Behind him, had he bothered to look, stretched the blue-green barriers of a forest, only partly explored and inhabited only by Indians and wild fauna. He took a deep breath and said convincingly:

- Perhaps no portion of the earth’s surface combines so many favorable features for the settler as this territory. The immigrant and the capitalist need but perceive these sources of prosperity and wealth to seize upon them by settling among us. It should not be long ere we may with truth be recognized throughout the political and moral world as the “polar star” of the great republican galaxy. . . .

Brave words and truly prophetic, but only by crediting the governor with a phenomenal gift of second sight can they be justified. No matter what its friends might have said about it, the territory of Minnesota all the way from what is now Duluth to the mouth of the Big Sioux River over on the southeast corner of Dakota was still Indian country. It might have remained so for many a year had it not been for the success of men like Will Ogden and his belief that rail transport had come to stay.

There was virtually no communication between the inland settlements of the territory, such as they were. Mail came to St. Paul via Prairie du Chien once a week during the season when the river was free of ice. It was hauled overland twice a month during the winter. Its progress into the hinterlands thereafter was dependent upon the
whims of passing horsemen. The need for post roads was recognized almost at once. Nine messages were sent on this subject to Congress by the Territorial Assembly in 1849, and nine appropriations were granted for the construction of what were euphemistically called highways through the wilderness.

Over the Mississippi in Wisconsin Territory, of which Minnesota had been a part, considerable work had been done to make the rivers suitable for the distribution of goods. But by 1853 the hope that all the bounty of the fabulous farmlands would go down to the sea in ships had begun to peter out. Even by that time and despite limited production of grain in the few settlements there were increasing difficulties in water transportation. Few channels were deep enough for navigation by steamboats; canoes didn't hold much, and rafts were difficult to manage.

The river communities continued to petition Congress that something be done about this situation. It was pointed out that even the Mississippi—at least the upper end of it—could stand a lot of dredging. But the Federal government wasn't interested in rivers. Minnesota, still firm in the faith as expounded by Governor Ramsey, began to look for its manifest destiny elsewhere.

Ogden's little Galena and Chicago Union Railway was pushing out across the Illinois prairies from Chicago. Congress, thanks to the arguments of Stephen A. Douglas, had voted aid for new railroads in the shape of land grants. Governor Ramsey, eager to share in similar largesse, asked the Assembly to memorialize Congress. The Assembly took its time, but eventually complied.

Ramsey's status as a prophet was being proved much more rapidly than is customary in such cases. It is still difficult to say whether he was the most farseeing visionary or the most practicable business man of his time. He had a bit of luck when a peace treaty with the Sioux was signed in February of 1853. But whatever the cause, the world began to rush to his promising wilderness as he had so amazingly predicted.

By boat, prairie schooner, oxcart, and afoot, the starry-eyed pilgrims began to pour into the promised land. They came at first from as far as the eastern seaboard, by various water routes through the Great Lakes and Chicago, by the venturous Galena to Freeport and Dixon in Illinois, and then on to the Mississippi and deck
passage northward on a river steamer. Or they struggled overland by stage across Wisconsin.

Wagons came over the newly constructed government roads to meet the incoming horde at the steamboat landings or at the little outfitting posts along the Mississippi, St. Croix, and Minnesota rivers. These few contact points between the thinly spread civilization of the Mississippi Valley and the dread isolation of the back country continued to roar for many a year.

One has come to think of the great westward trek in the years preceding the Civil War as something peculiarly linked with the gold rush and the promised comforts of California. So it brings a shock to discover how many of these travelers broke away from the main tide and spread northward. By 1857 the population had increased to 150,000, and taxable property totaled nearly fifty million dollars.

There was high hope in the land. It was hard to break the sod for tillage, but the soil was good, and crops seemed easy to raise. The East—and for that matter the glutinous colossus, Chicago—would pay a high price for Minnesota wheat and corn, provided a way could be found to get the stuff to market.

So in St. Paul, which was presently to be the capital of a new state, there was much talk about the fortunes that were waiting to be wrested from the land as soon as producers and buyers could be brought together, and even more conversation about the miracle presently to be wrought by the railroads—all of which led to the now classic remark of one Olaf Jensen, a cabinetmaker.

"There is good money in coffins," he said, "if you can sell them."

Unlike many hegiras in human history, the movement into the Northwest turned directly to the farms. There were a few doctors, lawyers, merchants, and engineers with the new citizenry. But only a few. Ninety-nine per cent of the incoming thousands moved on the land offices where government tracts were being sold at $1.25 an acre to homesteaders who would agree to establish residence and cultivate the tracts they bought.

At the end of 1854, 500,000 acres of Minnesota land had been sold that way. During the next year settlers took up 1,000,000 more. In 1858, 2,500,000 acres were similarly transferred.

Dwellings of one sort or another began to spring up in numbers in the hardwood regions along the watercourses. Numerous villages
blossomed bravely, sometimes in the most inaccessible places. The woods began to echo to the whine of sawmills and the creak of water wheels turning out grist. There was a fine demand for lumber as new waves of populace came in from the East, a demand for flour that increased as the frontier became aware of the panic of 1857—still the railroads didn’t come.

Reading the stirring speeches over the proposition of Minnesota’s statehood, one is likely to forget that things were still fairly primitive back in the tall timber even then. One of the arguments for admission to the Union was based on a prophecy: A great transcontinental railroad was to be built from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Northwest, and Minnesota had to be made a state and given proper representation in Washington to protect her own interests. Minnesota had to have the self-determination by which she could make herself the wealthiest state in the Union. But the sturdy electors who were willing to fight for their right to become wealthy didn’t look very wealthy. The plush ease of transcontinental rail travel may have been close at hand, but it must have been difficult to envision when one considered it from the seat of a jolting wagon or the damp bottom of a canoe.

The first settlers in Minnesota Territory built and lived in log cabins. So did the greater number of those who followed them. In time settlers around Stillwater built frame houses—for sawmills were plentiful in the region, and lumber easy to get. But there weren’t too many of these modern and, one fears, ostentatious dwellings. The better-favored settlers, until the time of the Civil War, lived in log houses. The less fortunate—the lads who found their homestead acreage on prairie land far from a supply of wood—lived in sod shanties of the sort you have heard about in the lyrics of the period:

Oh, the hinges were of leather
And the windows had not glass
And the cracks they let the howling blizzards in.

You could hear the hungry coyotes
As they snuck up through the grass
In my little old sod shanty on the plain.
They weren't luxurious—these sod houses—but as an example of pioneer resourcefulness they deserve a rating by the architectural societies. To build one you took a hatchet or some similar tool and cut out of the prairie pieces of sod a foot wide, a foot and a half long, and some four inches thick. These were laid like brick and held in position by a mortar made of white clay mixed with buffalo grass. The roof consisted of poles held close together with willow twigs and covered with sod. Windows and door frames were cut into the walls with an ax. Floors were generally made of dirt tamped down with a flat rock, though sometimes they were covered with boards or squares of bark.

Such dwellings were heated by a sheet-iron stove known to the trade as an "airtight." It produced pretty good results with a small amount of fuel. Inasmuch as it was designed, for purposes of economy, to prevent quick combustion, it probably generated a lot of carbon monoxide. But the normal leakage of the house made monoxide a matter of no moment. And the tall stovepipe sticking up eight or ten feet above the roof made a fair ventilator when the premises were completely snowed in.

The fuel, one should add, was just as novel as the stove. It consisted of dry prairie hay twisted into hard knots—as well as buffalo chips—and is said to have lasted quite well in hay-burning equipment—and maybe it did.

Stables outside the wooded areas were even more elementary than houses. To build one of these you set out four corner posts and outlined the walls with a sort of latticework of rails and poles. Over this latticework, at threshing time, you piled wheat straw. In the same fashion you contrived a roof. The keeping of grain was a considerable problem. What couldn't be marketed had to be stored, and there were few granaries in the territory. Most farmers made bins out of rails and lined them with hay or straw to keep the grain from running out.

Minnesota, after the Civil War, had begun to show signs of living up to the advance notices of the orators of the late fifties, but it was not until the seventies that barns, granaries, frame houses, and drilled wells could be had in many parts of the state.

Living began by being hard. It continued to be uncomfortable.
Pioneers off the paths of transportation remained pioneers long after they had served their apprenticeship.

Settlers coming into the state as late as 1880 still had to face the job of breaking the sod. In the eighties some of them had steel plows. Their predecessors for the most part—and that includes 90 per cent of those who were demanding statehood and a transcontinental railroad in 1858—had been forced to get along with wooden implements.

Out of sheer necessity, neighbors formed little associations to help one another in such jobs. Sometimes it took ten yoke of oxen to pull a plow through the tough mat of weather-packed earth and grass roots. Before the sod was broken the prairie hay was cut off with a scythe—sometimes as much as three or four tons to the acre—and carried to stacks on peeled poles. Professionals toured the farm belts offering to do both these jobs for from eight to twelve dollars an acre.

Considering that the original price of the land had been $1.25 an acre, there were some Minnesota economists who thought the cost of preparation a little too high.

After the broken land had been allowed to lie fallow a year, it was sown by hand. It was harvested with a scythe and threshed—generally—with a flail or under the hoofs of horses.

Community life had developed considerably during the late fifties—at least a farmer was usually fairly close to his own kind. Circuit riding doctors provided him with medical care of a sort or at any rate gave him the feeling that he could get help if he needed it. School buildings were to be found in every settlement and had become the center of social activities. Itinerant preachers used them for religious services; amateur theatrical groups used them for theaters; farmers visited in them on wintry evenings. A man no longer had to be lonely. And the old lads who walked from their sod shanties to the log schoolhouse on nights when it was thirty below, and sat around the stove discussing how much they’d get for their wheat if they could sell it anywhere, probably thought they were getting soft with too much prosperity.

But were they? They went to bed early at night because they had nothing much else to do. House lighting was a problem. Tallow dips sold for thirty cents a dozen—sperm candles for fifty cents a
dozen—and inasmuch as a man might go a month in the late fifties without seeing a dollar—well, few people invested in candles.

 Beds were made with rope nets serving as springs. You slept on a straw tick stuffed with straw and covered yourself with a mattress stuffed with wild-goose feathers. There was nothing sybaritic about the feather bed. Its chief function was to keep the occupant from freezing to death when the fire died out in the night.

 For months on end you lived on your own products which, in those days of undiversified farming and simple dieteties, consisted of dried beef, smoked pork, potatoes, and grits. You got wool for clothing by shearing your own sheep. Your wife carded it, spun it into yarn, and made it up into homespun. She likewise made soap by leaching wood ashes for lye, which she boiled with grease.

 You toiled in the stifling days of valley summers in the fields. At dawn you were up and about caring for your cattle—good weather or bad. You looked to your own comfort, if any, after the last animal had been fed—but why go on with it?

 This is the old story of the pioneer unaltered and unimproved in the telling since the days of the worthy Pilgrims. It is the story of the Colonies and the Cumberlands and the Western Reserve and Chicago and Salt Lake City. But there's a difference. This time it is the story not of a savage waste beyond the pale of settlement, but of a great and prosperous state in fairly recent times. It is the story of able men who spun their own wool almost in the shadow of active cloth mills, who harvested their grain by hand within a possible day's journey of the McCormick reaper works; who, in an area profusely wooded and well provided with sawmills, eked out their dreary days in sod shanties. In other words, it is the picture of the winning of the West before the coming of the railroad.

 One notes in the diary of Mitchell Y. Jackson that because of the sudden influx of prospective wheat farmers in the middle fifties, the territory suddenly found itself facing a demand greater than the available supply of grain. Food was hauled up to St. Paul, La Crescent, and Winona from older settlements far down the river, and flour was an article of import until the end of 1857.

 The cost of transportation continued to be an unpredictable dif-

ferential between what a farmer earned and what he was going to have left to spend.

Farm products brought high prices for a while during the pre-war boom, but fell so low during the 1857 depression that it seemed profitless to try to market them. Army demands brought better— theoretical—prices. Issuance of paper money by the Federal government ended a couple of years of what had become primitive barter. But Jackson observed that the prices of crops and the prices of farm necessities never quite leveled off.

Transportation costs, of course, worked against the resident of the upper Mississippi area both ways. They had to be deducted from whatever he might receive at a terminal market. They had to be added to anything he might buy for his farm or his family.

In 1860 there was a spread of as much as 22 cents a bushel in the price of wheat between Stillwater and Milwaukee. A cost sheet of the period shows why. (The figures are the cost in cents per bushel.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Cost (cents)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Commission for buying, sacking, and shipping</td>
<td>0.04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurance and wastage</td>
<td>0.005</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depreciation on sacks</td>
<td>0.01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sale expense, Milwaukee</td>
<td>0.015</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freight, Stillwater-Milwaukee</td>
<td>0.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>0.22</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In that year there were some fantastic transactions in food. Something more than a quarter million pounds of pork were packed and sold at St. Peter for an average price of 3 3/4 cents a pound. Chickens were scarce, and there is the record of one man who paid five dollars in gold for a hen, raised fifteen chickens, and sold them for twenty dollars. He incurred one exceptional bit of expense, however. He paid another five dollars for a cat to protect his growing flock from field mice.

A few months later, Jackson noted in his diary:

January, Saturday 31st—Drive to St. Paul with load of meal, etc. Chilly. I sold flour today at $5.00 per bbl. which is higher than it has been for two years or more. Whilst most kinds of goods have been steadily advancing for a year, produce has kept low, but now both flour and pork begin to feel the effects of the more abundant supply of money or the paper currency that is taking the place of money. Heavy brown sheeting
one yard wide is held at 40 cents a yard which is an advance of 300 per cent in less than two years. Sugar that we have been buying at 8 cents a pound now is bringing fifteen cents. Crushed sugar now costs $1 6\frac{2}{3}$ cents per pound. These are war times. . . .

Those were war times, though how an average farmer working average soil in the backwoods could determine their difference from peace times is difficult to say.

Anthony Trollope, in a report on travel in the Mississippi Valley in the early sixties, tells of watching the Minnesota troops on their way to war. He rightly judges them to be the tough fighting men they actually were. He speaks admiringly of their casual but effective discipline, their excellent behavior, and their innate intelligence. But he overlooks one point, because nobody has bothered to tell him what he is looking at, and the woods are too wide and too thick for him to see for himself. He is witnessing what may well rate as the Civil War's biggest troop movement west of the Mississippi River. He watches it spread over the landing stages and up the planks to the decks of the waiting river steamboats. It is an impressive mobilization without undue haste, but also without confusion or delay. But what the distinguished visitor doesn't know is that this fine concentration of arms is the end product of a series of long route marches, individual horseback rides, canoe trips, and cross-country treks through what he, or any other Englishman of his time, would class as a jungled desolation. A squad or two at a time, they had straggled into the river settlements. Hundreds—thousands—of them had answered the call unquestioningly.

And now, as Trollope saw them, they were getting aboard the steamboats headed south. They were, as he described them, fine brave men of great resourcefulness and spirit. They carried new rifles. They looked like other bodies of soldiery he had seen before, only much more striking. And yet, he might have been told, if they were to be consistent in their defense of the type of civilization from which they had just come down to the river, they might have been better armed with bows and arrows.

A few miles of strap rail had been laid in Minnesota before Lincoln's call for volunteers, but not yet enough to make any difference in the region's primitive economy or social discomfort.
Chapter 11

TWIN CITIES IN THE WILDERNESS

Without railroads it seemed foreordained from the beginning that the large settlements in Minnesota must lie along the Mississippi. The Minnesota River was trickily navigable during part of the year, but then only with small craft and at high prices. The rise of such towns as Mankato, New Ulm, Le Sueur, and Rochester was due to the settlers' courage in almost constant defeat. The state was no more able to dig channels than it was able to finance rail lines, and bumper wheat crops frequently lay immovable in granaries of the Minnesota Valley for two years on end at no profit to anybody. Only if you could move the grain to landings on the big river could you trade it for tools and clothing and other tokens of domestic comfort. Which accounts for the strange metropolitan conceit known as the Twin Cities.

Somebody has said that Minneapolis came into being because soldiers needed sour dough, and that St. Paul was founded in a river front grog-shop—which probably gives one the wrong impression. The bored Indian fighters, turned millers, had abandoned their project at St. Anthony's Falls long before Minneapolis got its odd name on the early maps. And to classify Pierre Parrant's whisky shanty as St. Paul, even briefly, comes under the head of careless diagnosis. Admitted that Pierre Parrant was the first settler within what are now St. Paul's city limits; that he sold alcoholic corrosives to soldiers from the near-by fort; that he put up a shack that might be identified as a dwelling as well as a business house—still nobody looked upon the place as a city even in embryo. And whatever else
Pierre Parrant might have been, he was definitely not a settlement.

The land he held in trust for the future St. Paul was given a different name by the soldiery. They called it "Pig's Eye"—a descriptive place name having to do with the proprietor's face.

Mendota, a trading post at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers, was the center of the Red River fur trade in the early thirties. It might well have prospered and gathered in the communities that made up St. Paul and Minneapolis. But it was laid out on government land to which nobody had bothered to obtain title. So it died, or at any rate settled down into an unbroken coma.

The French had gone, or most of them, at the time of the Louisiana Purchase, leaving names to be perpetuated in a whole series of parks and public buildings and statues and streets in cities they could never have dreamed of.

The Treaty of Ghent in 1814 ended British authority over the Mississippi Valley. His Majesty's troops moved out of Prairie du Chien and up into Canada. John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company moved in two years later. The Army, as usual, followed the fur trade, and in 1820 Colonel Josiah Snelling established the fort which has since borne his name.

Colonel Snelling ordered the construction of two mills on the west side of St. Anthony's Falls, upriver from Pig's Eye's groggery. One was put to immediate use cutting lumber for the buildings of the fort. The other was a grist mill which was to see intermittent service making flour out of such wheat as the military could be induced to grow. Settlers moved in and took claims adjoining the falls. Pierre Bottineau, who fills a place in local legend second only to that of Paul Bunyan, joined forces with Franklin Steele and built a dam and saw-mill on the east side of the falls. More settlers, mostly of French and Indian extraction, came to look into the possibilities of this unusual industrial venture. The fact that Steele and Bottineau turned out to be the owners of all the land along the east bank apparently made no difference. Some 250 persons stayed, and the village of St. Anthony was on its way to become East Minneapolis.

In 1838 a few families of Franco-Swiss refugees from a colony on the Red River were ordered off the military reservation where they had haphazardly settled. They moved across the river and there discovered the shack of Pierre Parrant. Despite lack of any encour-
agement from Parrant, they built shacks of their own and sat down to stay. Friends of the newcomers came to join them, and the little community grew and, as far as possible, prospered.

The name of the place remained Pig's Eye until the coming of Father Lucian Galtier in October of 1841. With the aid of the populace he built a chapel which he consecrated on November 1 to St. Paul, whose name he also gave to his newly organized parish. His congregation seemed pleased at the change. But Pierre Parrant wasn't. He moved a couple of miles down river and founded another one-man settlement named Pig's Eye whose title survives on maps if nowhere else.

Pig's Eye or St. Paul, St. Anthony or Minneapolis, nothing much happened to these settlements for another ten years or until somebody got around to making a working agreement with the Indians. Treaties with the Sioux in 1851 and the Chippewa in 1854 produced some business for the mills at St. Anthony's Falls. Wheat began to come down the rivers in flatboats and canoes. The world of civilization—which is to say St. Louis, or maybe Prairie du Chien—began to hear about Minnesota flour, and not until then could anybody have predicted that these communities would ever be more than a Mississippi River landing place.

The population of St. Paul in 1849, when Minnesota was made a territory, was 840; that of St. Anthony, 10 miles away, about 250. St. Paul had a school, chapel, hotel, post office, warehouses, stores, and about 125 homes. St. Anthony had two mills, a store, post office, school, and a few dwellings. But St. Anthony also had an undeclared asset in the person of Colonel John H. Stevens, a Mexican War hero.

The government had given the colonel permission to build a house on the military reservation on the west side of the falls, and there he had settled, causing no trouble to anybody until some of his friends moved in alongside him without consulting the authorities. While argument over their right to remain was still going on, other people moved in—Yankee settlers who declared they had as good a right to stay on government land as anybody else.

The soldiery came repeatedly to tear down their cabins and drive them away. But always they came back to start the debate all over again. In the end they won. Washington got word of the turmoil and
solved the problem by reducing the size of the Fort Snelling reservation and giving the squatters title to their disputed land.

By that time quite a hamlet had grown up around the Falls, in what is now the Minneapolis downtown district. Somebody suggested that they call the place Watertown. But that didn’t sound grand enough for Colonel Stevens’ close advisors; learnedly, they prepared a translation—*minnie* (Sioux for “water”) and *polis* (Greek for “city”). An “a” was furnished for euphony by the St. Anthony *Express* editor who reported the meeting—and there you have Minneapolis.

The towns, despite all that historians and writers have written about them, were never really twins.

St. Paul became the territorial capital because it was not only the biggest town in Minnesota in 1849 but virtually the only one. Despite the ambitions of other cities after the signing of the Sioux treaties it remained the capital because for years no other locality in the region had its facilities as a trading post. It became, naturally, a jobbing and distribution center.

Minneapolis, thanks to its water power, became a milling town, a manufacturing town; and though these differences were no longer pronounced, the variation in civic outlook that they produced remains today.

St. Paul, during the middle fifties and war years, was a roaring place with a large transient population. Minneapolis seemed to have more permanence. But always when the rival populations sat down to consider their prospects they arrived at the same troubling factor. Whether to haul grain to the mills at St. Anthony’s Falls or to bring back trade goods from civilization to the wilderness by way of St. Paul, the rivers were hopelessly inadequate. So the two most important river towns in the Northwest became the state’s loudest and most active proponents of the railroads.

The rise of the cities through circumstances of environment, natural resources, and changing conditions in transportation is a story that has been duplicated elsewhere. But nowhere has the interrelation of commerce and transportation been given so magnificent and visible a form. Here, where the mills have been built and the rails have been laid, great masses of white cylinders rise against the sky,
a breathtaking phalanx of incredible pillars. Here, but for geography, is a more majestic projection of the palace of the popes at Avignon, a vaster conception of Toussaint L'Ouverture’s hilltop fortress. These are the mills, the grain elevators, the architecture of wheat, more striking temples to Ceres than ever came out of classic Greece.

Alongside them rolls the railroad that made them possible because it made them necessary. One need look no farther to see the miracle wrought by the men who brought the rails into the wilderness.
Finally the railroads came to Minnesota, but not without trials and tribulations that would have discouraged a less hardy people. Still, the result was worth waiting for; for out of the tangle of railroad projects and financial difficulties was to be born another great link in the North Western system—the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha. It was not to make its debut until the roaring seventies and eighties, but this is the way it began.

The spread of civilization through the West seems to have been encouraged in a variety of ways during the years immediately preceding the Civil War—gold in California, a promised land in Utah, roaring markets in Chicago, steamboats on the southern rivers. But the old Northwest Territory was too original for any such techniques. In this region—last stamping ground of the harried pioneer—the advent of the railroad—and de facto the advent of culture and comfort—came about through a legislative act to exterminate gophers, blackbirds, and Sioux Indians.

Nobody engaged in the railroad business anywhere in the United States in the early fifties seems to have been willing to let his right hand know what his left hand was doing. Across northern Illinois, William Ogden's railway had pushed on toward the Mississippi. Tentacles were reaching out from the parent line toward Milwaukee and up into Wisconsin's timberlands. The Chicago prophets of steam were still beholding grand visions. . . . Presently there would be lines extending northwest into the last great wilderness—lines crossing the continent—lines binding together a million scattered, isolated settlements into a compact national unity. Everybody in the Middle West was able to recognize the glorious inevitable when he saw it. But few of these seers would have been likely to identify destiny with a plague of gophers in the Minnesota Valley.
Despite the fact that the Minnesota Territory’s way of life was outwardly more primitive than that of any other district east of the Rockies, the natives somehow had contrived to find out what was going on in the world. The story of the railroads and the relationships between cheap transportation and a community’s physical well-being was in continuous circulation. And by 1855 the territorial Legislature was constantly listening to the harangues of young men trying to go somewhere.

Seven lines had already been chartered by special legislation. Another eight were under discussion, and every sizable community had its promoters anxious to share in prospective Federal grants.

Governor Willis A. Gorman was somewhat distressed by these proceedings. What he wanted and argued for in the Legislature and with visiting committees was a single road that would connect the territory with the outside world. The local enthusiasts on the other hand wanted a gridwork of steel across the back areas so that they would be able to get their grain as far as the Mississippi and bring a few conveniences into the wilderness. Early in 1857 Congress passed an act making land grants to four Minnesota railroads whose routes were designated in a general way. And that ended a lot of amateur enthusiasm for railroading, although it did not immediately bring about the laying of many miles of rail.

The system that came under the land grants wasn’t too bad. First there was the present line of the Great Northern Railway westward across the territory; second, a line from St. Paul along the valley of the Minnesota and southwest to the Missouri River; third, a route from Winona to St. Peter on the Minnesota River; and fourth, the Root River and Southern Minnesota to build through the Root River Valley to Rochester. None of these developments was likely to bring a bush farmer in, say, Lake Benton, any closer to Madison, Wisconsin. But at least they would enable him to get a look at other settlements that were said to lie somewhere on the other side of the hills. There would be sales depots at junction points on the lines where he could dispose of his potatoes and wheat without having to haul them all the way to the big river. And, no matter where or why he might want to go, travel was going to be a lot easier in a railroad coach than on the back of a horse.
The leader of the coalition that had worked out the four-company railroad system favored by Congress was Edmund Rice of St. Paul, brother of the Minnesota delegate to Congress. The incorporators were Minnesotans, leaders in both great political parties and men of substance and influence in their own communities.

These men had no difficulty overcoming scattered and inept opposition in Washington. The government aid bill, passed on March 3, 1857, conveyed to them nearly 6,000,000 acres of public lands. The people of the territory were highly pleased as they began to have hopes for a new and better life. The railroads had been long in coming, they said. But they would be free from the domination of financial cliques in Chicago or the East. They would be owned at home and controlled at home. And they'd make a paradise out of the Northwest.

An extra session of the Legislature was called in April, 1857, to pass railroad bills specifying territories and conditions affecting the land grants. An early proposal to deal with the whole matter in a consolidated bill was defeated in the House. The separate bills then were carried through to third reading when, once more, sentiment was developed in favor of merging the three as an omnibus. We come now to the interesting matter of the gophers, blackbirds, and other fauna of the Northwest Territory.

While sundry committees and subcommittees had been sweating over the transportation business, the House, just to occupy its time, had passed a bill encouraging the destruction of gophers and blackbirds. In due course the bill was sent to the Council, the upper house, for concurrence.*

The Council, in a similarly playful mood, amended the bill to encourage, also, the destruction of Sioux Indians. On May 20, however, the Council called up the gopher matter for further consideration, amended it, and sent it back to the House.

The next day the House, after some argument, approved the amended form of its "Bill to Encourage the Destruction of Gophers and Blackbirds." Everything after the enacting clause of the original measure had been stricken out, and in its place was an omnibus railroad bill vesting the land grant in four corporations.

This, you might say, was an odd beginning for such an institution

as the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway, though it undoubtedly was.

The transportation act had a double effect on the destinies of the Root River Valley road. For, aside from conferring the Federal land grant in aid of the line, it also specified the course it was to follow. One road was to be built through the Root River Valley to a junction with the line from Winona at Rochester. Another, which turned out to be the nucleus of a great system, was authorized to run from St. Paul and St. Anthony through Minneapolis and up the Minnesota Valley to Mankato, and thence to the territorial boundary in the direction of the mouth of the Big Sioux River.

The name of the road was changed from the Root River and Southern Minnesota Railroad Company to the Southern Minnesota Railroad Company, after which formality everybody sat back and waited for the first train whistle. They were a long time waiting. There was plenty of trouble in store for the railroads, although nothing untoward seems to have happened to the gophers. Hardly a railroad man is now alive who remembers anything about them at all.

Great upsurges in human progress seem to follow a definite pattern—at least in so far as they have anything to do with the housing problem. Once the four favored corporations had been endowed, the boom was on. Nobody bothered to wait for the laying of any rails. As far as the public attitude was concerned the roads were presumed to have gone miraculously into the running of trains as soon as they got a legal permit.

New villages sprang up here and there more or less in the path of the projected lines. New sawmills began to promote an unprecedented traffic on the rivers. They ran night and day, no matter how far they might be from settlements.

So of course there was land speculation. There always is. In the winter of 1856 thousands of acres of unimproved land—some of it near human habitation, most of it not—changed hands at a dollar and a quarter an acre. The spring of 1857 saw these tracts surveyed and recorded as city lots. By the end of June they were selling for as much as fifty dollars an acre even when there wasn’t a single cabin in sight of the new “city,” and despite the fact that there might be another paper town barely a mile distant.
In a few of the older communities,* which seemed likely to be favored by the railroad constructors when they got around to it, the boom got off to a better start. It was not unusual for a well-located lot—the value of the location determined by guess and hope—to be bought for five hundred dollars in the morning and sold for one thousand dollars the same night. Such haphazard judgment has been part of the process of getting rich quick since long before 1857.

In bits of mud that imaginative traders pointed out as corner lots, water-power sites, or factory property, the hope for quick profit was greater and the margin of risk correspondingly higher. Business locations on the near North Side of Chicago could have been bought in 1857 for less than a backlot in Sleepy Eye of the same period.

Ordinary land was up almost 300 per cent, no matter where found, and Mitchell Y. Jackson, the diarist elsewhere quoted, mentions that he grew wealthy in Minnesota, but not through farming. Rising land values would have made him rich if he had never turned a sod.

The end of the boom came quickly. The Minnesota constitutional convention was still in session when the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company of New York collapsed. Other banking and investment houses in the east went into bankruptcy and the panic was on.

The bad news reached Minnesota quickly enough despite inadequate communications. Several thousand speculators started back to the outside world as they had come, over the dim trails downriver in boats, in carts, on horseback, or afoot. In three years, according to the report of the State Commissioner of Statistics, the urban population decreased 20 per cent.†

St. Paul, the capital that in the preceding ten years had become a flourishing city, lost half its population between the collapse of the land boom and the beginning of the Civil War. Prospects for the new railroads began to look very bad indeed. Not one of the four seemed to be in a position at the end of 1857 to start laying track. There was every likelihood that the Federal land grants would revert to the government because of the companies' inability to meet the specified time limits on construction.

In this emergency the Legislature, aware of the extent to which

---

* Red Wing is cited in Parker, Minnesota Handbook for 1856.
lack of transportation was affecting the state's internal economy, decided to bring help. A constitutional amendment was proposed (and a year later adopted) providing for what is generally called "the five-million-dollar loan."

Under the terms of the amendment the state was authorized to issue bonds to the value of $1,250,000 to each of the four land-grant railroad corporations. The rate of delivery was to be $100,000 for every 10 miles of graded road and another $100,000 for every 10 miles "actually completed and cars running thereon."

It was provided that the railroads were to bear the expenses connected with the issue and to pay interest for which they pledged their net profits. Each company was to deed to the governor and Secretary of State the first 140 sections accruing to it under the land grant. Each was to post as security first-mortgage bonds on its road's lands and franchises. And, finally, it was provided that each was to complete 50 miles of railroad by the end of 1861, 100 miles before 1865, and four-fifths of its projected line by 1866.

Some odd financial theory went along with all this. Proponents of the railroad relief program argued that the state was not incurring any debt. In issuing bonds to aid such necessary utilities, Minnesota was merely lending its credit (against adequate collateral), so they said. And as assurance that there should be no future claims against the state, the act provided that the favored companies should make provision for the payment of the bonds, principal and interest, when due.*

Under this arrangement, it was believed, nobody in the state administration need have any further concern about the bonds except to see that they were delivered promptly as the construction of railroad grades progressed. In token of this faith, sixty-seven legislators who had voted for the act pledged themselves never to support taxes to redeem the bonds.†

The governor approved the amendment on March 9, 1858, and the people voted for it by "an overwhelming majority" six weeks later.

The Southern Minnesota accepted the conditions of the relief program and in the late summer of 1858 began work on a grade be-

between Mendota and Shakopee. Construction was resumed in January, 1859, but by that time trouble was already close at hand.

Some of the railroads refused to give an exclusive first mortgage to the state and defeated the governor in the courts. Outside the courts nobody seemed to regard the bonds as state obligations. So the collapse of the plan came quickly. Bonds that at first had found eager buyers at par were presently unsalable at any reasonable price.

By July 1, 1859, they were so low that they could no longer be used as collateral. On that date the Southern Minnesota had completed 37½ miles of preliminary construction for which contractors were loudly demanding pay.

The state had issued $2,275,000 in bonds. And as the Committee on Railroad Grants and Bonds reported in the House journal for 1859–1860 (p. 390): “All that could be shown for this large sum was 240 miles of incomplete, fragmentary, and disjointed portions of grading.” Only about 50 miles of grade in the whole state was ready for the laying of rails.

By act of Legislature, Governor Ramsey, in 1860, was directed to foreclose the state-held mortgages on the land-grant railroads and to bid in the roads for the state at one thousand dollars each. Almost at once, further effort was made to salvage the operating companies. In 1861, four separate acts were passed restoring to them all their foreclosed property “free from all claims and liens.” But that plan brought no rails to Minnesota, either.

Before the technicalities of the transfer had been completed the country was in the middle of a civil war, and the eastern bankers weren’t interested in the investment possibilities of railroads in Minnesota. The Southern Minnesota Railroad Company wasn’t able to raise enough money even to start construction and once more turned back its charter and its assets to the state.

In 1862, at the suggestion of Governor Ramsey, the Legislature reenacted the relief measures of 1861. The Southern Minnesota, still unable to lay track, reorganized. The new corporation was given all the old one’s concessions by the Legislature of 1863. And not a length of rail was put down that year, either. It is interesting to note that at the end of 1862 there wasn’t a single mile of completed
railroad in the state. By that time the farmers of the fertile valley of the Minnesota were being engulfed in a tide of wheat.

In another year their situation had become dire as well as fantastic. The St. Paul Pioneer on January 1, 1864, gave the startled capitol a few details. In 1863 the Minnesota River had been open to navigation by light craft for only 20 days. Half the grain crop of 1862 and virtually all of the crop of 1863 had been put in storage on farms and in warehouses—80,000 bushels in Mankato, 27,500 in Henderson, 12,725 in Le Sueur, and 64,000 in St. Peter.

Meanwhile, with the end of the war in sight, the financial situation was improving. Property values were rising again, and the land grants that would accrue to the roads as fast as tracks were laid down took on the proportions of a tremendous subsidy. But still the state declined to go into the construction business.

Property and franchises moved to and fro between the parent corporations and the commonwealth of Minnesota without much incident worth recording save the reorganization of the Transit Company as the Winona and St. Peter Railroad Company. Then a group of St. Paul businessmen, fully aware of the opportunity that lay in the valley of the Minnesota River, got some eastern backing and promoted the Minnesota Valley Railroad Company. This company, capitalized at $400,000 and incorporated by the Legislature of 1864, took over the "rights, privileges, property, franchise and interests" of the Southern Minnesota Railroad Company.

The Minnesota Valley Company, upsetting all precedent, began to lay track. In five years it had completed a railroad to St. James, a hundred and twenty-two miles from St. Paul.

The men who took over the direction of the new corporation had no more experience with railways than anybody else in Minnesota, but they had ideas and energy.* They started work at once and for the first year had hard going.

*At the first meeting of the Board of Directors held in St. Paul, March 16, 1864, Horace Thompson was elected president; John J. Porter, vice-president; D. W. Ingersoll, treasurer; Alexander Johnston (not to be confused with Alex Johnson), secretary. At a subsequent meeting that year Elias F. Drake became president; John L. Merriam, vice-president; Horace Thompson, treasurer; and Alexander Johnston, secretary.
Wooden bridges and culverts built in the days of long hopes and short money had to be replaced. Grades had to be reduced, and long stretches of the right of way had to be relocated.

Materials and equipment were brought by barge to Credit Landing (now Savage) on the Minnesota River, and tracklaying was started in the direction of Shakopee. Despite handicaps, 6 miles of steel had been put down by the middle of 1865. This was 6 miles more than most folks in that end of the world had ever hoped for.

The old menace of tight money stalked the Minnesota Valley Railroad as it had the Southern Minnesota, although perhaps not so energetically. When track laying progressed ahead of schedule, and the end of the rail moved farther and farther away from the base at Credit Landing, the engineers demanded a locomotive and cars to haul supplies.

But there wasn't enough money in the company treasury to buy a locomotive. This was probably the first time in the history of transportation in Minnesota when a railroad company had ever needed a locomotive.

In the emergency, J. E. and Horace Thompson, H. H. Sibley, and A. H. Wilder loaned the money for the purchase. E. F. Drake toured the growing junkyards of eastern railroads and sent back a badly worn engine, two boxcars, and five flatcars from Ohio. This assortment arrived at Credit Landing by barge in 1865.* The engine, which may or may not have been the first to go into active service in the state, was called the Mankato.

The Mankato saved a lot of time in the construction work, but it doesn't seem to have been an unmixed blessing. It had a habit of climbing the rails and was hard to keep on the track. Once off, it had to be levered back with tree trunks in the hands of thirty or forty gandy dancers (track levelers). Getting water into it was a problem that required ingenuity. A wooden trough was rigged out over the track from a spring in the sidehills near the landing, and here each night the engine was brought for a filling.

If it ran out of water during the day, it had to be hauled back to the spring by horsepower for enough of a filling for its immediate job. However, its unsung engineer and firemen learned all about its

idiosyncrasies and contrived to keep it in service till the rails reached Shakopee and it was retired.

With the aid of another odd engine (a combination locomotive and baggage car) bought by Drake during the construction period, interurban service was established between the Twin Cities in the winter of 1866. The fare was fifty cents one way.

That same year the tracks were extended to Belle Plaine, and the old Mankato was put back into service between that point and West St. Paul.

In the first year of its operation the Belle Plaine section of the road did an amazing business. Shipping tickets preserved in the C St P M & O Railroad Museum in St. Paul show that it hauled 222,575 barrels of flour, 220,180 bushels of wheat, 5,704,900 feet of lumber, 900 cords of wood, 96,000 hoop poles and staves, 312 tons of farm products, 951 tons of lime, 7,743 tons of general merchandise, 3,500 tons construction materials, 45 tons of coal, 150 tons of hides, 140 tons of livestock, 150 tons of bran and shorts, 6 tons of brick, 1 ton of game, and 83,315 passengers.

In 1867 General J. W. Bishop was appointed chief engineer, and under his direction the road was pushed into Mankato in 1868. A year later, renamed the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad, it was pushing on toward the junction of the Big Sioux and Missouri rivers.

So finally the railroad came to the great Northwest Territory, and the last populous wilderness in the United States began to break up. The metamorphosis somehow has failed to attract the attention of historians who lived through it, yet it was one of the most amazing episodes in the making of the West.

When the first teapot locomotive came chugging into the Minnesota Valley it wasn't yesterday that this region had been Indian country, the bitter adversary of the pioneer—it was today—right now. Along the right of way in the areas where there were no forests, men and women still lived as they had lived when they groped their way up the creeks in the forties. They stood in the doorways of sod shanties to watch the passing of the train.

Tomorrow, and literally tomorrow, all that began to change. For civilization had long ago come to these hinterlands in hope if not in outward signs. These people of the backwoods and prairies had
suffered hardship in the midst of great potential wealth and comfort merely because they knew that one day a locomotive with a pot stack would come along and reverse their luck.

Presently finished boards began to come into the western communities from mills actually no great distance away. What is more worthy of note, there came also iron nails—kegs of them. And it is a commentary on the business of living in a great state without a railroad that nails in many districts rated not only as a luxury but as a great novelty. Most of the houses—where there were houses not made of sod—and half the mills had been put together with wooden pegs.

Nails and boards came in, and frame houses went up—and barns and granaries. In a matter of weeks, harvesting machines and automatic thresher began to roll down the ramps from the station platforms. The sewing machine came into the farm kitchen. So did fairly efficient wood and coal ranges and lightweight pots and pans. Even more miraculously came artificial light in the form of kerosene lanterns and lamps with a fuel no longer considered dangerously explosive.

Books came in, and toys for the children, and odds and ends of finery for the women of the house. You still had to put in a lot of time looking after the stock and plowing and harrowing and reaping and threshing. But it no longer took so much effort. There was comfortable furniture in the house. It was a pleasure at night just to come in from the field and sit down and relax. But if you wanted to travel around—well, there was opportunity for that, too. The world was right at your door. You could catch a train in the morning, take a look at the sights in St. Paul, and be home again in time for supper.

Life was getting just too easy and luxurious—and all because they'd opened a gate and let you get back in touch with the outside world you'd always been hearing so much about.

This railroad thing had certainly been worth waiting for.
Part Four

The War Years
Chapter 13

CIVIL WAR

On the evening of Saturday, April 13, 1861, Morse's telegraph announced to the nation that Fort Sumter had been bombarded; the first shot of the Civil War had been fired! The war clouds had been gathering for years, and had turned black and threatening with the secession of South Carolina on December 20, 1860. As far back as the evening of January 5, 1861, Chicago citizens had affirmed their faith in their fellow Illinoisan, President-elect Abraham Lincoln, at a mass meeting held in Bryan Hall and attended by men of all creeds, political faiths, and national origins. The presiding officer was Samuel S. Hayes, a Democrat. Among the patriotic resolutions offered and accepted was this:

Resolved: That in view of what is now transpiring in South Carolina and other of the Southern States and of the threats to prevent the inauguration of a President constitutionally elected, it is incumbent upon the loyal people of the United States to be prepared to render all the aid, military and otherwise, to the enforcement of the Federal laws which may be necessary when thereunto constitutionally required.

We have neither compromise nor concession to offer disunionists arrayed in open rebellion to the Government, or their aids and abettors.

The story of Sunday, April 14—after the news of Fort Sumter had become known to all—is feelingly told by A. T. Andreas in his History of Chicago.

It was one of those beautiful, cloudless spring days. In the sweet April air floated the old flag from spire and balcony, office and warehouse, ship's mast and dwelling. From early morning till late at night the streets were thronged with an eager, indignant, troubled people—all swayed by a common feeling. The talk was only of the indignity done the flag
of the country, the necessity of preserving its honor as a priceless heritage, Governor Yates was in the city with headquarters at the Tremont House. Even thus early he had been tendered the services of the Chicago military companies. The Germans, the Irish, the Hungarians and the Bohemians had congregated in their halls and given full expression to that patriotism and zeal for their adopted country which they later proved by heroic conduct on the battlefield. Dr. Patton, at the first Congregational Church, told his people that the crisis had arrived "in which every Christian might rise from his knees and shoulder his rifle." On Monday, the sixteenth, Governor Yates called out the state militia.

On that same epochal Sunday morning a round-shouldered, bearded, shabby, medium-sized man approaching forty—most unmilitary in appearance—stood in a field just outside the city of Galena barking commands at a hundred men and boys. The Galena company had been raised a month before and had elected its officers—but the man who was teaching them drill was not of their number.

He had made application for a commission as far back as the day after the South Carolina rebel convention—both to the War Department in Washington and to the Illinois State Militia Board. He had received no replies to his letters and he didn't know whether to blame this silence on his record or on stress of business; within himself he thought it was the record—but he hoped against hope. Meantime, he clerked in his father's leather store, drilled his fellow citizens in the evenings, on Saturday afternoons, and on Sundays. He was turning them into good soldiers because, although Ulysses Grant never looked like a soldier, he was to become one of the greatest of all time.

That previous record! Graduation from West Point; awards and promotion for heroism in the Mexican War; then lonely military posts and an inclination to the bottle; finally, a request that he resign. Now, with war looming, surely they needed West Pointers, officers with active service records. Grant, a civilian, drilled soldiers, and the bitterness within him grew and grew. Finally the Galena company was called to camp—without its drillmaster. An inspecting officer, remarking on its excellence, wanted to know who had trained it, was told, made some inquiries, and reported to the governor. Yates sent for the West Pointer only to be told that he had been hanging around for days seeking an audience.
The Twenty-first Illinois Infantry had gathered to itself a reputation for roughness, toughness, and insubordination—even this early in the great game. Its colonel had resigned; he couldn’t handle his men and said so. Ulysses Grant was offered the job, took it, and went on and up from there. Illinois sent 244,496 of her sons into the Union Army; of these 34,834 made the supreme sacrifice—5,874 being killed in battle, 4,020 dying of wounds, 22,786 succumbing to disease, and 2,154 passing on from other causes.

In the cash shortage sense the panic of 1857 still had its brand on the railroads of the country when the Civil War broke out. The conflict itself put some of the carriers back on their feet—perhaps back on their tracks would be a better expression—while others sank further into the slough of despond, and still others went into complete eclipse.

The railroad setup in the eastern tier of the Southern states was fragmentary at the start of hostilities, and there was neither time, money, nor labor with which to patch it together. In the southwestern battles for control of the Mississippi, what railroad systems there were in Texas, Arkansas, and southern Missouri were completely wrecked by both armies; track and equipment was either carried away by the opposing armies for use elsewhere or was destroyed when it was seen that it could no longer be held.

The Northern forces had better railroad men than had those of the South. Also, the former were in better position to use their facilities. With the Gulf route closed it became necessary to ship all food products by rail. Chicago became the great grain and meat depot—anticipating its ultimate destiny by several years; and the Galena and Chicago Union and the Chicago and North Western came into their own. Most of the railroads west of the Mississippi were still fragmentary and of little help. The closing of the river made the functioning roads an absolute necessity; war prices made the farmers in the favored territories more anxious than ever to sow and to reap. Along the tracks of the Galena and the Chicago and North Western there was little fear of military obstruction.

In the presidential campaign of 1856 the building of a Pacific railroad had been a plank in the platform of both Democrats and Republicans. In his first message to Congress, the Democratic vic-
tor, James Buchanan, recommended the project. The Senate was willing, but the House, dominated by eastern financial interests, acted slowly; the right word is "stalled." This inaction lasted through the Buchanan term. In the first session after Lincoln's election—his message had also approved the measure—the necessary legislation seemed about to pass when the South seceded from the Union. All opposition disappeared, and as soon as pressing military needs had been taken care of the Homestead Act was passed, giving the basis for the final partitioning of the public domain. With the encouragement given to the building of the transcontinental railroads the stage was set for the final conquest of the West.*

The Union Pacific was chartered July 1, 1862—the first American railroad begun with the aid of Federal cash. It was to build from the center of Nebraska to the eastern boundary of Nevada. The Central Pacific, similarly endowed, was to complete the line from the Pacific coast. Government bonds were to be loaned at the rate of sixteen thousand dollars per mile in the plains country, thirty-two thousand in the foothills, and forty-eight thousand in the mountains. The stock was to be issued in thousand-dollar shares, of which there were to be 100,000. No person was to hold more than 200 shares; the organization of the company and the composition of the Board of Directors was to have governmental approval. In view of these conditions, it is significant that at the first meeting in September, 1862, William Butler Ogden was elected president; he was also, as has been told, president of the Chicago and North Western.

Subscriptions were slow in coming in; thousand-dollar bonds were a trifle large for the average investor of that day, and it was plain that such a huge undertaking would be years in getting round to dividends. Ogden worked hard on the project, but at the end of eight months he was compelled to resign in order to give his full time to the approaching merger of the North Western with the Galena. It was well he did so, for it took seven weary years and major scandals (maybe he smelled these from afar) reaching into the halls of Congress before the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific joined their rails at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869. But Will

Ogden served the Union Pacific well, for much of the equipment, ties, and rails were hauled by his North Western to Council Bluffs and thence by rail ferry across the river to the Union Pacific terminus in Omaha.

The North Western performed another pioneer service at this time in carrying the first railway post-office car.

A few weeks after he assumed office, President Lincoln appointed John L. Scripps, one of the proprietors of the Chicago Tribune, postmaster at Chicago. Scripps knew no more about the duties of a postmaster than do many postmasters of today. He had, however, an assistant postmaster, George B. Armstrong, who had held that position for several years and who really understood the business.

The new officials of the department had hardly become settled in their positions when the Civil War came. In the glamour of raising and equipping armies and sending them to the field, many achievements as necessary and essential as arms and ammunition and drill do not appear. Without food, shelter, clothing, and transportation, an army, like an individual, must succumb. But one of the most important elements in keeping up the morale of an army made up of Americans has always been and will always be in the mails. Letters from home, from parents, from brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts are a constant means of encouragement to the soldier, and nerve him to heroic deeds; while writing letters home is the greatest of consolations.

As a recognition of his services in the recent election, President Lincoln had made David T. Linnegar postmaster at Cairo, his home city. He knew no more of the duties of the office than did Scripps and he had no Armstrong to teach him. But the office was small, and the business light. Suddenly, within forty-eight hours, the Cairo post office, one of the smallest in the United States, became one of the greatest. Mailbags were thrown in by the thousand, filling up the rooms, projecting out of the windows, and piling up on the platforms. The western army of the Union had come to occupy Cairo and the region round about. This was in the spring of 1862.

Linnegar, entirely bewildered, telegraphed the postmaster general at Washington for help. George B. Armstrong was sent down. The
first thing to do was to provide room in which to work, and then to improvise sorting and distributing tables, racks, and cases, so that men could work efficiently. This was done in an incredibly short time. The bags were opened, the mail carefully sorted, the bags refilled and tagged for the command, the divisions, the brigades, or regiments, or the post office at home. These bags were sent out to the army and away upon the railways until the congestion was relieved. The great piles of mailbags grew less and less until they disappeared altogether, and the clerks had then only to take care of the mail as it came in upon the trains and from the army. Soon, with the extra number of clerks allowed him, Postmaster Linnegar was able to conduct the business satisfactorily, and Armstrong returned to his duties in Chicago.

In the summer of 1864, Armstrong, having pored for two years over his plan for "a post office on wheels" wrote the postmaster general:

Letters deposited in a post office at the latest moment of the departure of the mail from the office for near or distant places should travel with the same uninterrupted speed and certainty as passengers to their places of destination. . . . Passengers travelling over railroad routes generally reach a given point in advance of letters, when to that given point letters must pass, under the present system, through a distributing office, and when letters are subject to a distributing process in more than one distributing office as is largely the case now, the tardiness of a letter's progress toward its place of destination is proportionately increased. But a general system of railway distribution obviates this difficulty. The work being done while the cars are in motion and transfers of mails from route to route and for local delivery on the way, as they are reached, letters attain the same celerity in transit as persons making direct connections.

Postmaster General Montgomery Blair replied:

Post Office Department
July 1st, 1864.

Sir: You are authorized to test by actual experiment, upon such railroad route, or routes, as you may select at Chicago, the plans proposed by you for simplifying the mail service. You will arrange with railroad companies to furnish suitable cars for travelling post offices; designate head offices with their dependent offices; prepare forms of blanks and
instructions for all such offices, and those on the railroad not head offices, also for clerks of travelling post offices.

To aid you in this work, you may select some suitable route agent whose place can be supplied with a substitute, at the expense of the department.

When your arrangements are complete, you will report them in full.

The first railway post office in the United States was established by Armstrong under the above instructions on August 28, 1864, on the Chicago and North Western Railway. It ran between Chicago, Illinois, and Clinton, Iowa, in a compartment car. The first complete railway post-office cars were built by the same railway from plans furnished by Armstrong in 1867, and placed in service between Boone and Council Bluffs, Iowa. The overland mail to the Pacific coast then went by the Chicago and North Western Railway, upon which those towns were situated, and these cars were run to provide for that mail to be immediately despatched westward upon its arrival at the Missouri River, instead of lying over at a distributing post office as had been necessary up to that time. By this arrangement mails were ascending the Rocky Mountains, 500 miles west, at a time when they otherwise would have been leaving Omaha.

Under the old route agent system one agent in a narrow compartment of a car received and distributed the mail from town to town, delivering such as he received for local offices and pouching the remainder on his terminal office. If a distributing office intervened, the locked pouches were despatched, like so much dead freight, by star routes and passenger trains, sometimes to be delayed a day and sometimes several days, to be sorted or redistributed and pouchcd for a further journey.

Under the new system created by Armstrong, important trains on trunk lines were equipped with full postal cars manned by crews of clerks, who opened the locked pouches and tie sacks and distributed all the mail while the train was speeding on its way, besides receiving and delivering mail at the towns through which the train passed. Upon its arrival at the end of the run, the mail, properly sorted and pouchcd, was delivered without delay to a connecting line or lines equipped with similar cars, provided with their complement of clerks, to be again distributed, with other mail received, while the train thundered on to its destination.
This was actually accomplished within five years from the time the postmaster general authorized Armstrong to "test by actual experiment" the plans he had proposed. A year after their inception he was brought to Washington and placed in charge of a new department, the Railway Mail Service.*

Chapter 14

CONSOLIDATION

On June 2, 1864, the Galena and Chicago Union and the Chicago and North Western were consolidated. William H. Brown was president of the Galena, although in the several days of final negotiation, John Bice Turner actually functioned as head of the Galena with the title of chairman of the managing committee. Turner had been president of the Galena from 1851—when Ogden resigned—until 1859, when he was succeeded by Walter Newberry who, in 1862, was followed by William H. Brown. But Turner remained on the Board of Directors and took his seat on the North Western Board at the consolidation. The first president of the expanded North Western was Will Ogden. The consolidation stirred the people of the country, as Historian W. H. Stennett put it, “from the Atlantic to the slopes of the Missouri.” It was the first important consolidation in the country’s railroad history. Opinions were varied, but the majority thought seemed to agree with the explanatory statement of the new Board of Directors headed by President Ogden:

Among the reasons which influenced those who, on account of their large interests in these roads, have given more particular attention to the subject and advised this course, are the following: Much of the territory traversed by these roads was so situated as to induce injurious competition between them. The union of both gives greater strength and power, favoring more advantageous and extended connections, and better relations with other railroads built and to be built, and will aid to prevent the construction of such roads as would only serve to create injurious competition, without any adequate increase of the aggregate earnings of the roads competing. Decided economy, material reduction of expenses, and increased and more profitable service of engines and cars will also be the result of cooperation in the place of competition, and of one management
of both roads. The basis and terms of this consolidation are substantially as follows: For each share of Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company's stock the holder will receive one share of the preferred and one share of the common stock of the consolidated Chicago and North Western Railway Company, and $3 in money. The preferred stock of this company to be issued in exchange for the stock of the Galena company is entitled to preferences to the aggregate extent of 10 per cent in the dividends which may be declared in any one year, out of the net earnings in such year, in the manner following, to wit: First, to a preference of 7 per cent; and after, dividends of 7 per cent on the common stock; then, secondly, to a further preference of 3 per cent; after, a further dividend of 3 per cent on the common stock; both classes of stock shall be entitled to equal rates per share in any further dividends.

The principal reason for dropping the pioneer name of Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company in the consolidation will be apparent when it is observed that no portion of either of the consolidated roads touches Galena; and to retain the name of the Chicago and North Western Railway Company involves no change of books or blanks, and is sufficiently comprehensive to include the large territory penetrated by the united roads.

The contributions by each railroad to the consolidation were as follows:

**As to the Galena Company**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Miles</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. The original Galena and Chicago line, extending from Chicago to Freeport .......................................................... 121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. The Dixon Air Line, extending from the Junction, 30 miles west of Chicago, due west, through Geneva to Dixon, and to Fulton on the Mississippi River; and to east end of bridge over the Mississippi, nearly two miles below Fulton .................................................. 108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. The Beloit branch, from Belvidere to Beloit, about ............................................ 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. The St. Charles Air Line, extending to Harlem, about .............................................. 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. The Elgin and State Line Railroad, extending from Elgin north to Richmond, about ........ 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The branch from the old line to Elgin, more than ....................................................... 2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Making in all* .............................................. 294

The double track from Chicago to Turner Junction (30 miles) is counted as only 30 miles in the preceding statement, the second track not being taken into account.
In addition it also contributed to the consolidated corporation the perpetual lease of the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Railroad, about (now built) ................................................................. 82
Also, of the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad ........................................... 122
Also, perpetual lease of the Beloit and Madison Railroad ........................................... 47

Making a total of leased roads operated by the said Galena Company at the time of consolidation equal to ................................................................. 251

Total number of miles owned by the Galena Company at the time of consolidation ................................................................. 294
Total number of miles of leased roads operated by the Galena Company at the time of the consolidation ................................................................. 227
Add to this the extension of 24 miles of leased road from Nevada to Boonesbor o, since consolidation ................................................................. 24

Total ................................................................................................................................. 545

As to the North Western Company

1. Its main line, extending from Chicago, via Janesville, to Green Bay .......... 242
2. Its "Kenosha division" extending from the town of Kenosha to its junction at Rockford with the old Galena road ........................................... 73

Making a total length of railroad owned by Chicago and North Western Railway at the time of consolidation ................................................................. 315
Making a total length of roads owned and leased by both companies at the time of consolidation ................................................................. 860

As a footnote to consolidation, we have John I. Blair of Blairs-town, New Jersey, whose manipulation of railroads west of the Mississippi brought a number of connecting lines into the North Western system.

Blair was a planner of railroads, a railroad stock speculator, a railroad bridgebuilder. Though appearing to act independently, he was seemingly high in the confidence of Will Ogden and the latter’s various associates in railroad ventures. In his own fashion he was as amazing a railroad character as was Jay Gould, the difference being that Blair was a servitor—ruthless as Gould but employed by men who were acquiring track for the purpose of building up a system or systems so that these could be of service to the communities, in-
stead of getting hold of railroads only for the purpose of gambling on the market with the properties.

As has been told, the first railroad to cross the state of Iowa was the Galena—via its leased lines. It had reached the Mississippi, opposite Clinton, in 1855. Blair saw the immediate need of a western connecting line. He had his eye on the Lyons and Iowa Central, organized in 1853, and planned to run from Lyons, near Clinton, through Des Moines to Council Bluffs. This plan was later changed to send the line through Cedar Rapids.

The Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Railroad Company was incorporated in January, 1856. That company constructed 81 miles of railroad between Clinton and Cedar Rapids, which it reached in 1859. In July, 1862, Blair leased the trackage between Clinton and Cedar Rapids to the Galena, thus giving the latter an all-rail route from Chicago to Cedar Rapids.

The Iowa Central Air-Line, organized in 1853, seemed to have a brilliant future—that is, on its own—until Blair caught up with it. Financed at the start with local capital, it was going to run between
Cedar Rapids and Council Bluffs. Its local promoters had “pull” in Congress and had reason to believe they could get a land grant. Their conclusions as to help in Washington were soundly based. A delegation, sent there in 1856, returned in triumph with a land grant from the Mississippi River to Council Bluffs, which was approved by the State Legislature. The local backers gave the delegation a dinner on its return—a thoroughly well-deserved honor. And work started at once. Good land—and the settlers coming in; one could hardly see where they could lose. But along came the panic of 1857—and the settlers failed to come along. Little had been done on the road, and Blair, who had unsuccessfully tried to buy in at the start, went into action. He did not make any offer to the Iowa Central Air-Line but he organized the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad and started laying track west out of Cedar Rapids.

After he had 5 miles of rail laid down, Blair appeared before the Iowa Legislature and stated his case. He was associated with a line running from Chicago to Cedar Rapids. He had plenty of money, more than enough to build on to Council Bluffs, while the Iowa Central was bankrupt, and if railroad progress in Iowa had to wait on its improbable return to solvency, it might be years before the state was bridged across with track. He wanted the transfer of the land grant—and he got it.
Blair leased the Cedar Rapids and Missouri to the Galena in July, 1862, while it was still in course of construction—which lease was taken over by the North Western two years later at the time of the consolidation. The bridge across the Mississippi that was being built at the same time was completed by the North Western in 1865. The road entered Council Bluffs in 1867—in time to secure the contract for the hauling of the majority of the supplies for the Union Pacific. In July, 1884, the North Western purchased Blair’s Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska and his Cedar Rapids and Missouri River lines outright.

Blair’s tactics in buying into weak railroads gradually increased his holdings, and he did not call a halt at Council Bluffs. He entered Des Moines on behalf of the North Western by purchase of the majority stock of the Des Moines and Minnesota (later the Des Moines and Minneapolis). He built extensions north and west from Missouri Valley (near Council Bluffs) under a charter granted to the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad Company. It took Blair until 1868 to reach Sioux City, and from there he built on to Fremont, Nebraska. This line was to provide a connection with the Union Pacific and had the help of a land grant. Later on Blair was to build the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley road (a part of which was operated for a time by the Sioux City and Pacific) from Fremont, Nebraska, to the Wyoming state line, with extensions into the Black Hills of South Dakota and to Casper, Wyoming, and ultimately into Omaha. All these Blair properties were eventually leased to and finally purchased by the North Western, the Sioux City and Pacific property being taken over in 1901, and the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley in 1903.

Two years after the consolidation of the Galena and the North Western, the line obtained control of Lake Shore service between Chicago and Milwaukee.

After the war there came a flood of immigration to the Middle West and to the Northwest from Europe and from Great Britain. A large portion of the Northern armies were made up of single men from Ireland, Scotland, and Germany, and in lesser numbers—but still impressive—from England, Wales, and France. Very few of the survivors returned to their native land; many of them sent for
sweethearts and other members of their families; the response was tremendous not only among those selected by the veterans but by friends and neighbors.

The Irish poured into Chicago in even larger numbers than they poured into New York; an avalanche of Germans swept into Milwaukee and the surrounding portions of Wisconsin. The Scandinavian peoples were selecting Minnesota as their happy hunting ground. As time went on many Southerners, sore at heart, penniless, came to seek a more pleasant and remunerative life on the almost virgin acres of the great territory and in the trade and business marts of the two great cities, Chicago and Milwaukee. Small wonder that the prophetic vision of the Chicago and North Western directorate made necessary the acquisition of a railroad directly connecting the two great supply and distribution depots of the newer and wider expansion.

Out of the Illinois Parallel Railroad sprang the North Western’s present Lake Shore suburban service. This road was chartered by the state of Illinois in 1851 to run from Chicago to the Wisconsin state line. In 1853 the name was changed to the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad, and tracklaying was completed as far as the Wisconsin state line in 1855. But in 1851 the people of Milwaukee had a somewhat similar idea—that of running a railroad from Milwaukee to Chicago. The Green Bay, Milwaukee and Chicago Railroad was chartered by the state of Wisconsin in 1851 and in 1855 was built south to the Wisconsin state line. In 1857 the name was changed to the Milwaukee and Chicago Railroad Company. Thus, rail transportation was established between Chicago and Milwaukee, but until 1863, when the two roads consolidated as the Chicago and Milwaukee Railway, freight and passengers alike changed cars at the state line.

The first regular train service was inaugurated December 19, 1854, between Chicago and Waukegan, and on January 20, 1855, a “grand inaugural luncheon” was held at the Dickinson Hotel in Waukegan, attended by 300 people from the three cities. Captain Hiram Hugunin was toastmaster. Dr. Volmy Dyer, described by the Milwaukee Sentinel as “that prince of wits,” delivered an address on “Western Railroads” for which he declared himself as peculiarly fitted, for was he not “the underground railroad director for the region.” (Dr. Dyer headed the organization that cared for
those slaves who, escaping from the South, managed to make their way to Chicago or Milwaukee.) The Honorable Isaac Arnold, Ogden's personal attorney, responded to the toast, "the Ladies, God bless them." A smattering of the guests took the five o'clock back to Chicago, arriving there at seven, but the majority stayed for the grand ball, catching the morning train.

Judge Henry W. Blodgett, who handled the details of the chartering of the Chicago and Milwaukee and lobbied the bill through the State Legislature, had the major part in bringing about the consolidation of the Chicago and Milwaukee with the Milwaukee and Chicago in 1863, just as he had the major part in the negotiations that brought about the road's lease by the North Western, signed May 2, 1866. The North Western acquired the Chicago and Milwaukee through consolidation in 1883 and in recognition of Judge Blodgett's toil and perseverance named a locomotive after him; it is to be presumed also that his fee—which should have been large if it was not—was paid without question.
Chapter 15

OGDEN RETIRES

At the annual meeting of the Chicago and North Western Railway held June 4, 1868, William Butler Ogden tendered the Board his resignation as president, an office he had held with great honor for nine years, the last four of which had been as president of the company after consolidation with the Galena. He was, as he told his protesting colleagues, sixty-three years old—and tired. He had seen his dream of a great northwestern traffic system emanating out of Chicago become something more than a framework; the filling in, he declared, was the duty of young men—but he promised to be in close touch and always available for advice and consultation.

Some years before, he had purchased a country estate on Fordham Heights—then just outside the city of New York—which he had named Boscobel. He planned to sort of divide his time between the two cities, New York and Chicago; in this suburb of the former metropolis he contemplated leisure with an interest in art and music; in the latter city, where he retained a full staff at his near-North Side mansion, he planned to be somewhat more active; he was still a member of the boards of several large corporations and he had a finger on the pulse of his great lumber interests in Wisconsin, his smelters near Pittsburgh.

On the night of October 8, 1871, Ogden was awakened from sleep in his New York home by the arrival of a telegram which informed him that Chicago seemed about to be wholly destroyed by fire. Utilizing all the speed of which transportation was master in those days, he arrived early on the morning of the tenth in the still blazing city which owed him so much—and to which, as he always admitted, he owed all that he had and all that he was.

129
Even today, after the lapse of more than three-quarters of a century, you can always get an argument out of a dyed-in-the-wool "ancestral-minded" Chicagoan as to the origin of the Great Fire which destroyed property valued, in those days of reasonable prices, at more than $196,000,000 and which burned at the rate of $110,000 per minute!

As it was after the ashes finally quit smoldering, so it is today: there are four distinct schools of thought on the origin of the Chicago Fire. These are: one, that Mrs. O'Leary, visiting her cows after dark, put a lighted kerosene lamp on the floor of the shed, which lamp was kicked over by a noncooperative cow; two, that O'Leary neighbors, celebrating the arrival of a relative from the Old Sod, had entered the O'Leary barn intent on stealing enough milk to make a gargantuan oyster stew and an even larger milk punch. These bandits had also carried a kerosene lamp which was kicked over by a cow, bitterly indignant at being robbed of a commodity that she was holding in trust for Mrs. O'Leary; three, that a group of growing boys, learning to smoke tobacco and barred from such practices by their parents, had gathered for a session with their pipes in the recesses of the O'Leary barn and had let live ashes fall on a pile of hay; four, that the fire was the deliberate work of a pyromaniac or an enemy of the O'Learys.

All the rash of subsequent inquiries and investigations brought out but one incontestable fact—that the fire originated in the O'Leary barn and cowshed at 137 De Koven Street on the near West Side a few doors from Jefferson Street, some fifteen minutes after nine o'clock on the evening of Sunday, October 8, 1871. The O'Learys claimed to have all been in bed at the time; Mrs. O'Leary insisted she had not been near the barn since early evening milking time. At nine-thirty, Dennis Sullivan, a passing drayman and neighbor of the O'Learys, saw flames in the barn; he notified the O'Learys and endeavored unsuccessfully to save the livestock; the fire was too fast for him. Mrs. Catherine McLaughlin, who was giving the party for the newly arrived Irish immigrant, swore that no person present at the celebration had gone "to steal milk from the O'Leary cows." No small boys admitted ever having smoked tobacco—to say nothing of having smoked that night in the barn. In the circumstances, and down the years, the several schools of thought insist
that in view of the fearful sequel, Mrs. O'Leary, Mrs. McLaughlin and her guests, and the suspected small boys—that none of these had the nerve to admit culpability; as to the pyromaniac or anti-O'Leary theory nobody was ever brought forward—or came forward. The charred remnants of a lamp were found in the barn—but nobody admitted ownership.

Like most communities of that period, Chicago was largely built of lumber. The preceding summer had been an exceptionally dry one; thus far the fall had been rainless; the fire apparatus, entirely inadequate for such a conflagration, had been overtaxed but a few hours before by the destruction of four blocks lying between the river, Van Buren, Clinton, and Adams streets—during which a large quantity of hose had been destroyed and much fire-fighting machinery incapacitated. Most of the firemen who had worked twenty-four hours on this blaze were taking much-needed rest at their homes when the alarm was belatedly sounded. On top of that, an exceptionally high wind was roaring due north. Ogden, in his notes gathered after his arrival in Chicago, makes particular reference to this storm:

The reason that buildings, men, or anything did not withstand the torrents of flames is explained by the fact that the fire was accompanied by the fiercest tornado of wind ever known to blow here, and it acted like a perfect blowpipe, driving the brilliant blaze hundreds of feet with so perfect a combustion that it consumed the smoke, and the heat was so great that fireproof buildings sunk before it almost as readily as wood.

The Chicago Fire was brought under control and its progress halted on the afternoon of October 11, largely through the efficient methods of Lieutenant General Philip Sheridan, hero of the Civil War, then in command of the Department of the Missouri of which Chicago was part. Sheridan's troops laid mines and blasted out sections of the city in the path of the flames. On the South Side the southern limit of the fire on Michigan Avenue was Congress Street; on Clark, Harrison, and on Wells a point a little below Polk. The area of this burned district was 450 acres. Three thousand six hundred buildings were destroyed, including 1,600 stores, 28 hotels, and 60 manufacturing establishments. Twenty-one thousand six hundred people were turned out of their homes.
On the North Side 1,300 acres were burned over; the total number of buildings destroyed in this section was over ten thousand; about 70,000 people lost their homes. On the West Side, 194 acres were burned over, about 500 buildings were destroyed, and more than 2,500 people rendered homeless. The value of property in Chicago at this time has been estimated at $575,000,000; the fire destroyed approximately one-third of this. That only about 300 lives were lost seems improbable. But people had time to flee, though none in which to gather their possessions.* The losses of the Chicago and North Western amounted to more than a million dollars.

A harried employee met Will Ogden on his arrival in the burning city and informed him that his Rush Street mansion was still standing; but this man, who had not dared venture north of the Chicago River, had obtained his information from one who had confused Will Ogden’s home with that of his brother Mahlon whose house, at Walton Place and Clark Street (the present site of the Newberry Library), was the only dwelling place spared on the near North Side, south of Chicago Avenue. Will Ogden’s beautiful home and all his treasures were but a pile of ashes inside four broken main walls when he finally got there.

He volunteered immediately for any duty and was appointed a member of the mayor’s committee; but before he had even begun to serve, more bad news came his way. His Peshtigo village in Wisconsin and the adjoining lumber mills and timber regions by cruel coincidence had caught fire just as he arrived in Chicago. He raced there as fast as disorganized traffic could move him, to find mills, village, and a great stretch of timber destroyed. More than a thousand persons, in contrast to the loss of life in Chicago, are said to have perished.

“This is an act of God,” Ogden said as he stared at the ruins, “and we must not complain. Both here and in Chicago we shall bend our backs and build again.”

Ogden’s losses in both fires were over two million dollars. He remained in the region until the rebuilding of both Peshtigo and Chicago was well on the way; then he returned to Boscobel. In 1872, a

lonely old man, he married for the first time. His bride, Miss Marianna Arnot, a charming lady of mature years, proved a delightful and sympathetic companion for the remaining five years of Will Ogden's life. He passed away in his sleep on August 3, 1877.

By 1870 the railroad was across the Missouri River into Nebraska while the "Omaha Line" (dotted lines) was going through growing pains in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Following Ogden's resignation from the presidency of the North Western, Henry Keep was elected to succeed him and held the office until his death, July 11, 1869. For several years there had been a keen, sometimes vicious competition for supremacy—and expansion—between the North Western and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, the North Western's most potent rival in the territory already covered in great part by both roads and in the territory that each concern eventually hoped to cover. There were pro-
posals of amalgamation, of pro-rating, of purchase by one road of
the other. Sometimes there was exceeding friendship and cooperation
between the two boards; at other times accusations of varying na-
ture were hurled back and forth and a director of the Milwaukee,
passing a director of the North Western, would look the other way
—and vice versa.

But at the time of Henry Keep's death, a lengthy truce had ex-
isted, and Milwaukee directors were serving on the Board of the
North Western, and North Western directors were serving on the
Board of the Milwaukee. And among the Milwaukeeans doing duty
on the other side of the fence when President Keep passed away was
Alexander Mitchell, the hardheaded Glasgow Scot who had climbed
from penniless emigrant boy to president of the Milwaukee.

Mitchell, grandfather of the famous flying general, "Billy" Mitch-
ell, managed to get himself elected president of the North Western
at the first directors' meeting following Keep's death—September 1,
1869. He was now president of two great competing lines and
easily the most formidable figure in middle western railroad circles.
The North Western stockholders didn't like it; the Milwaukee
stockholders probably did. But enough hell was raised between the
date of Mitchell's election and the next annual meeting to unseat
him and send him back to the Milwaukee. John P. Tracy was elected
president in his place.

On the morning of March 1, 1872, a tall, good-looking, broad-
shouldered young man entered Tracy's outer office and was immedi-
ately ushered in to the president. Half an hour later an office memo
advised all employees that Marvin Hughitt, thirty-four-year-old
general manager of the Pullman Palace Car Company, had been
appointed general superintendent of the system.

The curtain had risen on the North Western's second "Man of
Destiny."
What James J. Hill was to the Northern Pacific, what Collis P. Huntington was to the Southern Pacific, what Sir William Van Horne was to the Canadian Pacific, and what Henry B. Plant was to the Atlantic Coast Line, Marvin Hughitt was to the Chicago and North Western. Though the Illinois Central claims him... as one of its products, the name of Hughitt is and ever will be inseparably linked with the development of the great Chicago and North Western System with which he had been continuously identified for the last fifty-five years of his life and which was under his unchallenged direction for thirty-eight years.*

Marvin Hughitt was destined for success under any circumstances. He had made rapid strides in railroading while still in his early twenties, but strangely enough it was a crucial battle of the Civil War that thrust him into greatness.

The identity of the ultimate victor of the Civil War—in the spring of 1862—was anybody's guess. Shiloh (April 5 to 7) was wholesale slaughter on both sides with no benefit; possibly a Confederate failure but certainly no complete Union victory, because it was not followed up. What accomplishment there was for the latter belonged to Don Carlos Buell, who rolled up to the battle line on the morning of April 7 with 20,000 fresh troops and enabled Halleck to take the offensive, forcing Beauregard and Johnston (A. S.) to retire on Corinth.

The Federal high command was well aware that Buell's troops would be needed from the time battle was joined. The reinforcements—infantry, cavalry, artillery, munitions, and supplies—had

* From "The Story of Marvin Hughitt," written for the Illinois Central Magazine by Associate Editor Carlton J. Corliss and published in its issue of September, 1927.
to be rushed through Centralia, Illinois to Cairo over a single track of the Illinois Central. Could it be done in time for Halleck, Grant, and Pope—thus aided—to throw back the Southerners?

The answer was up to a youthful trainmaster headquartered at Centralia—twenty-five-year-old Marvin Hughitt, a New York State farmboy who, at the age of fourteen, had persuaded his parents to permit him to go to Auburn, the county seat, and there learn to operate the invention of Professor Morse for the transmission of messages over strung wires. While he learned, he followed the procedure for both existence and education taken by so many telegraph operators who became great executives—he delivered messages. At the age of seventeen, while he was operating a key at Albany, his speed was noticed by Judge John D. Caton, organizer of the Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company. The judge hired young Hughitt for his Chicago office, and he became one of the first two telegraphers employed in that city. He was a superintendent before his nineteenth birthday.

A few months later Marvin Hughitt was appointed superintendent of telegraph and train despatcher for the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Railroad, now the Chicago and Alton. He remained with the Chicago and Alton until January, 1862, when the Illinois Central, desperately in need of efficient trainmasters and telegraphers because of its heavy troop-train movements, engaged him for its southern division. Hughitt was in his office at Centralia when General Halleck sent out his hurry call for reinforcements. The youthful trainmaster's job was to get an army to Cairo.

He was the boss—but he would not delegate the job to any subordinate. For thirty-six straight hours he sat at the despatcher's table, glued to his instrument, keeping the trains moving far faster than the government or Halleck had hoped for. When he staggered out of his chair every designated soldier, horse, and gun, and every piece of equipment had been detrained at Cairo.*

Beauregard retreated—and Johnston was killed; Halleck failed to follow up. Had he done so, the verdict of many military experts—from then up till now—has been that he would have cut the Confederacy in two and immeasurably shortened the war. President Lin-

*Corliss, The Story of Marvin Hughitt.
coln demanded relief for the Unionists in eastern Tennessee. Marvin Hughitt had hardly rested after accomplishing his despatching feat, when he was called upon to duplicate it; he had to shoot another army east through Centralia, and time was again of the essence. He sat down to his key for another stretch of thirty-six hours and when he rose the job had been done. He received the thanks of President Lincoln and of the Secretary of War. He was made superintendent of the southern division of the Illinois Central and three years later, at the age of twenty-eight, he was appointed general superintendent of the road—the youngest man ever to hold such a position on a major line. He remained with the Illinois Central for five years when the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul offered him the job of assistant general manager.

Things were not to Marvin Hughitt's liking on the Milwaukee, and a year later he accepted the post of general manager of the Pullman Palace Car Company. It did not take him long to realize that he preferred building and developing railroad track to building railroad cars—no matter how sumptuous—and after a year's service he parted company with George Pullman with the best of wishes on both sides. Hughitt then took over the general superintendency of the Chicago and North Western—a job that had been offered him twice before over the passage of four years.

At the age of thirty-eight Hughitt became general manager of the road; four years later he was made a vice-president. In 1882 he was elected president of the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha at the time it became the principal subsidiary of the Chicago and North Western. Later, as they passed into control of the Chicago and North Western, he became president of the Fremont, Elk-horn and Missouri Valley; the Sioux City and Pacific; and the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western. He was made president of the North Western in June, 1887.

To Barret Conway, vice-president and secretary of the North Western, who was secretary to the president for thirteen years, from June, 1902, to August, 1915, we are indebted for the following intimate paragraphs regarding Hughitt:

From 1887 until 1910, when Mr. Hughitt resigned the presidency and assumed the position of Chairman of the Board of Directors, he operated
a one-man road. Even after he became Chairman of the Board, he still remained the very active head of the property. At the time it was predicted that the change of title would mean little in the way of shelving of responsibility and active management by Mr. Hughitt, and so it turned out to be. The new president was obliged to continue to defer to Mr. Hughitt on questions of policy and details of management. Not until he reluctantly relinquished the helm in June 1925, at the age of nearly 88, and accepted the somewhat honorary title of Chairman of the Finance Committee (which he held until the day of his death), was anyone else the head of the North Western Railway save Marvin Hughitt. During his 38 years of active, firm control, he shaped its policies and guided its course. Under him the railroad grew and expanded. The administration of its affairs and its well-being absorbed his every thought and attention. It was often said of him that he had just two interests in life: one, his family, and the other, the North Western Railway. He seemed not to know how to play, and wasted no precious time in frivolous pursuits but devoted his spare time to good reading: history, biography and philosophy. Having had little formal schooling, through wide reading he became self-educated and highly cultured. Even so, he is said to have stated that he would have given his right arm for a college education. He was deeply religious and a regular church attendant; dignified, courtly, impressive, not easily approachable but withal kind, considerate, and a most interesting, well-informed conversationalist.

Although he insisted at all times upon strict observance of all governmental laws and requirements, he was impatient of the restraints imposed by ever increasing governmental regulation. Acent his insistence on high ethics and conformity with all laws and regulations, one of his vice-presidents made the lugubrious comment: "Yes, we are highly moral, but meanwhile the —— (naming a certain irritating competitor) is getting the business." As early as 1907, when new teeth were put into the Interstate Commerce Act and some of the states also enlarged and strengthened their railroad laws and regulations, Mr. Hughitt was heard to agree with a brother railroad president that the government was "fast taking all of the fun out of the railroad business." Federal Control of the Nation's railroads during World War I was a bitter pill. He chafed and fumed at governmental waste, woeful neglect of maintenance and operating inefficiency. When that sad period was ended, he lost no time in resuming control and inaugurating measures to rehabilitate and restore the property. If Mr. Hughitt had lived to see the depression of the 1930s, which precipitated trusteeship and subsequent reorganization of the North Western Company, and the rash of federal controls and restrictions im-
posed by alphabetical bureaus during the New Deal regime, that soul-
trying period would have been another sad blow for him. On the other
hand, he would have had enormous pride in the magnificent record which
his beloved North Western, in common with all other railroads of the
country, made in carrying the staggering transportation burden of World
War II.

It is not generally known that at an early time, before the establish-
ment of friendly, agreeable arrangements with the Union Pacific Railroad
for the exchange of traffic at Council Bluffs and Omaha and when the
Union Pacific was being a bit difficult about interchange with the Sioux
City and Pacific road at Fremont, Mr. Hughitt caused a reconnaissance
to be made for an extension of the North Western line from its then
Wyoming terminus, through the Wind River Mountains of that state,
pointing towards the Pacific coast. The subsequent traffic tie-up with
the Union Pacific caused the reconnaissance report to be filed and for-
gotten. The prospect of costly construction through rugged mountain
terrain was doubtless also a factor in the shelving of the report. Some
wiseacres have stated that Mr. Hughitt missed his chance to acquire the
Union Pacific Railroad for the North Western when the former's finan-
cial difficulties of the early 1890s threw the company into receivership
which culminated in its reorganization in 1897, at which time E. H. Harri-
man appeared on the scene and put the Union Pacific upon the way to
its subsequent glory. It has been stated in explanation that Mr. Hughitt
was a Director of the Union Pacific at the time and had some close con-
nection with the Kuhn-Loeb reorganization committee, which prevented
his taking advantage of the golden opportunity. It is not known certainly,
however, that he or anyone else then connected with the North Western
recognized the opportunity which, if seized, would undoubtedly have
magnificently enlarged the road's fortunes and destiny.

When the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company was
building its Pacific coast extension, Mr. Hughitt was taunted for letting
the Milwaukee people get the jump on him. After intensive study of
population, agricultural, industrial and topographical statistics of the
northwestern region already served by two fine railroads—the Northern
Pacific and Great Northern—Mr. Hughitt was confirmed in his resolve
to, as he expressed it, "stick to our knitting, develop this railroad in its
present territory and let the Milwaukee build to the coast if it wants to."
He predicted that the Milwaukee's extension would prove to be a heavy
financial burden and would very probably bring trouble in its wake, and
so it turned out when the Milwaukee went into receivership in 1925 and
was reorganized in 1927.
Chapter 17

RURAL OPPOSITION

In spite of the fact that the Galena and Chicago Union had started out as a "farmers' railroad," the North Western was plagued in the seventies by Granger legislation designed to control railroad profits. Railroads, by this time, were "big business"; and although the farmers still invested in railroad stocks, they felt they were not getting a fair deal.

The Grange, as it came to be called, was the brain child of Oliver Hudson Kelly, a post-office clerk in the Federal capitol. Kelly came of farming folks and although he elected to become a pen-pusher his sympathies were always for the plow-pushers; he considered every railroad an octopus, fattening on the proceeds of agriculture without giving the producer his fair share. On top of that he opined, not without reason, that the farmer was the biggest individual investor in the construction of proposed roads and deserved a better deal. Farmers, concluded Kelly—again not without reason—were the eventual losers when receiverships and reorganizations came along, and he waxed particularly angry when he thought of the closing of farm mortgages when the owners of the land had pledged their property as security for railroad stock.

Kelly talked another post-office clerk, William Ireland, into his way of thinking, and they gathered a third disciple in William Saunders, also a government clerk but employed in the Agricultural Bureau. The trio incorporated the "Patrons of Husbandry" and gathered into the fold a St. Paul spellbinder, Colonel D. A. Robertson, who went off "to set the prairies afire with oratory." Robertson changed the name of the organization to the Grange. Shouting his way through the Northwest and the Middle West for four years, he built up a powerful organization composed entirely of farmers and
managed by farmers. The main object—you might say the only object—of the Grange was regulation of the railroads by the people who had granted the charters through their duly elected representatives in the Legislatures.

In the Wisconsin State Legislature of 1874, Senator R. L. D. Potter introduced the first Granger law. The preceding eighteen months had been sad ones for many farmers—nor had they been particularly bright months for the railroads. In Wisconsin alone, 3,785 farm mortgages valued at over $4,000,000 had been foreclosed; many of these mortgages were railroad-owned. The Potter Act fixed arbitrary rates for freight transported in the state and cut passenger rates to three cents per mile, first class, and two cents second class.*

The railroad attorneys attacked the bill on constitutional grounds, holding that nobody but the roads had the right to fix transportation charges. The reply of the bill's supporters was that the roads were quasi-public industries and had accepted public land grants. The people of Wisconsin divided themselves into two camps—as is usual between those who have and those who have not. Northern Wisconsin, still to get its railroads, was for the railroads; southern Wisconsin, beginning to think in the light of lost farms and bankrupt lines that it had too many roads, was for the Potter Act. Written into the bill was something that particularly infuriated the railroads: members of the Legislature, state officers, and judges were to be carried free; not only were the solons out to slice the fares of the common people, but they wanted free passes for doing so!

Despite the desperate lobbying and legal work of the railroads, the Potter Bill became law in the same session that had witnessed its presentation. The final draft, as enacted, put maximum first-class fare at four cents per mile. The measure was signed by Governor W. D. Taylor, who had been elected to office by the now powerful Grange on a promise along these lines. The North Western and the other roads concerned did not adjust their tariffs to conform until compelled, some six months later, to do so by injunction handed down by Chief Justice Edward G. Ryan of the Wisconsin Supreme

Court. Appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court, but never reached that body.

The railroads concerned, working together—for the menace to all was very clear throughout the land—let it be known far and wide that the Potter Law meant the cessation of railroad building not only in Wisconsin but in near-by states and to the West, the East, the North, and the South. The country was slowly recovering from the panic of 1873; people were beginning to move again; settlers wished to get out into the far places. True to their strategy, the roads cut down service. Wall Street and other eastern money centers expressed doubt as to the wisdom of investment in existing roads and projected roads; the battle between the Grange and the lines was on again full blast despite the fact that the latter had conformed to the tariff cuts.

In 1876 a Republican governor, Harrison Ludington, was elected, and with him a Republican majority took over in both houses of the Wisconsin Legislature. The governor, in his first message, eloquently pleaded the financial plight into which the Potter Law had thrust the railroads; he pointed out that the state was not even 25 per cent developed in the matter of this very necessary sort of transportation—and that he was talking of present population and not of population to come, which population assuredly would not come unless the railroads built on. Governor Ludington concluded his address with a plea for repeal of the Potter Law and passage of the Vance Bill—which provided for a supervising commissioner, repealed the legislation of 1874, and left rates as they had been before the Grange’s short-lived victory.

The Vance Bill became law in double-quick time, halting state and even Federal railroad regulation for long years to come.

The North Western’s annual report for 1877 pointed with pride:

The three main lines of the company’s railway and their ramifications cover the quadrant of a circle whose radius of over 500 miles sweeps to the north, northwest and west from Chicago. Nearly every variety of production and industry incident to the vigorous activity of that country, from Lake Superior on the north to the transcontinental traffic via Omaha on the west, is embraced within the limits of these enclosing lines.
The iron ore, the copper, stone, minerals and timber of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan; the manufactures, agriculture, commerce and immense lumber interests of Wisconsin; the extensive wheat-growing prairies of Minnesota and Dakota, and the great and diversified products of some of the fairest and most thriving portions of Illinois and Iowa, from the lakes to the Missouri River, all contribute in greater or less degree to the volume of traffic which supports our revenues.

A fine recovery indeed from the slough of despond into which the road had admitted being plunged by the Potter Law!

In 1877, construction of an important branch commenced; this was the Menominee River Railroad from a connection southwest of Escanaba, Michigan, and designed to further open up the rich mining regions. Completed between Powers and Quinnesec, a distance of about twenty-five miles, it was extended between 1877 and 1882 over the state line into Wisconsin and served various mining settlements at Florence, Wisconsin, and Crystal Falls, Iron River Junction, Stambaugh, Narenta, and Metropolitan—all in Michigan; the latter two settlements linked up the Menominee with the Escanaba and Lake Superior Railway.

The results of the fiscal year ending May 31, 1878, were eminently satisfactory. The net earnings of the road, with its leased and proprietary lines, were $2,464,187.16—more than twice as much as those of the previous year. Marvin Hughitt, now general manager of the road, was gradually replacing iron rails with steel, having by this time covered two-thirds of the trackage; all newly built lines and extensions were steel-railed. By 1885, with a total mileage of 3,843.31, steel rails were laid over 3,302.06 miles.

Incidentally, while on the subject of steel rails, the Chicago and North Western was the first American road to test out the refinement for track purposes. We quote from *Maintenance of Way and Structure* by William C. Willard, assistant professor of railway engineering at McGill University:

The first steel rails made in America, six in number, were rolled in May, 1865, at the North Chicago Rolling Mill from ingots of Bessemer steel cast at the Wyandotte mills, near Detroit. These rails were placed on the track of the Chicago and North Western and are known to have ear-
ried traffic for over ten years, but there is no record of when they were finally removed. The first rails rolled in America were patterned after those rolled in England and had a height of four to four and a half inches with a comparatively thin head and thick base.

With a view of diminishing the number of corporations and separate organizations included in the system controlled and operated by the company, an effort was made during 1881 to bring together, capitalize, and merge, under authority of law, the various properties situated in each state, so far as could be conveniently effected independently of the organization of the Chicago and North Western Company.

The Elgin and State Line Railroad Company, the St. Charles Railroad Company, and the State Line and Union Railroad Company, in the states of Illinois and Wisconsin, were consolidated under the name of the Elgin and State Line Railroad Company.

The Chicago and Milwaukee Railway Company, the Northwestern Union Railway Company, the Milwaukee and Madison Railway Company, the Chicago and Tomah Railroad Company (which had previously been merged with the Galena and Wisconsin Railroad Company), and the Sheboygan and Western Railway Company were consolidated in the states of Illinois and Wisconsin, under the name of the Chicago, Milwaukee and North Western Railway Company.

The Menominee River Railroad Company in Michigan, and the Menominee Railway Company in Wisconsin were consolidated under the name of the Menominee River Railroad Company in both states.

The Winona and St. Peter Railroad Company, the Plainview Railroad Company, the Chatfield Railroad Company, the Rochester and Northern Minnesota Railway Company, the Minnesota Valley Railway Company, and the Chicago and Dakota Railway Company were united in Minnesota, and formed the Winona and St. Peter Railroad Company.

In 1882, much was done in the way of construction. The Iowa Southwestern was completed, its length being 51.8 miles. The more important line of the Toledo and Northwestern Railway was pressed forward and practically the entire line was finished during 1883. An extension of 71 miles of the St. Peter road in Dakota was also
commenced in 1882, and completed in 1883, as well as extensions of the Escanaba and Lake Superior and the Menominee River lines. In November, 1882, purchase was made of a majority of the capital stock of the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company.* Delivery and payment were to be made during the summer of 1883. The management of this corporation was reorganized and placed under the control of the Chicago and North Western Company on December 16, 1882. The so-called "Omaha Line" embraced 1,147 miles of well-equipped railroad.

In 1883, an extension of 78.22 miles was made of the Toledo and Northwestern Line, securing connection with the southeastern division of the Dakota Central. During the year, certain proprietary lines in Michigan became a part of the Chicago and North Western Railway. Two of the branch lines in Wisconsin were absorbed, and on June 8, 1883, was effected the consolidation of the Elgin and State Line and the Chicago, Milwaukee and North Western Railways with the Chicago and North Western.

During 1884, the following leased and tributary lines, operated by the company in Iowa, were purchased: Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Railroad, from the Mississippi River bridge at Clinton to Cedar Rapids; Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad, from Cedar Rapids to Council Bluffs, these two constituting the main line across the state, and the Maple River Railroad, a valuable connection running into northwestern Iowa—a total of 487.97 miles. Control was acquired through purchase of the capital stock of the following: the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad, from Sioux City to California Junction near Missouri Valley, thence across the Missouri River to a connection with the Fremont, Elkhorn, Missouri Valley at Fremont, Nebraska; the Missouri Valley and Blair Railway and Bridge Company, owning the bridge and its approaches over the Missouri River at Blair; and the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, from Fremont to Valentine, near Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, with the Creighton branch, 311 miles; total, 418.42 miles of tributaries, and the Blair Bridge property.

In pursuance of the company's policy to reduce the number of its minor corporations, the properties of the Iowa Midland Railway

* See separate chapter on the Omaha.
Company; Stanwood and Tipton Railway Company; Des Moines and Minneapolis Railroad Company; Ottumwa, Cedar Falls and St. Paul Railway Company; and Iowa Southwestern Railway Company were acquired by purchase in October, 1884, by the Chicago and North Western Railway Company.
Part Five

THE LAST FRONTIER
Chapter 18

THE OMAHA CLIMBS ABOARD

While the North Western was justifiably taking pride in its increased business during the seventies and prudently consolidating many of its smaller lines, pioneer construction was still under way in Wisconsin and Minnesota. But now it had taken on a broader significance. The Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha was to emerge as an important railroad. And the North Western was to take a new interest in the Minnesota railroads as a jumping-off place for extension of its lines into the Dakotas.

Nobody in the Middle West or along the route of rails toward the Pacific needed to be told any more about the speedy miracles of transportation. Minnesota had had a series of sad experiences and to a lesser degree so had Wisconsin and Iowa and Missouri. But when one would-be Ogden found bankruptcy at the end of his hastily built right of way, there were always a few score waiting to take up his burden. So, presently, hopeful little railways were extending out of undistinguished hamlets all over the Mississippi Valley. Where they were bound for only their promoters would have dared to say, but it was obvious that the bulk of them came of ambitious parentage. They were all, a casual observer must have gathered, destined to run as far as dry land would let them.

In one thing at least their imposing names were all alike: the Bird Center, Pig's Eye and Pacific; the Corntown, Chicago, New Orleans, Minneapolis and Pacific; the This, That or Other and Pacific. Few of them reached an adult stature of as much as thirty miles.

In Minnesota the state had been compelled to take over the railroad properties when the operating companies couldn't lay track or meet their obligations. In adjoining communities the state wasn't involved, but the process seems to have been just about the same
and just as continuous. So the roster of the rails took on new confusion with the addition of new names for new companies and new aliases for old ones.

In Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, the jumble of little railroads going nowhere was quite as purposeless and as extensive as in Minnesota until the 1857 panic that speculation had engendered wiped most of them out. The North Western, absorbing a line here and a line there and building suitable connecting links, had gone far afield from the little avenue of strap iron that Ogden and the Illinois farmers started to build in 1848. By 1864 it had extended itself well up into northern Wisconsin and was over the Mississippi River at Clinton. But of even greater importance to the founder's plans for opening up the Northwest Territory was its arrival in the midst of the Minnesota chaos in 1867.

The chaos, as has been mentioned, was straightening out a bit. After several false starts, the land grant railroads were moving north, south, and west from St. Paul. The Minnesota Valley was actually in operation as far as Lake Crystal below Mankato. The Winona and St. Peter Railroad Company, subsidized by a valuable state land grant in 1863, was able to get a quantity of cash out of D. N. Barney and Company and eventually to lay down 102 miles of road westward from Winona. This was the property acquired by the North Western on October 31, 1867.

The new owners immediately began to push the line westward toward the Dakota Territory.

Old-timers must have stood amazed at the illogical brashness of this venture. It was one thing to take over a road in southern Minnesota, traversing a lush farming area and linking dozens of vigorous and well-established communities. It was another to strike out into an expanse of prairie land in the Sioux country where there were no towns, no farms, no produce, and virtually no white inhabitants save trappers and soldiers and less easily identified adventurers. The terminal objective was Fort Pierre on the Missouri. And the most enthusiastic of empire builders might have wondered at that, too. Fort Pierre was already in touch with the outer world by means of steamboats running north from Omaha. (Its business as late as 1870 was merely that of a military post.) Prairie lands stretched to the east of it for a couple of hundred miles to the Min-
nesota settlements and west to the mysterious—almost mythical—Black Hills. North Western scouts, including William Butler Ogden himself, had ridden horseback over much of this area and had been able to report that the sod of the prairies along the Missouri looked much like the sod that had been broken to the plow in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. Whether the soil beneath would grow anything but buffalo grass they did not know. They could only hope.

The rails went on past Mankato and New Ulm and Tracy toward Lake Benton and the state line and the great unknown. Those were the days when to run a railroad you had to have the sort of vision denied to people who didn’t run railroads, and moreover you had to have a swashbuckler’s daring.

For a couple of years the drive toward Dakota was the North Western’s only interest in Minnesota. But in retrospect, it appears that a number of uncorrelated influences were building up what was to become one of the most important parts of its network in the Mississippi Valley.

For one thing, there was the Tomah and Lake St. Croix Railroad Company or the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad Company or the Western Wisconsin Railroad Company, or whatever you choose to call it.

Its principal mission under the charter granted by the state of Wisconsin was to build a line from Tomah to Lake St. Croix. As the Western Wisconsin in 1870 it was given a charter amendment authorizing the construction of a road to the south edge of the state. Two years later Minnesota granted permission for the building of a bridge across Lake St. Croix. In 1876 Wisconsin legalized an extension of its line from Warren’s Mills to Elroy. In 1878 it was virtually bankrupt and sold out to a syndicate headed by H. H. Porter, David Dows, and Walston H. Brown. It was reorganized as the Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis Railway Company.

Across the river in lower Minnesota was the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad Company, formerly the Root River and Southern Minnesota and more recently the Minnesota Valley Railroad. By 1878 it was approaching the southwest corner of the state. At Heron Lake it made a junction with the grandiously titled Minnesota and Black Hills road which had crawled westward about forty miles.

Somewhat farther south it encountered the Worthington and
Sioux Falls Railroad (previously known by other names) which had been authorized by act of Congress to extend its road from Minnesota to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and had done so. These lines, together with the St. Paul, Stillwater and Taylor Falls Railroad (28 miles), the Hudson and River Falls Railroad (12 miles), and the Omaha and North Nebraska (63 miles) were all merged into the St. Paul and Sioux City system in 1879.

And finally, or nearly so, there was the North Wisconsin Railway Company, incorporated by the state of Wisconsin in 1871, to build a road between St. Croix Lake and Lake Superior. It got on with its work until 1880 when it was consolidated with the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company. In 1881 this new organization took over the St. Paul and Sioux City road with all its newly acquired ramifications. And in 1882 the Chicago and North Western Railway Company got control of the majority stock in the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha System. The dream of William Butler Ogden was taking on a tangible pattern.

When the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company came into being in 1880, the citizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis were predicting—on somewhat meager evidence—that the railroad had come to stay. Another road had been linked up with Chicago, but, more importantly, there was now a band of steel between the Twin Cities and Lake Superior.

The newspapers greeted the event as an occasion for great local rejoicing. Once more there were long discussions in print of how, with this new outlet to the sea, St. Paul was destined to become the great rail center of the United States. Other lines had brought civilization to the outlands and increasing trade to the river settlements. But this big consolidation would bring Minnesota squarely into the world's markets. This line was truly what its name implied, Minneapolis's railroad and St. Paul's railroad.

Only one small item in the structure of the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company seems to have been overlooked. As the result of having acquired, among other lines, the Hudson and River Falls Railway Company, the headquarters of the
Omaha system were not in St. Paul or Minneapolis or even in Minnesota. They were over the St. Croix River in Hudson, Wisconsin, one of the original points of the line.

So it was to Hudson, Wisconsin, that the directors of the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway traveled to their first board meeting. Nobody mentioned very loudly that there was some sort of trouble on their connecting link between the St. Croix bridge and St. Paul. Nor was it entered in the minutes that President H. H. Porter and directors Jacob Humbird, John A. Humbird, David Dows, Philetus Sawyer, Edgar P. Sawyer, R. P. Flower, R. R. Cable, and W. H. Ferry had to ride to the meeting aboard a stagecoach from Stillwater.

Just how far the little Galena and Chicago Union had come from its first stop in Oak Park was evidenced in Albert Keep's presidential report for 1882:

The system embraced by the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company at the time of the purchase covered 1,147 miles of well-equipped railroad, extending from Minneapolis and St. Paul southeast to a connection with the road of this company (the Chicago and North Western) at Elroy; northwestwardly to Bayfield and Superior City on Lake Superior; southwardly to Sioux City, Eastern Nebraska, Omaha, and the Union Pacific Railroad, and, by its southern connection at the Iowa state line, opened to the Toledo and North Western railway and all the Iowa roads of this company direct communication for the interchanging transportation of grain, cattle, coal, lumber and other products of Iowa and Minnesota. . . . The property of the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company was much improved and enlarged under its former management, and some of its lines had become indispensable and others greatly necessary to the integrity and completeness of the Chicago and North Western System in the northwest. . . .

Like many another railroad president before him and since, Keep seems a little formal about discussing the miracles he has seen—a little self-conscious and fearful lest somebody accuse him of bragging. But the point of the matter is that he actually saw the miracles and had his own part in their performance. The greatest and most expensive jigsaw puzzle from the beginning of such things until 1882 had been completely and efficiently assembled. From the second-
hand odds and ends of a couple of dozen little railroads designed to run only between brokerages offices and bankruptcy courts, the North Western's salvage crews had evolved one of the most remarkable transportation systems in the world.

At last they had contrived a direct line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Another direct line linked Omaha and the Twin Cities. And there were others: Chicago to Sioux City; Winona to the Missouri River; Chicago to Lincoln, Nebraska; Minneapolis to Des Moines; Chicago to Appleton; Chicago to Duluth and the iron and copper country and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan; Chicago to Omaha and by through sleeping cars to the Pacific coast.

The Chicago and North Western and the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha systems made a close-meshed grid across northwestern Wisconsin, southern Minnesota, and northern Iowa, crossing each other seventeen times. By a revolution in transport they had made over the lives of hundreds of thousands of people in the Middle West. And now they were moving out once more toward the emptiness of the great plains and the unknown hazards of the broad Miss-oo-rye.
Chapter 19

EMPTY HORIZONS

When Minnesota was made a state in 1858, the white population in the Dakota Territory adjoining was purely theoretical. Pierre Chouteau, a trapper, had ventured into the Missouri Valley near the junction of the Sioux in 1856 and had brought some sort of entourage with him. His camp was probably the first civilian settlement in the region.

The great land stampede that had outnumbered if not outdistanced the gold rushes of the forties and fifties had stopped somewhat short of the Dakota Territory. Wisconsin and Minnesota may have been a wilderness, but they had been friendly lands of fertile promise. Broad river systems had given them an accessibility even through forest lands where roads would be long arriving. The scattering Indian tribes had been apathetic or peaceful or easily subdued.

The land of the Dakotas was different. It was harder to reach. True, the Missouri River led into it, and steamboats operated on the Missouri. But except for the military, there were no scheduled operations to jumping-off places up in Montana or intermediate sectors. There was no great network of rivers to give settlements a sense of being linked with other settlements and to provide some means of communication with markets. The Missouri’s tributaries were twisting and shallow, turbulent or dry depending on the season, but rarely navigable. The mighty Red River on the east side of the territory ran north and south and flowed into Canada, and offered few advantages to pioneers inland hundreds of miles west.

The Dakotas were vast, treeless plains surrounded by empty horizons. They seemed lonelier than the wooded hinterlands of the upper Mississippi because anyone standing in them could be in no
doubt about his own isolation. In a forest one might live in the hope that the next turn of the trail would reveal a clearing and human habitation. On a Dakota prairie one experienced no such delusion. There weren't any trails. There wouldn't be any human habitations. If you walked fifty yards west of the Missouri's right bank you had the uncanny sense of entering into another world. No white man had ever been here before you. Most likely no human foot had trod the soil on which you stood—not since the beginning of time.

And this was truly Indian country. After the Minnesota Valley uprisings of 1862, the Sioux had been driven into Dakota to a sketchily defined reservation in what the natives now call the "west river country." Cavalry rode herd on them mostly to see that they did not venture back beyond the Minnesota pale of settlement. But generally they were allowed to roam about pretty much as they pleased, and few homeseekers craved their company.

As has been said, nobody gave much thought to the natural resources of this weird land. The old cry was echoing once more: What price crops when you can't sell them to anybody? The boom that was one day to put the world's wheat center in the middle of Dakota Territory was a long time getting under way.

It cannot be said, however, that the few settlers in this region were without initiative and resourcefulness. Witness their early political activities.

Without wishing to detract from the stature of the western pioneer as a person of courage and amazing durability, it is still possible to say that the picture of him in moving pictures, school histories, and patriotic speeches is somewhat distorted. He is represented usually as a starry-eyed if not fanatical idealist. He has come from Sweden or Ireland or Monaco just to make a still more glorious country out of the United States which he has learned somehow to love. His is the mission to labor selfishly, to suffer and fight, that the principles of freedom and democracy shall be established here in the wilderness for all time. Patiently he carries on, come hell or high water, not for himself but for the everlasting blessing of millions yet unborn. Anyway, that's how it reads in the scenario.

As a matter of fact, your pioneer was a hard-bitten realist who
wouldn't have survived if he had been anything else. His conception of a free country was one in which he could go around being a hard-bitten realist and make it pay.

He came to America and spread out into the hinterlands with very little worry about the untold millions yet unborn—hardly any at all. His concern was for himself and his immediate family. Here was a chance to pick up the little piece of land that he never could have had in his homeland. He would have to pay for it with hard work and hard living. But what of that? He was used to work and discomfort at home. The land was fertile—so he had heard. It would raise fabulous crops and would bring wealth to him in his declining years. And, if farming bored him as it sometimes did, he was under no compulsion to stay behind a wooden plow. There were other opportunities on the frontier. A man with ambition and intelligence could do well for himself in trade, in crafts, in politics.

There is no doubt that the hardy pioneer was the greatest of our citizens, a man of high moral character, prodigious physical force, and unbelievable resilience. He had to be to protect himself against land agents, Indians, and other pioneers. But somewhere, somehow, he saw a practical side to the ideal of democracy. He loved freedom well enough to fight for it—as he did heroically and in great numbers in the Civil War. But it is hardly right to say that he loved it as a noble theory. Rather he loved it as an institution that in one way or another paid a dividend.

When argument over the admission of Minnesota to the Union began in Washington in 1857, the echoes of the debate came eventually to the land of the Dakotas. The boundary lines of the projected state had been pretty well established in previous discussions, and it was obvious that the prairie land west of the Red River and Big Sioux River, even then loosely called Dakota, would be given identity as an administrative unit. The prospect was given a lot of serious discussion in the bars of St. Paul and the cavalry posts along the Missouri. But it caused no waving of flags or dancing in the streets among the worthy citizens of Dakota. The white population of the new territory totaled exactly 30 souls.

Most of these worthy pioneers, for some reason not yet clear, had settled in what is now Big Sioux County near Sioux Falls. In 1858 they were pretty well out of the world, but that should not be
taken as evidence that they were authentic yokels. They were not.

It has been said that they received some instruction in territorial politics from men who had held government contracts to supply military and Indian posts in Minnesota. If so, they learned rapidly and well.

On May 12, the day after Minnesota became a state, the populace of Dakota Territory met in caucus. With great solemnity they set out to elect a legislature and a governor pro tem.

In groups of two and three they drove out over the prairie, stopping every few hundred yards to establish a voting precinct and hold an election. The organizers cast not only their own votes but, to save time, they voted also in behalf of absent relatives in Sweden or Chicago or Heaven. Then they carefully counted the votes, made note of the results, and moved on to establish and operate the next voting precinct.

There was little variation in the process throughout the afternoon. When, eventually, the election commissioners reconvened, they discovered that they had established a territorial government, complete with a governor, lower house, and territorial council. They drew up a constitution, enacted laws, and arranged for tax levies—this time most assuredly for the "generations yet unborn."

Then they memorialized Congress to recognize their de facto government and maintain them in the offices to which they had been so painstakingly elected by themselves. They also petitioned that Sioux Falls be given official designation as the territorial capital.

They had more than a year to argue the point before Washington took any notice of Dakota Territory's existence and in the end nothing came of it—Congress said no. But one of the lesser known emoluments of pioneering had been brought out where everybody could see it. From then on your plainsman was first a politician and then a drawer of water (if any) and a hewer of wood. He has looked at public office with a sort of proprietary interest ever since.
Chapter 20

ADVANCE ON THE DAKOTAS

The rails came slowly out of Minnesota to feel their way across the Dakota prairies—a great faith behind them and an unreasoning hope ahead.

Elsewhere—in the development of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota—the people had been first in the wilderness. Communities had appeared in the clearings and in the meadowlands at the bends of rivers, and crops had been harvested before the coming of the first tracklayer.

Here in a newer and more lonesome world, everything was changed about. Surveyors and graders and gandy dancers were striking out into a vast emptiness as wide as the continent of Europe and as far from civilization as the plains of Mars. Over the endless carpet of grass they were laying out their fretwork of ties and iron. Behind them on the far horizon unfamiliar plumes of smoke marked the advent of the pot-stacked locomotive that tomorrow would be at today’s end of the rail, rousing echoes never heard in this land since the creation of the world. Swarms of men would come out of nowhere, drop their odd loads of wood or stone or metal, and move on toward nowhere across the horizon. Presently the trains would be here and over the hill after them. And that would be the oddest feature of all this odd undertaking because there would be nobody here to ride on trains—not today or, some skeptics felt certain, tomorrow, or ever.

The Dakota Southern Railroad Company, over which the redoubtable John I. Blair was presently to trip himself up, was first into the territory with a line from Sioux Falls to Yankton which was completed and in operation early in 1873. Promoted by Yankton businessmen to meet a purely local situation, it could hardly be con-
sidered a part of the great conquest of the West by steam, although it played its part. For one thing, it proved that a railroad might be run with profit in the territory if people could survive there, and its construction was convincing proof to hesitant land-seekers that settlers were finally moving into southeastern Dakota's fertile valleys.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, the white influx into the land of the Dakotas began somewhere near the junction of the Big Sioux and the Missouri rivers and extended in a leisurely fashion up the Missouri. This was not because land in that region was any more promising than elsewhere along the east side of the territory. But it was closer to transportation and therefore closer to the civilization that newcomers to these parts seemed reluctant to leave.

The depression of 1873, which was to hamper railroad construction in the prairie country for many years, seems to have had its midwestern debut in a North Western special train at Winona, Minnesota. There had been considerable progress during the first part of the year. The Baraboo Air Line had been completed, connected with the La Crosse, Trempealeau and Prescott road, and opened for business to Winona on September 14. The Winona and St. Peter road was finished to Lake Kampeska in the Dakota Territory and was opened by a gala excursion of bankers, merchants, grain brokers, industrialists, and other important citizens from Chicago, leaving on Monday, September 15.

All was good cheer until the party arrived in Winona and got off the train for what was to have been a roaring local reception. They were met by a harried telegrapher with a message. Jay Cooke & Company had failed, and the panic was on.

Probably no group of men with a more vital interest in the news could have been found anywhere in the Mississippi Valley. But despite anxiety and alarm, most of the traveling tycoons decided to go ahead and get what consolation they might out of the development of the West. At St. Peter that same evening they got another shock. Another telegram was handed aboard the train, this one stating that Chicago was burning down for a second time and that the partly rebuilt business district had already been totally destroyed.

This time the train was held. Quick telegrams to Chicago proved that there was no truth in the report, that it had not originated in
Chicago, but possibly from Milwaukee, Madison, or St. Paul, and nothing more than that was ever learned about it.

Relieved by one bit of good news to balance the bad, the excursionsists went on to reach Lake Kampeska and what must have looked like them to be the ultimate in desolation, the next morning.

There was little here in a rail end, 640 miles from Chicago, surrounded by Indians and roving herds of buffalo, to make them forget that the financial structure of the whole country was falling down. There were virtually no settlers in South Dakota save the fur traders along the Missouri. Western Minnesota, through which they had just passed, was practically unknown.

So they went home, to worry about the future of the country, through a territory that was to be in one generation one of the richest in the world. Where the buffaloes had grazed would be trim, fertile farms with comfortable homes and capacious barns. Land that might have been theirs as a gift was in the near future to sell for $1,000 an acre. And they had seen not so much the building of a railroad as the beginning of a miracle.

From this point on, according to Doane Robinson,* for many years state historian of South Dakota, "railroad building in the larger sense was due to the forward vision of Marvin Hughitt, president of the Chicago and North Western line, who after a personal inspection of the Dakota prairies concluded that it was good business to extend railroads across them as an inducement to business. This had not previously been done except to hold grants of land." He continues:

Following his vision he projected the Dakota Central division of the North Western road west from a connection with the Winona and St. Peter division at Tracy, Minnesota to Pierre in 1879-80. His theory was promptly confirmed by an influx of settlers, which justified the construction of the other lines that make up the Chicago and North Western System east of the Missouri River.

When Mr. Hughitt announced his plans, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, his chief competitor in the northwestern field, accepted it as a challenge and forthwith projected its own system into the state. In due course other lines followed. . . .

It was at this point, in May, 1879, that John Blair came to Yankton to see about buying a railroad—and met defeat. He was an old man, and the competition proved to be too much for him.

John Blair's party consisted of C. E. Vail of Blairstown, New Jersey; D. C. Blair, Belden, New Jersey; John Bain, Scranton, Pennsylvania; and sundry others who had been identified with him in the railroad business.* They had come from the East to meet C. G. Wicker and George E. Marchant of the Dakota Southern Railroad Company. These men had recently constructed a branch line called the Sioux City and Pembina which followed the Big Sioux Valley northward as far as Beloit, Iowa, opposite Canton, South Dakota.

The line had strategic value to the North Western system. Construction of a short spur would have connected it with the Omaha's east and west road at Sioux Falls. And Blair wanted it. He bought 52 per cent of the Dakota Southern stock for cash after a brief negotiation and changed the title of the road to the Sioux City and Dakota Railway Company. After that he did nothing much for a year.

Yankton, currently the capital of the territory, was without a railroad and possibly seemed a better prospect for exploitation than Sioux Falls. At any rate, Blair turned his attention to Yankton.

At a meeting with the local businessmen and officials he pointed out that the Milwaukee road was just about to bring Sioux City and Sioux Falls closer to numerous points in the Missouri Valley than Yankton. He proposed to extend the Sioux City and Pembina branch up the James River to Yankton, providing the people of Yankton would build a depot and donate a right of way through the county. Yankton agreed. Surveyors came along to plot the right of way. But about that time Wicker became restive. He paid a visit to Blair.

He had received an offer from the Milwaukee road, he said, for the remaining 48 per cent of his stock. The Milwaukee, he explained, was anxious to take over the whole road for which reason he suggested that Blair sell out to his competitors or buy the 48 per cent minority block himself.

* Kingsbury, G. W., *History of Dakota Territory*, privately printed by Mr. Kingsbury at Yankton, S.D., 1895.
What Blair thought of this proposition is difficult to establish. Wicker says that he agreed to buy and resorted to evasive tactics when held to his promise. But Wicker may have been a little biased.

For some months negotiations remained at a standstill. Then along about March 15, 1880, Wicker got impatient and sold his stock to the Milwaukee.

Up to that point the relationship between the Milwaukee officials and Blair had been considerably short of lethal. In the Sioux City terminal area the Milwaukee had been operating on a rental basis over Sioux City and Dakota railway tracks, and all had been sweetness and light. But four days after Wicker's defection there were changes.

Blair issued an order denying the Milwaukee the use of his tracks, sheds, roundhouses, and shops.

Next day the Milwaukee came back with a writ restoring all former privileges and declaring itself the majority stockholder in Blair's railroad. Blair and his associates counted up the 52 per cent of stock they had bought from Wicker, found that it was still 52 per cent, scratched their heads, and called in the lawyers. It was all very confusing until March 20, when Wicker issued an explanatory statement:

Mr. Blair had a 52 per cent interest as against my 48 per cent interest in the road with the Pembina branch completed to Detroit, Iowa. With the extension of the line from the latter place to Sioux Falls, the company was entitled to issue additional stock and bonds. A meeting was called and this was done.

The additional stock issued to me on the extension added to what I already had, just oversized Mr. Blair's interest. And this was transferred to the Milwaukee, leaving Mr. Blair in the minority.

The Board of Directors then leased the Sioux City and Dakota line to the Milwaukee, and bonds issued on the extension from Beloit to Sioux Falls were also sold to the same company for 90 per cent par.

The same night a letter was sent to Mr. Blair containing a draft for $198,276.47 to his order and representing his entire investment in these lines including interest to date.

This indicates that there has been no intent to defraud Mr. Blair out of any money he may have put into these enterprises; but as he would neither buy nor sell, he has just been forced to take his own and step out.
Kingsbury, the Dakota historian, states that this was the first time John I. Blair had ever been outsmarted in a railroad deal—which is probably true. He seems to have known more about the higher mathematics of grants and subsidies and allowances per mile than anybody else in the country. But in this case, having lost the dice he never got them back again.

A week after Wicker's coup he came to Yankton and laid the matter before the courts.

He asked orders against the present management of the Sioux City and Dakota company restraining operations, extensions, and expenditures. He denied Wicker's contention that the extension of the Pembina branch to Sioux Falls had justified the issue of additional stock. He contended that he had built the extension himself at a cost of $200,000.

He put up a good argument. But Judge Shannon decided against him in July. It was one of the few adverse decisions Blair had ever experienced.

He took it calmly enough, thanked the court politely, and announced that he would not appeal the case. A few days later he sold his stock in the Sioux City and Dakota lines and went back East.

The financial world stood amazed, not that he had been tricked, but because he had been willing to accept a humiliating defeat without putting up some sign of a fight.

Ferguson, who attended the Yankton hearings, sums it up in his own way.

"Blair," he says, "had passed the age when ambition seeks aggrandizement. . . . He was old and he was tired."

Motivated by the land rush of the late seventies, the drive westward might have gone on without predictable limits save for one thing. Both the North Western and the Milwaukee roads reached the Missouri in 1880. But there they stopped. Between the river and the western boundary of the territory lay the great Sioux reservation. In exchange for lands in Minnesota and elsewhere, by virtue of a solemn pact with the Sioux, this was strictly Indian country into which, theoretically, the white man and his iron horses would never be allowed to penetrate. The government made a virtu-
ous show of maintaining the treaty as it applied to the West River territory no matter what was happening to it elsewhere—which was quite a lot. So the railroads sat in Chamberlain and Pierre while their representatives harangued Washington, and their surveying crews studied the trans-Missouri flatlands with mixed emotions.

In 1880 the pattern of the present railway system was well established as gaps between isolated lines disappeared. Gold in South Dakota’s Black Hills was to be the magnet in the next decade.

The land beyond the western bluffs was different from the prairies behind them, now greenly opulent with growing wheat and corn. Over there the wild little tributaries of the Missouri had carved a disheartening array of deep gullies. After the gullies came stretches of grassland whose fertility had never been tested. And in the distance, as one approached the Magic Mountains, stretched the Bad Lands, a region that few men had seen and thousands had heard about with complete skepticism—an utterly fantastic place of fluted ravines and crenelated walls—a mélange of glittering towers and spires and minarets and moated castles.
A mysterious and unpredictable area, this unplumbed land across the river. A few men had traversed it—trappers, adventurers, outriders for the railroads. But their reports made little sense. Through them ran the vague influence of the unknown—Indian superstition; black magic; death in unexplainable forms; charms, taboos, and deadly curses. The engineering parties, the land agents, the town-site promoters were agreed on one point: it would take a lot of argument to induce peaceful settlers to follow the rails into a region so damned by legend.

Good business sense might have caused loud rejoicing that the rails had come as far as they could and that the Dakota boom had finished in commonplace farms east of the river. But another factor had entered into the lives of the people of South Dakota and the men who governed them and the railroads that served them and the Indians who sat at their western fence line. Gold had been discovered in the Black Hills.

The history of the Magic Mountains, awesome uplift at the southwest corner of South Dakota, is extremely meager until the middle seventies, when they were overrun with trouble. The Vérendrye brothers visited the region in 1743 but weren't sufficiently impressed to leave a record of any value. Standing Buffalo, an Oglala, ventured into them in 1775. French traders and trappers, who wandered for a hundred years through adjacent territories, knew of them, probably had seen them closely enough to call them the "Black Hills," but apparently never had enough curiosity to explore them.

The Black Hills, of course, are not hills at all, but mountains of impressive proportions, the oldest range in the United States if not in the world. When viewed from a few miles' distance they really are black, taking their color from the dense growth of pines on their flanks. Their sombre coloration and the frequent thunderstorms that echo through miles of rocky canyons caused the Sioux to stand in complete awe of them. They were hallowed ground, the home of the Great Manitou and, therefore, taboo to humans.

They were obdurate in their treaty negotiations on the point that the region should be held sacred by the whites as well as Indians and they received solemn assurance that the Black Hills should
remains theirs "as long as the grass shall grow or the waters shall run."

The grass continued to grow until August, 1873, when a scout brought word to Fort Abraham Lincoln, near Bismarck, that he had seen indications of gold on the west slope of the Black Hills. On orders from above, General George Armstrong Custer, with 1,200 cavalrymen, rode out to investigate. There had been a serious panic in the land, and the economic value of a new gold strike outweighed the worth of governmental promises.

With the expedition went Horatio N. Ross, about whom little is known except his name. It is certain, however, that he was a practical miner. He found gold in the sands of French Creek near the present site of Custer, South Dakota, on or about July 27, 1874.

Some optimist directly responsible for the prospecting of the Hills felt that any discovery of gold could be kept secret. But inside of a month everybody in the United States had heard about it. And in frequently repeated conversation Ross's little show of dust had become a fabulous bonanza.

The rush began immediately. Hundreds of men who had never before heard of the Black Hills were on their way overnight. Wagon-train outfitters began to do a business in Sioux City, Norfolk, and Sidney. Before the winter of 1874 considerable camps of gold seekers had been set up around the foot of Harney Peak and loose-footed prospectors were wandering about the northern Hills.

The government, belatedly conscious of the broken treaty, made some effort to stop this influx. Cavalrymen were sent out onto the trails from the south and east to drive back would-be settlers. White men already in the Hills were ordered to get out. But by the time the Army got around to carry out this agenda, the damage was done.

By 1875 so many fortune hunters were headed for southwestern Dakota, and so many hundreds of them had eluded the cavalrymen, that the sanctity of the Hills could not have been maintained without a larger army and considerable violence. The quarantine order was rescinded. The Sioux, when they protested this flagrant violation of their rights, were pushed out onto the plains beyond the Hills. In another few months, Custer and his command were to pay for official double talk in the battle of the Little Big Horn.
In the fall of 1875, John Pearson, one of the venturesome prospectors who had gone into the northern Hills instead of loitering around French Creek, picked his way into a fire-blasted canyon strewn with dead timber. At the junction of two clear mountain streams, which were to run sluggishly black for more than fifty years, he found color in the gravel. He knew he had made a strike, but he could not have foreseen its importance. For this was Deadwood Gulch.

When Pearson gave out word of his discovery in the spring of 1876, Custer City on French Creek was a community of 7,000 inhabitants. In a week all but a few hundred had moved out to try their luck in Deadwood. And presently the rush to the Hills had become a stampede.

There were no railroads near this corner of Dakota Territory. There were no wagon roads leading into it—not even trails. There were no maps of the region, or experienced guides, for only the military had made a study of the Magic Mountains. And in 1876 the soldiers, particularly the troopers of the Seventh Cavalry, were occupied with their own personal concerns. By the time the Deadwood boom got under way, however, the Chicago and North Western Railway was selling transportation from Chicago to various points in the northern Hills. The most favored route was by North Western to Sioux City, Dakota Southern to Yankton, steamboat to Fort Pierre, and Concord coaches across the prairie to Rapid City and towns beyond. First-class fare for this journey was $41.45. A second-class ticket sold for $34, but the holder got only deck passage on the river steamboat and had to ride with the bull teams from Pierre to the Hills. The North Western also quoted rates over other routes from Cheyenne, Wyoming; Sidney, Nebraska; Sioux City; Yankton; and Bismarck. Horse-coach and oxcart transportation was provided by an auxiliary service known as the North Western Stage Company.

Reports of the massacre of the Little Big Horn appeared in the newspapers of the East almost alongside the advertisements for the Stage Company. But that made no difference. All through that year when the triumphant Sioux were slaughtering white prospectors within calling distance of the settlements, thousands of newcomers paid their $41.45 and were dumped into the roaring camps
at Deadwood, Central City, and Lead. Some of them died. Some moved out again with the next bull train; more stayed. And despite its isolation and its risks and its uncertain resources, the Black Hills country began to take on the appearance of a prosperous community.

Up from Fremont, Nebraska, in the seventies, the Fremont, Elk-horn and Missouri Valley Railway, presently a division of the North Western, began to feel its way in the general direction of the Hills. It moved slowly at first when there was nothing ahead of it but the problematical yield of prairies not yet settled—10 miles this year, 17 next year. But despite financial panics, restrictive legislation, and no business, it was still pulling rails to the west when the gold rush reached its peak. In 1879 it got ahead 58 miles from Wisner to Oakdale. In 1881 it moved 98 miles from Neligh to Long Pine. In 1884 it was rolling over another 137 miles of track between Valentine and Chadron, Nebraska. A year later it had come to Buffalo Gap, South Dakota, at the south end of the range. And on July 4, 1886, the first railroad train beat the last stagecoach in a race for Rapid City.

Rapid, then as now, was the gateway to the Hills. Over to the west of this one-time hay camp, gold-bearing quartz had been turned up at Keystone and Rockerville. Ore was being hauled by ox team to the Rapid City smelter. And local enthusiasts were forecasting the day when neighborhood mines would absorb such inefficient outfits as the Homestake, which was trying to pay dividends on rock that paid only four dollars a ton. One reads in the home-town newspapers of the period that the first train was greeted in a spirit of high carnival as the harbinger of a new day.

An elaborate program had been arranged for the entertainment of the passengers. Hundreds of cowboys had come in from the rapidly growing ranches in the Bad Lands. A couple of local fire companies were scheduled to compete in a hose-laying contest. And as an added attraction to amuse the gullible strangers arriving by train, a group of local businessmen had completed plans for a stagecoach holdup.

Not many men are now alive who remember that momentous day. You get something of the flavor of it from the diary of Robert H.
Driscoll of Lead, who had been invited to ride on the train. Driscoll, who had come to the Hills to take charge of the Homestake schools and became president of the Lead City bank (later the First National Bank of Lead) was the sort of observer who missed few details. Here is his story.

Wednesday, June 30—Warm. Left Lead 8:30 A.M.—E. May, his wife and child, Miss Franks and I. Met others of the party in Deadwood at 10:30—A. E. Franks, Miss Barry and her friends. Had dinner below Sturgis under a tree. Reached Rapid at 8:30 p.m. Good supper.

Thursday, July 1—Left Rapid at 10 A.M. Drove 8 miles to train...

This entry might be difficult to understand unless one remembers that the arrival of the first train was not only an important event, but the biggest show that had come to the Black Hills since The Mikado played 140 performances in Deadwood in 1882. The tracks apparently had been completed right up to the depot site. But the train, star performer of the pageant, was waiting off stage—8 miles off stage—to make an entrance at the proper dramatic moment amid a blasting fanfare of trumpets and a hullabaloo of drums.

But the train, it seems, wasn't merely loitering. It had other things to do. Driscoll and his friends got onto the train and then—

Arrived Buffalo Gap at 5 p.m.; Chadron 7:15. A number of friends and acquaintances were on the train including W. H. Parker and Ben Baer. At 8:30 saw the ladies off for Omaha in charge of Mr. West.


Arrived Rapid at noon on the first train that entered the city....

Hottest day ever experienced—110° in shade at Rapid. Dinner at Park Hotel—its opening meal.

Monday, July 5. About 75 people here from Lead for celebration which was badly managed. The hose race was a fizzle.

Driscoll makes no mention of the mock holdup which was to have terrified the steam-propelled tenderfeet from the East. His diary makes the omission understandable. The first train arrived according to schedule amid the prearranged tumult and shouting. But the passengers weren't exactly gullible. For the most part they were people like Driscoll, denizens of Lead and Deadwood and Sturgis and Rapid who had ridden the train to Chadron so that they might
come back on the so-called maiden voyage. ("About seventy-five people from Lead were here for the celebration.")

The Sidney stage, with perfect timing, was in the lead when the locomotive swung into the curve at the east end of town. It was just about alongside as the train slowed down at the platform. The fun-loving bandits, who have never been properly identified, leaped out from behind a shed, covered the bored driver with shotguns, and cut the horses loose. They fired several shots in the air, unnoticed by anybody except three customers who scrambled out of the coach and ran away. The train passengers, busy shaking hands with friends on the reception committee and with each other, apparently saw none of this. The only official notice taken of the mock holdup came from a doctor who, that afternoon, cared for a hay dealer who had been cast as one of the masked bandits. A horse had stepped on his foot.
THE GREAT CAPITAL FIGHT

From its territorial days, South Dakota's development had gone along side by side with the extension and expansion of two great railway systems, the Chicago and North Western and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Pierre was the western terminus of the North Western's line through a region whose development had only just begun. Mitchell was the terminus of the Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha's road from Bigelow, Minnesota, through Sioux Falls, but it was also the crossing of two of the Milwaukee's important divisions.

Whether they liked it or not, the railroads became involved in the long-drawn-out political squabble over a capital site, not only as interested contenders but as its principal causes. Although the conclusion of the capital fight takes us ahead into the early 1900's, the story is worth relating here for the light it throws on American politics, human nature, and certain aspects of railroad building.

The bill that established the Dakota Territory was passed in March, 1861, and President Lincoln took over the work of appointing officers and completing a territorial organization. Captain John Blair Smith Todd, a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln, owner of a series of trading posts through the Dakotas, freely tendered his advice to the President—and it is possible that the President, needing advice, listened.

Dr. William Jayne, who had been Lincoln's personal physician in Springfield, Illinois, was appointed governor, with power to select the site for the territorial capital. Significantly he proceeded directly to Yankton where, in the summer of 1861, he opened his office. In March, 1862, he convened the Legislature, which passed a bill
establishing Yankton as the permanent seat of government. Yankton retained this distinction during fifteen sessions.

Up in the north, so far away that the settlers trickling into the lower Missouri Valley had hardly heard of it, was the town Bismarck, named for a German chancellor and brought to life in the early seventies by the arrival of the Northern Pacific railroad. With the railroad came one Alex McKenzie, erstwhile director of track-laying, presently to get a rating as the first real political boss of Dakota.

McKenzie was a practical man. He had traded extensively in territorial lands and securities and he was anxious to maintain the value of his holdings. It seemed to him that the Dakota Territory might operate more efficiently and so enhance the worth of its lands and paper if it had a capital that could be reached in something less than a week's travel. He thought, although he didn't talk about it, that Bismarck might be a good spot—particularly now that Bismarck had a railroad.

McKenzie—handsome, affable, personable, convincing—easily got the respect and confidence of Nehemiah Ordway, territorial governor during this period. Ordway agreed to slip a bill through the Legislature authorizing a commission of nine members to name a capital site without putting the matter to a popular vote. And so it was done while the free electorate howled to high heaven.

The boss from Bismarck was thoroughly unpopular at that moment. But he had an abiding patience and an unruffled temper. He knew that a strong capital-removal party had been growing up in the Legislature for years before he broached his plan to Governor Ordway. Politicians from other towns in the territory were openly hostile toward what they called "the capital clique." Just as openly the natives of Yankton in public office combined forces against the outlanders.

So McKenzie wandered about with his capital commission stirring up Sioux Falls against Pierre, and Huron against Aberdeen. When he had built up enough rancor he finally introduced the name of Bismarck. The majority of the commissioners who voted with him did so because they disliked Bismarck less than Aberdeen, Huron, Pierre, Sioux Falls, Mitchell, or Chamberlain.

Yankton did not accept the capital commission's findings without
a protest. There were sundry legal maneuvers, but nevertheless Bismarck put up a capitol and began to transact the business of the territory in 1885. In 1889, when the Dakotas were admitted to the Union as two states, McKenzie's selection became the permanent seat of the government of North Dakota.

In preparation for the elevation of South Dakota to statehood, the territorial Legislature in 1885 provided for a constitutional convention to be held in "that portion of the territory south of the 46th parallel." The enabling act provided that the people were to choose a temporary capital. Alexandria, Huron, Pierre, Sioux Falls, and Chamberlain were candidates. Huron won.

That didn't settle the matter. At the referendum provided by the constitution in 1889, Pierre competed with Huron, Sioux Falls, Watertown, Mitchell, and Chamberlain for permanent designation. The campaign turned into one of the noisiest wrangles ever heard in American politics.

Pierre's proponents thought the capital should remain where it was, because, first, the town had 2 miles of street railway—horse-drawn but reasonably speedy and comfortable; second, it was the site of the Presbyterian University (which later moved away); third, it had a large brick packing house; and fourth, it was the geographical center of the state.

Into the argument came the Woonsocket Capital Investment Company with an eye to town lot sales and a decided preference for Pierre. Agents of the company announced that they controlled 10,000 votes—a statement that was never disproved. These partisans bought up land on the edge of the village, opened an office, and began an effective campaign to boom Pierre as a fine capital and also as a good real-estate investment.

At this time the Locke Hotel—one of the largest buildings of its sort in western South Dakota—was under construction. Presently festoons of electric lights were in the streets. The lights, the hotel, and other indications that somebody was willing to gamble on the town's future aroused the indignation of Huron and Mitchell. They started an immediate canvass of their districts and presently stored up enough cash for some fine experiments in corruption. In this they were aided by other towns in the James Valley which, realizing that they were being forced out of the running by lack of suitable slush
funds, rallied round their neighbors as against little Pierre sitting complacently by its lonesome river and jingling the cash in its pockets.

In July, 1890, one learns from the record of George Martin Smith,* both Pierre and Huron made preparations to entertain an editorial excursion from Pierre across the reservation to the Black Hills and return. Pierre was obviously anxious to get a favorable press for the West River country. Huron was just as anxious to give the tourists a lot of unforgettable discomfort in the wild Indian country. The Pierre enthusiasts sent down to St. Louis for twenty-five large tents to house the editors en route. They provided also a number of freight wagons to carry the tents, wire bedsprings, mattresses, and baggage. "A load of ice," says Smith, "was taken along to cool the lemonade, mineral water and other seasonable, refreshing and harmless drinks." The transportation committee also provided thirty carriages to carry four passengers each. A billeting detail traveled ahead of the caravan to pick out pleasant camping places en route. And everybody seemed well pleased with the arrangements.

The excursion ended at Rapid City, and the editors were allowed to wander about the hills as they pleased. In due time they were returned to the caravan and by easy stages drove across the prairie to Pierre and home. Pierre, according to the loudest commentators of the period, paid all expenses of the trip both ways. Other towns in the Missouri Valley were incensed and theoretically shocked.

Pierre won the election. But that was only the beginning. Huron's political representatives began to work for the relocation of the capital at the first session of the State Legislature and continued their activity with increasing confidence year after year.

How effective the propaganda had been became evident in 1897 when a resolution was introduced in the Legislature amending the constitution to read, "The permanent seat of government shall be at Huron."

It failed to carry but it started an agitation that continued through several sessions. By 1901 the proremoval faction had mustered enough strength to risk a vote. But once more there were diffi-

cultics. Huron’s elocutionists were no longer alone. Mitchell had come forward with modest claims for recognition as a possible capital. So had Redfield, able victor in the Spink County wars. Just around the corner was Chamberlain with similar ambitions.

The leaders of the revolt against Pierre realized that a split vote would ruin them. So they suggested that the supporters of the several prospective capitals hold a caucus and agree to support the town that showed the best prospects. To the surprise of the state’s newspaper readers and the chagrin of Huron’s weary workers, Mitchell won in the caucus.

At the closing session of the Legislature, a resolution was introduced submitting an amendment to the constitution changing the capital from Pierre to Mitchell. It provoked a long filibuster but eventually passed the House. The Pierre faction was strong enough to defeat it in the Senate the next day.

In 1903 the capital transfer came up again, attended by such vociferous claqucs, pro and con, that it seemed to be the only issue of any importance in the state—as indeed it turned out to be. The backers of the status quo decided there would be no peace in the Legislature until the matter was put to a popular vote and they offered little opposition as the removal bill swept through both Houses.

And thus the stage was set for one of the most fantastic performances ever seen in American politics.
Looking back at the "Great Capital Fight" as the South Dakota newspapers called it, you find it difficult to believe that the issues involved were really important enough to justify the high blood pressure they brought to an entire state. People who had never been in Pierre or Mitchell either and would have been hard put to describe their whereabouts suddenly became avid partisans. Calm souls, who never had known what a capital was for or cared two hoots where it functioned, presently were arguing with the logic and finesse of Arabs embarked on a jihad. To unsmiling men haranguing the tense crowds in a couple of hundred Odd Fellows' Halls in a couple of hundred South Dakota towns, the whole business betokened a great public awakening. To tired observers who followed the populace in its gyrations for six or seven months, it looked like a sort of millennial clambake—and that, one guesses, is what it most nearly was.

For a year after the Legislature decided to submit the matter to a referendum, preparations for listening to the voice of the sovereign people went on with commendable calm and dignity. Maybe, after a while, the crusade was to turn into an all-clown circus. But in its early days at least it was previewed as a rite of great significance, like the freeing of the slaves or the crossing of the Red Sea.

The pattern of propaganda disclosed in the preliminaries was remarkably complete. As a matter of fact it has been used with little change in two more recent wars of greater magnitude. During 1903 teams of "convincers" roamed about the state visiting editors and petitioning support. They scattered a blizzard of prepared editorials concerning the justice and urgency of their cause. They placed a little advertising—but not much—setting forth the advantages of
Pierre—or Mitchell—over all the other cities in the world; Pierre, for example, was more serious-minded than Paris; Mitchell was easier to get about in than London. But, of course, these arguments were advanced only one at a time and by one side at a time.

They ran little historical contests in the schools—a nice prize for the best essay on the relationship between truth or loyalty or beauty and the location of state capitals. The tenor of the essays might depend on which side was offering the prize, and though they were all printed in one or another of the local newspapers it seems doubtful that they influenced many votes. On the other hand they kept things fairly well stirred up and started family arguments that are not yet finished.

The missionaries from Mitchell and Pierre were considerably handicapped by communication lacks. Moving-picture theaters where an orator with a message could always get permission to bore the audience for five minutes had not yet come into being. Radio hadn't yet been thought of even by Jules Verne. But the propaganda got around just the same.

"A private talk with a good politician is worth half a dozen Fourth of July orations," old Pat Kelleher of Rapid City once observed on this subject. And there is reason to believe that he knew what he was talking about. Much of that restless year was spent in conferences between earnest workers and very important personages. It was thought, of course, that each good politician, once shown where his duty lay, would pass on the tidings to his constituents—that each important person could bring influence to bear on undecided voters in their own communities. These subagents took up their work quietly and for a long time avoided public disagreement with rival "influencers" similarly engaged. So intramural friction didn't become noticeable in South Dakota's urban areas until 1904. By that time the orators were hiring halls and calling each other fighting names. The newspapers had quit printing little essays on patriotism and truth and beauty and were substituting invective about "The Capital Crime!" "The Shame of South Dakota!" "The Great Betrayal!" Both factions presented virtually the same editorials with different names.

For a time the two quietest towns in the state appear to have been Mitchell and Pierre. Everybody in those communities knew how he
was going to vote, so there was no need for argument. But elsewhere the tension began to increase noticeably. Over in Sioux Falls two visitors from New York, who had come to South Dakota looking for quick divorces, got into a fist fight over the capital question in the Cataract Hotel bar. In Hot Springs a worried husband complained to the authorities that his wife, a native of Mitchell, had barred the door to him because he favored Pierre. And there was a lot of minor unpleasantness at Sunday-school picnics, school-board meetings, high school debates, and family reunions. Save for the business of locating the capital, there was little political activity in the state that year—there wasn’t room for it.

It occurred to somebody on one of the railroads that a cheer leader might be more efficient if he knew what he was cheering for. So a junket was arranged to carry a load of Very Important People to whatever capital site that railroad reached. There was no Federal law against the issuance of passes in those days—which turned out to be unfortunate for both contenders. If one line showed favors to important people, then obviously the other line had to be just as gracious. So another trainload of prominent citizens was hauled to another capital site. And then, of course, there were other trainloads, because the number of important citizens in any community is virtually unlimited.

At first these proceedings were carried out with no fanfare. It is good business psychology to let a special customer feel that he is getting special attention. But the decorum didn’t last long. V.I.P.’s are seldom reticent about the wonderful things that happen to them. So they went home and told their less favored neighbors where they had been.

In great indignation the slighted ones stormed the railroad offices. Why should Mr. Box get a free ride to Pierre or Mitchell when Mr. Cox was overlooked? Wasn’t Mr. Cox’s voice in the capital site selection just as important as his neighbor’s? Was something going to be done to wipe out this deliberate insult? It was. More passes were poured into the hills. New regiments of the electorate were hauled hundreds of miles to look at whatever town they were supposed to vote for. Citizens who lived in communities served by both the North Western and the Milwaukee were singularly blessed—they got to visit both towns.
Word of all this travel got around. During the first few months of the free excursions only voters had been honored. The women and children who had no vote stayed at home. So presently there was a new wave of indignation from a bloc whose influence with the free electors could not very well be denied. More passenger cars were deadheaded into South Dakota. More passes drifted over the Missouri Valley like leaves before a high wind.

Everybody rode who could get to a railroad station—grandfathers, grandmothers, wives, daughters, and babes in arms. They rode not only to Pierre and Mitchell and way points but to other possible capital sites such as St. Louis, Chicago, and Minneapolis. And, of a sudden, all bitterness vanished. As Kingsbury reported it:

South Dakota simply suspended business and went on a grand sixty days' picnic. Threshers stood unfed in the fields among the grain shocks; plows rusted in the furrows and potatoes crowded undug in their hills. Merchants locked their doors and schools closed to permit all the people to visit the rival cities. It was a good-natured state-wide campaign with no feature of particular interest save the gay carnival of the people.

Whatever else you may say about it, the people certainly had a good time.

What had started out as a free train ride became a series of all-expense tours. The village of Pierre, with a population of less than 2,000, had to find lodging and food for some 5,000 guests every day for weeks on end. Hotel personnel ran about frantically trying to indicate to the visitors that a 250 per cent increase in population was purely normal. Pierre took its nonpaying customers for rides on Missouri River steamboats. Mitchell, lacking steamboats, furnished some circus acts. At every way station in South Dakota, pretty girls distributed campaign badges made out of silk and satin ribbon. Enough of these gay streamers were made up to give the state thousands of patchwork quilts and pillows, some of which still survive in the State Museum at Pierre.

The United States had never before seen such a spectacle as the capital fight and probably never will again. Federal laws about the distribution of passes undoubtedly will prevent railroad rivalry from ever again approaching such a state of reckless exuberance.

To this generation, brought up in the ways of the Interstate Com-
merce Commission, it seems natural to pay one's fare in advance of a railroad ride. So universal is the acceptance of this idea that the entire West River country still laughs over the logic of Nels Larson who was a section hand in the gay days of 1904.

Larson, who had retired, came one day to his local station agent to ask for transportation to Chicago. The agent pointed out that Nels was no longer entitled to passes and tried to explain.

"Suppose you were driving a wagon and somebody asked you to haul him free in your wagon, what would you think about that?"

"Well," answered Larson, "I certainly wouldn't refuse him if he was going my way. . . ."

Whether the yarn is old or new makes no difference. The point is that forty-odd years ago there would have been nothing unusual enough about it to make it funny. Of course, railroads were expected to give you free passes in those days—and of course every train was going your way no matter what way you were going.

Observers outside the state probably wondered if South Dakota's editors were ever going to speak to one another again. The argument had got so far out of hand that by the end of July, 1904, most every newspaper Moses was able to see the true promised land only in the capital site he favored himself. All the rest of the state, apparently, was a howling wilderness.

The Rapid City Journal of July 6, 1904, was less excited than the rest:

Not one man in a hundred in this State ever has actual business at the State capital and the hundredth man usually goes on a pass. To judge from the statements of the Mitchell organs, you would think that every man, woman and child in South Dakota made a religious pilgrimage to the State capital every year, and that a dollar or two more in the expense of getting there would work a great hardship upon the people of our commonwealth.

Other commentators came closer to apoplexy; as, for example, the Sioux Critic of July, 1904:

If the South Dakotan is a fair man, he does not believe in deceit, hypocrisy and tall timber lying. He doesn't want the State settled up if to do it we must misrepresent and bamboozle poor settlers into squatting upon those alkali hills among those prairie dog towns.
The Lesterville Ledger of July, 1904, commented:

Whenever you meet a man that favors Pierre for the capital, you will know that he has either seen the Pierre Boodle Board of Trade or he is from Yankton. If he is from Yankton, he is for Pierre because he is sore at Mitchell; and if he is not from Yankton and favors Pierre he has been told he is a good fellow and has been given a little coin to treat his friends and make votes for Pierre.

The Lesterville piece was reprinted on July 16 by the Aberdeen News with this comment:

Such arguments as the above may cause the people of South Dakota to rush to the polls to endorse them by voting for Mitchell, but they are far more likely to arouse a just resentment against the men who thus vilify half of the State for purely selfish purposes.

That same month the Fort Pierre Fair Play, aroused by the harsh criticism of the West River country, put out this information:

Word has just been received from Professor Carpenter that the gumbo shale and clay near here are the finest material in the world for the manufacture of Portland cement and that samples of the finished product will be delivered soon.

The Mitchell Republican observed in answer:

They must be a queer kind of agricultural products that will grow in soil best suited to the making of cement blocks.

And so it went, a confusion of voices that got louder and more bitter every day.

And the capital fight, as they called this weird exhibition—oh, yes, the capital fight.

Well, Pierre won by a large majority, put up a statehouse, and seems fairly well established as a permanent seat of government. Nobody has suggested any change since the votes were counted.

And, in case you might like to know what happens when victory comes to the hard-working campaigner, well, here it is as reported by a delirious eyewitness:

Finally the election was held. The capital stayed where it was. Pierre had wisely anticipated this victory and had prepared for an elaborate celebration. When the long train pulled into the station that evening, 500
Grand-daddy of all the locomotive giants that make Chicago their home today is the *Pioneer*, doughty little engine that blazed the rail trail from the Windy City to the West in 1848.

Chicago's first railroad station, built in 1848 by the Galena and Chicago Union, was a quaint wooden structure with a tower from which the railroad president could watch for incoming trains.
Fifth in the series of North Western's Chicago stations was this pretentious arch-roofed building of 1856, the Kinzie Street Depot, through which passed thousands of settlers, traders, Indians, and fortune hunters into the booming West.

Under the vaulted shed of the Kinzie Street Depot at train time was a melange of baggage, styles, and tongues—the great meeting place of civilization and frontier.
Wells Street station of 1881, most imposing of Chicago’s railroad terminals of the past, was the great gateway to the Middle West’s agricultural wealth for a horde of European immigrants. (For history of stations see Appendix.)

More than thirty million persons pass annually through North Western’s present Chicago terminal, a giant edifice of granite covering three city blocks. As many as 260 trains arrive and depart daily.
The Thunder pauses on the river bridge at Rockford, Illinois, in 1867. This was a period of locomotives resplendent in bright paint and highly polished brass. Almost all were known by name.

Supplanted in favor by more modern engines, the Pioneer in 1869 earned her keep in a construction train. A few years later she was permanently retired with a record of some forty years of service.
The J. B. Turner of 1867 proudly carried the name and portrait of an early president of the railroad through the wilderness to Wisconsin’s towns and lumber camps.

The famed Overland Limited as it appeared in 1905. As early as 1895 it operated as an all-Pullman luxury train between Chicago and San Francisco. A modern counterpart still travels the same route.
North Western in the eighties already was busy advertising the attractions of the Middle West's famed North Woods, where travelers came with parasols, decorum, and genteel manners of the times. Annual editions of "Summer Outings" travel folders are still issued by the railroad.

Railroad music of ninety years ago. Title page of North Western Railway Polka, composed in 1859 and dedicated to President Ogden and distinguished guests who made excursion over newly laid lines in Wisconsin. As catchy as modern polkas, it has no lyrics.
A fantastic selection of foods and unheard-of luxury came to the West in 1877 when the railroad introduced the fabulous Pullman hotel cars. The menu included thirty main courses and twenty-five desserts. Fine service extended to highly polished cuspidors in the aisles.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
MILWAUKEE DIVISION.

TIME TABLE
Special Train

Grand Duke Alexis
OF RUSSIA, AND SUITE
Tuesday and Thursday, January 2d and 4th, 1872.

JAMES H. HOWE, General Manager,
WILLIAM A. ROBERTS, Sup't. JNO. C. GAULT, Gen'l Sup't.

When the Grand Duke of Russia toured America in 1872, the railroad prepared a private timetable to guide the nobleman as his special train took him through strange country.
Free land for homesteaders was the clarion call sent out by the railroad in the seventies and early eighties. Posters were put up everywhere, even in Europe, for the land-hungry to read and heed.
In 1879 the railroad's advertising was as aggressive as could be found anywhere. It did not hesitate to give every possible reason why it, and it alone, provided the only proper transportation to the West.
William Butler Ogden, pioneering president of Chicago's first railroad.

Marvin Hughitt, the "great builder" during North Western's middle years.

Rowland L. Williams, today's president of the North Western system.
Kate Shelley, who was rewarded for her heroism by being appointed station agent at Moingona, Iowa, was almost forgotten by her once adoring public when she posed for this picture in 1904.
Greatest storm in North Western's history was in 1880-1881, when diamond-stackers worked all winter in southern Minnesota to break through a snowfall reported "14 feet deep on the level."

Like a saucy group of little old ladies, this group of locomotives in 1881 takes over a new North Western roundhouse at Waseca, Minnesota. The turntable was operated by hand.
A far cry from the scene on the opposite page is this modern North Western streamliner servicing yard in Chicago, where millions of dollars' worth of sleek, colorful passenger trains stop briefly each day for complete grooming before hitting the road again. In left foreground is a mechanical car washer, which washes cars at the rate of almost one a minute.
Bird's eye view of part of Proviso yard, largest freight classification yard of its kind in the world. A train of freight cars 7 miles long can fit in the huge freight house in center background.
The streamliner era includes more than diesel locomotives on the North Western, which has a fleet of these fast powerful “streamliners” pulling long trains over its main line to the West.

The City of Los Angeles, one of the railway’s fast luxury trains, as it glides out of Chicago in early evening for its dash to the west coast in less than forty hours.
Pride of the North Western today is the Twin Cities 700, one of a fleet of similar streamliners which operate between Chicago and many midwestern cities on fast daytime schedules.

North Western as it started out a century ago and as it is today is the story told in this meeting of the Pioneer of 1848 and a 700 streamliner of 1948.
people stepped off amid cheers and joyous acclamations, waving banners on which were emblazoned the words, "Pierre Is the Capital." At once the whole population turned out and bedlam for a season reigned. Bells were tolled, engine whistles were blown, guns were shot off, cannons were fired, and a genuine feast of delight swept the young city for thirty minutes. The leading men were called out, both in the street and at the opera house and compelled to give voice to the joy that possessed the city.

A large number of Two Kettle's Indian band was encamped on the river and they too soon joined in the revelry with an energy that dwarfed the transports of the whites. But their enthusiasm was forgiven and even applauded under the extraordinary circumstances. At night the revelry was continued with fireworks, torches, bonfires and dancing in the streets.

People don't seem to care as much about where capitals are located as they once did and the cost of a state-wide fiesta nowadays would run to something like five cents the mile.
Part Six

PALACE CARS, HEROES, AND BLIZZARDS
Chapter 23

LUXURIOUS TRAVEL

The railway sleeper of the late fifties was not much better than the makeshifts of the thirties and forties; just bunks and shelves with narrow mattresses, stuffed, in the opinion of most travelers, with granite rocks; unaired blankets, un laundered sheets—if any. Your carpetbag was your pillow. A stern warning was there for all to see:

Passengers will remove their boots before getting into their berths.

There were no curtains, no divisions—just no privacy whatsoever. Then along came George M. Pullman!

The reader may remember Pullman as the young man who helped put what is now the Chicago Loop on stilts to halt its slow but sure descent into the lake. With the money he had made jacking up Chicago, he determined to build comfortable sleeping cars for the railroads and to put them on the tracks on a sort of royalty basis. The first man approached on the matter was John B. Turner, president of the Galena, who was contacted by Benjamin Field, attorney for Pullman, and the latter's associate, Norman Field. This interview took place on April 6, 1858, and a contract was drawn up between the Galena and George M. Pullman, Norman Field, and Benjamin Field, whereby these three associates were to furnish the Galena with sleeping cars to run between Chicago and Freeport and Dubuque and “between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River.” According to North Western Historian W. H. Stennett, these cars were placed in service as soon as the contract was executed. But, according to the Pullman Company, the contract was signed and

sealed—but the cars were never delivered.* Later in the year Pullman, in the shops of the Chicago and Alton Railroad at Bloomington, remodeled a passenger car of that line into a sleeper. This was placed on the rails as the first Pullman car. It would appear, however, that if the North Western—through the Galena—cannot claim the first Pullman, it can claim the first encouragement to the inventor through a contract.

However, there can be no dispute over the fact that Pullman borrowed from the Galena when he actually launched his first “real” Pullman sleeper; this luxurious affair—as of those days—cost $21,178 and was constructed in the shops of the Chicago and Alton; but Pullman named it the Pioneer—already the name of the Galena’s first locomotive. Began in the summer of 1864, it was completed in March, 1865, and was being readied for a triumphal debut when the news was flashed around the world that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated by John Wilkes Booth.

The Pullman Pioneer’s first job was not as joyful and triumphant as that of the Galena’s Pioneer. The luxury car was given the sad honor of carrying the martyred Emancipator on his last journey from Chicago to Springfield.

Well, anyway, you could get almost anything you needed for a light snack in those days. Pullman hotel cars were put into service by the Chicago and North Western Railway in 1877. No other road ran them west of Chicago, which probably caused a great deal of hardship. They left Chicago at 10:30 A.M. and arrived in Omaha at 10 A.M. the next day. W. H. Stennett, in his early history of the North Western, says that they attracted travelers to the road from all over the world—and indeed they might.

Herewith is a copy of the standard bill of fare:

* From the records of the Pullman Company.
DINNER

Beverage
Tea
Coffee
Chocolate
Iced Milk

Soup
Beef
Mock Turtle

Fish
White Fish, Broiled
Broiled Mackerel
Boiled Trout, Cream Sauce
Fish Balls

Broiled
Sirloin Steak
Tenderloin Steak
Tenderloin Steak with Mushrooms
Porterhouse Steak
Porterhouse Steak with Mushrooms
Mutton Chops, Plain
Mutton Chops, with Tomato Sauce
Lamb Chops, Plain
Lamb Chops, with Mint Sauce
Venison Steak, with Jelly
Veal Cutlets, Breaded
Ham
Breakfast Bacon

Sweetbreads
Sweetbreads with French Peas
Sweetbreads with Mushrooms
Spring Chicken, Whole
Spring Chicken, Half

Roast
Sirloin Beef
Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Saddle & Southdown Mutton
Lamb
Chicken, Brown Sauce
Loin of Veal, Stuffed

Boiled
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce
Ham, Champagne Sauce

Game
Prairie Chicken
Pheasant
Snipe on Toast
Quail on Toast
Golden Plover on Toast
Blue Winged Teal
Woodcock on Toast
Broiled Pigeon
Mallard Duck
Pigeon
Canvas Back Duck

Cold
Boiled Ham
Boiled Tongue
Chicken
Pressed Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Sardines
Pork and Beans
Lobster
Turkey
Potted Game

Entrees
Pork and Beans,
Yankee Style
Beef Pot Pie, Family Style
Chicken Croquettes

Vegetables
Green Corn
Stewed Tomatoes
Stewed Potatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Lima Beans
French Peas
Stewed Mushrooms
Fried Potatoes
Asparagus
Lyonnaise Potatoes
New Beets
Onions
Cabbage
OYSTERS
(In Season)

Raw Oysters
Stewed Oysters
Broiled Oysters
Fried Oysters
Fancy Roast Oysters
Spiced Oysters
Pickled Oysters
Raw Clams on Shell
Stewed Clams
Roast Clams
Fried Clams

Eggs

Boiled
Fried
Poached
Shirred
Omelet
Omelet with Rum
Omelet with Ham
Omelet with Parsley
Scrambled

Bread

French Bread
Boston Brown Bread
Hot Biscuit
Dry Toast
Buttered Toast
Milk Toast
Dipped Toast
Albert Biscuit
Corn Bread

Pastry

Apple Pie
Peach Pie
Custard Pie
Lady Pudding
Cocoanut Pie
Blackberry Pie
Cherry Pie
Indian Pudding
Rice Pudding
Plum Pudding

Dessert

Assorted Cake
Strawberry Short Cake
Blackberries & Cream
California Grapes
Oranges
Apples
Bananas
Strawberries & Cream
Delaware Grapes
Plums
Assorted Nuts
Ice Cream

Preserved Fruits

Peaches
Raspberries
Cherries
Plums
Spiced Peaches
Currant Jelly
American railroad history has many stories of its heroes. Trains have been saved from head-on collision, from being swept down a mountainside by an avalanche of rock, from plunging through a wrecked bridge. But the North Western has a heroine; and there has been no greater act of courage than when Kate Shelley saved the Midnight Express.

Number 15 clattered over the Kate Shelley Bridge and came into Ogden, Iowa, at 12:10 p.m. The conductor, beset by a large, wet man looking for his wife, seemed pained when we asked him why he hadn’t stopped at Moingona. He made some answer, most of which was lost in a shriek of wind. He waved a highball to the engineer and swung aboard his train.

A taxicab driver was more helpful.

"Moingona," he said. "Sure. I can take you there. It's off the slab on the river just this side of Boone. In weather like this the hill out of Coal Valley’s going to be plenty slippery. But I can get you there." So, in one of the worst tempests the region had experienced since the night of July 6, 1881, we set out to see for ourselves the treacherous crossing of the Des Moines River and reconstruct the tragedy of Honey Creek.

It was a fine day for it. Rain was trailing across the valley in shredded streamers out of a corpse-colored sky. The creeks were high, and wide pools of water stretched out over the black corn-land. That was an incongruous note, you thought—not the water, the black earth. The corn had been fairly high and green that other day—but there had been just as much water, probably more.

It's about four miles from Ogden to the river over a straight road.
There seemed to be fairly precipitous hills on either side. You could barely see them through the streaming windshield but you could figure out why helper engines had been needed to haul the North Western trains up these grades. It was just the same over on the other side of the river, toward Boone. That's why there had been a locomotive with steam up at Moingona that night—it was just the usual assignment.

It didn't take much imagination to picture that engine starting out on the last trip to Honey Creek, one of those little tin teakettles with a pot stack and a hoarse whistle. All you had to do was stare hard enough into the storm you couldn't see through, and the whole thing was right there before your eyes—Ed Wood getting up into the cab; George Olmstead, the fireman, beside him; Adam Agar, the brakeman, and Pat Donohue, section boss, on the running board. It seemed, somehow, that the affair of the Honey Creek bridge was something very imminent and recent. I wondered if the taxi driver felt the same way about it. So I asked him if he remembered any local stories about Kate Shelley.

"Kate Shelley," he repeated. "Who's she?"

"Well," I said, "she was a girl who lived on a farm near Honey Creek. . . ." He was patient.

"If you're goin' to Honey Creek we'd better go around by Boone," he said pontifically. "You don't get to it through Moingona. It's other side of the river—mile and a half or so. But maybe you got business there?"

"Yes," I said, "I've got to light a lantern 'to keep my spirit warm.'"

We went the rest of the way in silence, up the slithery hill out of Coal Valley, left on a road that was virtually awash, to the edge of the Des Moines River bluffs. We passed an old and somewhat neglected cemetery, turned left on another mud-covered road, and slid half sidewise down toward a lifeless and sodden village.

Kate Shelley, the greatest of the railroad heroines, was the daughter of Michael J. Shelley, an Irish immigrant who, for thirteen years before his death in 1878, had been a section hand on the North Western. Mike's widow and five children lived in a mortgaged cottage
on a farm plot near the Honey Creek bridge. On the night of July 6, 1881, Kate, eldest of the children, was fifteen years old.

She was a quiet child, bashful before strangers and somewhat dependent on her mother's direction. But she was large for her age, and strong.

The thing about her heroism that seemed most to astonish the world in which she lived was that it had been displayed by a woman, "a mere slip of a girl." Railroads, telegraph, and telephone had brought people probably closer to the realities of life than ever before in the world's history, but the delusion seems to have persisted that females were fragile, helpless beings allergic to thought and incapable of action. True, everybody was still singing songs about Grace Darling who saved a lot of shipwrecked sailors near her father's lighthouse—but, of course, she was a foreigner and somehow different.

How anybody could have associated frailty and inaction with a girl like Kate Shelley is difficult to see. Of all the family she was the only one big enough to look after the little farm. So she did. She hoed and plowed and fed the stock, and did all the odd chores from early morning till late at night. She had the self-assurance that comes of doing a hard job by one's self. She was competent to make a decision and able to carry it out.

The day of July 6 had been dark and stormy, like many other days during the week before. In the waning light as she went to milk the cows that evening, Kate noticed that Honey Creek was out of its banks. When she came out of the barn she noticed a widening finger of water between the lower edge of the farm and the embankment that carried the rails up to the bridge.

The younger Shelley children had their supper about half past six. The world outside was then perfectly dark. The rain was coming down harder and spattering against the north windows in a high wind. After they had eaten and washed and dried the dishes the children went to bed. Kate and her mother sat watching the clock by candlelight and listening to the noise of the storm.

About ten o'clock the girl wrapped herself in a coat and started out to see how the livestock were faring.

"On a night like this anything can happen," she explained.

"And probably will," observed her mother with a Tyrone woman's
gift of prophecy. (Eleven of the twenty-one bridges in the Des Moines valley were washed out that night.)

Kate found herself walking in water before she had gone a hundred feet down the slope from the house. She opened the barn door so the cows could get to higher ground, and rescued some little pigs that had burrowed into a haymow on the edge of the rising tide. The light from her lantern as she bent her head against the tempest on the way back to the house showed no trace whatever of the familiar creek. On three sides of the little knoll on which the house stood was a boiling lake.

From the front window, when the lightning flashed, as it did frequently, she could see that the band of water between the farm and the embankment had come up several feet. White froth was churning up around the piers of Honey Creek bridge.

About eleven o'clock, above the steady scream of the wind, the two women caught the low note of an engine whistle. They glanced apprehensively at one another and went back to the window overlooking the bridge approach. No train was scheduled in either direction at this hour. Both of them knew that. They watched in puzzlement until the rain-pierced beam of a headlight picked out the bridge and they recognized the Moingona "helper" swaying from side to side on a mushy track and headed east.

They judged correctly that the locomotive had been sent out to test the right of way along the 4-mile stretch to Boone. But they had no time to consider the matter. Ed Wood's engine ran out onto the bridge, then veered crazily, the headlight striking up through the trees on the bluffs ahead. Then it disappeared altogether. The crash of rending wood and an explosive hiss of steam came back out of the storm.

The noise brought all the family out of bed. But then they all stood about in shocked helplessness. Kate lighted her father's old railroad lantern, wrapped herself in her wet coat, and went back into the storm.

The water between the Shelley fence and the North Western right of way was now too deep for her to cross. But from the high ground behind the house she was able to cross a ridge to a stretch where the tracks skirted the bluffs. There was no water here. She ran along the roadbed past her own home to the bridge.
Part of the structure was still intact, but beyond that two rails dipped down into emptiness. Far below the lightning revealed white water swirling through the wheels of an upside-down locomotive.

Instinctively she called out to Wood, Olmstead, and Agar—the men she knew must have been aboard the engine. And presently she got a faint response. Wood and Agar had been thrown out of the wreck and were clinging to the branches of a submerged tree. The others were dead.

The girl knew instantly that there was nothing she could do here. The most remarkable thing about her performance is that she correctly estimated each phase of the situation, knew what ought to be done, and did it without wasting time in tears or hysteria. The so-called Midnight Limited from the west, due to pass through Moline at 11:27, would be along pretty soon—she did not know how soon, for she had no watch. She would have to get along toward the river where she could flag it down before it went crashing into Honey Creek after Wood and Olmstead and Agar. She turned around and started to run down the track toward the long trestle over the Des Moines.

With the stinging rain in her face and the lantern merely a luminous blur at her side, she couldn’t see where she was going. At the first curve she tripped over a rail and fell, skinning her knees and hands and cracking the top of her lantern globe. After that she went more slowly but just as blindly. She was almost on the eastern approach to the trestle when she stumbled again. That time the lantern went out.

The thought of crossing a couple of hundred yards of trestle and a long stretch of swamp-fill in a cloudburst had not occurred to her—not at first. The river was about a mile from Honey Creek bridge and she could have stopped the passenger train with her lantern in plenty of time to keep it from disaster. But now the lantern was broken, the flame had blown out, and she had no way of lighting it.

Without hesitation she started out across the trestle.

How she stayed on it in the half-gale that was blowing downriver was the thing that most puzzled trainmen who happened to be abroad that night. She was upright when she came off the approach but not for long. When a sudden swirling blast of wind threw her partly off balance, she dropped to her knees, then flattened herself
on her stomach and snaked her way forward literally inch by inch.

The river, as she could see whenever the lightning flashed, had risen almost to the level of the ties and was roaring down toward the Mississippi with a seventeen-mile-an-hour current. Piling up against the north side of the trestle was the usual loot of rivers gone berserk—snags, posts, planks, sticks, and straws and even sizable trees. Where enough of these things collected to form a barrier the water broke over them and over the ties. Half-drowned Kate fought her way through these cataracts clinging to the rails. Spikes and splinters tore her clothes to rags.

The worst of her ordeal was that she speedily lost all conception of time. For all she knew as she pulled herself forward from one tie to another, the limited might even now be snaking its way down through the western bluffs. It might catch her out here on this bridge and—she said some prayers. She couldn’t leave the trestle except to give herself up to the murderous river. It seemed to her that she must still be somewhere in midstream hours away from Moingona when suddenly the lightning showed mud instead of running water between the ties.

She got to her feet once more and stumbled an interminable quarter mile to the Moingona station. The agent didn’t recognize her when she reeled in out of the storm. He saw a wet, wild-eyed girl with straggly hair and clothes torn like a scarecrow’s, clutching an unlighted lantern in her rigid hand.

“My God! What’s this!” he said.

“Honey Creek bridge is out,” reported Kate Shelley in a matter-of-fact tone. “You’d better stop the express. . . .”

Everybody knows what happened then—how the agent ran out with his red lantern and stopped the express—how 300 grateful men and hysterical women spilled out onto the Moingona platform to fling their arms around the embarrassed girl and fight to kiss her cold hands, how they took up a collection for her. Kate presently rode home in the cab of the engine that was taking a rescue party out to Honey Creek. She was up early the next morning to look after the cows and chickens. But her life was never to be the same again.
Reports, photographers, theatrical agents poured into Moingona. They found a little girl, who couldn't understand what all the excitement was about. In forty-eight hours she was the most talked-of person in the United States.

In Chicago a newspaper took up a collection to pay off the mortgage on the Shelley farm. Frances Willard, the temperance advocate, contributed twenty-five dollars toward a fund to provide the girl with a scholarship at Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa. The school children of Dubuque gave her a medal. The state of Iowa gave her another accompanied by an award of two hundred dollars. She got a gold watch and chain from the Order of Railway Conductors, and a half a barrel of flour, a load of coal, one hundred dollars, and a lifetime pass from the North Western Railway.

She missed much of the strain of this notoriety because she collapsed on the afternoon of July 7, 1881, and was kept in bed for three months. But the turmoil was still going on when she got around again.

She went to Simpson College for a year but didn't like it. She got a school teaching post near Moingona but found that the routine made her nervous. In 1903 the North Western gave her a place as station agent at Moingona, where she stayed until her death in 1912.

Twice each day she walked from her home near Honey Creek to the railroad station following the same route she followed on the night of July 6, 1881, and stepping the ties on the same bridge. When she died the railroad provided a special train to carry mourners to and from her funeral. In 1926 the old trestle was torn out, and a modern steel structure 184 feet high was built 4 miles upstream to carry the streamliners, red-ball freights, and lesser traffic between Chicago and the Pacific coast. The top officials of the organization were present at the dedication of the new trestle. They called it the Kate Shelley Bridge.

The memory of Kate Shelley was green enough as the taxicab skidded down the slope into Moingona. The railroad had seen to that, and so had the balladists—never, so the story goes, were so many songs written in such great praise of a living American heroine.
There was of course Eugene J. Hall's striking lyric, still to be found in the elocution books:

Ah, noble Kate Shelley, your mission is done;  
Your deed that dark night will not fade from our gaze.  
And endless renown you have worthily won;  
Let the nation be just and accord you its praise  
Let your name, let your fame and your courage declare  
What a woman can do and a woman can dare.

You wonder, as the wind shifts a bit and you can see the river riding down through the mud flats, if the local enthusiasts are still singing the carol of the Reverend Francis Schreiber of Havana, Illinois:

Up to the station, her steps she bent  
To state the doleful incident;  
And when she'd done and knew no more,  
She swooned and reeled and hit the floor.

Conjecture was interrupted by the voice of the taxi driver.  
"This is Moingona, brother," he said. "Where to now?"

We stopped in front of a garage where a young man was trying to open a drain. I asked him the way to Honey Creek.

"Gotta go around now," he said. "They took the trestle out."

"Where's the railroad station?" I went on.

"Right here," he said. "This is it. Or it was."

"And where's the railroad?"

"I couldn't rightly say. Over the hill someplace."

"But where do the trains stop here?" He looked at me queerly.

"They don't," he said. "There ain't any." And then I realized what the conductor on Number 15 had been trying to tell me about Moingona.

So we started back through the mud and wet to Ogden. Moingona, the shrine of an authentic heroine, had faded out in a veil of rain before we were halfway up the hill.

"What was that you were saying about lighting a lantern?" inquired the taxi driver.
It's been a long time, now, since blizzards have been able to tie up the railroads on the western prairies for longer than a few hours at a time. Only a few of the oldest inhabitants of such towns as Watertown and Huron, South Dakota, can recall the last time a man was frozen to death between his woodshed and his kitchen door. No one is over-worried if the children are a few minutes late getting home from school at Geneva or Cordova, Nebraska. Hardly anybody in recent years has gone 20 miles out of his way on the 10-mile stretch of straight road between Atlantic and Lewis, Iowa. And yet such things happened regularly and almost unexplainably within the memory of living men and women.

The Blizzard Club of Lincoln, Nebraska, has recently published a book setting forth the personal experiences of hundreds of people who survived the freak snowstorm that on January 12, 1888, swept down from Canada across the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and parts of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and Oklahoma. The volume is a stirring record of a little-known tragedy, but even nature doesn't seem to repeat herself any more, and no latter-day resident of the Middle West can possibly imagine such a storm.

Alex Johnson, who looked on these things first through the eyes of a homesteader and then as a railroad official, records what he saw in a detailed journal and comments that the physical world must be changing. On the surface there appears to be plenty of evidence to support his theory.

The hardship of life in the prairie states during the first few years after the North Western came up to the Missouri River is barely
credible. Johnson's record shows that he was continually getting lost not only on journeys of fifteen or twenty miles along a dim trail but in trying to get from his claim to town, three or four miles away. To travel the prairie on a starless night was always a perilous adventure. To travel the prairie on a starless night in winter was little short of suicide.

One night, accompanied by a cousin, he set out from Redfield, South Dakota, with a wagonload of household goods headed for Doland, 25 miles away. He writes:

A snowstorm caught us after we left Redfield. The ground became covered and we lost the trail. It was soon dark. We went on and after while got to the Jim River.

There had been continuous spring rains before the snow, and the water was very high. We could hear it running and the roar was frightening. Not knowing whether it was safe or not, we were afraid to drive the horses into it.

It was decided that we would unhitch the team and I would ride one of the horses across as a test. I couldn't see anything when I started, but as a matter of fact we were at the edge of a high bank and on a bend in the river where the water was very deep.

The horse went under at the first plunge, then became frantic and started to swim. I hung on. He reached the high bank on the other side of the river and it was impossible to make a landing. He turned suddenly and I fell in the river. I tried to grab the harness and he kicked me painfully in the leg. I drifted downstream to a ford in shallow water and walked ashore.

In time we got the horses together and crossed. We got lost again. I had to walk in my wet clothes to keep from freezing. We arrived in Frankfort at 5 A.M. We had traveled all night.

In the open saloon that served the public of Frankfort a card game was going on—even at that hour. We came in and the men at the table saw my condition and stopped the game. One was particularly kind to me. He gave me his bed and next morning fitted me out with a suit of dry clothes. . . . He was just about my size. He left the state afterward for cause. But he did me a service I have never forgotten.

We reached the homestead eventually and I slept most of two days.

That was the worst of his journeys between towns. But there were others almost as bad. If the snow fell, one got lost. Then to stay alive
he had to wander all night and get his bearings by daylight. Fortunately the terrain was such that he seldom got more than eight or ten miles out of his way.

Johnson, who got a job at the grain elevator in Doland, picked up telegraphy practicing with D. A. Paulson, the North Western station agent, and eventually was himself appointed station agent at Raymond. He went up to the county seat at Old Ashton that year to prove up on his claim. He wrote in his diary:

Got lost coming back. In the morning I found out that I had passed close to my home several times.

He moved into town. On another date he wrote:

We were snowbound many times that winter.

Two young men named Cochrane and Parrott had opened a store. In the dead of the winter Mrs. Cochrane, Parrott’s sister, died in childbirth—there were no doctors in the town.

On that day, with the bright sun shining, the thermometer 30 degrees below zero, four feet of snow on the level and no trains operating, the sad news soon passed to the dozen men and fewer women in town. We got together to see what could be done.

Mrs. Cochrane, before her marriage, had filed on a claim a mile from the village and it was decided to bury her there. Three of us walked over the frozen snow to dig the grave.

The ground was frozen, and when it turned dark we came back with the work half finished. Others had begun to build a casket.

The next day I was assigned to the grave work again. We took another man with us, but even so we couldn’t finish the work properly before dark came again.

On our return we found it necessary to dig some sort of roadway to the grave. We studied the matter and decided it would be best to dig down about halfway to the ground and in some fashion pack the rest of the snow down. The next morning we had a partly completed roadway and with the aid of section men from the railroad it was completed late in the day.

We had to put the coffin on holding timbers because the road was too narrow for it with men ranged alongside. That night, with Walter Wilson, a hardware man, I was a watcher. Next to Cochrane and Parrott’s store was a saloon, open all night. Wilson and I would take turns going to this place to get warm and then resume our watch. The next morning the
thermometer registered thirty-five below at the time when a dozen friends made their way through the tunnel trail to the grave. . . .

And there seemed to be no end to such hardship and suffering as this. A later entry in his journal reads:

The cycle of drouth years from 1886 to 1892 caused many who could do so to leave the state, and on the roads covered wagons filled with families and household goods were many. Those who remained found privation, discouragement and in many cases acute suffering.

Twisted prairie hay was used in this country for fuel. At first it was burned in ordinary cook stoves. Later a sheet-iron stove was designed for hay fuel and was quite generally used. I recall that a man in De Smet made one of these hay burners that sold for $2.50. It required time and work to keep from freezing.

The following spring after the big exodus it was found that those who remained had disposed of their seed. . . . It was all a one year crop then—all spring wheat. Counties like Brown brought seed in the market and loaned to farmers on chattel mortgages. . . .

The rain makers were active in the district that year. The town of Doland built high platforms to aid these magicians, Johnson noted. But the rain, whether produced by them, or gratuitous, came too late to save the crop.

In 1886 Johnson moved to Watertown as traveling auditor for both the North Western Railway and the Van Deusen grain company. He was in Redfield making a routine examination of the station agent’s accounts on the morning of January 12, 1888.

In the states of Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska, this was a memorable day.

It had been a winter of deep snow and rail traffic wasn’t dense at any time. But there had been repeated rail blocks and the snow had drifted to unusual depths in the small towns and along the countryside. Rail traffic was so much delayed that for long periods it was in a virtual state of blockage. Mail was delayed for many days and in some localities for weeks.

The railroads at that time were not provided with rotary snowplows.

I was in a rail-snow block that day at Clark, thirty-one miles west of Watertown and had been there two and a half days previously. The wires were down and it was about fifteen degrees below zero during the day. Before communication broke I had sent a message to my wife and chil-
dren in Watertown that I was all right and had received an answer that all was well at home.

At Clark there was a passenger train and a snowplow engine, and an engine with two cabooses and a box car. This outfit was the usual one where snow drifts made going difficult for trains. The last train with engine, cabooses and box car was usually called a "dragout." And in addition to a regular crew it would carry an accumulation of section men from several adjoining sections, sometimes in charge of a roadmaster.

The snowplow would make a run for a drift—always to be found in cuts with high banks on either side of the rails. The engine would back up from 100 to 1,000 feet in order to attack the drift at full speed. If it did not succeed in getting through, it generally became wedged. Then the dragout would move in to pull it out.

The section men would shovel the snow out and over the banks, and the snowplow would make another run for it. This might go on for days before the cuts were opened. On January 12, 1888, the work had been going on for more than four days. A general tie-up was ordered.

The banks were piled up high on either side of the track by repeated attacks of snowplow and shovel. Frequently after the cuts had been opened a night's snow and wind would fill them up again. In places along the road to Watertown the drifts were higher than the telegraph poles.

The dragout train usually carried food for the crews. The passenger train was less well equipped. Frequently they were stalled between stations with no supplies at all. The passengers would have to sleep in their seats and often the engine fires would be killed to provide fuel for stoves in the coaches. Many times passengers would strike out into the country to settlers' homes looking for food and warmth.

Snow fences were erected at short distances from the cuts to divert the drifts around the end so that they would cross the track and be distributed in the open prairie. But the snow, after two or three days of drifting, would generally pile up over the snow fence. Such days came frequently every winter, and looking back on them they seem to have been unendurable. Yet they were accepted as part of the price for the settlement of the prairie.

Newcomers to the West sometimes wonder if weather conditions have changed. . . . It is an arguable point. In the early days the snowplows were small and inadequate and heavy snows were expected every winter. Then came the rotary snowplow. It was most effective, getting the work done quicker and better than had been possible with the three train arrangement and forty-man shoveling teams. But it was seldom required. Some winters there was not a single call for it and for many winters it
was of little use. . . . A strange situation and I'd like somebody to offer an explanation for it.

We were snowbound at Clark on January 12. . . . The day was bright and warm and we expected to get through with little or no delay until the word came through to stop all efforts to open the road until further orders.

At 3 p.m. I left the station to go to the hotel—a distance of not more than three blocks. For the first two blocks the sun was shining and there was no change in the weather. But in two minutes a mist came with the wind and in two more the sun was gone, the wind was whirling, and, as I crossed the street and approached the hotel, I could barely see the outline of the building.

When I entered the hotel a number of people were about, most of them traveling salesmen. They were visiting and playing cards, oblivious of the storm that had begun to rage outside. They asked me about the train. I told them the news and went to the window. I saw a sight that I had never seen before nor will ever see again, and one that I certainly will never forget.

The snow, in fine flakes, was whirling in every direction and getting denser and denser. Nothing was visible except this spinning cloud. In just a few minutes the street outside the window was entirely dark.

Some of the company stayed up all night. Many of us, knowing that we could not get away in the morning, retired. There was little sleep. The blizzard had a roaring sound—not the sound of a wind-storm but a howl unlike anything any of us had ever heard before.

The next morning it was the same—indescribable. And while everyone was apprehensive none of us could know of the terrible conditions in the night when 112 men, women and children had lost their lives and scores had suffered crippling injuries.

The effects of the storm were not realized until days afterward. Many people remained on the lists of missing until two months later when the snow melted and their bodies were found.

Many of those who died were found near home or some shelter that they had been unable to locate. Many had fallen in an attitude of reaching. Some had been frozen in a standing position, propped against trees or fences. Obviously they had been wandering in circles until death overtook them.

In the central and eastern part of the state the storm came during that part of the day when the children were in school—and many teachers became heroines of a high order. They told stories to the children, led them in singing, played games with them and kept the fires going.
Scarves were tied together to make a rope one end of which was held by all the pupils in the schoolroom while the teacher, holding the other end, went out into the storm to get snow for water. Fuel was conserved. And while in a few instances youngsters wandered away and got lost, most of those who were still at their desks at three o'clock that afternoon were safely cared for until the blizzard passed.

Parents were not so fortunate. Many of them made attempts to locate the schoolhouses and missed. Some were saved by friends or the off chance that led them to run into a fence or a building. Many turned their wagons upside down and took shelter under the boxes. Some were saved. Others were smothered as the drifts piled high above the wagons.

The suffering of families during the remainder of the winter or until the snow had gone, was horrible. Cattle caught in the storm wandered farther than humans. Stock losses were terrific. Such animals as were found generally could not be identified and financial embarrassment and an exodus of population followed loss of life and ghastly suffering.

There were clear skies and crisp calm air on January 15. Rail traffic was still tied up indefinitely. Food supplies were diminishing, and the traveling salesmen marooned in the hotel began to get restive. A large man, representing a Sioux City shoe dealer presided over a meeting in the dining-room to decide on a program of mutual assistance. Fourteen men, including A. C. Johnson, decided to walk the 31 miles to Watertown.

The chairman tried to exclude one William Cole from the walking tour because he was too old (fifty-five). Cole said that he would go in company or he would go by himself. So the fourteen started bravely out over the drifts. En route the voyagers dropped off one after another, at settlers' homes or snowbound villages.

Only Cole and Johnson got through.

The 1888 blizzard is remembered by most survivors of early days on the prairies to the exclusion of all others. That is probably because in a few hours it caused greater loss of life and impoverished more people than the rest of the West's recorded storms put together. But as a phenomenon of a roaring wind mixed with snow it was by no means unusual. Every year brought its blizzards to the great plains, and had it not been for the disastrous results of the
one in 1888, the storm of 1880–1881 might reasonably have been recorded as the worst in history.

Dr. Stennett, mentioning it in Yesterday and Today, tells a story that might seem fantastic if one did not know that he had access to reports of construction in the Missouri Valley.

The Dakota Extension to the Missouri River at Pierre was finished in the early fall of 1880, and it was the intention of the management to be at Pierre on the day when the first through traffic train reached there from the east. The last bridge over the Yellow Medicine River was to be finished and the last rail laid October 16.

In the night of October 15 it began to snow, and that storm scarcely ceased until May 5, 1881.

Such a storm was nearly or quite unprecedented in the Northwest. Thousands of settlers had in the summer and fall of 1880 flocked to Minnesota and Dakota and settled along the lines of this road; and every one of them was dependent on the trains of this company for fuel and food and light, as all were pioneers, and had no accumulated stores to draw from. Hence it seemed incumbent on the company to open its lines and to keep them open. Its snowplows were kept going day and night and thousands of men were hired to shovel snow.

Literally hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in shoveling snow in these six months; and when spring came there was nothing to be seen as a return for it. The road that was cleared in the day would be covered again in the night, and where it was cleared at night the next day was sure to overwhelm it again; and so the fight was kept up day and night for practically six months. Though many had to live on wheat or corn ground in coffee mills, none was allowed to starve. And when May came all were ready for the work that should have been begun in February or March.

It is said, and probably truly, that over fourteen feet of snow fell that winter on a level in Central Minnesota and what is now South Dakota.

In many places the cuts made by the snowplows and shovelers were twenty to forty feet deep, so that there had to be six or seven ranks of shovelers, one above the other, on the slope of the bank to move the snow above the track and far enough back to keep it from rolling into the cut as fast as it was shoveled out.

In March, 1881, one snowstorm brought a full four feet on a level of snow. The last snowstorm and blockade did not occur until May 5, 1881.

During that period eastern South Dakota was virtually isolated. Mitchell, in the James Valley, was completely cut off from the rest
of the world and didn’t see a railroad train for almost sixteen weeks.

As Alex Johnson observed in his diary, we don’t see such winters any more. We might almost convince ourselves that the climate of the Middle West is changing if it weren’t for reminders of our own little snow-shoveling problems. The latest came with the story of T. N. Meyers of Alliance, Nebraska, who remembered about twenty-eight years late that he had been in a Class-A blizzard at Chadron, Nebraska, in April, 1920.

Meyers, one learns, was running a race with the stork from Interior, South Dakota, to his home in Alliance when the train buried itself in an old-fashioned snowdrift at Chadron and stopped. A section foreman came around offering to pay sixty cents an hour to anybody who would help excavate the train, and Meyers, anxious to get home, volunteered.

It took eight hours to clear the cut and get the train on its way, but Meyers arrived home in time to welcome a baby daughter on April 22. Not until the same daughter’s birthday this year did it occur to him that he had failed to pick up his pay. He thought it might be interesting to find out if the North Western Railway could remember blizzards and snow-shovelers so long a time. He wrote a letter to the Chadron office, which referred it to Chicago, where the auditing department found that his check had been waiting for him twenty-eight years. It was for $4.80.

He was delighted. By this time, he says, the drift probably would have melted anyway.
ALONG IN THE NINETIES the heroic figure of this country was no warrior or man of violence. He was a paladin of peace—the man at the throttle, the brave engineer. And in the eyes of youth he rated just above the driver of the three white horses on the fire engine as the most glamorous exhibit that modern civilization had produced.

Little boys gazed at him slack-jawed as he leaned from the cab of his panting locomotive at way stations. Station agents, mayors, and other potentates greeted him with deference and obvious high regard. Any bit of information about him and his mysterious life was a matter of intense public interest. It always merited first-page position in the newspapers and never failed in its dramatic effect merely because many of its details were familiar, not to say standardized. Here is "the brave engineer," alert, nerveless, godlike in his calm. His "steady hand" is "on the throttle," his keen, unwavering eyes are "fixed on twin ribbons of steel" ahead of him as he "plunges onward into the night." "The screaming wind" from out of the gloom is "a wild song of daring in his ears" as he "spurs his iron horse to greater bursts of speed." When suddenly "in the ghastly glare of the headlight" he is aware of a looming, horrible, deadly menace—

At this point the motivation might vary—a bridge out, a broken rail, an obstruction on the track, an oncoming locomotive driven by another engineer just as alert, nerveless, and calm. But the climax was predictable. Whatever the other details of the crash, the engineer would be there at his post when it happened—his hand still on the throttle at the finish.

Laymen, in those days, looked upon engineers as one of the finest developments of American society, and envied their exalted status in public esteem, their freedom from the petty cares and concerns of
ordinary men. Railroaders admitted that maybe they might be classed as a species of aristocracy a bit more elevated than the other aristocrats in a very upper-class business. The brave engineers, themselves, weren't so sure.

One may consider the episode of John Casey,* a brave engineer, who ran a locomotive between Eyota and Chatfield, Minnesota, a spur on the Chicago and North Western Railway about ten miles long. There was never very much doing on this line—no Indians, burning bridges, hurricanes, washouts, or train robberies. Certainly there were never any runaway trains roaring toward one on the same track. For John's train, which consisted of a locomotive, two box-cars, and a caboose, was the only one on this bit of track. That it was called Number 108 southbound and Number 109 northbound did not alter this basic fact.

John's duties weren't very exhausting. Twice each day he would haul his train from Eyota to Chatfield, pick up what shipments happened to be waiting, and come back again. On his first round trip he was supposed to leave Eyota at 8:00 A.M. and Chatfield at 11:00 A.M. And he had no trouble maintaining this schedule until one day when he had to delay the morning start for the transfer of an unusual amount of farm equipment. It was after 11 A.M. when he finally got under way and he reached Planks's station with southbound train Number 108 just about the time he was normally due there with northbound train 109.

Inasmuch as he had no fear of bumping into himself on a bright day with a clear track, he waved at the Planks's station agent cheerily and rattled along toward Chatfield which he reached in good order along about 11:40.

There was some more delay as the freight was unloaded, but John got under way about his usual afternoon returning time and was in Eyota in time for supper. He thought no more about the episode until an inspector came to visit him about a week later.

"It's about Number 109, on July fifteenth," the inspector told him. "They want to know what you did with it."

"I didn't do anything with it," said John. "I suppose it was canceled." His visitor shook his head sadly.

* Uncle of author Robert J. Casey.
"It wasn't canceled," he answered. "It must have just disappeared. And I think maybe you'll be hearing about it."

So, two days later, John got down from his cab in Eyota at the end of the afternoon run and received an order to report at once to headquarters in St. Paul. The next day he was on the carpet before a grim-faced superintendent.

"As engineer of Number 108 out of Eyota on July fifteenth," stated this critic after reading from some notes, "you should have gone onto the siding at Planks to permit the passage of Number 109 out of Chatfield. Instead of that, without waiting even to ask for instructions, you proceeded the rest of the way on Number 109's time. Such conduct is indefensible and inexcusable."

"But," gasped John, "there wasn't any Number 109. There couldn't be until I got to Chatfield and turned Number 108 around. I was running the only locomotive on that track."

The superintendent listened to the explanation unmoved.

"You have taken too much for granted," he said. "The rule on this point is plain. You had no right to proceed against the time of a train that theoretically had already left Chatfield."

"But there was no other train."

"You had no way to determine that. For all you knew to the contrary, we might have hauled a locomotive and a couple of cars overland on wagons from La Crosse."

John studied him in some surprise.

"Yes," he said finally, "you might have done just that. It's what they call operating logic. So now you can have your tin teapot and my overalls. I'm going out West and raise sheep."

So he did go out West and he did raise sheep, with some success. But his name, from that time to this, was never mentioned by the lads who compiled the stories of the brave new engineers.

In the history of nearly every railroad is the poignant record of the relationship that sprang up between an engineer and some forlorn child who stood each day at a desolate crossroads to wave a friendly hand. Some of these are the most beautiful stories in an amazing folklore. But every gold medal has its reverse.

Plenty of people are still alive who remember the erratic per-
formance of the *Slim Princess*, the North Western narrow-gauge train that once ran between Deadwood and Lead.

The course, if it could be measured horizontally, was about two and a half miles long. The vertical distance was about a thousand feet, much of which was covered over a series of shelves pasted against the mountainside. As one straightened out at the summit, however, the track ran briefly along a gentler slope. And in this stretch, every few trips, the train would come to a sudden halt while the engineer tooted his whistle and roared imprecations at something hidden in the brushwood.

There wasn't anything mysterious about this rite—not unless you happened to be a very recent arrival in the Hills. The engineer's explanation had been recorded in print the first time the startled passengers asked him about it.

"That little kid comes down here and monkeys around the track," he said. "I'm scaring hell out of him."

Almost of a piece with this is the story of Earl Gilette who had a run on the Omaha line with a terminus at Park Falls, Wisconsin. There is a rumor, which now, unfortunately, cannot be disproved, that in ten years of service on this route Gilette was never better than an hour late at his destination until the momentous Decoration Day when he came roaring past the town of Radisson a good twenty minutes ahead of schedule. Midway to the next town he slid to a grinding stop alongside somebody's farm, leaped from his cab, and dashed up an embankment. When the startled conductor caught up with him a few minutes later he was sitting on a stump, spanking a small boy.

"He's been throwing things at me," explained Gilette. "He's been needing this spanking for nearly a year, but this is the first chance I had to give it to him without wasting the passengers' time."

It wasn't only at the far ends of the rail that the brave engineers displayed their occupational whimsy. An engineer seems always to have been an engineer, even inside the city limits. And for that we have the testimony of Caroline Goldacker of Chicago.

Some time before the turn of the century, Miss Goldacker's family lived on Belmont Avenue across from the suburban stop then known as Gross Park station. Belmont Avenue is now a business artery with factories pressing close to the North Western tracks. But in
those days it was a dusty, quiet, almost empty trail through a quiet community of homes.

Living there, Miss Goldacker remembers, was much like living in the country, and like other people beyond the edge of urban excitement, her family developed a keen interest in passing trains. In time they came to know as much about the schedule—freight and passenger—as the dispatcher downtown. The morning milk train was a more reliable awakener than an alarm clock. There was a Waukegan-bound passenger train that signaled their bedtime at 10:00 p.m. And only on occasion were they awake to hear the “theater special” which was due to pass Gross Park, without stopping, at 11:30.

Back and forth shuttled the trains as regularly as the clock ticked, always interesting to the Goldackers but never what you might call intimately associated with their lives until a brave engineer found a job to do in 1898.

That evening the family had retired as usual at 10:00 p.m. All of them were asleep before eleven and none stirred when the tracks began to rumble with the approach of the “theater special” from Deering. So presently they leaped from their beds in a state of shock into a world filled with the clanging of a locomotive bell and the rapid tooting of a whistle.

“It’s the theater train,” observed Miss Goldacker in surprise. “It’s stopped and it isn’t supposed to stop here.”

She leaned from her window and found herself looking into the face of the brave engineer gazing up at her through a weird, flickering light.

“Your house is afire,” he yelled at her. “Get everybody out.”

So everybody got out. The whistle stopped blowing. The train proceeded on its way north. The house burned down.
Part Seven

THE LAST LAP
Chapter 27

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW CENTURY

When Marvin Hughitt took over the presidency, the Chicago and North Western’s trackage as of May 31, 1887, was 4,037.23 miles; its gross earnings were $26,321,315.15; its net income $6,056,775.77. When he resigned that office on October 20, 1910, the road operated 7,629.45 miles of tracks; its gross earnings were $74,175,684.69; its net income $22,022,005.48. The line had progressed far from “the farmer’s railroad” which William Butler Ogden had visioned in the activation of the old Galena. Then its genesis had been a one-hundred-thousand-dollar corporation; authorized capital stock on the day Marvin Hughitt stepped down was $200,000,000.

It should be of interest to those who appreciate railroad history to glance over the roster of directors and general officers of the North Western as of August 1, 1887—the day Hughitt actually took over the presidency. Even after a lapse of sixty-one years, names legendary in the big business of their day can be recognized—a far call from the farmers, country lawyers, and Chicago pioneers who had made up Ogden’s first Board of Directors. The road had become, thus early, a national institution.

Directors

Albert Keep .......... Chicago Chauncey M. Depew .... New York
Marvin Hughitt .... Chicago Samuel F. Barger .... New York
N. K. Fairbank .... Chicago H. McK. Twombly .. New York
Horace Williams .... Clinton, Iowa W. K. Vanderbilt .... New York
David P. Kimball ... Boston F. W. Vanderbilt .... New York
William L. Scott ... Erie D. O. Mills ......... New York
A. G. Dulman ....... New York M. L. Sykes ......... New York
John M. Burke .... New York Percy R. Pyne .... New York
John I. Blair .... Blairstown, New Jersey
Executive Committee

Albert Keep, chairman of the Board
Marvin Hughitt  William L. Scott
C. M. Depew  A. G. Dulman
Samuel F. Barger  H. McK. Twombly
David P. Kimball

General Officers

Marvin Hughitt .......... President
* M. L. Sykes .......... Vice-president, treasurer, and secretary
* S. O. Howe .......... Assistant treasurer and assistant secretary
M. M. Kirkman ........ Comptroller
J. B. Redfield .......... Auditor, assistant secretary, and assistant treasurer
W. H. Stennett ........ Auditor of expenditures
John M. Whitman .......... General manager
Sherburne Sanborn .......... General superintendent
Horace G. Burt .......... Chief engineer
William C. Goudy .......... General counsel
William B. Keep .......... General attorney
H. C. Wicker .......... Traffic manager
H. R. McCullough .......... General freight agent
W. A. Thrall .......... General ticket agent
Edward P. Wilson .......... General passenger agent
R. W. Hamer .......... Purchasing agent
Charles E. Simmons .......... Land commissioner
Frank P. Crandon .......... Tax commissioner
George W. Tilton .......... Superintendent of motive power and machinery

* Located in New York; all others were in Chicago.

The Middle West and Northwest of President Hughitt’s early days had no money. The frontier was always in debt—a gambler’s risk in the short spells of prosperity in between panics and depressions. Hughitt, at the start, had to depend on his intestinal fortitude as a pioneer—which he certainly was in the industrial sense if not in the trapper, hunter, and ground-breaker sense—and he had to depend also on the gambling instincts of the big bugs of the eastern and foreign money marts. So, in the second phase of middle western and northwestern development you see Chauncey Depew, two Vanderbilts, a Twombly, and a Mills seated on the Board of Directors of the North Western. Jay Gould tried long and hard to get on that board and managed to serve one term; had he succeeded in digging
in, he might have contrived to bleed the North Western as white as he bled so many other roads. But the line had a bulldog of a watchman for president. A rarity among the great railroads of the eighties, the nineties, and the turn of the century, Hughitt's road was untouched by the scandals of stock-jobbing, stock-ribbing, treasury bleeding. Possibly there may have been attempts along these lines—but they got nowhere.

His task was to construct or otherwise to bring together an ironclad system radiating out of Chicago, tapping a new and growing spread of producing and consuming country the future vastness of which, in terms of people and cities, forest and farms, lumber, iron, gold, lead, and manufactured products, was realized by comparatively few men of his day. When he stepped down from the presidency of the North Western he could truthfully have said—though he probably never said it—that he had taken a major part in the social, economic, and industrial development of his country. He had practically doubled the trackage of his railroad; he had more than trebled its net income. He must have been very tired, but he must also have been very, very pleased.

Hughitt's first report to the stockholders of the Chicago and North Western was that ending the fiscal year of 1888. (Elected president in June, he signed the 1887 report in August because of the illness of Keep, the retiring president.) He showed a total of 4,210.75 miles composed as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Route</th>
<th>Mileage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago and North Western</td>
<td>2,521.51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winona and St. Peter</td>
<td>448.48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dakota Central</td>
<td>723.93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toledo and North Western</td>
<td>385.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northern Illinois</td>
<td>75.78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princeton and Western</td>
<td>16.06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sycamore, Courtland and Chicago</td>
<td>4.64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron River</td>
<td>35.16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Total mileage* .................................. 4,210.75

Hughitt also reported on the leased Trans-Missouri River lines—the Sioux City and Pacific, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley, and the Wyoming Central, the latter short line under construc-
tion by the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley. As has been stated, he was president of these leased lines. The Sioux City and Pacific had 107.42 miles, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley 1,154.45 miles. The Wyoming had built 26 miles during the year. Adding these three subsidiaries to the North Western system mileage, Hughitt was operating 5,197.62 miles of railroad.

His second year of office was a bad one financially—through no fault of his; gross earnings took a dive to the extent of $1,005,299.82—more than 90 per cent of which was decrease in freight revenue, due partly to the failure of the crops in Iowa and western Illinois and in much greater measure to regulatory laws—the new Interstate Commerce Law and the actions of state legislatures in giving rate-making powers to commissioners. In Minnesota the state commission had fixed prices for service at less than the actual cash cost of performing it. The commissioners in the state of Iowa had established rates for the business of interstate lines which seemed to halt any chance of return on capital stock investments.

In the belief that "in union there is strength" the North Western, in company with the other railroads concerned, had during the year become a party to the "presidents' agreement," which was launched because of complications which had arisen due to the intrusion of lines which, because of their position on foreign soil (Canada), were not responsible to the Interstate Commerce Law under which the American lines had to contend for traffic. Hughitt, in his report, observed that "there were other elements of disturbance between important lines running out of Chicago."

In brief, there was a rate war on.

1889 was a good year despite the Interstate Commerce Law and the various state railroad commissions. Although the average rate for each ton of freight had been pushed down from $1.63 to $1.50 these earnings were $19,654,213.24—or more than 8 per cent over the previous year. The regulatory lawmakers probably patted themselves on their backs and said, "We told you so." Business was so good that the railroads forgave the commissioners—for the time being; after all, the more you haul the less you can charge—and still do well.

During 1890 the North Western absorbed one of the largest of
its proprietary lines—the Toledo and North Western Railway, consisting of 285.19 miles of track in Iowa. It also completed the Junction Railway in Cook County, Illinois, completing the system of outside connections between the three main lines of the company entering Chicago—enabling the transfer of freight without bringing it into the crowded city yards. The Paint River Railway was built as an extension to the Crystal Falls branch of the North Western to afford transportation facilities to the tremendously productive Hemlock mine as well as to the other iron ore mines being developed in the locality. Land grants to the extent of 53,639 acres in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were sold; Minnesota acres averaged $6.63; Wisconsin, $2.87; Michigan, $3.08. The net surplus from all sources for the year was as follows: from the Chicago and North Western, $234,758.60; from the Trans-Missouri River lines, $51,951.87; from the Land Department, $433,126.97. Total $719,837.53.

The report for the fiscal year ending May 31, 1892, covers the operation of 4,273.07 miles in so far as the Chicago and North Western Railway proper and its proprietary lines were concerned. The proprietary lines contributed 1,188.47 miles of this total, these being the Dakota Central, the Winona and St. Peter, and the Princeton and Western. The Trans-Missouri River lines—the Sioux City and Pacific and the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley (not yet included in the accounts of the Chicago and North Western) had 1,401.96 miles—bringing a total of 5,675.03 miles of track under President Hughitt’s supervision. Hughitt announced:

The great extent of the Company’s lines, its variety of agricultural, mineral and manufacturing traffic, its movement of livestock, forest products, merchandise and many other commodities, together with the growth of passenger traffic in all the growing cities, towns and country served by the railroad, compel large outlays for increased terminal facilities, side and store tracks, depot enlargements, station accommodations, additional real estate, equipment of engines and cars, and double track construction on many crowded parts of the system, to keep pace with the business. In these respects the Company has the past year provided for current requirements with prudent regard to future needs, and has expended the net sum of $3,914,711.17. This includes $1,821,147.86 for new and additional equipment of engines and cars, $116,826.45 for sec-
ond track, $226,650.04 for balance of cost of completed roads, $771,020.18 for 56.53 miles new road laid as side tracks, $218,756.17 for real estate and right-of-way, and $160,310.47 for other items of miscellaneous construction and improvements on the various lines.

Freight terminals at West Chicago Shop grounds, with track capacity for receiving, switching and handling 1,700 cars were constructed, with the combined facilities of a large, new engine-house, coal sheds, water supply, etc. Improvements requiring large expenditures are in progress at the Wells Street passenger station and yard, and at other city stations in Chicago and at Milwaukee, and many points upon the road.

During the latter half of 1892, Hughitt was busy arranging details for the acquisition of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company. At the annual meeting, May 31, 1893, he was able to state that “the concluding steps are in progress at this time and are expected to be fully accomplished during the present season.” The sale was completed August 19, 1893.

The Lake Shore, as it was generally called before it lost its identity, ran from Milwaukee to Manitowoc, its main line then running inland and northwest to Little Falls, crossing the North Western tracks at Appleton and forming junction at Interior Junction, which was then a North Western terminus. The Lake Shore continued to Little Falls and from Interior Junction to Ashland with lines from Clintonville to Oconto, from Eland Junction to Marshfield, and from Monico to Hurley, with a spur between Pratt Junction, Harrison, and Parrish Junction. It added 757.71 miles to the Chicago and North Western System along with 60 miles of road leased from the St. Paul Eastern Grand Trunk.

In 1894 the mileage by states of the Chicago and North Western was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
<th>Mileage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In Illinois</td>
<td>593.97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Wisconsin</td>
<td>1,579.62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Michigan</td>
<td>521.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Iowa</td>
<td>1,163.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Minnesota</td>
<td>444.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In South Dakota</td>
<td>744.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In North Dakota</td>
<td>14.28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>5,030.78</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Exclusive of the Trans-Missouri River lines.
In 1894 business was still in the doldrums because of the general depression of the two previous years. Industry had declined, and freight earnings had fallen off heavily; passenger traffic had held its own only because of Chicago's World's Fair (a situation that repeated itself during the second World's Fair of 1933). A strike which originated in the Pullman car shops spread through all the roads running southwest, northwest, and west out of Chicago. The strikes, when settled, were followed almost at once by complete failure of the crops in Iowa, Nebraska, and South Dakota. However, net earnings were sufficient to pay 7 per cent on the preferred stock and, after drawing on the undivided surplus of previous years, to pay 4 per cent on the common—the only road in the region to pay anything.

In 1895 the Chicago and North Western, through Hughitt, turned its attention to its Wisconsin grant, then consisting of 284,000 acres of timberlands near the northern boundary of Wisconsin and Michigan. The land, as has been noticed, had been selling—when it was selling—for less than two dollars an acre, and at that, the demand was light. Hughitt decided to make the region accessible, and for that purpose the Wisconsin Northern Railway Company was formed to connect with the Chicago and North Western at Big Suamico in Brown County, to run through Brown, Oconto, Shawano, Forest, and Florence counties to the state border, a distance of about 115 miles. The road was built on contract and purchased by the Chicago and North Western in 1897—so some of Wisconsin's finest agricultural land came to be redeemed from the forest.

The year 1896 was indeed a sad one. To quote President Hughitt:

A summary of the general results of the year shows a decrease in gross earnings derived from traffic of $2,511,517.62, compared with the earnings of the previous year; passenger earnings fell off $445,218.84, and freight earnings decreased $2,118,009.77, with an increase in earnings from mail, express and miscellaneous of $51,740.99. The shrinkage in passenger business was, for the most part, due to the decline in first-class travel, and evidenced the dulness and hesitation of business consequent upon the uncertainties of financial and political affairs, which characterized the agitation of the Presidential election during the greater part of the fiscal year.

These effects were more disastrously felt in reduction of freight earn-
ings. The tonnage movement fell off 1,857,251 tons, or 10.87 per cent, and the reduction in rates was equal to a loss of $903,153.92 on the reduced traffic of the year. The principal decline in tonnage was in the transportation of iron ore and other ores, which fell off 1,792,526 tons, leaving the total comparative loss in tonnage of other articles which made up the year’s movement at 64,725 tons; there was a decline in lumber of 191,221 tons; in wheat and flour 5,104 tons; in oats 24,931 tons; in barley 50,420 tons, and an increase in corn and rye of 237,000 tons; the balance of the tonnage was made up of miscellaneous articles as compared with the same articles transported in the preceding year, the decrease in the movement of which amounted to 29,749 tons.

The annual report for the thirty-ninth fiscal year of existence for the Chicago and North Western Railway, ending May 31, 1898, and recounting the accomplishments of the previous twelve months, was, dating from the Galena start, delivered on the road’s fiftieth anniversary. Hughitt may have mentioned the matter to some of his fellow directors—but there is no reference to it in the records; maybe folks were not as anniversary-minded in those days.

William Jennings Bryan, his “Cross of Gold,” his “Crown of Thorns,” and his “Free Silver” had been successfully buried under an avalanche of Republican votes. Major William McKinley was President, capital loosed its purse strings, and prosperity was again with us. Hughitt joyously recited this ode to good times:

The revival in business during the past fiscal year has resulted in an increase in the gross receipts of the company of $5,073,347.57. After paying the current expenses and taxes, the fixed charges and usual dividends on preferred and common stock, there is a surplus of $2,235,322.59.

The new century started well for the Middle West and for the railroads that had contrived it out of the wilderness. Markets for farm products were good. Building was active. Manufacturers were prosperous. And there was no lack of money for land and town-lot speculation. New Chicagos were advertising themselves blatantly at every crossroads or river landing, and the burden of their song was always the same: If the railroads could make one miracle city, they could make another, and this time, of course, the hub of the universe was going to be Lostville on the prairie.

Sioux City, which had been an important point in the Missouri
By 1900 the railway had penetrated deep into Wyoming and had supplemented its main lines in Iowa and upper Michigan with branch lines to tap farm lands and iron mines.
River traffic continued to be important with the early aid of several railroads. Within a few years it became a great corn market and livestock center. Quite obviously it was scheduled to grow. The only question was how much. E. C. Peters and some other local promoters thought it would be wise to set no limits.

Peters owned a tract of land in the somewhat swampy valley of the Floyd River. It was definitely outside the city limits and not too accessible. So Peters promoted an elevated railroad, the third one ever seen in the United States, and sold building lots at the end of it. New York banks that bought Sioux City mortgages paid a large percentage of the cost of development, and though the elevated collapsed, Peters's suburb turned out to be permanent.

Far from being unique, the Sioux City case was typical of the period. Prosperity was definitely at hand, and not even the worst pessimist would venture to forecast an end to it. Such things had happened before and have happened since.

All the railroads were doing well in those years, the North Western better than ever. The year 1900 was one of intensive building and improvement. Double tracking had been completed over 333 of the 487 miles between Chicago and Council Bluffs. All the track elevation required by the Chicago City Council up to that date had been completed.

A bridge 2,750 feet long and 184 feet high was built across the valley of the Des Moines River to eliminate a bad pull over the Moingona hill between Boone and Ogden, Iowa. New stations of stone and brick replaced the classic red wooden depots not only along the main line but at such outposts as Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, and Pierre, South Dakota.

A new line was extended from Nelson, Illinois, to Peoria and thence southward to an East St. Louis connection to tap the Illinois coal fields.

In 1902, the Chicago and North Western Railway company officially took over the railroad, franchise, and property of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad. The Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, which had 1,372 miles of road, was operating lines from Fremont, Nebraska, to Hastings, Lincoln, and Superior, Nebraska; to the Black Hills; and into Wyoming as far as Casper.
In 1905 the Chicago and North Western extended the line 148 miles to Lander to prepare for the rush that would come with the opening of 1,410,000 acres of the Shoshoni reservation.

New extensions were authorized in 1909 for lines in the St. James district and Belle Fourche Valley of South Dakota. In 1911 the new passenger terminal in Chicago was opened, and Will Ogden's railroad seemed to have reached the peak of its prosperity.
Chapter 28

YESTERDAY'S FRONTIER

The Northwest, that promised land of which Will Ogden had dreamed and preached, had changed prodigiously since he had first set foot on it at the mouth of the Chicago River in 1835. For one thing it was no longer the Northwest any more than Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, which had been so marked on the maps of revolutionary times. It was a region unlike the New World of which it was a contiguous part or the Old World that had populated it, a region out of whose mixed bag of races and creeds and philosophies were emerging a unity of spirit and something like an indigenous culture. And this, which had been yesterday's frontier, was now the Middle West, axis of a nation and potentially the richest area on earth.

Ogden had ridden horseback over the dangerous trails out of Chicago into the wilderness of the North Woods, the unpromising groves and rolling meadows of what was to be Iowa, the desolate emptiness of uncharted valleys in the territory beyond the upper Mississippi—even to the barren edges of the red Missouri. And he had seen things in these vast solitudes that other men could not see. He had pictured the advance of civilization a thousand miles, not in a hundred years or two hundred, but in a single generation. He had lived to see the fulfillment of his vision but not to realize the extent of it. He died most likely without knowing that he had earned a place among the empire builders.

William Butler Ogden had been a prophet but he had never been enough of a prophet to foresee the caprices of steam transport.

He had believed that the railroad would bring some big business to the sprawling town that accident had dropped at the foot of Lake Michigan. But never in his right mind would he have predicted that
the steam locomotive, passing by more logical prospects, would drag
this improbable village out of a swamp to a place among the world's
first five cities. Out of an abiding and convincing faith he had
preached of wonders that would one day come out of the never-never
land beyond the end of the rail. But he could not have told what the
wonders would be. He had looked into the future to see great oceans
of ripening wheat and Babylonian towers filled with yellow corn. He
knew all about the treks and traffic of the voyageurs, hunters, and
traders. But he died without ever having heard of the Merritt
brothers or of the fabulous Mesabi iron range. He had heard that a
gold strike had been made in the Black Hills—but there was no rail
into the Black Hills, not yet.

The wealth of the land had been sufficient to bring his railroad
through depressions he had not envisioned. Transcontinental trains
were rolling in and out of Chicago over the tracks of the Chicago
and North Western Railway. Frontiers were rapidly receding. The
Indians were quiet now . . . there wouldn't be any more blood-
letting like the affair of the Little Big Horn—not likely. Will Ogden
could die content in the thought that the pioneers had won the West
and that the nation was now a glorious prosperous unit from the
Atlantic to the Pacific. A lot of his contemporaries shared the
thought: *Have I played well the part? Give me then your applause.
Not even then was any man in America seer enough to foretell what
the trend of the drama was going to be or its climax.

Ogden had been dead some twenty years. Across the skyline above
Pig's-Eye on the Mississippi stretched the tall massed cylinders of
the grain elevators, in many ways the most tremendous architecture
that had been given to the world since Egypt. Towering cities had
grown out of the settlements about St. Anthony Falls and out of the
hamlets of Omaha and Council Bluffs and Sioux City and Sioux
Falls and Des Moines and Rockford and Elgin and out of the dreamy
villages by the Lake Michigan shore. A great university had risen
between the lakes at Madison. The barren reaches of upper Michi-
gan were alive with a new sort of pioneering citizenry that attacked
the earth with dynamite and drills instead of plows. There was no
longer any wilderness in Wisconsin. Green fields had replaced the
cutover lands, and dairy herds roamed picturesquely and profitably
through the green fields. And population was virtually continuous from Beloit to Superior.

The milling industry had already made the Twin Cities famous. The greatest primary wheat market in the world had sprung up in South Dakota. As a cattle shipping center, Omaha was beginning to rival Chicago. A truly remarkable clinic in the cornfields at Rochester, Minnesota, was attracting international attention. Iowa corn and hogs had become a principal factor in the nation’s food supply, and a dozen industrial enterprises were getting under way in a dozen Iowa towns. The Black Hills had become one of the greatest gold-producing areas in the world. Thousands and thousands of head of cattle were on the ranges about Belle Fourche and the green plateaus of the Bad Lands. Indian reservations were being opened up, and the tide of settlement was still flowing West. Day and night the copper and iron poured into the loading hoppers along the Lake Superior littoral.

Out to the far corners of a region that fifty years before had been virtually unexplored went long trainloads of manufactured goods, building materials, farm implements, industrial tools, hardware, and the like. Back came an incredible avalanche of wheat, oats, barley, rye, hay, potatoes, fish, livestock, dressed meat, gold, silver, arsenic, granite, brick, fire clay, cement, feldspar, sausage, soy beans, fruit, spodumene, gypsum, cement, lumber, butter, marble, salt, mica, rock wool, eggs, nuts, sugar beets, poultry, cheese, corn, clover seed, money—the list is endless.

This, then, is the Middle West.

It is also the Chicago and North Western Railway. Look at the map of this amazing region from the Kansas state line to Duluth and from Milwaukee to Lander, Wyoming. You find the white spaces of Ogden’s time filled up now with the names of literally hundreds of towns that have come to mean something in the American economy, and laced across the picture in a pattern that looks something like a graph of the human circulatory system is the chart of North Western’s 9,729 miles of steel.

The reason, of course, is obvious. The steam railroad made these towns just as it made a fertile homeland out of the barren West.

In Europe, when finally practical necessity overcame public phobia and the laying of rails began, the problem of the surveyors
was to link up existing towns as best they could. In the old North-west Territory and the unknown lands beyond, there were no towns. The railroad laid them out, named them, populated them, and nursed them through their formative years. It gave them an excuse for existence hundreds of miles from deep rivers and scores of miles from other human habitation. It enabled them to thrive in isolation in the midst of forests or on prairies as free of track or trail as the bosom of the Atlantic. And whatever the lavish natural resources of this area, the advantages of benign weather and the enterprise of the people who followed the locomotive whistles westward, the great Middle West, as a region, a culture, or an attitude of mind, is definitely the creation of the railroad.

The North Western's progress into this mysterious realm, like that of all lines west of the Mississippi, was in three stages. First the trains came after the pioneer, as in the Des Plaines Valley in 1848 and later among the marooned towns of the lush valley of the Minnesota. Then, as in the mining country and parts of Iowa, they moved forward virtually at his side. And finally they were ahead of him out on the flats and into the Indian country, leading him on to a promised land.

Will Ogden lived to see some of this transition, but by no means its most important part. Today he probably would be unable to recognize the names of dozens of men who helped give substance to his vision. In his declining years perhaps he had heard of Carl Schurz who had led a number of German intellectuals and liberals into Wisconsin after the unsuccessful revolution in Baden in 1848. Schurz had been the friend and advisor of Abraham Lincoln. He had been Secretary of the Interior and an advocate of timber conservation, and his voice had been heard far across the land. But it is less likely that the great railroad builder had ever met or been concerned with a Scotch lad named John Muir whose father followed the lure of the railroad to a spot near Madison. Certainly he would have no ideas about Robert M. La Follette or Frank Lloyd Wright or what they might stand for.

On the whole the characters of the period were as fantastic as the conditions that produced them. Ignatius Donnelly, erratic genius, came to Minnesota in 1856 to map the town of Nininger, stir the territory's political and social life, establish the authorship of Shake-
speare's plays, and explore the lost continent of Atlantis. His weird essays into the unknown, his striking success as a best-selling author had no effect on the westward course of the rails. The fact that he was able to get elected to a seat in the United States Senate did. He didn't like the policies of the railroad operators—and he was as powerful as he was prejudiced.

When Douglass Houghton, a young explorer, wrecked his dory and drowned off the Keweenaw peninsula in Lake Superior, the news was a long time getting down to the Chicago and North Western Railway offices in Chicago. Destiny is never in much of a hurry. But from the wreck of Houghton's boat an Indian guide saved his field notes, and the notes told about the wonderful copper ore of upper Michigan.

The Merritt brothers, Leonidas, Napoleon, Jerome, Cassius, Alfred, Lucius, and Lewis, were timber cruisers who found some red dust on a slope just west of Lake Superior in Minnesota that the Indians call "the height of land." The other name for it is Mesabi.

A boy set out from a little town in the Root River Valley on a dubious venture. With a gift of persuasion that cannot be over-appraised he had succeeded in borrowing a team of horses from his cautious father. "The lumber companies are getting away from the rivers," he said. "They will need transport. With a team of horses I can earn enough money hauling logs in one season to buy a share of a business for myself." The little boy's name was Weyerhaeuser.

A doctor in Le Sueur, who never could collect his bills and so was forced to run a steamboat on the Minnesota River as a side line, got some original ideas about surgery. He went to Chicago, conferred with medical rebels like Oechsner, Billings, and Murphy, and came home. He never had any notions about being a miracle man and he had had no experience in the building of better mousetraps. But presently the world was beating a path to his door. He took his talent and his sons, Will and Charlie, to Rochester and opened a larger office. He was Dr. William Worrell Mayo.

H. N. Ross, a professional miner with the Custer expedition sent out to examine the resources, if any, of the Black Hills, looked at the sand remaining in his pan and saw gold. Chief Sitting Bull and his Sioux braves rode north and got ready for the massacre of the Little Big Horn.
More gold was discovered in Deadwood Gulch, and a town sprang up. Wild Bill Hickok was shot in it. Jack McCall was hanged. Beadle began to print a dime novel entitled *Deadwood Dick*, and presently all the rainbow chasers, gamblers, thieves, roustabouts, harlots, and high-graders in the Missouri Valley were on their way to the gold fields.

Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark passed along the route of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway between Council Bluffs and Sioux City long before the surveyors or the now-forgotten Kilroy. One of their party, Sergeant Floyd, was stricken with what one of them diagnosed as a "Billiouse Chorlick." He died at the mouth of the little river that now bears his name. The expedition went on to plant the flag on the Pacific shore and to claim what was actually the Northwest Territory for the United States.

Mike Fink, legendary trapper and river boatman, was up in these parts when no man's land began twenty feet from either side of the Missouri. He left a record for mayhem and murder all the way from St. Louis to the Yellowstone.

After these worthy pioneers came Pierre Chouteau, the fur dealer, who opened a trading post west of the river. The United States Cavalry came along in 1854 and took advantage of Chouteau's spadework to establish a military base. They called it Fort Pierre. It seemed to offer few advantages as a railroad terminal, even had there been any railroads. Considered with information denied the aging Will Ogden, it seems unlikely even now.

There were giants or a reasonable facsimile along the river in those days. The North Western came into Sioux City in 1868. Waiting for it was one E. C. Peters who figured the influx of population it was presently to bring and decided to do something about it. He built an elevated railroad.

Ogden probably heard the tragic news of General George Armstrong Custer before his passing. Word of the encounter with Sitting Bull was a long time filtering back to civilization and difficult to believe, but it got there eventually. Custer and the 276 men of his command had been wiped out in half an hour's fighting. But the railroad builder knew nothing of the end of hostilities and the treaty by which the Indians gave up all claim to western South Dakota. Nor
did he have any inkling of the advent of the medicine man Wovoka who promised to raise up the ghosts of dead Sioux warriors to lead the living in the extermination of the whites.

Up from Chadron, Nebraska, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley, later part of the North Western, came into the hills—to Rapid City in 1886, Whitewood in 1887, Belle Fourche and Deadwood, 1890. Westward from Chadron at the same time the tracks were pushed to the Wyoming state line in 1886; Douglas, Wyoming, 1887; Casper, 1888.

The great Sioux reservation was about to be broken up. Cattle were already running in the West River country. Scotty Philip had a tremendous ranch near Pierre where he was trying to breed the biggest herd of buffalo on earth. On White River, near the Hills, Corbin Morse of Rapid City was grazing a couple of thousand head of white-faced Herefords.

The gold camps were still roaring, but in no considerable volume. The overnight millionaire hadn’t been seen in Deadwood for a long time now. There weren’t any pockets left along Blacktail Creek or Gold Run.

Claims were being consolidated and passing into the hands of four or five wealthy operators. Individualists—lone sourdoughs with pick and pan—no longer could hope to find a footing in Lead. Lead belonged to the Homestake. And the Homestake belonged to Phoebe Hearst.

Across the hill were enough paying mines to provide some competition—the Oro Hondo (said to be owned by Millikin who had just sold the Golden Cycle of Cripple Creek); the Wasps, Number 1 and Number 2; the Montezuma; and the Whizzers. Most of these were low-grade mines, and it was obvious that any operator might easily put more gold into them than he was likely to take out. There was plenty of nervous tension up in the northern Hills—and drama and suspense—and good business for the railroad.

Poker Alice was playing a few hands nightly in Sturgis, unaware that it was a matter of anybody’s business but her own. Potato Creek Johnny, not yet looked upon as a quaint old character by the other denizens of the Hills, was trying to keep body and soul together panning a dollar or two every day or so out of Potato Creek. Deadwood Dick was still just a character in Beadle’s dime novels.
On December 15, 1890, cavalry and Indian police were sent to arrest Sitting Bull to keep him from joining a Sioux uprising. The chief resisted and was shot through the head.

A week later in the Harney bar in Rapid City a general stared glassily into his whisky while at Wounded Knee Creek a regiment of trigger-happy soldiers slaughtered a couple of hundred Indians, including women and children, who had already surrendered. Buffalo Bill, with Mayor John R. Brennan of Rapid City, paid a visit to the Wounded Knee "battlefield." He refused to talk about it.

C. D. Crouch and a young British army engineer, F. S. D. Broughton, began to promote a railroad through the Black Hills from Rapid City to Mystic on the west slope, by way of Rapid Canyon, a tortuous pass. His backers, it was said, were hoping to sell their 34 miles of right of way to some railway that might need it as a link in a transcontinental route.

All of this was in the background as the Chicago and North Western Railway entered upon the last 168 miles of its western advance at the turn of the century. Most of the characters were on the stage. But not all. Still to be heard from were Gutzon Borglum, the mountain-carver, silent Cal Coolidge, a visitor from New Hampshire, Governor William J. Bulow, a harried reception committee, and Alex Johnson, an able diplomat—nobody could have predicted any of them, either, in the days when William Butler Ogden was urging the Pioneer on its solemn round to Oak Park. But it seems to have been that way with most of the people whose destiny was linked with the railroad's varied progress. When there was need for them to appear, they appeared. It was inevitable.
Chapter 29

Again a Farmer's Railroad

One of the results of the contest over the state capital site previously referred to was that the North Western Railway set out from Pierre, South Dakota, to the Black Hills with what was to be the last important building program up to the present day. In this as in the campaign for votes there was open rivalry with the Milwaukee road which had also become interested in the West River country. It was one of those shows that for so many years made Dakota railroading so interesting and unpredictable. The two lines started West together.

They moved away from the Missouri River at the height of an important boom. By the turn of the century the effects of the slump of the late eighties were disappearing. Crops were good, transportation was good, and prices were high in the eastern markets. Once more the farmers were prosperous.

At the same time changes had occurred in the hill country. No new strikes of any significance had been made in the Deadwood area. The gold ore was still low grade. But there was plenty of it, and new extraction processes and efficient operating methods had made it extremely profitable.

The Holy Terror mine at Keystone, in the southern hills, had become a big producer, and small, high-grade mines in the vicinity were keeping the Rapid City smelter busy. There were the customary bonanza tides of loose money in the district and almost unlimited markets for whatever anybody might want to sell.

Also, along the White River and both forks of the Cheyenne, cattle were being run in increasing numbers. Areas that had not been considered suitable for farming were being put to practical use. And
South Dakota's overenthusiastic champions were beginning to tell the world that there was no wasteland in all the state.

Inasmuch as the bad years had most affected the country west of the river, it was the West River country that profited most by changing conditions. The population of this region, largely with railroad assistance, was to increase from 50,600 to 136,700 between 1900 and 1910. In the same period the state census was to lengthen from 401,500 to 583,800.

The railroads had brought their lines to the Missouri River in 1880. From that point expansion had been hampered by the fact that most of the land to the west was taken up by the Great Sioux reservation, but along about 1900 the government began to make plans to release some of the region for white settlement. In 1902, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley branch of the North Western built 69 miles of road from Verdigre, Nebraska, to Bonesteel in the Rosebud reservation district, west of the Missouri and in the southern part of the state. In 1904 the Rosebud was thrown open.

The ensuing land rush, the first South Dakota had seen in many years, was spectacular, exciting, and, so far as the North Western was concerned, a commercial success. The government followed a new procedure in the distribution. Two thousand five hundred claims of 160 acres each, a total of 400,000 acres, were put up for sale at four dollars an acre. The wild scramble of the "Cherokee Strip" and similar land grabs had taught the Department of the Interior some valuable lessons. So prospective buyers were required to register for an assignment of claims as drawn by lot.

With 2,500 claims available, 106,308 persons signed their names for the lottery. Most of them, of course, were speculators who hoped to win a good claim and sell it to some actual settler at a profit. Others were just the same sort of land gamblers who had followed the rails West in the first place. Literally thousands of such people rode the North Western's new extension up into the reservation just to look at land that might or might not be like what they could or could not hope to win in a lottery with the chances forty-two to one against them.

The registration offices were swamped. More than 7,000 filed past the clerks in Yankton in one day. A thousand were in line at opening time the next morning. They had slept all night in the streets.
A carload of catables was brought down from Sioux Falls to feed these enthusiasts. It was sold out before noon.

It was obvious after such demonstrations that movement into other parts of the West River country was inevitable. Alex Johnson, then general agent for the North Western at Winona, Minnesota, leader of the Pierre forces in the capital fight, tells of the situation in his diary:

In the latter part of 1904 it was decided to extend the road to Rapid City.

Immediately after the vote in the capital fight, local representatives of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul had announced that they would build from Chamberlain to the Black Hills. President Hughitt made no comment on this subject except that if any road were to be built to Rapid City his would be first. And it was.

Both roads started working out of their East and West terminals at once—the Milwaukee from Chamberlain and Rapid, the North Western from Pierre and Rapid. On the Pierre, Rapid City line the construction crews met near Philip and drove the theoretical gold spike without ceremony.

The first train to enter Rapid City from the Missouri was the North Western. It arrived on August 7, 1907. Milwaukee's line wasn't completed until three months later. Considering that we had to go only 167 miles against the Milwaukee's 220 it had been an unequal contest from the beginning.

The Chicago and North Western Railway purchased right of way for a part of the distance and followed the Bad River to the Cheyenne. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul followed the White River and crossed through the Bad Lands. The North Western passed within eight miles of the Bad Lands at Wall.

The two roads were thus actively competitive.

Better transportation as usual brought settlers into the west country. More land was offered for settlement on the Rosebud reservation.

In 1908, 6,000 homesteads were put on sale, most of them at six dollars an acre, the remainder at $4.50 and $2.50 an acre. There were 114,769 registrations in the lottery that governed the sale. Fifteen trains a day brought landseekers into the Dallas, South Dakota, terminal of a North Western line extended from Bonesteel.
Fifteen thousand persons, including a number of women, registered in one day.

The west end of the Lower Brule reservation, on the Missouri about halfway between Pierre and Chamberlain, was opened in 1907. Two years later parts of the Cheyenne River and Standing Rock reservations were made available. Thousands upon thousands of hopeful people, a large portion of them strangers to farming even in theory, poured into the West River country. Barbed-wire fences began to appear in the most unlikely places. The free ranges on which the great herds had been wandering since the middle eighties were split up. The native grasses which had made this a favored grazing area in wet season or dry went under the plow. There were loud outcries from the cattlemen. And there were warnings from railroad men who knew the country, including Alex Johnson.

"We had solicited livestock business in this entire area," he said, "so it was well known that by me and many others it was classed as an exclusive livestock grazing range. Others, obviously, thought it was an agricultural country. But it has been pretty well demonstrated that it is an agricultural country only when there is sufficient rainfall—and the rainfall is not dependable."

He spoke from experience on this point. He and Marvin Hughitt, Jr., bought a ranch near Midland, South Dakota, in the dry farming area and worked it with the best available scientific advice but otherwise as any settler would have had to work it. They just about broke even for five years. After that they sold at a price twelve hundred dollars above what they had paid for the land. After paying outstanding bills, Johnson's share of this profit was $134. But he emerged from the transaction with some understanding of what would have to be done if the West River country and the railroads serving it were to survive.

Apparently he had some serious talks on the subject with President Hughitt. He wrote:

Mr. Hughitt was convinced, when he found out how many settlers were moving into our territory, that many of them were prepared to do grain farming on the basis of land agents' estimates, activities and publicity. And again and again he instructed that plans should be made to help
these settlers. We called on the State Agricultural College at Brookings for help as we had done many times before.

We brought in experts in dairy grasses and hardy seeds, livestock and subjects that pertain to that part of the country and we started on an agricultural program.

We were not so successful. The settlers were all range livestock men. They were not radical. But their recitals of personal experience were not encouraging to newcomers and there were many obstacles to be overcome.

The program went on nevertheless. The North Western's farm experts finally got some cooperation in plans for crop rotation and diversification and soil conservation. Corn began to grow in regions that had been thought unsuited to it. Great wheat districts like the St. James Valley, no longer dependent on a single crop, have since come through all disasters save collapsing money markets and droughts like that of 1936 with some show of profit.

As for the cattle country, the Federal government started to do something about saving it in 1930. Numbers of claims that had been futilely worked as farms were brought back from the settlers taken out of cultivation and seeded with grass. Earthen dams were built to impound rainfall and increase the number of watering places. The program is by no means comprehensive but it has had its beneficial effects. Western South Dakota is still one of the world's great livestock producing areas.

It was the livestock business that lured the North Western subsidiary, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, to the Wyoming state line in 1886, and another subsidiary, the Wyoming Central Railway, from that point to Casper in 1888 and on to Lander in 1905. The cowboy is still the most important figure in that end of the country, and livestock movements are still sufficient to justify an outpost of the old Galena and Chicago Union Railroad at the foot of the Tetons.

But that isn't all of the story. The visionaries who were still insisting on pushing the North Western across the great plains had more than their usual luck. In 1890 oil was found in the Salt Creek field—a high quality of oil that amazed the experts. A refinery was
AGAIN A FARMER'S RAILROAD

built at Casper in 1895. Two pipe lines were run to the field in 1916, and the boom was on.

The period of mass hysteria ended some time after World War I, and Casper has gone about its business more quietly ever since. But there is still oil in the Salt Creek field and plenty of demand for it back where the North Western Railway comes from.

As for the rest of this Wyoming line, you can find coal along it almost anywhere you look.

Rapid City, terminus of the line from Pierre, had been a place of many guises during the brief but spectacular history of the Black Hills. It had been located by John Brennan, Samuel Scott, and others as the prospective center of a prospective farming community. The farms were a long time coming.

With the arrival of the stage line from Sidney, Nebraska, in 1876, the town became a supply station and hay camp. Despite intermittent gold discoveries in the neighborhood it remained a hay camp until the advent of the railroad ten years later.

In the eighties quartz mining was going on extensively in the Keystone and Rockerville districts, and ore was being hauled in by ox teams to a smelter in Rapid. The community, then, was a counterpart of Deadwood or Lead or any of the other gold-mining towns in the northern hills.

The high-grade ores of the neighborhood played out, or lack of water or litigation stopped the operation of the mines that had been feeding Rapid. So the smelter closed up and eventually collapsed. But the town had no concern about that. Lady Luck still walked with it—this time to point out the lucrative cattle business over east a bit.

So Rapid City became a cow town complete with saloons, harness shops, gambling joints, and hitching racks. That was the town that the passengers from Pierre discovered on August 7, 1907. But it was already getting ready to dress for a new part. The land agents, townsite agents, and barbed-wire salesmen were flocking into town. Dozens of them had come across the prairie in buggies before the first train whistle was heard in the Bad Lands.

The hardy-perennial seers of Rapid City knew what was going to happen. The fences were coming, and the little farms and the networks of roads and the breaking up of the sod. And the cattlemen
were going to have to go out of business or move. But it wasn’t going to be too much of a blow. Presently all the land between the hills and the river was going to be filled with homesteaders—thousands of them—raising wheat, or trying to raise it, on the old ranges.

The old-timers of Rapid City had seen too many projects come and go to venture a guess whether the agricultural theory of these newcomers might be right or not. It was the homesteader’s privilege to find out for himself. As Tom Sweeny, the myriad-minded merchant put it:

If they say this is going to be a great agricultural community, then we shall be the willing suppliers of this great agricultural community. It is not for us to ask what use a man may make of the goods he purchases from us, nor how much benefit they’re going to be to him. If a sad-eyed, shaky, defeated-looking man comes to you to buy a cheap revolver, by all means sell it to him . . . but don’t be foolish about extending him credit.

So Rapid City became a distributing center for the southern Hills and a great part of the West River country and maintained a comfortable existence for just about twenty years. The solid populace that had succeeded the stage drivers and miners and cowboys may not have had an exciting life but it was a lot less tiring than the routine their fathers remembered.

Something of the same metamorphosis had come to the northern Hills, too. The Homestake had taken in most of the competing mines in the district, and gold production had become about as romantic as the running of a steam laundry. Wild Bill Hickok, a badman of dubious stature, and Calamity Jane, an unprepossessing harlot, had been dead for quite a long time. Deadwood Dick—save in reasonable facsimile provided by the chamber of commerce—had never existed. National prohibition had come along to close up the mildewed honky-tongs. And the normal people left in these towns to carry on a normal business took a deep breath, kicked off their shoes, put on their slippers, and sat down to lead a normal life.

About this time (1927) two unforeseen influences came westward to affect the destiny of the Black Hills. One was Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, who had been invited by State Historian Doane Robin-
son. The other was Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States and particular concern of the North Western Railway.

Borglum, who had been frustrated in his plan to carve the story of the Confederacy on the side of Stone Mountain, Georgia, was looking for a new project of similar scope. Robinson suggested that he chisel out a bust of Washington four times larger than the Egyptian Sphinx on one of the Black Hills peaks. Borglum came, selected a granite knob called Mount Rushmore, and went to work.

There had been some tourist business in the Hills since the coming of the railroad—there had always been some of it even back in the stagecoach days. But some of the local boys, including Paul Bellamy who operated a bus line out of Rapid City, didn't think there was enough. You could get to the towns on the railroads all right. But not much farther. The hill roads were bad and those that were passable seldom led to any points of interest.

So Bellamy and his committee had played some politics and brought about the establishment of Custer Park, a state game preserve and recreation center. They got an appropriation for some road improvements. Then, having viewed their handiwork and found it good, they invited Calvin Coolidge to spend his vacation in the enjoyment of it.

While the world was still laughing at the preposterous brashness of these naïve people of the Hills, Coolidge accepted the invitation.

The job of bringing the President from Washington to Rapid City devolved on the Chicago and North Western Railway. It involved logistics generally associated with the movement of an army corps. Not only the President but his official family had to be transferred: Cabinet members, officials outside the Cabinet, corps of secretaries, assistant secretaries, stenographers, messengers, advisors—correspondents, photographers, secret-service operatives, and carloads of people still unidentified. North Western tacticians went to work on this problem two months before a solution was going to be needed and, well in advance of the departure from Washington, had arranged for the arrival, spotting, and unloading of every car in the movement; the feeding, transfer, and billeting of every passenger; arrangement for priority over regular trains—one of the most intricate schedules that, up to the moment, had ever been seen in railroading.
It had just been completed, and the arrangers had sunk back into their chairs when Senator Pete Norbeck called the office of the general passenger agent in Chicago.

"I hate to mention it," he said. "But President Coolidge has changed his mind about going with you to the Black Hills. He wants to visit the grave of a distant relative who, unfortunately, is buried somewhere near Mitchell."

The general passenger agent was too tired to argue.

"You'll have a copy of the schedule in the mail this morning," he said. "It takes care of every minute the President and his party will be on our line and it provides specific instructions for every man who will have anything to do with the trip. It represents two months' work on the part of several people, and I should like to have you show the President a copy of it. If he has the sense of economy people say he has, he may not want to throw it away."

Senator Norbeck called back some hours later to say that President Coolidge was going to the Black Hills over the North Western as originally planned. And so, in due course, he did. Not until months afterward did Senator Norbeck tell what happened when he went to the White House to deliver the schedule.

"I told him that the North Western officials were anxious to cooperate with him if he wanted to see the grave of this distant cousin or whatever it was," he said. "But I said that they wanted a sort of friendly compromise so all that work wouldn't be wasted. I told him the railroad would be willing to move the relative's body to Rapid City or to Washington—which would cost less."

Whether this was actually Senator Norbeck's solution of a perplexing problem will never be known. But anyway it is a matter of history that the President came to Rapid City by way of Rochester, Mankato, Huron, and Pierre.
Chapter 30

TOURISTS, SCULPTURE, AND CATTLE

Rapid City became the most famous town of its size in the world during that summer. President Coolidge lived at the game lodge in Custer Park and established his summer White House at the high school. The town was frightfully overcrowded with the influx of about a thousand people who made up the official entourage. In addition to that people came journeying on business from Europe, Asia, Africa, and all parts of the United States. Thousands of others came across the prairie as visiting neighbors. The passenger traffic between Chicago and the Hills approached an all-time peak.

Next year the hegira continued, for though Coolidge was gone, Gutzon Borglum was there and he was beginning to make some progress on the sculpture of his great stone faces. New roads had to be constructed to make his work accessible and they, in turn, opened up new vistas of the Hills to sight-seers. So year by year the tide of visitors increased. And presently Rapid City, always adaptable, had taken on a new role as a tourist center.

It was probably Marvin Hughitt who said that the Black Hills embraced the richest hundred square miles of territory on earth. Stewart Edward White declared that nowhere else on the globe was such a variety of scenery to be found in so small a compass. They were both very close to right.

Scenery and riches are where you find them. You can climb the corkscrews of the Iron Mountain road and emerge among the "Needles," a breath-taking concourse of stone spires on the roof of
the world. Or you may ride over the prairie 4 miles from the railroad station at Wall to the Bad Lands and look down upon the majestic beauty of chaotic desolation. And as for riches—gold may come in many ways—out of a gold mine or over a table at the old Bodega in Deadwood, or, if you are running a railroad, it may lie in the undisclosed products of a new land. It may also come from a cow’s willingness to eat buffalo grass.

As we’ve mentioned elsewhere cattle came into the Hills almost as soon as the gold seekers. The earliest arrivals were brought in because the miners had chased away the Indians from broad pastures, new trails were open out of Cheyenne and Sidney, and there had been three successive years of grassless drought in the South. So the thundering herds came up from Texas to the new open range from Buffalo Gap to the North Dakota Bad Lands. In the summer of 1882, 27,000 head of Texas longhorns came in a single drive. And the hard-beaten tracks of their passing can still be seen along the Belle Fourche River.

This, the Texas travelers discovered, was good grazing ground. Winters at the north end of the Hills were seldom severe. Snows weren’t often deep, and the tough prairie grasses that curled up close to the ground in the fall provided adequate food in all sorts of weather. The herds that had been brought for an emergency feeding stayed in the region from then on.

About 1890 when there began to be signs of the passing of the old open range, more or less modern cattle ranches sprang up along the north fork of the Cheyenne River. The largest was the Diamond A, which controlled 400,000 acres and at one time had about 50,000 steers under its brand. Six or seven other outfits in the same region ran herds of from ten to fifteen thousand head apiece. And this in a region that has never been celebrated in the movies, pulp magazines, or ranch-house laments as part of the cow country.

Until 1886, livestock went out to market the same way it had come into the Hills—on the hoof. The cows were herded down along the old stage-line routes and put aboard the trains at Cheyenne or Chadron. So money came into the Belle Fourche River district, and a town grew up as was to be expected.

The town, 4 miles southeast of the present railhead, is remem-
bered by a few old-timers as "Old Minnesela." It didn't last long enough to get a place on many of the maps, but the smart citizenry remedied that condition in 1890 by making one of their own. The North Western (Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad) came up from Whitewood that year, skipped Old Minnesela, and laid out the town which is now Belle Fourche. The Minneselans were incensed at what they considered an unnecessary slight to a going community. Belle Fourche, of course, had nothing but a temporary railroad station. Old Minnesela had a drugstore, a large hotel, a blacksmith shop, one church, one school, some homes, and quite a lot of saloons.

So when the townsite company held its sale of lots in Belle Fourche, the Minneselans, in every buggy, cart, and wagon they could mobilize, brought copies of their map to the end of the rail and tried to lure the customers to a sale of their own. The 4-mile jaunt between Old Minnesela's hotel and the railroad station was too obvious, and the trick failed. The citizens accepted defeat and moved over to Belle Fourche, saloons and all.

Belle Fourche was a thriving cow town and still is, although it has lost some of the old look. As you stepped off a train in the 1900's you stood at the head of a two-block street in which virtually all the business houses were saloons, gambling halls, or a combination of both. There were few women on the streets and virtually no children. Nearly all the men who wove in and out of the scene were cow-punchers in the garb of their trade. At the curbs stood scores of cow ponies, fetlock-deep in mud, with their heads drooping between their knees.

Today Belle Fourche has paved streets and brick buildings, a new hotel, and a couple of modern moving picture theaters. The galaxy of grogshops burned down sometime before Prohibition and has never been replaced. The town gets along quite well with a single municipal saloon and night club. Cowboys still fill up the town, but most of them seem to be there on business. The cow ponies come off the ranches only at rodeo time. Travel between home and market is now done more quickly by automobile.

There is no outward resemblance between the sprawling town of Belle Fourche and the Homestake gold mine, but picking one or the
other of them as a revenue source, a railroad freight agent would undoubtedly choose Belle Fourche. In 1893 it established a record as the most important shipping point for range cattle in the world. And it has never been far away from that mark since.

In 1893, 4,700 carloads of stock went out to the Chicago and Omaha markets. Since then such outfits as the Diamond A have gone out of business. The big ranges are cut up, and the problems of cattle raising have multiplied a hundred per cent. But Belle Fourche unobtrusively reaps a high rating year by year. In 1944 the town shipped 7,153 carloads of mixed products; in 1945, 7,404 cars; in 1946, 7,495 cars; and in 1947, 7,848 cars.

In 1947 the local livestock exchange sold 104,540 cattle and 60,249 sheep. And several times that year Belle Fourche rated as the number one primary cattle market in the United States, if not in the world.

Cattle raising ceased to be the community’s lone industry in 1907 when the government completed the Orman irrigation dam across the Belle Fourche River. Since then there has been a great diversification of farm products.

The production of sugar beets became an important industry in 1917. Beets were shipped out by the trainload to mills outside the state until 1927 when the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company built a factory at Belle Fourche. This plant turned out 250,000 bags of sugar in 1940. One hundred and eighty-eight carloads were sent to midwestern markets in 1947.

Other shipments during 1947 were: sheep, 989 cars; lumber, 301 cars; wheat, 278 cars; brick and tile, 163 cars; wool, 117 cars; hogs, 82 cars; molasses, 68 cars; horses, 16 cars; scrap iron, 9 cars; bentonite, 4,469 cars; miscellaneous, 39 cars.

Bentonite, a claylike mineral whose absorbent qualities make it valuable in well-drilling, iron molding, and cosmetic manufacture, is becoming one of the district’s principal products. At this writing the North Western is building a spur track from Belle Fourche to the district where the large deposits have been located.

The tourist trade, so highly spoken of in the lower Hills, does not come to Belle Fourche much except for the “Roundup,” a local rodeo show held in the fall. But nobody seems to care much about visiting
sight-seers. There aren't any dude ranches in the neighborhood, either.

Although you'd have some trouble buying beaded moccasins and souvenir paperweights in the place, the merchants have little cause for worry. Postal receipts last year (1947) were $32,579.03. And the banks did a business of $58,820,000.
In 1910 Marvin Huggitt relinquished the presidency to William A. Gardner and became chairman of the Board. Gardner's regime was brief. He died in 1916 and was succeeded by Richard H. Aishton. The road continued to flourish. There was still plenty of money in the till. And Gardner was spared the headaches of wartime government control that nobody in those halcyon days could have foreseen.

The Federal director general of railroads took over the North Western system on December 28, 1917. For 1918 the company got $23,201,015.60 as rent from the government, and paid out $8,816,106.39 interest on bonds, $925,000 war tax, $149,577.04 corporate operating expenses, and $1,201,762 for all other expenses. After payment of dividends there remained $2,418,956.

The government's report for 1918 showed $127,295,678.35 operating revenues as against $108,264,983.32 received by the Chicago and North Western in 1917—a gain of $19,030,695.03. On the other hand 1917 operating expenses had been $78,758,988.73 against $109,498,572.24 in 1918. All other expenses (net) were, 1917—$5,108,138.58; 1918—$5,355,668.98. So the net revenue, which had been $24,397,856.01 in 1917, dropped under government operation to $12,441,437.13, or very nearly twelve million dollars.

On March 4, 1920, the railroads were given back to their owners. Under the Transportation Act of 1920, the railroads were guaranteed six months' compensation equal to half of what they had received from the government. And there were some new woes. The Chicago and North Western Company in November, 1920, filed claims against the United States Railroad Administration "for undermaintenance; deficiencies in materials and supplies turned back
at the end of Federal control, as compared with the amount taken
over; unpaid compensation; balances on open accounts; and for
the value of property retired during the Federal control period and
not replaced—less all credits due the Railroad Administration.”

The government allowed the claim and paid a total of $15,500,000
cash to the company in 1921. This was one of the few bright spots
in the annual report. Nineteen twenty-one was a year of wide-
spread depression. Railway wages were up until July 1, when the
United States Railroad Labor Board established a new scale aver-
aging about 11 per cent lower than the year before. Operating ex-
enses continued to be abnormally high.

Business picked up a bit in 1922, and revenues climbed during the
next three years. But the difference between gross income and oper-
ating expenses somehow never seemed to approach a prewar adjust-
ment.

Marvin Hughitt, who had been president of the company from
1887 until 1910 when he was elected chairman of the Board of Di-
rectors, resigned that post in 1925 to become chairman of the
finance committee. On January 6, 1928, he died. He was nearly
ninety-one years old and for fifty-six years had been continuously
associated with the Chicago and North Western Railway Company,
the directing genius of its spectacular journeyings into new coun-
tries. The resolution adopted by the Board of Directors observed:

His courage and foresight overcame the obstacles of the pioneer days,
while his optimism and faith in the destinies of the nation led him far
in advancing steam transportation beyond the rugged frontiers.

His guiding influence and sound judgment were keenly felt in the
trying days of the railroad’s expansion. With the coming of the ever ex-
panding scope of Governmental regulation of railroads, Mr. Hughitt
readily adapted himself to the altered environment and never lost con-
fidence in the ultimate fairness of the American people.

Marvin Hughitt’s successors were concerned as he had been—and
with greater reason—at what seemed to be the increasing illogic
in Federal control.

The fiscal year 1926–1927 had been fairly profitable, but there
were signs that gave the auditors concern. During 1927 wage in-
increases had been granted that added about $1,360,000 to the payroll.

A coal strike had been in prospect at the beginning of the year so the farsighted purchasing department had laid in 1,000,000 tons of coal as a reserve. The strike, however, went on so long that the company had to go into the open market and buy coal from eastern fields. This increased operating expenses approximately $685,000, and a further increase was caused by the replacement of worn-out and obsolete equipment, $841,057 worth more than required the year before. The surplus, after interest and dividends, decreased $2,583,757. The gross revenue was $4,202,764 below that of the preceding year.

Meanwhile, improvements were going ahead as if no dire omens could be noted in the annual report. The company had put 5,122 new and rebuilt freight cars into service that year. It is interesting to note that a thousand of these were automobile cars—motor-car competition was still being compensated for by the revenue that came from transporting motor cars.

New grain elevators, engine houses, coal-handling plants, gas plants, and water-treating plants, shops, docks, and tracks had been built. At Proviso, Illinois, 32 new tracks had been added to the classification yard, each with a capacity of 100 cars. Subways were constructed under the south end of the yards to carry Lake Street and North Avenue under the tracks. Work was started on a merchandise freight house, and the program that was to make this one of the world's greatest marshaling yards was well under way.

In 1929 it was completed, with features that made it probably the most remarkable freight terminal in the country. Certainly it was, and is, one of the largest. As it went into service its electric retarder yard alone contained 59 tracks with individual capacities of from 38 to 76 cars each, a total capacity of 3,220 cars on an aggregate track length of 33 miles.

Its function, of course, is to take individual cars out of one train and put them into other trains where they belong. And this, as in other great switchyards, since the London and Northwestern Railway invented the idea in 1873, is done by gravity:

A group of cars are shoved to the summit of an elevation. One
by one or in small groups, according to the classification required, they are allowed to coast down an incline into a maze of branching trackage. Originally the progress of each car was directed by a tender at every switch and a brakeman "riding the top."

In the Proviso yards, however, the movement of cars into the classification yards from the hump is controlled by 30 mechanically operated retarders. The retarders, located on leads to the various tracks, together with the 58 switches connecting the yard tracks with the leads, are operated from three elevated towers.

A teletype communicating system transmits switching lists from the agent's office simultaneously to the hump, the yardmaster's office, and each of the three towers. The movements of trains approaching the hump are controlled by a series of signals operated by the yardmaster.

The yard is electrically lighted by floodlights of 1,000-watt capacity on four towers whose height varies from 100 to 120 feet.

A departure yard, operating in connection with the classification yard, contains 21 tracks (combined length 17 miles) with capacities of 60 to 100 cars each—a total capacity of 1,760 cars. A pneumatic tube, a mile and a quarter long, connects the agent's office with the departure yard for quick transmission of outgoing waybills.

Engine houses at Proviso were rebuilt to make room for larger locomotives. Two electrically operated cinder-handling plants were installed, and among other improvements was a water-softening plant in conjunction with a reservoir of 500,000 gallons capacity.

These are only parts of Proviso. So huge is the freight yard that for operating efficiency it is divided into nine smaller yards, each with its individual yardmaster supervised by the general yardmaster. Approximately 230 miles of track were laid down in the yard area 5 miles long and half a mile wide—enough trackage to hold 26,000 cars. The location of this sixteen-million-dollar freight yard, only 13 miles west of Chicago, was also strategic since it kept freight operations close to the city, yet just far enough away to be separated from the congestion of various forms of traffic. Undoubtedly, this was one of the biggest construction jobs, within a comparatively small area, ever undertaken by the North Western.

All that happened in 1929, in October of which year had come
the big market collapse and the beginning of a depression that seemed likely never to end. The railroads didn’t feel the shock immediately—at least not enough of it to hurt. The officials knew as everybody did that the country was in for plenty of trouble, but at first there was some hope that it might not be permanent. A group of railroad presidents conferred with President Hoover and promised to spend millions in a recovery program. Some of them may have thought they could find the money and that the scheme would work.
Chapter 32
TRUSTEESHIP AND REORGANIZATION

In the year 1930 the North Western built the Wood Street yard in Chicago, a series of tracks alongside paved driveways to facilitate handling of potatoes and vegetables. Its constructors still point to it with considerable pride after nearly eighteen years. Unemployment was increasing, and the stock market was virtually out of business. But there were still indications that some people still had hope in the country. During the year, 528 new industries were established along the company’s lines. Most of them had to do with petroleum products, but machinery manufacturers, miscellaneous manufacturers, building-material distributors, and automobile companies were included in the list. Whatever hope had buoyed them when they came looking for switch-track facilities had faded before the end of 1931.

It was fairly obvious by that time, even to the most hearty optimists, that the railroads were going to bear their share of the disaster—and more. Railroad managers became aware of an increasing and malignant menace in unregulated truck traffic. At the moment there seemed to be no satisfactory answer to it. Class rate increases requested by the western lines were not allowed by the Interstate Commerce Commission until December 3, 1931, when the truck competition had increased to such an extent that the effect of the decision was virtually nullified. A reduction in grain rates that would have cost the western carriers an annual loss of twenty million dollars was voided by the United States Supreme Court. But livestock rates were reduced.
Economy measures were discussed without encouraging results. The North Western had always done a large passenger-carrying business. Now it was unable to reduce passenger-train mileage as rapidly as the passenger business declined. Authority had to be obtained from regulatory bodies which would not act without tests to demonstrate that a particular train was not needed. Despite this difficulty, some three million passenger miles were eliminated—not nearly enough to make any great difference in the widening spread between revenue and operating cost.

Nine hundred and sixty banks failed in North Western territory that year. The company was doing business with sixty-five of them but with what the directors sourly considered unusual luck lost only three thousand dollars. An additional 117 banks closed their doors in the same nine states served by the North Western in January, 1932, and 35 in February.

With undecorated realism the directors' annual report for 1932 observes: “The result of the operation of the company for the year reflects general business conditions.” And so it did, for that year, and the next year, and long years afterward.

There were better than average crops in 1932—but that was of small benefit to anybody, including the producers. Prices were low, and there wasn't any market anyway. As compared with 1931, the railroad's revenue from agricultural products had dropped 26 per cent.

At the same time the movement of manufactured products had decreased 64 per cent, and the traffic in iron ore was only about 5 per cent of normal. Business in building materials was little better.

In previous years, as has been mentioned, the loss of traffic diverted to motor vehicles was offset somewhat by the revenue that came from hauling automobiles and parts. But at this stage of the depression the automobile industry had just about hit bottom.

There was only one bit of cheer in the record of this unfortunate year: “All of the company's high-grade, overnight trains are paying.”

Passenger travel in general had declined 73 per cent. The Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company (the Omaha line) was unable to pay $2,485,230 interest on its bonds. The North Western Company was forced to borrow funds to pay interest on
By 1930 the railroad had become a vast system stretching from Lake Michigan to the foothills of the Grand Tetons in Wyoming. Since 1930 many branch lines have been torn up as they outlived their original purpose.
its own debentures sold to refinance the Omaha bonds in 1930. The company up to December 31, 1932, had borrowed $17,039,933 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, used $5,000,000 to refund half of a ten-million-dollar loan with the banks, and the remainder to retire equipment trust certificates.

The net increase of the company's indebtedness for the year added up to $13,886,333.

There was almost a respite in 1933. Grain, iron ore, and forest products started to move again. Thanks to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, passenger traffic picked up a bit. Operating expenses were reduced $2,889,451, to produce a net operating income of $6,031,714.

But there were complications. Two issues of long-term bonds matured that year: $6,355,000 of Chicago and North Western Railway Company debentures, and $7,725,000 of Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Company consolidated mortgage bonds. It was arranged to refinance these issues by paying 50 per cent cash borrowed from R.F.C. and 50 per cent in general mortgage bonds of 1987. The statement at the end of the year showed a net increase in indebtedness of $20,527,426.48.

There was no relief the next year. Operating expense increased 7 per cent, and net operating income was down 14 per cent. There was a drought in parts of Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, and Nebraska. Suburban passenger revenue dropped 14 per cent. Additional borrowings less some repayments brought the total loans to the company from governmental agencies on December 31, 1934, to $44,104,133. The net increase in the system's indebtedness was $22,087,874.

Then, on June 28, 1935, President Fred W. Sargent, by direction of the Board of Directors, filed a petition in bankruptcy with the United States District Court of the Northern District of Illinois. The petition set forth "that on May 1, 1935, the interest of the company's 4 3/4 per cent Convertible Bonds of 1949, Series A, in the sum of $1,717,956.50 became due and payable subject to a sixty-day grace period; and that since funds were not available on June 27, 1935, the Board of Directors voted to default on the payment. It was set forth that on December 31, 1935, obligations totaling $29,461,891.50 would mature. Of this, $11,185,308.50 was for interest,"
including that already due on the previously mentioned bonds, and $18,279,583 for principal maturities."

United States District Judge John P. Barnes approved the petition as properly filed and authorized the company to continue operation under the supervision of the court, until further order. Effective October 21, 1935, the court appointed Charles P. Megan trustee of the property of the company.

Reasons for the petition, as they appeared in press interviews with sundry officials, were hardly necessary. Among the battered industries of the country the experience of the North Western Railway was far from unique.

There was something dishearteningly familiar in the catalogue of trouble: the long continuation of the depression; four years of unprecedented drought in the regions served by the railroad; increased competition with unregulated truck traffic and subsidized air transportation; inordinately high taxes; restoration to labor of previously authorized 10 per cent wage cuts, with price of railroad service limited by law. Appointment of a trustee made little difference in the general state of the country. Business for the railroads continued bad.

Nineteen thirty-seven saw what was probably the worst drought since the first settlers moved westward across the Mississippi River. Corn shriveled not only in the semiarid regions of the Dakota West River country, but in Iowa bottomlands that yesterday had been moist and fertile. Minnesota wheat was parched. And all across Nebraska and all along the Missouri Valley the plains were dusty gray under a shriveling sun in a brassy sky.

Passenger traffic, however, began to show some recognizable signs of improvement. The 400, the one feature of depression railroad operation that its founders could look at with any degree of pleasure, was still flashing back and forth between Chicago and the Twin Cities with a customer in every seat. The diesel-powered streamliners operated jointly with the Union Pacific Railroad Company between Chicago and Denver, Los Angeles and Portland and, with the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific to San Francisco, were booked up weeks in advance. These trains, together with low-fare limiteds of the Challenger type, produced an increase of 22 per cent in passenger revenue.
This and other factors made it possible to show a little gain over 1935. The deficit in net income was $9,674,005 as against last year's deficit of $11,070,348.

Hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission on a plan of financial reorganization under Section 77 of the Bankruptcy Act began in September, 1936, and continued from time to time. At the December, 1937, hearing, the company filed an amended plan which had been approved by the Board of Directors in October. The Life Insurance Group Committee and the Mutual Savings Bank Group Committee opposed this plan vigorously and filed their own proposed plan of reorganization for the company.

The two hearing examiners of the Interstate Commerce Commission's Bureau of Finance, at their own suggestion and in order to aid in expediting the proceeding, prepared and filed a memorandum concerning certain features of the proposed plan of reorganization. The memorandum suggested a total capitalization of $468,000,000 and concluded as follows:

It is suggested that not less than one share of new common stock be issued for each 5 shares of existing preferred stock and that not less than one share of new common stock be issued for each 10 shares of existing common stock, in recognition of the existing equity of the holders of those classes of stock in the property.

Considerable time was consumed in the preparation of briefs and oral arguments and in the presentations of the views and pleas of the various interested groups and parties. It was not until April 18, 1939, that the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission's examiners in the North Western case was released. This report found the equity of the preferred and common stockholders to be without value. On December 12, 1939, the Commission approved a reorganization plan under which debt was chopped from $366,210,000 to $210,161,000, and fixed charges were slashed 75 per cent—to $3,934,000. There was also contingent interest of $4,728,000 and dividend requirements on the new preferred of $5,349,000 a year. The Commission approved the finding of the examiners to the effect that the holders of the "investment type" preferred and common stock (in the lush twenties these shares sold at $150 for preferred and at $108 for common) were to be wiped out.
Of course there ensued a new flood of petitions. District Judge Barnes and learned counsel for all sides spent a weary and perspiring summer (1940) in court. There is nothing duller or drier than presentation, testimony, and argument in such cases. On September 11, the court filed an opinion finding that the plan met the requirements of the statute. The road and eight other parties appealed. In January, 1941, the Interstate Commerce Commission asked acceptance or rejection by the creditors on vote. The plan won, and in May the Commission certified the result of the vote to the District Court. The road, fighting for its preferred and common stockholders, sought a stay from the Circuit Court of Appeals. This was denied. On June 27, a decree confirming the plan was entered by Judge Barnes. The case was carried to the Circuit Court of Appeals which, in an opinion handed down in February of 1942, approved Judge Barnes's findings and confirmed the plan.

The North Western and the other interested parties petitioned the Supreme Court of the United States for writs of certiorari to the Circuit Court. That took time, as do all cases so headed. On April 19, 1943, the Supreme Court denied the petition but granted motions for leave to supplement the record. The road then went back into the District Court seeking leave to file a petition to remand the proceedings to the Interstate Commerce Commission for a modification of the plan. In denying the motion, Judge Barnes (April 27, 1943) said:

I thought the plan was good, I still think it is good. It is very fortunate that the road is accumulating some cash wherewith to meet the obligations of the plan, give it a good start upon what we hope will be a long course of prosperity and long life. . . .

There is no reason that I can see, why I should change the plan, and certainly no overpowering reason to cause me to appear to overrule the Circuit Court of Appeals of this Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

The road, still fighting, sought a rehearing of the petitions for writs of certiorari and for a rehearing before the District Court. The Supreme Court denied both sets of petitions. The road then sought a reopening of the case by the Interstate Commerce Com-

* The war was on, and all railroads were busy as beavers.
mission, which was also denied. On July 1, 1943, under the Urgent
Deficiencies Act, the road sought to set aside approval of the Com-
mmission’s plan. The three-judge court, convened in accordance with
that act, held that the Circuit Court of Appeals had exclusive jurisdic-
tion to review decisions in bankruptcy matters and pointed out
the fact that the earnings and cash position of the road had im-
proved and that this condition had been forcefully called to the
attention of the appellate tribunals. The court entered a decree dis-
missing the bill of complaint, and on December 20 the Supreme Court
affirmed the decision. The fight was over and done with.

During the nine years that it took to complete the North West-
ern’s reorganization, three sole trustees of the property of the
debtor (the term used for a financially embarrassed corporation in
Section 77) served under court appointment. These were Charles P.
Megan, appointed October 3, 1935, who took office on October 21.
Megan served until May of 1939, when he resigned to devote his en-
tire attention to his law practice. He was succeeded by Charles M.
Thomson, former judge of the Appellate Court of Illinois and trust-
ee of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad when that organi-
zation had its own spell of difficulties. Judge Thomson remained as
trustee of the North Western until his death December 30, 1943—
just ten days after the United States Supreme Court put an end
to the fight against the reorganization plan. Claude A. Roth fol-
lowed Judge Thomson and was serving as trustee on June 1, 1944,
when the consummation order went into effect, and title to the North
Western was vested in the reorganized company—whereupon Row-
land “Bud” Williams, chief executive officer of the road since 1939,
was elected president.
Chapter 33

"BUD" WILLIAMS TAKES OVER

There was nothing accidental about the appearance of Rowland L. Williams ("Bud" to his friends) as chief executive officer of the North Western in 1939 at a time when the company was in the middle of its reorganization procedure. Williams came to the North Western with thirty-six years of railroad experience behind him. He had been known for many years in the Middle West as a practical railroad man. But he was more than that. He was generally reputed to be one of the top-ranking railroad analysts in the United States.

Like many of his contemporaries and predecessors, Williams came up the hard way; the knowledge and experience gained in each railroad job held, plus some extra qualities of initiative and drive, holding him in good stead for one promotion after another.

He was born in 1888 in the small town of Salem, Illinois, where farming and railroad were the principal occupations. The son of an insurance salesman of moderate means, Williams got his education in the local schools and at the age of fifteen decided to go to work. He selected railroad not because of any outside influences but because he thought his chances were best in that direction.

Williams took a summer job as messenger boy for the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern (now B & O) in 1903 with no remuneration except the privilege of learning telegraphy. He went back to school that winter but the following summer returned to his job for a salary of five dollars a month. Within the next three years he did a stint as freight and yard clerk, then as telegrapher, and in 1907 switched allegiance, for a raise in salary, to the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad. Williams was destined to stay with the C & E I for the next thirty-two years.

Those years, however, were the ones in which he absorbed a great
deal of information on the ramifications of rail transportation. He held a variety of positions, each one better than the last. He was first an operator, then transportation timekeeper, division chief accountant, assistant chief clerk, and then chief clerk to the division superintendent, chief clerk to the division engineer, chief statistician, and special representative of the president. In 1932 he was promoted to assistant to president only to move up again, four years later, to executive vice-president.

The variety of positions he held brought him in contact with all phases of operations on the C & E I, including its financial structure. When the C & E I landed in the Federal courts after failing to weather the great depression of the 1930's, Williams obtained still more experience on the problems of railroad reorganization.

He was executive vice-president of the C & E I when the North Western called to him in 1939 to take over as chief executive officer. Fred W. Sargent had resigned in June of that year with the illness that was to cause his death a few months later. Taking over the helm of the North Western was undoubtedly a unique experience for Williams, who admits that up to that time he had never set foot on the property. But it was also a challenge that was to require him to draw deep on his knowledge of railroad matters. With the return of the railroad to private management, Williams on June 1, 1944, was elected president of the North Western.

When Williams came to the North Western he knew he had a job on his hands. On the one hand operating costs had to be kept down and reduced wherever possible; at the same time every effort was to be made to get new business. The first thing he did was to review the property, personally as well as through detailed reports submitted to him.

Out of this survey came what he calls his "house cleaning" program. He ordered the tearing up of a lot of unprofitable and unnecessary trackage. Some of the company's branch lines had served their purpose in the horse-and-buggy days of the Middle West. They had done their job well, but had been staggering on more or less uselessly since the advent of the Model-T Ford. There was no longer any purpose or profit in maintaining a one-train-daily passenger service on short branch lines whose potential customers were all automobile owners. There were longer stretches so expensive to main-
tain and operate that freight competition against the new truck lines would have cost more than the rewards gained thereby.

One branch line after another, and hundreds of side tracks and spurs all over the map were pulled up after careful study showed Williams this was the action to take. Thirty-five miles of track was pulled up by the end of 1939; 50 by 1940; 104 by 1941; 162 by 1942; and 266 by 1943. These figures do not include a total of 557 miles of unnecessary side tracks. But the "house cleaning" went even further. Since 1939, 195 freight and passenger depots have been removed along with 634 other station buildings, 577 shop buildings, 1,118 minor structures, and 1,226 miles of right-of-way fence. Williams was determined to streamline the railroad as well as its trains.

Williams had watched with approval the performance of the streamliners City of Portland, City of San Francisco, City of Los Angeles, and City of Denver, which were operated in cooperation with connecting lines to the West. He also saw, in 1939, the great enthusiasm with which the streamliner Twin Cities 400 was received. Orders were placed for more equipment of the 400 type, which was delivered and placed into service only a few weeks after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Williams was convinced that the customers would pay for the comfort, safety, and dependability of his sleek diesel-powered green and yellow streamliners. In 1941 the Twin Cities 400 brought in $1,263,905, an increase of $162,689 over 1940. The new 400 fleet placed in service in January of 1942 to serve southern Minnesota, Wisconsin, and upper Michigan brought an additional rush of patrons. "All these trains," says the report for that year, "have been most favorably accepted by the public and carried a very heavy traffic and contributed greatly to increased revenues."

Of course the war with its heavy movement of troops, families visiting loved ones in widely scattered military and naval bases, gas rationing, and the tight tire situation were principal contributors to the crowding of railroad stations. But even so, the popularity of the streamliners was easy to see, for these were the trains on which reservations and accommodations were in greatest demand.

The heavy war traffic helped the North Western considerably, just as it helped all railroads, bus lines, and air lines. But this impetus of new business, coming unexpectedly on the heels of the North
Western's reorganization, gave it extra hope in facing the future. After the war the "recession" forecast by some people failed to arrive. North Western's operating revenues for 1947 were the largest in the history of the company.

Operating revenues are not profits, however. The war period as well as the years following can be characterized as an era of spiraling costs in materials, supplies, and labor. Taxes, too, took a tremendous portion of North Western's earnings into state and Federal coffers.

What is the answer? Williams is an active proponent of the theory that the railroads can save themselves if they are allowed to. He is also convinced that overcomplicated Federal regulation of the railroads isn't doing them and—therefore—the nation any good. In a top national magazine he pointed out the essential trouble with the railroads—he makes no distinction because they are all in the same galley. They are allowed to make 3 per cent or less on a capital investment of twenty-seven billion dollars. They are among the poorest earners in industry and, he observes bleakly, some of them are going broke. This in a lush period of dollar-a-pound butter and customers' lines in front of the automobile agencies.

Williams is surprised that there are so many people who still seriously think it would be a good plan to nationalize the railroads. He wonders how anyone could overlook the time the government ran the trains during the first World War. That experiment, he points out, cost the taxpayers about two million dollars a day in deficits and, in addition, saw one of the greatest snarls of freight cars in history. In World War II the railroads were left to run their own business. The result was that they handled more men of the armed forces than most folks believed possible, hauled their civilian passengers without much difficulty, did the biggest freight transporting job in all history, and to top it all, paid out more than three million dollars a day in taxes.

He is against government bonuses or subsidies or other paternalistic largess. All the railroads need, or want, he says, is a recognition of the right to earn a living. He is not opposed to high wages for employes if the employers are allowed to get enough money out of their operations to pay the wages without going into bankruptcy. But when railroads are getting a 3 per cent return while other public
utilities are earning 8 per cent and manufacturing generally is averaging 17 per cent, something is definitely wrong with the government regulations that permit such a disparity.

A case in point is that concerning the new freight car which costs in the neighborhood of $4,500. Williams believes railroads should be permitted to set aside enough funds to replace worn-out equipment. Yet the government permits setting aside a depreciation fund only at the rate of about $1,800 per freight car, since that was what an old freight car cost some thirty years ago when it was purchased new. Somewhere it has to dig up $2,700 in new money or it doesn’t get its new freight car.

That also holds true in any modernization a railroad may attempt. It must be progressive if it is to stay in the transportation picture, yet it costs money to conduct research, build new modern passenger stations, and make its plant efficient enough so that it can compete with other forms of transportation.

As for the North Western, Williams maintains that only constant improvement and a constant increase in operating efficiency have kept it alive. Service is better and faster, but most of the things that go into it cost the railroad twice as much as they did in 1929. True, the improved equipment results in better performance—it just has to be that way. He points out that an average trainload in 1929 was 1,536 gross tons as against 2,288 gross tons in 1947.

Williams is a determined railroad man but he is no zealot. He is interested in any and all improvements in rail transportation, provided those improvements are real in the sense that they will pay their own way. His interest in progress, however, goes beyond the confines of railroads. He has a refreshing curiosity in foreign fields of endeavor, such as television or industries that are producing comparatively new products. His interest goes to people, which is undoubtedly one of the reasons why he has a host of friends and acquaintances throughout the country. And he has real faith in the youth of the nation. Recently he had this to say about the opportunities for young men and women:

Despite appearances to the contrary, the road to success and happiness for young men and women embarking on their life careers is still the same road it has always been. As long as we think and act like human
beings, the formula for success, which includes happiness, will never change. Its elements require selection of work the individual will enjoy; incentive, or the quality of wanting something sufficiently to work hard to attain it; initiative, or the willingness to accept increasing responsibilities; and, finally, courage to “take a chance” when opportunity knocks. These are the elements that have helped make America great. Our young men and women who use them honestly will find that their success will be as enduring as the American way of life.
Part Eight

CENTURY OF SERVICE
Chapter 34

NOTES ON A SOUTHPAW RAILROAD

Up and down through the hierarchy of the Chicago and North Western Railway you can always start an argument about why the trains run on the left-hand side of the road. The one peculiarity that distinguishes this line from all other major railroads in the United States, the mark of rugged individualism that has been noted by railroad historians since the first double track ran out of Chicago, really merits a simple explanation—so you’d think. Unlike other folkways of pioneer Chicago that survive only in old pictures, crumbling letters or the erratic memories of graybeards, this one has been—and still is—out where everybody could look at it and nearly everybody has. Long before now, you might imagine, the archaeologists should have dug up some well-authenticated reason for this phenomenon. But they haven’t. The most obvious thing about the North Western is still the most mysterious.

The first guess of the casual observer is, of course, that old England, which still stands virtually alone in all the world on the left side of the street, had something to do with it—along with English cash, allegedly invested. Harried researchers, who have gone through all the archives saved on the subject before and since the Great Chicago Fire say no.

It started off as an accident—is the burden of their song—and it continued as a convenience. And one must admit that they did not arrive at this conclusion without a lot of long, tiresome work. It may be correct. Among the people who have listened to it one finds no great unanimity.

In a Directory of Industries published by the Chicago and North Western line, one reads this:

269
In speaking of the construction of the Chicago and North Western Railway, there is one fact that cannot be omitted—the "North Western" is the only railroad in the United States that is left-handed in its operation, trains running on the left rather than on the right side wherever the road is double tracked.

When the railroads of the country first started building lines, many of them were financed by English and Dutch capital. The Galena and Chicago Union, parent road of the Chicago and North Western Railway, was one of these. English and Dutch engineers were schooled in left-handed operation and built all roads for that system. Consequently when double tracking was started on what is now the Galena division of the North Western toward Oak Park and West Chicago in 1855, switches and equipment were designed for operation opposite to the right-hand system practiced on all other railroads in the United States today. By 1882 double tracking had been started on all three divisions of the road in what is known as the Chicago suburban territory.

Along with construction and the laying of rails goes the planning of stations and by 1882 many stations in the Chicago area had been built. Since commuters frequently arrive at the station several minutes before train time in the morning and have need for a waiting room while they head for home immediately in the evening, almost all stations were built to serve the track on the in-bound movement. Naturally when other railroads were changing to right-hand operation late in the nineteenth century, the North Western officials had not only the reversing of switches and the changing of their signal system to consider.

They had also the problem of changing all suburban stations. Since the advantages of right-hand operation were about equalized by the advantages of the left-hand system, the expense of changing was not thought justified.

That ought to settle the matter. But it doesn’t.

Some North Western men have an entirely different idea. Their principal point is that British capital had no part in the financing of the road in the beginning or at any other time and that no imported engineers were required to help Ogden lay out the right of way of the Galena and Chicago Union.

With no local precedent to guide them, the construction crews pushed westward from the Chicago terminal, hauling up supplies from behind as the rails went down ahead. They pushed ties, spikes, and strap iron for rails from the right side of the flatcars as they
went ahead, presumably because the surveyors’ stakes had been planted on the left. And thus was established an unloading technique.

The tracks went down, the trains moved, and presently stations were built. But materials still had to be hauled from town and they were still unloaded on the right-hand side as one faced in the outbound direction. And for convenience the stations were erected close to the stockpiles.

When it came time to double track there was no place to lay the new line except on the side of the right of way opposite the stations, whose usefulness to inbound passengers was already fairly obvious. The original track, because it was nearer the stations, was given the inbound traffic, and the new rails took what went out. That trains were thus made to run on the left-hand side of the course was, of course, purely incidental.

Well, maybe. Ask a dozen railroad men and you’ll get a dozen theories. But no matter how much or how little they were mixed up with the destinies of the Galena and Chicago Union, it isn’t possible to rule them out altogether. William Strickland, sent abroad by the Pennsylvania Society for the Promotion of Internal Improvements, brought back a report on English railroading in 1826. Five years later several steam lines were operating on the Atlantic seaboard, and English locomotives were in great demand.

In 1831 the first John Bull had gone into the service of the Camden and Amboy road. Shortly afterward, another John Bull was pulling trains on the Mohawk and Hudson. And before Ogden got his idea for a railway into the Northwest, British machines were too numerous to be noticed.

These locomotives were wrapped up in mystery. They arrived with English assemblers and mechanics. English engineers came along to drive them and protect them from the inquisitive eyes of Yankee inventors and designers.

The secrets, such as they were, got out. Local talent promptly began to discard them. John B. Jervis devised a front truck with two axles and four wheels to replace the British rigid front axle with its two wheels. To the designs of Henry R. Campbell, James Brooks made a locomotive equipped with four drive wheels connected with outside rods. The American locomotive was in business. But it was not yet independent of tradition.
As in the United States, England's only pattern for railroad operation had been the business of turnpikes and stagecoaches. In England it was customary for the coachman to sit on the right-hand side of the box so he would have his right hand free to swing the whip. As a corollary he drove on the left-hand side of the road so that he could see his clearance when he had to pass somebody coming toward him.

Thus, when locomotives came onto the English scene they operated on the left side of the right of way—in so far as there was any left side—and the drivers (paralleling the case of stagecoach teamsters), were given a place at the right-hand side of the engine. Engineers sit on the right-hand side of locomotive cabs to this day.

Why the United States decided to break away from the road traditions of old England isn't quite clear. Psychologists say that most human beings are right-handed and that there is a tendency among right-handed people to keep to the right. Which is probably true.

England's rule of keeping to the left on the highway was based on the principle every automobile driver knows, that in traffic it's better to see the middle of the road than the edges. It might have been adopted without question by the United States save that the first post roads had no right and left. Like the pioneer rail lines they were single track. To pass somebody else you got off the highway on whichever side happened to be convenient. Early American drivers acquired the habit of keeping to the right because there was no good reason for doing otherwise.

With the coming of the automobile and the growing congestion of the cities in the 1900's it was discovered that Americans hadn't been entirely logical in their application of new road rules. Horse drivers, engine drivers, and automobile drivers all had been kept in their right-hand seats. And some of them were beginning to find out why the English stage driver had established his odd coaching tradition. It hadn't made so much difference to the locomotive engineers, who didn't have to worry much about steering. And unless they were in an unusual hurry the surviving specimens of horse pilots seldom locked hubs with passing traffic. But the automobile drivers, who had a knack of smashing the left-hand fenders that they couldn't see,
raised a protest that echoed across the country and in all parts of Canada except Halifax.

The steering wheel of the automobile was then moved over to the left-hand side of the car—where it belongs in right-handed traffic movements. The old-fashioned buggy went out of business. And the engineer continued to occupy a seat on the right-hand side of his cab.

If there was any justification for the changeover of automobile steering apparatus, his perch seems a little illogical except, of course, in the case of a left-handed railroad.

We seem to be right back where we started from.

Maybe the British investors weren't more interested in the Galena and Chicago Union or the Chicago and North Western any more than in any other railroad venture of the sixties and seventies. But it is interesting to study some of the place names that lie in clusters along the right of way between Chicago and Lander, Wyoming, or Perth, Minnesota, and London, Wisconsin.

One of your present chroniclers was born in Beresford, South Dakota, about the time the railroad was hopefully pushing on in the direction of the Big Bad Lands. The signs on the stations north of Sioux City were all of an age and all bright and new. And three of them appeared in interesting sequence: Hawarden, named for the home of Gladstone; Beresford, titled in honor of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford; and Alester, so called for Colonel Aleester of the British Army, currently hero of a battle in the Sudan. Not far away was Turton, South Dakota, named for a town in Lancashire, England. And over around the corner in Iowa was Sutherland, keeping green the memory of a duke.

There are plenty of other such evidences of hands across the seas and prairies: Cobden, Minnesota, named in 1886 for the great English liberal; Brampton, Michigan, for the English city; Carnarvon, Iowa, for Carnarvon, Wales; Caledonia, Illinois, for poetic Scotland; Dundee, Illinois, for Dundee; Esmond, South Dakota, for Thackeray's novel; Ivanhoe, Minnesota, for Scott's novel; Gladstone, Michigan, for the great Gladstone; Seaforth, Minnesota, for the home of the Seaforth highlanders; Mayfair, Illinois, for guess where; Ipswich, Wisconsin, for Ipswich, England; Exeter, Iowa, for
the cathedral city; Guernsey, Iowa, for the island of Guernsey; Avondale, Illinois, for the river Avon; Stratford, Wisconsin, for the home of Shakespeare; Argyle, Illinois, for the Scottish Argyle; Bangor, Wisconsin, for Bangor, Wales; Wolsey, South Dakota, for Thomas Cardinal Wolsey.

And you have Bayfield, Wisconsin, honoring the British officer who first explored the shores of Lake Superior, and Pender and Hartington, both in Nebraska, recalling a pair of English lords who invested in the district if not in the railroad that made the investment worthwhile. Along the line of the C St P M and O, the names are strung out as thickly as the stripes on an old school tie: Buxton, Nebraska; Bramhall, South Dakota; Derby, Minnesota; Albany, Wisconsin; Coleridge, Wisconsin; Perth, Minnesota; Eton, Minnesota.

There might be noted also Auburn, Wisconsin, named for Goldsmith’s deserted village, and Randolph, Nebraska, which adds to the fame of Randolph Churchill. Afton (“Flow gently . . . among thy green bracs”) is on the Wisconsin timetable. Wellington is to be found in Michigan, and Nelson in Illinois.

One admits, of course, that this roster of familiar names may mean nothing more than the nostalgia of a dozen or more lonesome wanderers from the British Isles. An English engineer, whose name escapes us, laid out much of the original townsite of Sioux City, Iowa. He was going to make another London out of it and he had plans for a near-by industrial district which he was going to call Leeds.

It is certainly within the range of possibility that his voice may have been heard in the naming of Hawarden, Alcester, and Beresford only a few miles to the north. On the other hand, he had nothing to do with the left-handed operation of the Chicago and North Western Railway because a single track is neither right nor left.

More tangible evidence of England’s friendship, if not financial interest, in Will Ogden’s railroad is offered by Ernest Poole whose family had a part in the building of early Chicago. In Giants Gone he tells of Ogden’s difficulties in the panic of 1857. The railroad builder, he recounts, found himself heavily obligated for the debts of his roads, for one of which he alone had endorsed notes totaling one and a half million dollars. At this point, Poole observes, his failure
would have been inevitable save for his connections abroad. However, it is to be doubted that any "friendships" had an effect on "left-hand" building—which actually began in 1855.

What one seldom reads in the histories of the period is that Will Ogden was something more than a mousetrap builder waiting for a world to come to his door. He was also an international trade ambassador—the ubiquitous evangelist of the great Northwest.

By the early fifties, interest in railroads had begun to sweep Europe as well as the United States, and Ogden was received for what he was—an expert in a new and amazing field of enterprise. He was visited by engineers in France, locomotive makers in Germany, bankers in Holland, and investors in England.

That he left many friends in the British Isles and that his enthusiasm for the Northwest had been contagious is obvious in the sequel. Offers of help came quickly when word got abroad that he was in trouble. One man, Poole recounts, tendered all his fortune—a half million dollars. A Scottish laird made a similar gesture of good will and verified it with the deposit of one hundred thousand pounds to Ogden's credit in a New York bank.

Ogden declined the offers, appealed to the faith of the farmer customers to whom he had sold stock in his railroads, and presently talked himself out of the depression. His English friends presumably wrote him messages of congratulation and went back to running their own railways on the left-hand side of the road. All of which, of course, has little to do with the subject under discussion, but makes an interesting footnote.
Chapter 35

LOCALS AND STREAMLINERS

If you believe the maps, the Chicago and North Western Railway consists of 9,362 miles of track stretching out across Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and South Dakota into Nebraska and Wyoming. But a lot of grizzled suburban conductors will argue the point with you. To them the whole system is the cluster of rails hugging the North Shore of Chicago, plus the route that follows Ogden’s old survey out west of town and some more of the same out Woodstock way—a hundred miles or so, they calculate it—and they’ll tell you that’s enough. When you have to run over it five or six times a day, the mileage adds up.

Management probably will agree with the conductors. It is an axiom of the railroad business that there is little money in short hauls—whether of freight or of passengers. Until the advent of the streamliners there has been a general belief that profits from carrying passengers are negligible wherever you carry them. Freight is easier to handle and it doesn’t make noises about sticking windows or the springs in the red plush seats.

On the other hand, whether it is profitable or not or a public benefaction or not, the North Western’s suburban service is as much a part of the North Western as the main line up into the iron country. If the railroad is going to be a hundred years old this year—well, so is the suburban service. (The two grew up simultaneously.) And so, one may presume, are some of the customers. Will Ogden may have been reaching out for the farm products of the Rock River, Fox, and Des Plaines valleys when he projected the Galena and Chicago Union Railway. But it is history that he was presently hauling the former carriage trade into town from Cottage Hill,
Aurora, and Cherry Valley at from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a head.

While considering the manner in which the North Western system helped to bring Minnesota out of the wilderness and brought civilization to the trans-Missouri prairies, historians generally overlook what was going on at the railroad's point of origin. It was the suburban service that broke the sod in Rogers Park and brought the wealth to Lake Forest and civilization to Evanston and pickle factories to Clybourn Junction. Chicago in 1891 had a population of 1,250,000 and save for a couple of cable lines under construction was still traveling about in horsecars. It was the suburban service that made it possible for people to move out into the fresh country air as much as five miles from the center of the city. The suburban service made possible changes in the horrible housing conditions close to the river. And it gave commuting office workers some sense of punctuality.

Here is a picture of suburban travel as it was practiced by the hardy pioneers of the seventies. Town dwellers who occasionally went to Winnetka or Palatine just for the ride were generally surprised at the large collections of oil lanterns on the station platforms. Word got around that in railroading the wear and tear on lanterns was terrific and that every switchman had to carry a spare.

The largest string of lanterns was outside the Davis Street station in Evanston. And a stranger, who inquired about them, discovered that they belonged not to the railroad personnel but to commuters, men who had taken the early morning trains to Chicago.

"Raymond Park," says the antiquarian who looked into the matter, "was a thickly wooded section in the 1870's, and on an early winter morning, those woods were as dark as the inside of a fireman's glove. . . ."

So you can see the picture. Father, late as usual, looks up at the cuckoo clock as he scalds his throat with a last quick cup of coffee. In the still, empty air he can hear the engine whistle blowing for Elser's Crossing up there on the other side of Grosse Point. He wipes his mustache, gives Mamma a peck on the check, picks up his lantern, and starts his trek through the black forest to the North Western station.

Survivors of those fascinating days say that the lanterns of com-
muters loping over the snow trails for the 7:23 were generally so thick that the woods seemed to be swarming with fireflies. During the day the station attendant would service the lanterns, trimming the wicks, and filling them with oil so that the owners would be able to find their way home in the evening.

The camaraderie that you used to find aboard transcontinental trains when the journey from Chicago to San Francisco took three or four days is still a part of suburban travel. Everybody rides the same train every weekday for years on end. By a sort of squatter’s right he establishes title to his own seat, and this is respected by people who have laid similar claim to seats of their own. In due time he gets to know everybody aboard and all about his family. There is no such clearinghouse for gossip in the world.

A card game got started on the Waukegan run thirty years ago and it’s been going on ever since. The cards aren’t the same, or the card table supplied by the conductor—who isn’t the same either—or the upholstery on the plush seats. The game that started out as cinch has gone through some metamorphoses—whist, auction bridge, contract—but the players haven’t changed, nor apparently have they ever finished a rubber.

The society of the suburban trains develops its pets and bores just like other societies. The late Lew Ferguson, who established a record for endurance as a conductor on the North Shore haul, recalled one old lad who was virtually ostracized because of one bad habit.

Ferguson observed: “He read his paper too early.”

Amplified, this meant that he was the sort of man who combines his reading with buttered toast and soft-boiled eggs and so had finished his absorption of the morning’s news by the time he got to the station. With nothing much to do between Evanston and Chicago it was his custom to flop down alongside somebody who hadn’t read his paper and engage in sprightly conversation about his grandchildren or his setter dog.

“He was shunned like the plague by everybody,” said Ferguson, “until finally he had nobody to talk to but me. Then I shunned him too.”

The conductors, like the commuters, are sui generis. They are people of great tact, patience, and friendliness. And they get to
learn more about human beings than would ever be possible on one of those long runs where they see the passenger only when he gets on and six hours later when he gets off. There have been times when this intimate knowledge of how people behave has soured them. But usually they are philosophically tolerant. Sometimes the urge to do something for people whose lives are spent shuttling to and from work overpowers them. And on at least one occasion this impulse took a novel form. One conductor on the Milwaukee division figured out that the operating corporation had a lot more money than the poor people who rode the trains. Therefore, it seemed logical that the corporation ought to pay the fare. So, for a couple of years, he made a practice of letting everybody travel free. He would snap his punch at a commutation ticket—but never a ride came off. Eventually the corporation caught up with him and disagreed with his theory.

Many articles reach the lost and found department from the suburban runs. Since the first time a North Western engineer safely piloted his train back from Waukegan, the inbound traveler has heard the conductor bawl his last warning: "Chicago—remember your parcels!" It is as much a slogan of the North Western as "Safety first." But there's more to it than that. The conductor, who knows everybody on his train, is sometimes his own lost and found department. If you forget anything going into town, you get it back on your way home.

In a fair year the suburban service carries about nineteen million passengers—an expensive, unremitting, and sometimes thankless job. But after a hundred years of operation it is still one of the dominant factors in Chicago's transportation system, and until somebody discovers what you do with an automobile when you get it into a big city, it is going to be increasingly important.

While the suburban trains plod their faithful course day in and day out, The 400 and other high-speed trains flash like comets across the countryside. In an age of speed, the North Western was the first to put superspeed trains on long-distance runs, perhaps because of their experience with the "silk train."

Almost forgotten, now, is the periodical run of the silk train. It hasn't flashed across the Northwest since the attack on Pearl Har-
bor, and perhaps, thanks to nylon and other artificial fibers, may never be called upon to make its spectacular dash again. But it gave the world a grand show while it lasted.

For many years, when there were no imitations worthy of the name, virtually all of America's supply of silk was bought in the Japanese market, and dealing in it entailed many complications. Silk was definitely what you might call a cash crop. There was always a market for it, and the price didn't vary much from year to year. As a medium of barter and exchange it would have had just about the same currency as the gold with which you bought it on the Yokohama exchange. It differed from invested money only in that it bore no interest.

Therefore, if a producer owned ten thousand yen worth of silk, it behooved him to sell it and get his pay as soon as possible. Otherwise he was losing the interest on ten thousand yen as long as he held it. For the same reason the buyer had to deliver it as quickly as possible to a manufacturer, who didn't let it acquire much age in his stockroom. The bigger the operator, of course, the greater his financial interest in speed.

So the silk would be purchased in Japan and shipped to America by the shortest route on the fastest available ship. It would be in the slings ready for landing before the ship came to her berth in Seattle and San Francisco. And before the passenger list had been cleared, stevedores would be trundling it into the cars of the waiting silk train. Once the train was loaded, and heavily armed guards mounted, the conductor without further preliminaries waved his hand and hopped aboard. He had the right of way over the Great Northern tracks all the way to St. Paul and over the Union Pacific to Omaha.

There was no nonsense involved in this routine. The train on occasion might be hauling a shipment worth millions of dollars, on which investment a day’s additional interest might be considerable. So the crack limiteds and the red-ball freights got out of the way while a relay of the best locomotives and best train crews on the road rolled their freight across the continent. At Minnesota transfer a North Western locomotive, guards, and crew were waiting to take it to Chicago, and the same procedure took place at Council Bluffs.

Unfortunately the records of the train on the first stage have
not been published. But it is known that the Chicago and North Western managed to maintain an average speed of around a mile a minute, which experience may well have prompted such innovations as what the trade calls "superspeed trains." On January 2, 1935, the North Western put the first 400 on the Twin City run—the fastest train for such a distance in the world.

The performance astonished operations experts on other roads because it involved no radically designed equipment. Four Pacific-type locomotives were taken into the Chicago shops and refitted with 79-inch drive wheels at a cost of fourteen thousand dollars each. Tenders were equipped to carry 15,000 gallons of water and 5,000 gallons of oil—enough for a nonstop trip. The train was made up of all-steel cars, not radically different in design from cars on other crack trains. The ensemble was called The 400 because it is about 400 miles to St. Paul, and the scheduled running time was slightly less than 400 minutes.

As a matter of fact, the initial time was seven hours from Chicago to St. Paul. This was reduced a half an hour in the first six months, and from then on the train regularly ran 409 miles in 390 minutes, a little better than an average of 60 miles an hour.

The 400 was the fastest train between starting point and terminus in America. As the first train on the continent to run at high speeds for sustained periods on scheduled runs, it set new standards for much of the country’s passenger train service. The diesel-powered streamliners, the City of San Francisco and the City of Los Angeles, run in cooperation with the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, have also been pace-setters.
Chapter 36
THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS
ARE THE HARDEST

The North Western's most spectacular contribution to recent railroading was its demonstrations, begun in 1935, that superspeed trains are not only feasible but profitable. The success of the first 400 was the success of every streamliner that has come since, revolutionizing the country's passenger service and making possible such luxuries as the daily City of San Francisco. But it wasn't the company's first newsworthy innovation, or the most important.

When, in 1863, a North Western freight conductor stuck his head through the hole in the roof of his damaged caboose and discovered that he had an excellent view of his train ahead, he was inadvertently demonstrating that safety innovations are not always premeditated. The view through the caboose roof gave the conductor an idea; he, in turn, transmitted it to officers at the railroad's nearest car shops where new cabooses were a-building. The results were apparent a few weeks later when the first cabooses with cupolas rolled off the line. The cupola has been a caboose characteristic until recent years, when boxcars got too high. Bay windows that permit a view alongside the train are taking the place of the sun parlor on top. But the principle is the same, and still sound.

The North Western was the first railroad to run sleeping cars west of Chicago (1858); the first, in conjunction with the Union Pacific and Central Pacific, the latter now the Southern Pacific, to carry dining cars between Chicago and San Francisco (1869); the first to install a permanent railway post-office service (1864); the manufacturer of the first railway post-office cars for the United
States Government (1865). But what is more significant than all of this is the fact that in 1857—eight years after the running of its first train—the railroad was the first in the West to operate by telegraph.

In 1910 Ralph C. Richards, general claim agent for the railroad, took the phrase “Safety first” and sent it on its way to become the slogan of the thoughtful and the careful all over the United States. He had previously written a book called *Railroad Accidents, Their Cause and Prevention*, setting forth the thesis that accidents are the result of a chain of circumstances that can be stopped at the beginning. The nation’s railroads were interested, but it was the North Western that first set up a department dedicated to safety and the prevention of crippling mishaps.

Richards’s demonstration that it was possible to reduce workaday casualty lists through organized effort led, in 1912, to the formation of the National Safety Council. On this subject the Council is now one of the final authorities in the United States.

In 1913 the rate of casualties of all sorts, nonfatal as well as fatal, was about 39 for each million man-hours. Thirty years later the rate was below 12 casualties for each million man-hours. This was about the same as 400 working years. As it is now, a railroad employee has one chance of a fatal accident every 4,000,000 man-hours or roughly 1,600 working years.

In 1948 the National Safety Council honored the North Western with a special Council award for exceptional service to safety. The certificate presented to R. L. Williams, president of the railway, by Ned H. Dearborn, president of the Council, bore this citation: “A pioneer in safety, the Chicago and North Western has steadfastly sought over the years to protect its passengers and employees from accidents, with conspicuous success.”

The railway has a far better than average record in the Railroad Employees National Safety Contest conducted annually by the Council. Since the first contest in 1927, it has won five first-place awards, and while its safety record did not stand high consistently every year, it has achieved an employee accident rate over the past twenty years 26 per cent better than the average for all Class 1 railroads.

Among the safety firsts of recent years credited to the North
Western is the development of the Mars light, a powerful beam that oscillates with a figure-eight motion at the front of a train. This light changes to red automatically, and a similar red light goes on at the rear of the train, whenever the train makes an emergency stop or the engineer releases air-brake pressure to a certain point. The development of the oscillating light goes back to 1936 when it was first installed on the high-speed 400. Like many inventions, the light had many "bugs" in it, but operating officials saw great promise in its possibilities. They worked patiently on the "gadget" in the face of disinterest by other railroads. Theirs and the manufacturer's efforts were rewarded when they finally got the light perfected to its present state so that it would be an advance warning to all of the onrush of a fast train, as well as a "stop" order to all other trains when the light turned red.

"This is an important development in the art of railroading," says C. H. Longman, vice-president in charge of operations. "It's purpose is to protect trains making emergency stops from rear end collisions or, in the event of derailment, from being sideswiped by trains on other tracks. The red lights operate instantaneously, should the engineer apply the brakes or throw a control switch, or should an air hose part between cars. The lights serve as stop warnings to trains approaching from either direction. They are visible for several miles on a clear night and have a long range in daylight."

All North Western through and suburban trains have been equipped with these lights front and rear. It is interesting to note that the usefulness of the lights has reached beyond the confines of the North Western to the point that scores of crack trains of many of the nation's railroads now flash the oscillating lights.

Another of the railroad's striking efforts to make life safe for passengers as well as freight was the completion in 1928 of the first large-scale system of continuous automatic train control. The installation between Chicago and Council Bluffs on the railroad's high-speed heavy-density main line cost two and a half million dollars and was looked upon by old-time railroad men as a species of black magic. Through electronic relays the control permits trains to go no faster than a previously set maximum. But it does more than that. It permits discarding of wayside signals by installation of those same signals right in the engineer's cab. The control constantly
tells the engineer through those signals what the condition of the track ahead may be, day or night and in all kinds of weather. At times it signals the engineer to reduce speed or stop. If the engineer fails to respond, it gives him a leeway of a few seconds, and then moves in to do the job for him. It is one of the miracles that have made American railroads consistently the safest mode of transportation in the world.

When you stand in the concourse of the Chicago and North Western Railway terminal in Chicago, you are probably in closer touch with distant places than anywhere else on earth. Here, during the summer months when resort travel is at its peak, you can board a train and without changing cars or leaving the North Western system's tracks you can ride to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan; to the North Woods of Wisconsin; to Duluth, gateway to Minnesota's Arrowhead recreation country; across Wisconsin, Minnesota, and South Dakota to the Black Hills; across Northern Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska into the Black Hills; or straight west to Lander, Wyoming, in the foothills of the Grand Tetons. And certainly without leaving your car and almost without getting out of your seat, you can travel over North Western and connecting lines across the Canadian border to Banff, Lake Louise, and Vancouver; to Yellowstone Park, Sun Valley, and the Pacific Northwest; to the Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Zion National Park, Kaibab National Forest; or you can go directly to Denver and Portland and San Francisco and Los Angeles. And aboard the new streamliners you can go with speed and comfort.

The little strap-rail track that ran out of Chicago toward Cottage Hill over the Galena and Chicago Union road has stretched a lot since 1848. Today, even after the removal of duplicate lines and unprofitable spurs, it consists of 14,158.65 miles of track (including double track) and 9,332.91 miles of road.

William Butler Ogden's first equipment of a few cars has lengthened into a train of 52,700 cars of all classes. And the little old third-hand Pioneer has turned out to be the great-grandfather of 1,242 locomotives, including 165 diesels, the latter an unheard-of breed of power 100 years ago.

To Chicago's gates the North Western brings a varied wealth
from a vast productive land: wheat, corn, oats, flour, hay, straw, alfalfa, citrus and other fruits, potatoes, vegetables; livestock, poultry, fresh meat, eggs, butter, cheese; coal, coke, iron ore, crude petroleum, gravel, sand, crushed stone; logs, pulpwood, lumber; gasoline, sugar, syrup, cement, brick, autos, trucks, tires, parts; beverages, canned foods, iron and steel, paper. In 1947 the total tonnage was:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Tonnage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Agricultural products</td>
<td>10,638,384</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Animals and products</td>
<td>1,908,136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Products of mines</td>
<td>23,474,037</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest products</td>
<td>5,701,871</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manufactures</td>
<td>18,145,984</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Operating revenue of $207,660,480 in 1947 was the greatest in the system’s history.

The old left-handed railway has had an interesting if somewhat difficult century. It has fought with bankers, with legislatures, with courts, with drought, floods, blizzards, and Federal tax-makers. One of the most powerful influences in the development of the country between Chicago and the Black Hills to the west and Lake Superior to the north, it must now be appraised by a generation that never saw an Indian or a virgin prairie. It must go on and on meeting new competition, new restrictions, new taxes and costs. But at any rate it has what the engineers call the “habit of existence.” It has survived financial panics and wars as well as prairie fires and Sioux massacre. It has learned to work its miracles in adversity.

If there is any truth to the fact that history repeats itself, ahead of it the railroad must face still more adversities. It must face them because it has become so important in the economy of the people of the Middle West that it is unthinkable for it to stop. The men at its helm aren’t thinking of stopping because they are purchasing new and better locomotives, expanding its fleet of freight and passenger cars, rebuilding or remodeling its stations, and in hundreds of other ways demonstrating that the railroad intends to be a characteristic of the Middle West’s terrain for a long time to come.

Unlike its existence in the early days when it was the only railroad in the Middle West, today it competes vigorously with many other lines as well as with other forms of transportation for the patronage
of the public. A century ago it pioneered in a wilderness; in future years it must pioneer to hold its own. Whatever its future holds out, the railroad's directorate, perhaps, is justified in the belief that the first hundred years are the hardest.
# APPENDIX

## PRESIDENTS OF CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date elected</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>William B. Ogden</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Keep</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Mitchell</td>
<td>Sept. 1, 1869</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John F. Tracy</td>
<td>June 3, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert Keep</td>
<td>June 19, 1873</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marvin Hughitt</td>
<td>June 2, 1887</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William A. Gardner</td>
<td>Oct. 20, 1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard H. Ashton</td>
<td>May 23, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Finley</td>
<td>June 11, 1918</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred W. Sargent</td>
<td>June 23, 1925</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Williams</td>
<td>July 25, 1939 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>June 1, 1944 †</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Chief executive officer for trustee.
† President.

## PRESIDENTS OF GALENA AND CHICAGO UNION RAILROAD COMPANY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date elected</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Theophilus W. Smith</td>
<td>July 3, 1836</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elijah K. Hubbard</td>
<td>Nov. 29, 1837</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James H. Collins</td>
<td>Dec. 29, 1845</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William B. Ogden</td>
<td>Feb. 17, 1846</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John B. Turner</td>
<td>June 5, 1851</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter L. Newberry</td>
<td>June 1, 1859</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Brown</td>
<td>June 4, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John B. Turner</td>
<td>June 1, 1864</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## BRIEF HISTORY OF CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN'S CHICAGO PASSENGER STATIONS

**Station No. 1**

1848: Built in fall of this year just south of Kinzie Street and just west of Canal Street a few feet west of current location of bridge crossing North Branch of Chicago River at Kinzie Street. Depot which was
Chicago's first railroad station ran east and west with railroad tracks along south side of building. In 1848 station had one story. Second story added to wooden frame structure in 1849. Used for both freight and passengers by Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, now part of North Western. Burlington Road also used this station for some time after 1850 as well as tracks from Chicago to West Chicago until it could build its own tracks in Chicago. Building was used by Galena road until 1853 when it was converted to a railroad employee's reading room. It was torn down in the 1880's. Bronze plaque today marks site of station.

Station No. 2

1853: Galena and Chicago Union built station of brick and stone in 1852–1853 on west side of Wells Street and on north bank of Chicago River. Station was two stories high, running east and west with tracks on south side of station, and with passenger entrance from Wells Street. In 1862–1863 Wells Street was raised about eight feet, the railroad temporarily closing station to make this work possible. At the same time railroad took advantage of closing to add 30 feet to its length and to add a third story. The station remained in use until destroyed by the Great Chicago Fire of 1871.

Station No. 3

1854: Built by Illinois and Wisconsin Railroad Company, one of early components of the North Western. Station was of wood with a general shanty appearance, with back to West Water Street if it had been opened north of Kinzie Street, with its gable end toward Kinzie Street, the building running north and south parallel and close to west bank of North Branch of Chicago River. Trains operated northward out of it. Building was torn down in 1856 to make room for a new station (No. 5).

Station No. 4

1855: Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad (early component of North Western) operated trains from Chicago northward to Wisconsin state line. In 1855 it built what was then called Milwaukee Passenger Depot. In those days a street known as Dunn ran from West Kinzie northwesterly and along east side of what is now Milwaukee Avenue. North and parallel to Kinzie was a street known as Cook. The one-story wooden building was erected in the triangle formed by Dunn, Cook, and Kinzie streets. Building ultimately passed into hands of North Western.
Station No. 5

1856: A pretentious wooden structure with a huge domed train shed was built by the Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac Railroad in place of Station No. 3 which was torn down. With the consolidation of the Chicago and Milwaukee and the Milwaukee and Chicago railroads and ultimately the Galena and Chicago Union, this station was used for all the passenger traffic of those lines which eventually became part of the North Western. It stood just north of Kinzie Street on the west bank of the North Branch of the river. It was known as the Kinzie Street Depot. It was abandoned with the completion in 1881 of the Wells Street Depot (Station No. 8).

Station No. 6

1862: In 1851 the Galena road bought land (block 1 of original town of Chicago) on north bank of river just east of Dearborn Street and south of Kinzie. There it erected in 1862 a building two stories high, first story to be used for freight. Because of changing of elevation of Wells Street in 1862 and the temporary closing down of Station No. 2 for passenger use for a period of about one year, Station No. 6 was opened to passenger traffic during this period. This building was destroyed in the Chicago Fire of 1871.

Station No. 7

1871: A wooden structure hastily built by North Western in late fall of 1871 to take the place of Station No. 2 which had been destroyed in the Chicago Fire. Its entrance was from Wells Street and its location the same as that of Station No. 2.

Station No. 8

1880: Built during years 1880–1881 by North Western, and the railroad’s largest Chicago terminal up to that time. Located on corner of Wells and Kinzie streets. Building was of stone with several towers carrying out the elaborate architecture common in that period. First trains ran into it on May 23, 1881. Later an annex for suburban traffic was added to station which was known as Wells Street Depot. It was used until present terminal built in 1911. Wells Street Depot was eventually torn down and in its place the Merchandise Mart was erected.

Station No. 9

1911: Built by Chicago and North Western at a cost of approximately twenty-four million dollars, of which about six million dollars was for
station building and train shed alone. Constructed largely of steel, stone, and concrete, it covers several city blocks with almost three miles of track under its passenger train sheds having a capacity of 229 cars. About 80,000 passengers pass through the station daily, with this figure often reaching 100,000 during the peak periods of World War II. Building and train sheds are bounded by Madison, Clinton, Lake, and Canal streets with front of building facing south on Madison Street. Building is only a few hundred feet from site of original station of 1848.

A LIST OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY AND THEIR TERMS OF OFFICE

From the organization of the company to May 1, 1948

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>From</th>
<th>To</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>William B. Ogden</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perry H. Smith</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 3, 1869</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. W. Hutchings</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Butler</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas H. Perkins</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mahlon D. Ogden</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 8, 1859</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alex C. Coventry</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 8, 1859</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Smith</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 8, 1859</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James R. Young</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. R. Pease</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>Nov. 17, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. C. Darling</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>Aug. 18, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert Winslow</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George M. Bartholomew</td>
<td>June 7, 1859</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. H. Boody</td>
<td>June 8, 1859</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William C. Langley</td>
<td>June 8, 1859</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James A. Edgar</td>
<td>June 8, 1859</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. L. Pritchard</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
<td>June 3, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. M. Miller</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Maxwell</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William A. Booth</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. H. Perkins</td>
<td>June 7, 1860</td>
<td>Nov. 23, 1860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Dyckman</td>
<td>Nov. 23, 1860</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Dowes</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
<td>June 5, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowell Holbrook</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. S. Seyton</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
<td>Feb. 18, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austin Baldwin</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
<td>June 4, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Smith</td>
<td>June 6, 1861</td>
<td>June 4, 1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George L. Dunlap</td>
<td>June 5, 1862</td>
<td>June 1, 1871</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. D. Fish</td>
<td>June 4, 1863</td>
<td>June 1, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph A. Wood</td>
<td>June 4, 1863</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William B. Scott</td>
<td>Feb. 18, 1864</td>
<td>June 1, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James W. Elwell</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel J. Tilden</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Ferry</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
<td>June 3, 1869</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John B. Turner</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
<td>Apr. 7, 1869</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas D. Robertson</td>
<td>June 2, 1864</td>
<td>June 6, 1867</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. H. Boody</td>
<td>June 11, 1864</td>
<td>May 13, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowell Holbrook</td>
<td>June 11, 1864</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William A. Booth</td>
<td>June 11, 1864</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George M. Bartholomew</td>
<td>June 11, 1864</td>
<td>June 6, 1867</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. L. Pritchard</td>
<td>June 11, 1864</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John M. Burke</td>
<td>Aug. 18, 1864</td>
<td>June 5, 1873</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benjamin Nathan</td>
<td>June 1, 1865</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julien S. Rumsey</td>
<td>June 1, 1865</td>
<td>June 2, 1865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James D. Fish</td>
<td>June 2, 1865</td>
<td>Nov. 25, 1867</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William B. Scott</td>
<td>Nov. 17, 1865</td>
<td>July 22, 1867</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Sloan</td>
<td>June 6, 1867</td>
<td>June 3, 1869</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian Islin</td>
<td>June 6, 1867</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. L. Sykes, Jr.</td>
<td>July 22, 1867</td>
<td>Nov. 11, 1892</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Keep</td>
<td>Nov. 23, 1867</td>
<td>July 11, 1869</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. H. Baxter</td>
<td>May 15, 1868</td>
<td>Mar. 10, 1871</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James H. Benedict</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
<td>Oct. 6, 1869</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George S. Scott</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
<td>June 3, 1875</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Bloodgood</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. P. James</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. S. Gurnee</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russell Sage</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Mitchell</td>
<td>June 4, 1868</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry R. Pierson</td>
<td>Apr. 7, 1869</td>
<td>June 1, 1871</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. G. Dulman</td>
<td>June 3, 1869</td>
<td>Oct. 20, 1890</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Ten Have</td>
<td>June 3, 1869</td>
<td>June 5, 1879</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John B. Turner</td>
<td>June 3, 1869</td>
<td>June 1, 1871</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John E. Williams</td>
<td>Sept. 1, 1869</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alanson Robinson</td>
<td>Oct. 6, 1869</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles R. Marvin</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1877</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvey Kennedy</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. B. Baylis</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
<td>June 7, 1877</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. L. Scott</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
<td>Sept. 19, 1891</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton Courtright</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
<td>June 1, 1876</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. P. Flower</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
<td>June 5, 1884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. H. Porter</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John F. Tracy</td>
<td>June 2, 1870</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1877</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Dowes</td>
<td>June 1, 1871</td>
<td>June 7, 1883</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. H. Tows</td>
<td>June 1, 1871</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1877</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Ferry</td>
<td>June 1, 1871</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1877</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. F. Allen</td>
<td>June 1, 1871</td>
<td>June 3, 1875</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert Keep</td>
<td>June 5, 1873</td>
<td>May 20, 1907</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. M. Mills</td>
<td>June 3, 1875</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James H. Howe</td>
<td>June 3, 1875</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Bloodgood</td>
<td>June 1, 1876</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jay Gould</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1877</td>
<td>Sept. 27, 1884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Ferry</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1877</td>
<td>June 5, 1879</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sidney Dillon</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1877</td>
<td>Sept. 27, 1884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oliver Ames</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1877</td>
<td>June 7, 1877</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John M. Burke</td>
<td>June 7, 1877</td>
<td>June 6, 1895</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marvin Hughitt</td>
<td>June 7, 1877</td>
<td>Jan. 6, 1928</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Jones</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
<td>June 3, 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perry H. Smith</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
<td>June 5, 1879</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Work</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
<td>June 2, 1881</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. J. Osborn</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
<td>Nov. 11, 1885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. P. Morgan</td>
<td>June 6, 1878</td>
<td>June 2, 1881</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Augustus Schell</td>
<td>June 5, 1879</td>
<td>Mar. 27, 1884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chauncey M. Depew</td>
<td>June 5, 1879</td>
<td>Apr. 5, 1928</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel F. Barger</td>
<td>June 5, 1879</td>
<td>Oct. 21, 1909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. O. Mills</td>
<td>June 3, 1880</td>
<td>June 6, 1889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anson Stager</td>
<td>June 2, 1881</td>
<td>Nov. 11, 1885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. W. Vanderbilt</td>
<td>June 2, 1881</td>
<td>June 29, 1938</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. K. Fairbank</td>
<td>June 7, 1883</td>
<td>Nov. 11, 1902</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. McK. Twombly</td>
<td>June 5, 1884</td>
<td>Jan. 11, 1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. B. Redfield</td>
<td>June 5, 1884</td>
<td>Sept. 27, 1884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. K. Vanderbilt</td>
<td>Sept. 27, 1884</td>
<td>July 22, 1920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horace Williams</td>
<td>Sept. 27, 1884</td>
<td>Aug. 14, 1894</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David P. Kimball</td>
<td>Sept. 27, 1884</td>
<td>Aug. 7, 1923</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John I. Blair</td>
<td>June 4, 1885</td>
<td>Dec. 2, 1899</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percy R. Pyne</td>
<td>June 3, 1886</td>
<td>Feb. 14, 1893</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederick L. Ames</td>
<td>June 6, 1889</td>
<td>Sept. 13, 1893</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James C. Fargo</td>
<td>June 4, 1891</td>
<td>Feb. 8, 1915</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byron L. Smith</td>
<td>June 2, 1892</td>
<td>Mar. 22, 1914</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oliver Ames II</td>
<td>June 7, 1894</td>
<td>June 18, 1929</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cyrus II. McCormick</td>
<td>June 6, 1895</td>
<td>Jan. 14, 1930</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Stillman</td>
<td>June 6, 1895</td>
<td>Mar. 15, 1918</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zenas Crane</td>
<td>June 6, 1895</td>
<td>Dec. 17, 1917</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry C. Frick</td>
<td>Nov. 11, 1902</td>
<td>Dec. 2, 1919</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Work</td>
<td>Nov. 11, 1902</td>
<td>Mar. 16, 1911</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chauncey Keep</td>
<td>Feb. 19, 1906</td>
<td>Aug. 12, 1929</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John V. Farwell</td>
<td>Oct. 21, 1909</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1919</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Homer A. Miller</td>
<td>Oct. 21, 1909</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1919</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. A. Gardner</td>
<td>Apr. 13, 1910</td>
<td>May 11, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.</td>
<td>Apr. 12, 1911</td>
<td>Dec. 14, 1926</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold S. Vanderbilt</td>
<td>May 4, 1914</td>
<td>Dec. 3, 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward M. Hyzer</td>
<td>June 8, 1915</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1919</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard H. Aishton</td>
<td>May 23, 1916</td>
<td>June 11, 1918</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edmund D. Hulbert</td>
<td>Feb. 26, 1918</td>
<td>Mar. 30, 1923</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry C. McElkowney</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1918</td>
<td>Mar. 9, 1923</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Finley</td>
<td>June 11, 1918</td>
<td>June 23, 1925</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Childs Frick</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1919</td>
<td>Oct. 13, 1925</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James A. Stillman</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1919</td>
<td>Feb. 8, 1921</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel A. Lynde</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1919</td>
<td>Feb. 22, 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordon Abbott</td>
<td>Apr. 13, 1920</td>
<td>Apr. 17, 1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James B. Sheehan</td>
<td>Oct. 14, 1920</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1924</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshall Field III</td>
<td>Feb. 8, 1921</td>
<td>Apr. 13, 1937</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert A. Sprague</td>
<td>Apr. 10, 1923</td>
<td>Oct. 14, 1936</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter W. Head</td>
<td>Sept. 11, 1923</td>
<td>Apr. 10, 1934</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred W. Sargent</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1924</td>
<td>June 1, 1939</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ray N. Van Doren</td>
<td>Nov. 10, 1925</td>
<td>Jan. 12, 1933</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John D. Caldwell</td>
<td>Apr. 13, 1926</td>
<td>Apr. 12, 1927</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Seward Webb</td>
<td>Dec. 14, 1926</td>
<td>Nov. 9, 1939</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles W. Nash</td>
<td>Apr. 12, 1927</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John D. Caldwell</td>
<td>Apr. 10, 1928</td>
<td>Feb. 5, 1933</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Stuart</td>
<td>Jan. 8, 1929</td>
<td>Sept. 12, 1934</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edson S. Woodworth</td>
<td>Nov. 7, 1929</td>
<td>July 24, 1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur S. Pierce</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1930</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Rufus Abbott</td>
<td>Apr. 15, 1930</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel H. Cady</td>
<td>Apr. 11, 1933</td>
<td>June 30, 1942</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barret Conway</td>
<td>Apr. 11, 1933</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Dale Clark</td>
<td>Apr. 10, 1934</td>
<td>Feb. 15, 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter J. Kohler</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1935</td>
<td>Apr. 21, 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry W. Rush</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1935</td>
<td>Dec. 6, 1939</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benjamin F. Kauffman</td>
<td>Apr. 13, 1937</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Williams</td>
<td>Dec. 6, 1939</td>
<td>Oct. 9, 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H. Schellberg</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1940</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chester O. Wanvig</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1940</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert K. Stuart</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1940</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert E. Smith</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1940</td>
<td>July 2, 1942</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guy A. Thomas</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1940</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leonard E. Hurttz</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1941</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry W. Harrison</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1941</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Banks</td>
<td>Apr. 8, 1941</td>
<td>May 19, 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William E. Buchanan</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William T. Faricy</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>Mar. 31, 1947</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William C. Frye</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meyer Kestnbaum</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard J. Klossner</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Nuveen Jr.</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred X. Oliver</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter P. Paepcke</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1948</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eugene A. Schmidt, Jr.</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold W. Sweatt</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederick W. Walker</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry L. Wells</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Williams</td>
<td>June 1, 1944</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Geist</td>
<td>May 20, 1947</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry G. McNeely</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1948</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barret Conway</td>
<td>Mar. 3, 1948</td>
<td>*</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Incumbent as of May 1, 1948.

## Stations of the Chicago and North Western Railway System

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abie, Neb.</td>
<td>Almond, Wis.</td>
<td>Anson, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adams, Wis.</td>
<td>Almont, Iowa</td>
<td>Auston, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrian, Minn.</td>
<td>Alpha, Mich.</td>
<td>Antigo, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agar, S.D.</td>
<td>Alton, Iowa</td>
<td>Appleby, S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agnew, Ill.</td>
<td>Altoona, Wis.</td>
<td>Appleton, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Akron, Ill.</td>
<td>Amber, Iowa</td>
<td>Arapahoe, Wyo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albion, Neb.</td>
<td>Amboy, Minn.</td>
<td>Arcadia, Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alcester, S.D.</td>
<td>Ames, Iowa</td>
<td>Archer, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alden, Iowa</td>
<td>Amiret, Minn.</td>
<td>Arco, Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Algona, Iowa</td>
<td>Anamosa, Iowa</td>
<td>Aredale, Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Algonquin, Ill.</td>
<td>Andover, Iowa</td>
<td>Argonne, S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen, Ill.</td>
<td>Andrews, Neb.</td>
<td>Arion, Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ankeny, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Arlington, S.D.  
Arlington Heights, Ill.  
Arpin, Wis.  
Arthur, Iowa  
Ashippun, Wis.  
Ashland, Wis.  
Ashland Jet., Wis.  
Ashton, Ill.  
Ashton, Iowa  
Astoria, S.D.  
Athol, S.D.  
Atkinson, Neb.  
Auburn, Iowa  
Audubon, Iowa  
Augusta, Wis.  
Aurora, S.D.  
Austin, Ill.  
Avoca, Minn.  
Avondale, Ill.  

B  
Badger, Wis.  
Bagley, Mich.  
Balaton, Minn.  
Baldwin, Iowa  
Baldwin, Wis.  
Balsam, Mich.  
Bancroft, Iowa  
Bancroft, Neb.  
Bancroft, Wis.  
Bando, Ill.  
Bangor, Wis.  
Bannerman, Wis.  
Baraboo, Wis.  
Bark River, Mich.  
Barksdale, Wis.  
Barneveld, Wis.  
Barr, Ill.  
Barrington, Ill.  
Barronett, Wis.  
Barton, Wis.  
Bassett, Neb.  
Basswood, Mich.  
Battle Creek, Iowa  
Battle Creek, Neb.  
Bayfield, Wis.  
Bayport, Minn.  
Beaman, Iowa  
Bear Creek, Wis.  
Beaton, Mich.  
Beaver, Iowa  
Beaver, Mich.  
Beaver Creek, Minn.  
Beaver Crossing, Neb.  
Bee, Neb.  
Beechwood, Mich.  
Beemer, Neb.  
Beldenville, Wis.  
Belgium, Wis.  
Belle Fourche, S.D.  
Belle Plaine, Iowa  
Belle Plaine, Minn.  
Bellevue, Wis.  
Bellwood, Ill.  
Beloit, Wis.  
Belvidere, Ill.  
Benld, Ill.  
Bennett, Wis.  
Bennington, Neb.  
Benoit, Wis.  
Benton, Wis.  
Beresford, S.D.  
Berne, Iowa  
Berryville, Wis.  
Bertram, Iowa  
Bessemer, Mich.  
Bigelow, Minn.  
Big Falls, Wis.  
Big Suamico, Wis.  
Bingham Lake, Minn.  
Birch, Wis.  
Birchwood, Wis.  
Birnamwood, Wis.  
Black River Falls, Wis.  
Black Tail, S.D.  
Blackwell Jet., Wis.  
Blair, Neb.  
Blairstown, Iowa  
Blakeley, Minn.  
Blencoe, Iowa  
Blodgett, Ill.  
Bloomer, Wis.  
Bloomfield, Neb.  
Blue Earth, Minn.  
Blue Mounds, Wis.  
Blunt, S.D.  
Boardman, Wis.  
Bondiel, Wis.  
Bonesteel, S.D.  
Bonita, Wis.  
Boone, Iowa  
Bordeaux, Neb.  
Botna, Iowa  
Bowler, Wis.  
Box Elder, S.D.  
Boyer, Iowa  
Bradgate, Iowa  
Braeside, Ill.  
Brainard, Neb.  
Brampton, Mich.  
Branch, Wis.  
Brandon, S.D.  
Brayson, Ill.  
Breda, Iowa  
Breed, Wis.  
Brewster, Minn.  
Bricelyn, Minn.  
Brill, Wis.  
Brillion, Wis.  
Bristow, Neb.  
Broadland, S.D.  
Broadmoor, Ill.  
Bronson, Iowa  
Brookings, S.D.  
Brooklyn, Wis.  
Brooks, Wis.  
Bruce, S.D.  
Brunet, Wis.  
Bruno, Neb.  
Brunsville, Iowa  
Bryant, Iowa  
Bryant, Wis.  
Buckbee, Wis.  
Buckingham, Iowa  
Bucknum, Wyo.
Buda, Ill.
Buffalo Gap, S.D.
Burke, S.D.
Burkhardt, Wis.
Burkmere, S.D.
Burnett, Wis.
Burt, Minn.
Butler, Wis.
Butterfield, Minn.
Byron, Minn.

Cable, Wis.
Cadams, Neb.
Cadoma, Wyo.
Calamus, Iowa
Caledonia, Ill.
Catherine, Wis.
California Jet., Iowa
Callon, Wis.
Calvary, Wis.
Cambria, Minn.
Cameron, Wis.
Campbell, Mich.
Campbellsville, Wis.
Camp Douglas, Wis.
Camp Grove, Ill.
Camp Logan, Ill.
Camp McCoy, Wis.
Canby, Minn.
Canistota, S.D.
Canning, S.D.
Canova, S.D.
Capa, S.D.
Capron, Ill.
Careyhurst, Wyo.
Carlisle, Neb.
Carnarvon, Iowa
Carnes, Iowa
Carney, Mich.
Carnforth, Iowa
Carpentersville, Ill.
Carroll, Iowa

Carroll, Neb.
Carrollville, Wis.
Carter (Forest Co.), Wis.
Cartersville, Iowa
Cartledge, S.D.
Cary, Ill.
Casper, Wyo.
Caspian, Mich.
Castana, Iowa
Castlewood, S.D.
Cato, Wis.
Cavour, S.D.
Cedar, Wis.
Cedar Bluffs, Neb.
Cedar Grove, Wis.
Cedarhurst, Wis.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Center Jet., Iowa
Centerville, S.D.
Ceresco, Neb.
Ceylon, Minn.
Chadron, Neb.
Chaisson, Mich.
Charlotte, Iowa
Chatfield, Minn.
Chelsea, Iowa
Chenango, Ill.
Cherry Valley, Ill.
Chetek, Wis.
Chicago, Ill.
Chili, Wis.
Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Chittenden, Ill.
Churchill, Ill.
Cisco Lake, Mich.
Claremont, Minn.
Clarence, Iowa
Clark, S.D.
Clarkson, Neb.
Clayton, Wis.
Clear Lake, Wis.
Clearwater, Neb.
Clearwater Lake, Wis.
Clements, Minn.
Cleveland, Wis.

Clinton, Iowa
Clinton, Neb.
Clinton Jet., Wis.
Claytonville, Wis.
Cloyde, Mich.
Clinton, Iowa
Clybourn, Ill.
Clayman, Wis.
Clayman Jet., Wis.
Cobb, Wis.
Cobden, Minn.
Coburn, Neb.
Cody, Neb.
Coleridge, Neb.
Colo, Iowa
Colome, S.D.
Colon, Neb.
Columbia, S.D.
Columbia, Wis.
Combined Locks, Wis.
Comfrey, Minn.
Commonwealth, Wis.
Comstock, Wis.
Concord, Neb.
Conde, S.D.
Conover, Wis.
Courad, Iowa
Cordova, Neb.
Cornell, Wis.
Cornlea, Neb.
Correctionville, Iowa
Cortland, Ill.
Cottage Grove, Wis.
Cottonwood, S.D.
Conde, Wis.
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Council Bluffs Transfer
Iowa
County Line (Pierce
Co.), Wis.
Courtland, Minn.
Cragin, Ill.
Craig, Iowa
Craig, Neb.
Crandon, S.D.
Crandon, Wis.
Crawford, Neb.
Cray, Minn.
Creighton, Neb.
Crescent, Iowa
Creston, Ill.
Creston, Neb.
Crofton, Neb.
Crowell, Neb.
Crystal Falls, Mich.
Crystal Lake, Ill.
Cuba City, Wis.
Cudahy, Wis.
Culver, Ill.
Cumberland, Ill.
Cumberland, Wis.
Currie, Minn.
Cushing, Iowa
Cutler, Wis.
Cuyler (Chicago), Ill.

D
Daggett, Mich.
Dakota City, Iowa
Dakota City, Neb.
Dale, Neb.
Dallas, S.D.
Dalton, Wis.
Dalzell, Ill.
Danbury, Iowa
Dane, Wis.
Darfur, Minn.
Davenport, Neb.
Dayton, Iowa
Deadwood, S.D.
Deep River, Iowa
Deerbrook, Wis.
Deerfield, Wis.
Deering (Chicago), Ill.
Deer Park, Wis.
De Kalb, Ill.
Delfelders, Wyo.
Delft, Minn.
Dellwood, Wis.
Delmar, Iowa
Dempster, S.D.
Denison, Iowa
Denmark, Wis.
De Pere, Wis.
De Smet, S.D.
Des Moines, Iowa
De Soto, Neb.
Des Plaines, Ill.
Devils Lake, Wis.
Devon Ave. (Chicago), Ill.
De Witt, Iowa
Dike, Iowa
Dixon, Ill.
Dodge, Neb.
Dodge Center, Minn.
Dodgeville, Wis.
Doland, S.D.
Doliver, Iowa
Dotson, Minn.
Dougherty, Iowa
Douglas, Wyo.
Dousman, Wis.
Dover, Minn.
Dovray, Minn.
Dow City, Iowa
Drummond, Wis.
Duck Creek, Wis.
Dudley, Minn.
Duluth, Minn.
Dumont, Iowa
Dundas, Wis.
Dundee, Ill.
Dundee, Minn.
Dunes Park, Ill.
Dunlap, Iowa
Dwight, Neb.

E
Eagle Grove, Iowa
Eagle Lake, Minn.
Eagle Point, Wis.
Eagle River, Wis.
Eakin, S.D.
Earl, Wis.
Earlville, Ill.
Early, Iowa
East End (Superior), Wis.
East Rockford, Ill.
East Waupun, Wis.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Eddy, Ill.
Eden, Wis.
Edgar, Wis.
Edison Park, Ill.
Edmund, Wis.
Eland, Wis.
Elberon, Iowa
Elburn, Ill.
Elcho, Wis.
Elderon, Wis.
Eldora, Iowa
Eldorado, Wis.
Eleva, Wis.
Elgin, Ill.
Elgin, Minn.
Elgin, Neb.
Elk, Neb.
Elkhorn, Neb.
Elk Mound, Wis.
Elkton, S.D.
Ellis, S.D.
Ellsworth, Iowa
Ellsworth, Wis.
Elmhurst, Ill.
Elmhurst, Wis.
Elmore, Minn.
Elmwood, Mich.
Elroy, Wis.
Elton, Wis.
Elva, Ill.
Emerson, Neb.
Emmet, Neb.
Engle, Wis.
Enterprise, Wis.
Escanaba, Mich.
Esmond, S.D.
Essig, Minn.
Estelline, S.D.
Evan, Minn.
Evanston, Ill.
Evansville, Wis.
Ewing, Neb.
Exeter, Neb.
Eyota, Minn.

G
Gagen, Wis.
Galbraith, Iowa
Galesville, Wis.
Galloway, Wis.
Galt, Ill.
Galva, Iowa
Garden City, Minn.
Garden Prairie, Ill.
Garvin, Minn.
Garwin, Iowa
Gary, S.D.
Geneva, Ill.
Geneva, Neb.
Genoa City, Wis.
Gentian, Mich.
Gettysburg, S.D.
Glent, Minn.
Gifford, Iowa
Gilbert, Iowa
Gilberts, Ill.
Gillilan, Minn.
Gillett, Wis.
Girard, Ill.
Gladbrook, Iowa
Gladstone Park, Ill.
Glen, Neb.
Glenbeulah, Wis.
Glencoe, Ill.
Glen Ellyn, Ill.
Glenoak, Wis.
Glenrock, Wyo.
Glidden, Iowa
Glover, Wis.
Goeheer, Neb.
Gogebic, Mich.
Goldfield, Iowa
Goodwin, S.D.
Goose Lake, Iowa
Gordon, Neb.

Gordon, Wis.
Gorman, S.D.
Gowrie, Iowa
Grand Detour, Ill.
Grand Jet, Iowa
Grand Marsh, Wis.
Grand Mound, Iowa
Grand View, Wis.
Granton, Wis.
Granville, Iowa
Granville, Wis.
Gray, Iowa
Great Lakes, Ill.
Green Bay, Wis.
Green Lake, Wis.
Green Valley, Ill.
Green Valley, Wis.
Greenville, Wis.
Greenwood Blvd., Ill.
Gregory, S.D.
Gridley, Iowa
Grimms, Wis.
Grogan, Minn.
Groton, S.D.
Guinsee, Minn.
Guernsey, Iowa

H
Hadar, Neb.
Hadley, Minn.
Hahnman, Ill.
Halfa, Iowa
Hammond, Wis.
Hanlontown, Iowa
Hansen, Mich.
Harcourt, Iowa
Harlan, Iowa
Harris, Mich.
Harrison, Neb.
Harrison, Wis.
Harrold, S.D.
Hartford, S.D.
Hartington, Neb.
Hartland, Ill.
Hartleys, Mich.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harlwick, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvard, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hatley, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Havana, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Havelock, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haven, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haverhill, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawarden, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawthorne, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hay Springs, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayward, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazel, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hecla, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helena, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helenville, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hematite, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henderson, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hendricks, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herman, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermansville, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermosa, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heron Lake, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herrick, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herrington, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hersey, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hetland, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hicks, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Highland Park, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Highmore, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Highwood, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hiles, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hines, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinton, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hitchcock, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holabird, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holstein, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honey Creek, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hooker, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hooper, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hortonville, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoskins, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoppers, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot Springs, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houghton, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howells, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hubbard, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hubbard, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hubbard Woods, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hubly, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudson, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudson, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudson City, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hughes, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hull's Crossing, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humbird, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humboldt, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humphrey, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunting, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huntley, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurley, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurley, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huron, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hustler, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ida Grove, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilco, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imogene, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indiantown, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingalls, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inman, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iowa Falls, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ipwich, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ireton, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron Mountain, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron River, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ironwood, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ironquois, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irvine, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irving Park, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irvington, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irvington, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irwin, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irwin, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iroquois, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Itasca, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivanhoe, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ives, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackson, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janesville, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janesville, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeffers, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jefferson, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jefferson, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jefferson Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jefferson Park, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jewell, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Falls, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jirch, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson Creek, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnstown, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joice, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judson, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juncau, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kamoza, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kamrar, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kassota, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kasson, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaukauna, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kedzie, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keeline, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keesus, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelley, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kellner, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelly, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kempster, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kendalls, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kendal, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenilworth, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenedard, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenosha, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kesley, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kew, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kewaskum, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kiester, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kilgore, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kimball, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Kimberly, Wis.
Kingsley, Iowa
Kirkman, Iowa
Kiron, Iowa
Klevenville, Wis.
Klokan, Mich.
Knapp, Wis.
Krakow, Wis.
Kranzburg, S.D.
Kurth, Wis.

L
Lac du Flambeau, Wis.
La Crosse, Wis.
La Fox, Ill.
Lake Benton, Minn.
Lake Bluff, Ill.
Lake City, Iowa
Lake Como, Wis.
Lake Crystal, Minn.
Lake Elmo, Minn.
Lake Forest, Ill.
Lake Geneva, Wis.
Lake George, Wis.
Lake Jct., Minn.
Lake Mills, Iowa
Lake Mills, Wis.
Lake Owen, Wis.
Lake Preston, S.D.
Lakeside, Wis.
Lake Tomahawk, Wis.
Lake View, Iowa
Lake Wilson, Minn.
Lakewood, Wis.
Lamberton, Minn.
Lamoille, Iowa
Lampson, Wis.
Lancaster, Wis.
Lancaster Jct., Wis.
Lander, Wyo.
Land O'Lakes, Wis.
Langley, Ill.
Laona, Wis.
Larch, Mich.
Larsen, Wis.

Lathrop, Mich.
Laurel, Neb.
Laurens, Iowa
La Valle, Wis.
Lawn Hill, Iowa
Lawrence, Ill.
Lawrence, Minn.
Lawton, Iowa
Layton Park, Wis.
Lead, S.D.
Leapers, Mich.
Leat, Neb.
Lebanon, S.D.
Lebanon, Wis.
Ledyard, Iowa
Le Grand, Iowa
Leigh, Neb.
Le Mars, Iowa
Lenington, Wis.
Lenox, Wis.
Leonards, Wis.
Le Sueur, Minn.
Levis, Wis.
Lewiston, Minn.
Lewsville, Minn.
Leyden, Wis.
Liberty, Wis.
Lick, Ill.
Lime Creek, Minn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Linderman, Wis.
Lindsay, Neb.
Lin Grove, Iowa
Linwood, Neb.
Lisbon, Iowa
Little Chute, Wis.
Little Lake, Mich.
Little Rapids, Wis.
Little Suamico, Wis.
Livingston, Wis.
Lodi, Wis.
Logan, Iowa
Lohrville, Iowa
Lohrville, Wis.
Lombard, Ill.

London, Wis.
Lone Rock, Iowa
Long Lake, Wis.
Long Pine, Neb.
Loretta, Wis.
Loretto, Mich.
Loretto, Neb.
Lost Springs, Wyo.
Loveland, Iowa
Lowden, Iowa
Low Moor, Iowa
Lucan, Minn.
Ludden, N.D.
Lusk, Wyo.
Luther, Ill.
Laverne, Iowa
Laverne, Minn.
Lazene, Iowa
Lynch, Neb.
Lyndhurst, Wis.
Lyons, Iowa
Lyons, Neb.
Lytwles, Wis.

M
McFarland, Mich.
McGirr, Ill.
McHenry, Ill.
McMillan, Wis.
McNally, Iowa
McNaughton, Wis.
Madeia, Minn.
Madison, Wis.
Magnet, Neb.
Magnolia, Minn.
Magonia, Wis.
Main St. (Evanston), Ill.
Malone, Iowa
Malone, Wis.
Malta, Ill.
Malvern, Wis.
Manchester, S.D.
Manitowish, Wis.
Manitowoc, Wis.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Town</th>
<th>State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mankato</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manley</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manning</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manville</td>
<td>Wyo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manyaska</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maple Park</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maple River</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mapleton</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mapleton, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maplewood (Chicago), Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maquoketa</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marathon</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marathon City, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marengo</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marenisco</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maribel</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marinette</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marlands</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marna</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshall</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshalltown, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshfield</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshland</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martland</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason City, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mastodon</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mattoon</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maurice</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayfair</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maywood</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meadow Grove, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mechanicsville, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medina</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medina Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melrose Park, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menasha</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mendota</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mendota, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menominee</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menomonie, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menomonie Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mequon</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercer</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meriden</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merriam</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrillan</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrimac</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merriman</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midland</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midway</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millston</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miloma</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milroy</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milwaukee</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minneapolis</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minneopa</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minneota</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnesota City, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnesota Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minong</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miranda</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missouri Valley, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Module</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mondamin</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mondovi</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montfort</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monroe</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monmouth</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monowi</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monroe</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montfort Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montour</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montrose</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moorhead</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgan</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moritz</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morse</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morse Bluff</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mosher</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountain</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountain Lake</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mount Horeb</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montt Prospect, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mount Vernon</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moville</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mudbaden</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nachusa</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nacora</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Narenta</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nashville</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nashville</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nashville</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neble</td>
<td>Wyo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Necedah</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neenah</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negamee</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neilsville</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nekoosa</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nelligh</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nelson</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nenzel</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neshkoro</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nevada</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newald</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Auburn</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newbold</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newell</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New London</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New London Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman Grove</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newport</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Richmond</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newton</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Ulm</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nickerson</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicollett</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicols</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niobrara</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nisland</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Node</td>
<td>Wyo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nora</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norma</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City</td>
<td>State</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Normandy, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norrie, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Aurora, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Branch, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northfield, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Freedom, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Lake, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northline, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Lowell, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northrop, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northville, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norwalk, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norway, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norway, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norwood Park, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nowlin, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange City, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ordway, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Org. Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orin, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oshawa, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oshkosh, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Osseo, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ottawa, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owanka, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owasa, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owatonna, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oxford, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Padus, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palatine, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palatka, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panola, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parker, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parkersburg, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parkerton, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Park Falls, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Park Ridge, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parrish Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Partridge, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paulina, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pecatonica, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peebles, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pelican Lake, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pell Lake, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pender, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pensaukee, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pentoga, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peoria, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peshtigo, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petersburg, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson Ave., Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petersville, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phelps, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philip, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piedmont, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pierce, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pierre, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pierson, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilger, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pine Creek, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pine Lake, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pipestone, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pigsah, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plains, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plainview, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plainview, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Platteville, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plum Creek, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polar, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polk City, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poplar Grove, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port Edwards, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Porter, Minn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port Washington, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powder River, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powell, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powell, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powers, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pratt Jet., Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preston, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Price, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princeton, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proviso, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pulaski, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pulp, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pureair, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarry, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quinn, S.D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quinnesee, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Racine, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radcliffe, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radisson, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radnor, Ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Racine, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralston, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ramsay, Mich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Randall, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Randolph, Neb.  
Rapid City, S.D.  
Ravenswood, Ill.  
Ravinia, Ill.  
Rawson, Wis.  
Raymond, S.D.  
Redfield, S.D.  
Red Granite, Wis.  
Redwater, S.D.  
Redwood Falls, Minn.  
Redwood, Wis.  
Ripon, Wis.  
Rhone Island, Wis.  
Rolle, Iowa  
Rollo, Ill.  
Roscoe, Ill.  
Rose Hill, Ill.  
Rosedale, Wis.  
Rosholt, Wis.  
Ross, Iowa  
Round Grove, Ill.  
Rowena, Minn.  
Roxby, Wis.  
Rudolph, S.D.  
Rufus, Wis.  
Rushmore, Minn.  
Rushville, Neb.  
Rusk, Wis.  
Rutland, Iowa  
Sac City, Iowa  
St. Charles, Minn.  
St. Charles, S.D.  
St. Cloud, Wis.  
St. James, Minn.  
St. Lawrence, S.D.  
St. Marie, Wis.  
St. Onge, S.D.  
St. Paul, Minn.  
St. Peter, Minn.  
Salina, S.D.  
Salix, Iowa  
Salmo, Wis.  
Sanborn, Minn.  
Sand Rock, Wis.  
Sands, Mich.  
Sarona, Wis.  
Santry, Wis.  
Savage, Minn.  
Sawyer, Wis.  
Saxon, Wis.  
Saylor, Iowa  
Searville, Iowa  
Schaller, Iowa  
Schleswig, Iowa  
Scott Lake, Mich.  
Scranton, Iowa  
Scribner, Neb.  
Seaforth, Minn.  
Secor, Iowa  
Seeley, Wis.  
Seneca, S.D.  
Seney, Iowa  
Sergeant Bluff, Iowa  
Seventh St. (Norfolk), Neb.  
Seward, Neb.  
Shabbona Grove, Ill.  
Shaft No. 2, Ill.  
Shakopee, Minn.  
Sharon, Wis.  
Shawano, Wis.  
Shawnee, Wyo.  
Sheboygan, Wis.  
Sheboygan Falls, Wis.  
Sheldon, Iowa  
Shell Lake, Wis.  
Shenington, Wis.  
Shepley, Wis.  
Sheppard, Wis.  
Shickley, Neb.  
Sholes, Neb.  
Shorewood, Wis.  
Shoshoni, Wyo.  
Sibley, Iowa  
Sidemont, Wis.  
Silica, Wis.  
Sioux City, Iowa  
Sioux Falls, S.D.  
Sioux Rapids, Iowa  
Sioux Valley Jct., S.D.  
Skokie, Ill.  
Slater, Iowa  
Slayton, Minn.  
Sleepy Eye, Minn.  
Sloan, Iowa  
Smith’s Mill, Minn.  
Smithwick, S.D.  
Snells, Wis.  
Snyder, Neb.  
Soldier, Iowa
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Town</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Solon Springs</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soperton</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Beaver Dam</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Elgin</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Milwaukee</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Omaha</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Oshkosh</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Pekin</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Randolph</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Range</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Sioux City</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sparta</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speer</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spencer</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spencer</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Split Rock</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spooner</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spread Eagle</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Brook</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springfield</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Lake</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Valley</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Valley</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staats</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stack</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stafford</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stager</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stambaugh</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanhope</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanton</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanton</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanwood</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State Center</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephenson</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sterling</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stickley</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stiles Junction</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stillwater</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stitzer</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stockton</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Storden</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Story City</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stout</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stratford</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stratford</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stronds</td>
<td>Wyo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strun</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stuart</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sturgeon</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sturgis</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar Bush</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summerdale</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summit Lake</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior East End</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suring</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sussex</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sutherland</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swanzy</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swedenburg</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweden</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweetwater</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sycamore</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sydney</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Syene</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvan Lake</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tama</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tamarack</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taunton</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tekamah</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terra Cotta</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teton</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thacher</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thor</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thornton</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Lakes</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurston</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tigerton</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tilden</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tilford</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tilton</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tipler</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tipton</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomahawk Lake</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Townsend</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tracy</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traer</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traverse</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trego</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trempealeau</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triumph</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triumph</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trombly</td>
<td>Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troy Grove</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truax</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truman</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tunnel</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turin</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turtle Lake</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turton</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuscalia</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Rivers</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyler</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyran</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyson</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flao</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Underwood</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union Center</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union Grove</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unityville</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upton</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ute</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utica</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vail</td>
<td>Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valley Jet</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valley Springs</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vandyne</td>
<td>Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Metre</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Petten</td>
<td>Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Tassell</td>
<td>Wyo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vayland</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verdel</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verdi</td>
<td>Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verdigre</td>
<td>Neb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verdon</td>
<td>S.D.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Vernon Center, Minn.
Verona, Wis.
Vesper, Wis.
Vesta, Minn.
Vilas, S.D.
Villa Park, Ill.
Viola, Wis.
Virden, Ill.
Volga, S.D.
Voorhies, Iowa
Vulcan, Mich.

W
Wabasso, Minn.
Wabeno, Wis.
Wahoo, Neb.
Wakefield, Mich.
Wakefield, Neb.
Wakonda, S.D.
Wald, Iowa
Wales, Wis.
Wall, S.D.
Wallace, Mich.
Wall Lake, Iowa
Walnut Grove, Minn.
Wanda, Minn.
Warren, Wis.
Wascott, Wis.
Waseca, Minn.
Washburn, Wis.
Washington, Neb.
Wasta, S.D.
Watersmeet, Mich.
Watertown, S.D.
Watertown, Wis.
Watkins, Iowa
Waucedah, Mich.
Waukegan, Ill.
Waukesha, Wis.
Waunakee, Wis.
Wausa, Neb.
Wausau, Wis.

Wantoma, Wis.
Wayne, Ill.
Wayne, Neb.
Wayside, Neb.
Webster City, Iowa
Weedens, Wis.
Welcome, Minn.
Wellington, Mich.
Wendte, S.D.
Wessington, S.D.
West Allis, Wis.
West Bend, Wis.
Westbrook, Minn.
West Chicago, Ill.
West Clinton, Iowa
West Point, Neb.
West Rosendale, Wis.
West Salem, Wis.
West Side, Iowa
What Cheer, Iowa
Wheatland, Iowa
Wheaton, Ill.
Wheelerwood, Iowa
White Lake, Wis.
Whitelaw, Wis.
Whitewood, S.D.
Whiting, Iowa
Whitney, Neb.
Whitton, Iowa
Wilcox, Wis.
Wild, Minn.
Wild Rose, Wis.
Wildwood, Wis.
Williams Bay, Wis.
Willow, Wis.
Wilmette, Ill.
Wilson, Mich.
Wilson, Wis.
Wilson Ave., Ill.
Wilton, Wis.
Winde, Mich.

Windom, Minn.
Winfield, Ill.
Winnebago, Ill.
Winnebago, Minn.
Winnebago, Wis.
Winner, S.D.
Winnetka, Ill.
Winnetoon, Neb.
Winona, Minn.
Winside, Neb.
Winter, Wis.
Winthrop Harbor, Ill.
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
Wisner, Neb.
Witten, S.D.
Wittenberg, Wis.
Wolsey, S.D.
Womac, Ill.
Wonewoc, Wis.
Wood, S.D.
Woodbine, Iowa
Wood Lake, Neb.
Woodruff, Wis.
Woodstock, Ill.
Woodstock, Minn.
Woodville, Wis.
Woodstock, Iowa
Worthing, S.D.
Worthington, Minn.
Wrightstown, Wis.
Wyeville, Wis.

Y
Yankton, S.D.
Yarnell, Wis.

Z
Zachow, Wis.
Zaneta, Iowa
Zell, S.D.
Zion, Ill.
## Appendix

**Construction of Lines Now Part of Chicago and North Western Railway Company**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>From</th>
<th>To</th>
<th>Miles</th>
<th>Constructed by</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1848</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>Harlem, Ill.</td>
<td>10.00</td>
<td>Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1849</td>
<td>Harlem, Ill.</td>
<td>Elgin, Ill.</td>
<td>33.00</td>
<td>G &amp; C U R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1852</td>
<td>Elgin, Ill.</td>
<td>Rockford, Ill.</td>
<td>50.00</td>
<td>G &amp; C U R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1853</td>
<td>Rockford, Ill.</td>
<td>Freeport, Ill.</td>
<td>28.00</td>
<td>G &amp; C U R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1853</td>
<td>Belvidere, Ill.</td>
<td>Beloit, Wis.</td>
<td>29.10</td>
<td>G &amp; C U R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854</td>
<td>Turner Jet., Ill.</td>
<td>Dixon, Ill.</td>
<td>68.00</td>
<td>G &amp; C U R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>Cary, Ill.</td>
<td>38.50</td>
<td>Illinois and Wisconsin Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854</td>
<td>Minnesota Jct., Wis.</td>
<td>Fond du Lac, Wis.</td>
<td>29.00</td>
<td>Rock River Valley Union Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854</td>
<td>Elgin, Ill.</td>
<td>Genoa, Wis.</td>
<td>36.34</td>
<td>Fox River Valley Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1855</td>
<td>Cary, Ill.</td>
<td>Janesville, Wis.</td>
<td>52.30</td>
<td>Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1855</td>
<td>Dixon, Ill.</td>
<td>Fulton, Ill.</td>
<td>39.00</td>
<td>Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 1855   | Ogden Ave., Chicago      | Chicago River, Chicago | 2.75  | Chicago, St. Charles and Mississippi Air Line Rail-
<p>| 1855   | Chicago, Ill.            | Wisconsin state line   | 44.60 | Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad Company             |
| 1855   | Wisconsin state line     | Milwaukee, Wis.        | 40.40 | Green Bay, Milwaukee and Chicago Rail Road Company |
| 1856   | Chicago                  | Turner Jet., Ill.      | 30.00 | Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road Company         |
| 1857   | Clinton, Iowa            | Wheatland, Iowa        | 44.00 | Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Rail Road               |
| 1858   | Wheatland, Iowa          | Lisbon, Iowa           | 20.00 | C I &amp; N R.R.                                        |
| 1859   | Janesville, Wis.         | Minnesota Jct., Wis.   | 57.00 | Chicago and North Western Railway Company          |
| 1859   | Fond du Lac, Wis.        | Oshkosh, Wis.          | 17.00 | C &amp; N. W. Ry. Co.                                  |
| 1859   | Sheboygan, Wis.          | Plymouth, Wis.         | 13.90 | Sheboygan and Mississippi Rail Road Company        |
| 1859   | Lisbon, Iowa             | Cedar Rapids, Iowa     | 17.30 | Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Rail Road               |
| 1859   | Cortland, Ill.           | Sycamore, Ill.         | 4.64  | The Sycamore and Cortland Rail Road Company        |
| 1860   | East bank of Mississippi River, Ill. | Little Rock Island | .85 | The Albany Railroad Bridge Company |
| 1860   | Beloit, Wis.             | Magnolia, Wis.         | 17.00 | Beloit and Madison Rail Road Company               |
| 1860   | Plymouth, Wis.           | Glenbeulah, Wis.       | 5.70  | Sheboygan and Mississippi Rail Road Company        |
| 1861   | Oshkosh, Wis.            | Appleton, Wis.         | 20.00 | Chicago and North Western Railway Company          |
| 1861   | Kenosha, Wis.            | Rockford, Ill.         | 72.10 | Kenosha, Rockford and Rock Island Rail Road Company|
| 1861   | Cedar Rapids, Iowa       | Chelsea, Iowa          | 41.00 | Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad          |
| 1862   | Appleton, Wis.           | Ft. Howard, Wis.       | 28.40 | Chicago and North Western Railway Company          |
| 1862   | Chelsea, Iowa            | Marshall, Iowa         | 29.00 | Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad          |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>From</th>
<th>To</th>
<th>Miles</th>
<th>Constructed by</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>So. Branch Jet., Chicago</td>
<td>Ogden Ave., Chicago</td>
<td>1.75</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>Escanaba, Mich.</td>
<td>Neguannce, Mich.</td>
<td>62.00</td>
<td>The Peninsula Rail Road Company of Michigan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>Magnolia, Wis.</td>
<td>Madison, Wis.</td>
<td>31.80</td>
<td>Belpit and Madison Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>Marshall, Iowa</td>
<td>Nevada, Iowa</td>
<td>29.00</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1864</td>
<td>Winona, Minn.</td>
<td>Rochester, Minn.</td>
<td>49.50</td>
<td>Winona and Saint Peter Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Little Rock Island</td>
<td>Clinton, Iowa</td>
<td>.22</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Nevada, Iowa</td>
<td>Boone, Iowa</td>
<td>23.00</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1866</td>
<td>Boone, Iowa</td>
<td>Missouri River, Iowa</td>
<td>149.60</td>
<td>C R &amp; M R R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1867</td>
<td>Rochester, Minn.</td>
<td>Waseca, Minn.</td>
<td>55.50</td>
<td>Winona and Saint Peter Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1867</td>
<td>Missouri Valley, Iowa</td>
<td>California Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>5.84</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1867</td>
<td>California Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>Sloan, Iowa</td>
<td>49.81</td>
<td>Sioux City and Pacific Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1868</td>
<td>Sloan, Iowa</td>
<td>Sioux City, Iowa</td>
<td>20.00</td>
<td>S C &amp; P R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1868</td>
<td>Greenbush, Wis.</td>
<td>Fond du Lac, Wis.</td>
<td>23.40</td>
<td>Sheboygan and Fond du Lac Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1869</td>
<td>California Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>Fremont, Neb.</td>
<td>31.77</td>
<td>Sioux City and Pacific Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1869</td>
<td>Fremont, Neb.</td>
<td>Maple Creek, Neb.</td>
<td>10.00</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Neguannce, Mich.</td>
<td>Lake Angeline, Mich.</td>
<td>4.58</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Various branches to Michigan mines</td>
<td></td>
<td>42.27</td>
<td>C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Winona Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Winona, Minn.</td>
<td>29.00</td>
<td>La Crosse, Trempealeau and Prescott Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Clinton, Iowa</td>
<td>Lyons, Iowa</td>
<td>2.60</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Waseca, Minn.</td>
<td>Janesville, Minn.</td>
<td>11.00</td>
<td>Winona and St. Peter Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Mankato Jet., Minn.</td>
<td>Mankato, Minn.</td>
<td>3.75</td>
<td>Winona, Mankato and New Ulm Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Maple Creek, Neb.</td>
<td>West Point, Neb.</td>
<td>25.03</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Janesville, Minn.</td>
<td>St. Peter, Minn.</td>
<td>23.00</td>
<td>Winona and St. Peter Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Fort Howard, Wis.</td>
<td>Marinette, Wis.</td>
<td>49.45</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Fond du Lac, Wis.</td>
<td>Princeton, Wis.</td>
<td>35.40</td>
<td>Sheboygan and Fond du Lac Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Geneva, Wis.</td>
<td>Lake Geneva, Wis.</td>
<td>8.70</td>
<td>The State Line and Union Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Geneva, Ill.</td>
<td>St. Charles, Ill.</td>
<td>2.40</td>
<td>The St. Charles Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Lyons, Iowa</td>
<td>Anamosa, Iowa</td>
<td>70.97</td>
<td>Iowa Midland Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Manitowoc, Wis.</td>
<td>Brillton, Wis.</td>
<td>21.30</td>
<td>The Appleton and New London Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>West Point, Neb.</td>
<td>Wisner, Neb.</td>
<td>17.04</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>Marinette, Wis.</td>
<td>Escanaba, Mich.</td>
<td>64.65</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>Montrose, Ill.</td>
<td>5.20</td>
<td>C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>Stanwood, Iowa</td>
<td>Tipton, Iowa</td>
<td>8.50</td>
<td>Stanwood and Tipton Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>Lake Shore Jct., Wis.</td>
<td>Sheboygan, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Milwaukee, Manitowoc and Green Bay Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>Brillon, Wis.</td>
<td>One m. east of Appleton</td>
<td>20.00</td>
<td>The Appleton and New London Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>St. Peter, Minn.</td>
<td>New Ulm, Minn.</td>
<td>30.00</td>
<td>Winona and St. Peter Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1873</td>
<td>Madison, Wis.</td>
<td>Winona Jct., Wis.</td>
<td>129.10</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1873</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
<td>Fond du Lac, Wis.</td>
<td>62.63</td>
<td>Northwestern Union Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1873</td>
<td>Sheboygan, Wis.</td>
<td>Manitowoc, Wis.</td>
<td>25.20</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1873</td>
<td>New Ulm, Minn.</td>
<td>Watertown, S.D.</td>
<td>153.98</td>
<td>Winona and St. Peter Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1874</td>
<td>Galena, Ill.</td>
<td>Platteville, Wis.</td>
<td>31.50</td>
<td>Galena and Southern Wisconsin Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1874</td>
<td>Des Moines, Iowa</td>
<td>Ames, Iowa</td>
<td>37.00</td>
<td>The Des Moines and Minnesota Rail-Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1874</td>
<td>Boone, Iowa</td>
<td>Coal Banks, Iowa</td>
<td>3.25</td>
<td>Iowa Railway, Coal and Manufacturing Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1874</td>
<td>Manitowoc, Wis.</td>
<td>Two Rivers, Wis.</td>
<td>6.35</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1874</td>
<td>Appleton, 1 m. east</td>
<td>Appleton, Wis.</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>The Appleton and New London Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1876</td>
<td>Appleton, Wis.</td>
<td>New London, Wis.</td>
<td>19.90</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1877</td>
<td>Phillips Corners, Wis.</td>
<td>Conley, Wis.</td>
<td>8.50</td>
<td>Galena and Southern Wisconsin Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1877</td>
<td>Maple River Jct., Iowa</td>
<td>Mapleton, Iowa</td>
<td>69.15</td>
<td>The Maple River Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Woodman, Wis.</td>
<td>Lancaster, Wis.</td>
<td>31.38</td>
<td>Chicago and Tomah Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Ames, Iowa</td>
<td>Callanan, Iowa</td>
<td>20.34</td>
<td>The Des Moines and Minneapolis Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>New London, Wis.</td>
<td>Clintonville, Wis.</td>
<td>16.20</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Sleepy Eye, Minn.</td>
<td>Redwood Falls, Minn.</td>
<td>24.40</td>
<td>The Minnesota Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Rochester, Minn.</td>
<td>Zumbrota, Minn.</td>
<td>24.18</td>
<td>The Rochester and Northern Minnesota Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Elyota, Minn.</td>
<td>Plainview, Minn.</td>
<td>15.01</td>
<td>Plainview Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Elyota, Minn.</td>
<td>Chatfield, Minn.</td>
<td>11.46</td>
<td>Chatfield Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Extension</td>
<td>Appleton, Wis.</td>
<td>3.63</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Dandridge Jct., Wis.</td>
<td>Montfort, Wis.</td>
<td>13.50</td>
<td>The Chicago and Tomah Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Wall Lake, Iowa</td>
<td>Sae City, Iowa</td>
<td>12.76</td>
<td>Sae City and Wall Lake Railroad Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Clintonville, Wis.</td>
<td>Tipton, Wis.</td>
<td>18.60</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Hortonville, Wis.</td>
<td>Lee, Wis.</td>
<td>11.10</td>
<td>M L S &amp; W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>----</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Tracy, Minn.</td>
<td>S. Dakota line</td>
<td>46.40</td>
<td>Chicago and Dakota Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>South Dakota line</td>
<td>Volga, S.D.</td>
<td>24.51</td>
<td>Dakota Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Wisner, Neb.</td>
<td>Oakdale, Neb.</td>
<td>58.56</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Quinnesec, Mich.</td>
<td>State line, Mich.</td>
<td>6.37</td>
<td>Menominee River Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>State line, Wis.</td>
<td>Florence, Wis.</td>
<td>11.00</td>
<td>Menominee Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Janesville, Wis.</td>
<td>Afton, Wis.</td>
<td>6.10</td>
<td>Rock River Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Montfort, Wis.</td>
<td>Conley, Wis.</td>
<td>8.00</td>
<td>The Chicago and Tomah Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Tama, Iowa</td>
<td>Toledo, Iowa</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td>The Toledo and Northwestern Railway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Toledo, Iowa</td>
<td>Webster City, Iowa</td>
<td>80.39</td>
<td>The T &amp; N W Ry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Tigerton, Wis.</td>
<td>Aniwa, Wis.</td>
<td>22.70</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Lee, Wis.</td>
<td>Oshkosh, Wis.</td>
<td>11.70</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Eland Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Wausau, Wis.</td>
<td>23.87</td>
<td>M L S &amp; W Ry, Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Volga, S.D.</td>
<td>Pierre, S.D.</td>
<td>184.75</td>
<td>Dakota Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Oakdale, Neb.</td>
<td>Neligh, Neb.</td>
<td>5.33</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Madison, Wis.</td>
<td>Montfort, Wis.</td>
<td>60.84</td>
<td>The Chicago and Tomah Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Carroll, Iowa</td>
<td>Kirkman, Iowa</td>
<td>34.81</td>
<td>Iowa South Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Webster City, Iowa</td>
<td>Eagle Grove, Iowa</td>
<td>14.76</td>
<td>The Toledo and Northwestern Railway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Eagle Grove, Iowa</td>
<td>Willow Glen, Iowa</td>
<td>29.81</td>
<td>The T &amp; N W Ry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Jewell Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>Stratford, Iowa</td>
<td>15.03</td>
<td>The T &amp; N W Ry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Aniwa, Wis.</td>
<td>Summit Lake, Wis.</td>
<td>26.42</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Ordway Jet., S.D.</td>
<td>Ordway, S.D.</td>
<td>87.95</td>
<td>Dakota Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Plainview, Neb.</td>
<td>Creighton, Neb.</td>
<td>10.30</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Neligh, Neb.</td>
<td>Long Pine, Neb.</td>
<td>97.64</td>
<td>F E &amp; M V R.R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Florence, Wis.</td>
<td>Crystal Falls, Mich.</td>
<td>16.69</td>
<td>Menominee River Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Various branches to mines</td>
<td>Metropolitan, Mich.</td>
<td>27.15</td>
<td>M R R.R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Narenta, Mich.</td>
<td>Metropolitan, Mich.</td>
<td>34.36</td>
<td>Escanaba and Lake Superior Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Various branches to mines</td>
<td>Madison, Wis.</td>
<td>8.44</td>
<td>E &amp; L S Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
<td>Madison, Wis.</td>
<td>80.04</td>
<td>Milwaukee and Madison Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Manning, Iowa</td>
<td>Audubon, Iowa</td>
<td>17.00</td>
<td>Iowa South Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Eagle Grove, Iowa</td>
<td>Elmoro, Minn.</td>
<td>66.41</td>
<td>The Toledo and Northwestern Railway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Jewell Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>D M &amp; M connection</td>
<td>1.75</td>
<td>The T &amp; N W Ry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Willow Glen, Iowa</td>
<td>Hawarden, Iowa</td>
<td>115.39</td>
<td>The T &amp; N W Ry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Stratford, Iowa</td>
<td>Lake City, Iowa</td>
<td>43.27</td>
<td>The T &amp; N W Ry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Summit Lake, Wis.</td>
<td>Three Lakes, Wis.</td>
<td>28.80</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Monroe, Wis.</td>
<td>Rhinelander, Wis.</td>
<td>15.70</td>
<td>M L &amp; St. Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Auburndale, Wis.</td>
<td>Bryant, Wis.</td>
<td>5.00</td>
<td>M L &amp; St. Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Ogdensburg, S.D.</td>
<td>Columbia, S.D.</td>
<td>5.47</td>
<td>Dakota Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Watertown, S.D.</td>
<td>Redfield, S.D.</td>
<td>71.00</td>
<td>D C Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Long Pine, Neb.</td>
<td>Thatcher, Neb.</td>
<td>48.71</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Oconto, Wis.</td>
<td>Stiles Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>10.00</td>
<td>St. Paul Eastern Grand Trunk Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Batavia, Ill.</td>
<td>Aurora, Ill.</td>
<td>6.20</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Trempealeau, Wis.</td>
<td>Galesville, Wis.</td>
<td>6.71</td>
<td>Galesville and Mississippi River Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Sac City, Iowa</td>
<td>Kingsley, Iowa</td>
<td>58.11</td>
<td>The Maple River Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Three Lakes, Wis.</td>
<td>Michigan state line</td>
<td>31.00</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Bryant, Wis.</td>
<td>East Bryant switch</td>
<td>2.27</td>
<td>M L &amp; St. Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Castlewood Jet., S.D.</td>
<td>Watertown, S.D.</td>
<td>43.83</td>
<td>Dakota Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Thatcher, Neb.</td>
<td>Valentine, Neb.</td>
<td>6.28</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Stiles Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Oconto Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>5.00</td>
<td>St. Paul Eastern Grand Trunk Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>California Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>Blair, Neb.</td>
<td>3.36</td>
<td>Missouri Valley and Blair Railway and Bridge Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Belle Plaine, Iowa</td>
<td>Muchakinock, Iowa</td>
<td>60.36</td>
<td>Ottumwa, Cedar Falls and St. Paul Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Eldora Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>Alden Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>26.40</td>
<td>Chicago, Iowa and Dakota Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Neodesha, Wis.</td>
<td>Wyeville, Wis.</td>
<td>16.06</td>
<td>Princeton and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Oconto Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>Clintonville, Wis.</td>
<td>41.00</td>
<td>St. Paul Eastern Grand Trunk Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>Belvidere, Ill.</td>
<td>Spring Valley, Ill.</td>
<td>73.78</td>
<td>Northern Illinois Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>Montreal River, Mich.</td>
<td>Ashland, Wis.</td>
<td>39.62</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>Centerville, S.D.</td>
<td>Yankton, S.D.</td>
<td>28.46</td>
<td>Dakota Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>Valentine, Neb.</td>
<td>Chadron, Neb.</td>
<td>136.27</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Winona Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>La Crosse, Wis.</td>
<td>3.96</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Mapleton, Iowa</td>
<td>Onawa, Iowa</td>
<td>20.70</td>
<td>Maple Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Janesville, Wis.</td>
<td>Evansville, Wis.</td>
<td>15.68</td>
<td>Janesville and Evansville Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Lake City, Iowa</td>
<td>Wall Lake Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>15.38</td>
<td>The Toledo and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### APPENDIX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>From</th>
<th>To</th>
<th>Miles</th>
<th>Constructed by</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Columbia, S.D.</td>
<td>Oakes, N.D.</td>
<td>38.53</td>
<td>Dakota Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Redfield, S.D.</td>
<td>Faulkton, S.D.</td>
<td>32.54</td>
<td>D C Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Buffalo Gap, S.D.</td>
<td>Rapid City, S.D.</td>
<td>48.11</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Fremont, Neb.</td>
<td>Lincoln, Neb.</td>
<td>52.11</td>
<td>F E &amp; M V R. R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Scrivener, Neb.</td>
<td>Lindsay, Neb.</td>
<td>60.79</td>
<td>F E &amp; M V R. R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Wyoming state line</td>
<td>Douglas, Wyol.</td>
<td>76.79</td>
<td>Wyoming Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Kingsley, Iowa</td>
<td>Moville, Iowa</td>
<td>9.00</td>
<td>Sioux Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Cut Off, Iowa</td>
<td>Cedar Rapids, Iowa</td>
<td>5.96</td>
<td>Linn County Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Hurley, Wis.</td>
<td>Southwesterly</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Faulkton, S.D.</td>
<td>Gettysburg, S.D.</td>
<td>42.33</td>
<td>Dakota Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Lindsay, Neb.</td>
<td>Oakdale, Neb.</td>
<td>53.12</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Rapid City, S.D.</td>
<td>Whitewood, S.D.</td>
<td>36.43</td>
<td>F E &amp; M V R. R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Arlington, Neb.</td>
<td>Omaha, Neb.</td>
<td>27.88</td>
<td>F E &amp; M V R. R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Platte River Jct., Neb.</td>
<td>Hastings, Neb.</td>
<td>120.26</td>
<td>F E &amp; M V R. R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Douglas, Wyol.</td>
<td>Glen Rock, Wyol.</td>
<td>28.37</td>
<td>Wyoming Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>Lake Geneva, Wis.</td>
<td>William Bay, Wis.</td>
<td>6.00</td>
<td>Lake Geneva and State Line Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>Rhinelander, Wis.</td>
<td>Lake Flambeau, Wis.</td>
<td>26.80</td>
<td>Milwaukee Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>Pratt Jct., Wis.</td>
<td>Westerly (Wis.)</td>
<td>13.08</td>
<td>The Wolf and Wisconsin Rivers Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>Geneva, Neb.</td>
<td>Kansas line, Neb.</td>
<td>46.61</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>Glen Rock, Wyol.</td>
<td>Casper, Wyol.</td>
<td>24.70</td>
<td>Wyoming Central Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td>Montrose, Ill.</td>
<td>North Evanston, Ill.</td>
<td>7.69</td>
<td>Junction Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td>Lake Flambeau, Wis.</td>
<td>Hurley, Wis.</td>
<td>45.61</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>Buffalo Gap, S.D.</td>
<td>Hot Springs, S.D.</td>
<td>14.12</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>Ladd, Ill.</td>
<td>Seatonville, Ill.</td>
<td>3.25</td>
<td>The DePue, Ladd and Eastern Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td>Crystal Falls, Mich.</td>
<td>Hemlock Mine, Mich.</td>
<td>15.00</td>
<td>Paint River Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td>Near Watermeet, Mich.</td>
<td>Northerly</td>
<td>12.76</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td>Deadwood, S.D.</td>
<td>Ruby Basin, S.D.</td>
<td>11.78</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>Mine branches</td>
<td>Portland branch</td>
<td>1.02</td>
<td>F E &amp; M Y R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>Watersmeet, Mich.</td>
<td>Northerly</td>
<td>2.56</td>
<td>Milwaukee Lake Shore and Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>Wausau, Wis.</td>
<td>Marshfield, Wis.</td>
<td>40.00</td>
<td>M L S &amp; W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>Mine branches</td>
<td>Vesta, Minn.</td>
<td>31.22</td>
<td>M L S &amp; W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>Hunting, Wis.</td>
<td>Big Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>5.48</td>
<td>M L S &amp; W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1897</td>
<td>Northern Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Wabeno, Wis.</td>
<td>46.11</td>
<td>Wisconsin Northern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Wabeno, Wis.</td>
<td>Laona, Wis.</td>
<td>14.92</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Burt, Iowa</td>
<td>Sanborn, Minn.</td>
<td>91.86</td>
<td>Minnesota and Iowa Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Sanborn, Minn.</td>
<td>Vesta, Minn.</td>
<td>26.40</td>
<td>M &amp; I Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Wall Lake, Iowa</td>
<td>Denison, Iowa</td>
<td>24.80</td>
<td>Boyer Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Boyer, Iowa</td>
<td>Moundarin, Iowa</td>
<td>61.30</td>
<td>B V Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Kirkman, Iowa</td>
<td>Harlan, Iowa</td>
<td>6.30</td>
<td>Harlan and Kirkman Railwaypany</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Blue Earth, Minn.</td>
<td>Mason City, Iowa</td>
<td>59.12</td>
<td>Iowa, Minnesota and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Mankato, Minn.</td>
<td>New Ulm, Minn.</td>
<td>25.58</td>
<td>Mankato and New Ulm Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Tyler, Minn.</td>
<td>Astoria, S.D.</td>
<td>32.20</td>
<td>Minnesota and South Dakota Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Mason City, Iowa</td>
<td>Belle Plaine, Iowa</td>
<td>106.88</td>
<td>Iowa, Minnesota and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Blue Earth, Minn.</td>
<td>Fox Lake, Minn.</td>
<td>29.00</td>
<td>I M &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Boone, Iowa</td>
<td>Oeden, Iowa</td>
<td>7.25</td>
<td>Boone County Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Stark, Iowa</td>
<td>Buxton, Iowa</td>
<td>21.55</td>
<td>Southern Iowa Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Princeton, Wis.</td>
<td>Marshfield, Wis.</td>
<td>85.69</td>
<td>Princeton and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Red Granite Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Red Granite, Wis.</td>
<td>7.85</td>
<td>Princeton and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Nekoosa Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Nekoosa, Wis.</td>
<td>6.88</td>
<td>Princeton and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Nelson, Ill.</td>
<td>Peoria, Ill.</td>
<td>82.98</td>
<td>Peoria and North-Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Turtle, Mich.</td>
<td>Cisco Lake, Mich.</td>
<td>5.71</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Pelican, Wis.</td>
<td>Crandon, Wis.</td>
<td>17.81</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Moville, Iowa</td>
<td>Sargent’s Bluffs, Iowa</td>
<td>20.00</td>
<td>Moville Extension Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>----</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Honzie's siding, Wis.</td>
<td>Ormsby, Wis.</td>
<td>4.43</td>
<td>Northern Woodland Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1902</td>
<td>Evan, Minn.</td>
<td>Marshall, Minn.</td>
<td>45.82</td>
<td>Minnesota Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1902</td>
<td>Gayville, S.D.</td>
<td>Lead City, S.D.</td>
<td>2.92</td>
<td>Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Rail Road Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1903</td>
<td>Elrod Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Ros Holt, Wis.</td>
<td>19.74</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1903</td>
<td>Mayfair, Ill.</td>
<td>Lake Bluff, Ill.</td>
<td>22.22</td>
<td>Chicago Northern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1904</td>
<td>Girard, Ill.</td>
<td>Berdell, Ill.</td>
<td>23.90</td>
<td>Maconpin County Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1905</td>
<td>Merer, Wis.</td>
<td>Fosterville, Wis.</td>
<td>19.49</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>East Bryant switch, Wis.</td>
<td>Elton, Wis.</td>
<td>9.01</td>
<td>C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Chicago Northern Jet.</td>
<td>St. Francis, Wis.</td>
<td>50.24</td>
<td>Milwaukee and State Line Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Manitowoc, Wis.</td>
<td>Green Bay, Wis.</td>
<td>36.25</td>
<td>Manitowoc, Green Bay and North-Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Duck Creek, Wis.</td>
<td>Gillett, Wis.</td>
<td>29.74</td>
<td>M. G B &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Casper, Wyo.</td>
<td>Shoshoni, Wyo.</td>
<td>102.46</td>
<td>Wyoming and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Fort Pierre, S.D.</td>
<td>Philip, S.D.</td>
<td>76.00</td>
<td>Pierre, Rapid City and North-Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Wasta, S.D.</td>
<td>Rapid City, S.D.</td>
<td>45.00</td>
<td>P R C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Marathon City, Wis.</td>
<td>Rib Falls, Wis</td>
<td>4.75</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Elton, Wis.</td>
<td>Wolf River Valley, Wis.</td>
<td>6.60</td>
<td>C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Mulhug, Wis.</td>
<td>Hazel Green, Wis.</td>
<td>2.70</td>
<td>C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Pulaski, Wis.</td>
<td>El Ran Jac., Wis.</td>
<td>47.69</td>
<td>Manitowoc, Green Bay and North-Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Wolf River Valley Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Van Ostrand, Wis.</td>
<td>1.98</td>
<td>Wolf River Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Shoshoni, Wyo.</td>
<td>Lander, Wyo.</td>
<td>45.49</td>
<td>Wyoming and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Philip, S.D.</td>
<td>Wasta, S.D.</td>
<td>41.48</td>
<td>Pierre, Rapid City and North-Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Pierre, S.D.</td>
<td>Fort Pierre, S.D.</td>
<td>1.82</td>
<td>Pierre and Fort Pierre Bridge Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1908</td>
<td>St. Francis, Wis.</td>
<td>Bay View, Wis.</td>
<td>2.38</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1908</td>
<td>Bryant, Wis.</td>
<td>Polk, Wis.</td>
<td>3.24</td>
<td>C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>Nachusa, Ill.</td>
<td>Nelson, Ill.</td>
<td>12.76</td>
<td>Lee County Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>Hinton Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>Hawarden Jet., Iowa</td>
<td>28.17</td>
<td>Sioux City, Dakota and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>Belle Fourche, S.D.</td>
<td>Newell, S.D.</td>
<td>23.32</td>
<td>Belle Fourche Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>Gettysburg, S.D.</td>
<td>Blunt, S.D.</td>
<td>39.55</td>
<td>James River Valley and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Colome, S.D.</td>
<td>Winner, S.D.</td>
<td>10.99</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Cut off at Easton,</td>
<td>Lake Shore division</td>
<td>1.02</td>
<td>C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wisconsin division</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Landwern, Wis.</td>
<td>Necedah, Wis.</td>
<td>139.40</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Sparta and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Proviso yard, Ill.</td>
<td>Wisconsin division Jet., Ill.</td>
<td>10.50</td>
<td>Des Moines Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1912</td>
<td>Wyeville, Wis.</td>
<td>Sparta, Wis.</td>
<td>23.02</td>
<td>Milwaukee, Sparta and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1912</td>
<td>Norma, Ill.</td>
<td>Valley, Ill.</td>
<td>10.01</td>
<td>Des Moines Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1913</td>
<td>Peoria, Ill.</td>
<td>Pekin, Ill.</td>
<td>13.19</td>
<td>St. Louis, Peoria and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Pekin, Ill.</td>
<td>Girard, Ill.</td>
<td>77.55</td>
<td>St. Louis, Peoria and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Junction at Kope-</td>
<td>Pearson, Wis.</td>
<td>8.74</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>nick, Wis.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Monroe County Extension Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Bend, Ill.</td>
<td>Staunton, Ill.</td>
<td>4.36</td>
<td>Monroe County Extension Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1915</td>
<td>Buxton, Iowa</td>
<td>Miami, Iowa</td>
<td>0.63</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1915</td>
<td>Miami, Iowa</td>
<td>Consol, Iowa</td>
<td>12.25</td>
<td>Iowa Southern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Consol, Iowa</td>
<td>Westerly (Iowa)</td>
<td>1.52</td>
<td>1 &amp; N Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>Pine River Jet, Wis.</td>
<td>Northerly (Wis.)</td>
<td>6.09</td>
<td>B. Heinemann Lumber Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>Extension of Heine-</td>
<td>Northerly and westerly (Wis.)</td>
<td>2.62</td>
<td>Chicago and North Western Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>mann spur</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Monroe County Extension Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1925</td>
<td>Beaton, Mich.</td>
<td>Northerly</td>
<td>7.76</td>
<td>Monroe County Extension Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1929</td>
<td>Wiscona, Wis.</td>
<td>Fox Point, Wis.</td>
<td>3.03</td>
<td>C &amp; N W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Middle Creek)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### CONSTRUCTION OF LINES NOW PART OF CHICAGO, SAINT PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND OMAHA RAILWAY COMPANY (PART OF CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN SYSTEM)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>From</th>
<th>To</th>
<th>Miles</th>
<th>Constructed by</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1895</td>
<td>Mendota, Minn.</td>
<td>Shakopee, Minn.</td>
<td>22.00</td>
<td>Minnesota Valley Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1896</td>
<td>Mendota, Minn.</td>
<td>St. Paul, Minn.</td>
<td>6.00</td>
<td>M V R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1896</td>
<td>Shakopee, Minn.</td>
<td>Belle Plaine, Minn.</td>
<td>18.40</td>
<td>M V R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1897</td>
<td>Belle Plaine, Minn.</td>
<td>Le Sueur, Minn.</td>
<td>15.80</td>
<td>M V R R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1898</td>
<td>Warren, Wis.</td>
<td>Black River Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>20.46</td>
<td>West Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1868</td>
<td>Le Sueur, Minn.</td>
<td>Mankato, Minn.</td>
<td>22.00</td>
<td>Minnesota Valley Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1869</td>
<td>Mankato, Minn.</td>
<td>Lake Crystal, Minn.</td>
<td>12.20</td>
<td>M V R.R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1869</td>
<td>Black River Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>Augusta, Wis.</td>
<td>34.21</td>
<td>West Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Augusta, Wis.</td>
<td>Menomonie Jct., Wis.</td>
<td>47.84</td>
<td>W W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Lake Crystal, Minn.</td>
<td>St. James, Minn.</td>
<td>22.50</td>
<td>St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>Omaha, Neb.</td>
<td>Blair, Neb.</td>
<td>25.00</td>
<td>Omaha and Northwestern Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Menomonie Jct. Wis.</td>
<td>Hudson, Wis.</td>
<td>43.29</td>
<td>West Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>North Wis. Jct., Wis.</td>
<td>New Richmond, Wis.</td>
<td>13.20</td>
<td>North Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>St. James, Minn.</td>
<td>58 miles westerly from St. James</td>
<td>58.00</td>
<td>St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Stillwater Jct., Minn.</td>
<td>Stillwater, Minn.</td>
<td>3.30</td>
<td>St P S &amp; T F R.R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1871</td>
<td>Stillwater Jct., Minn.</td>
<td>St. Croix drawbridge, Minn.</td>
<td>3.50</td>
<td>St P S &amp; T F R.R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>Elroy, Wis.</td>
<td>Warren, Wis.</td>
<td>32.10</td>
<td>West Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>58 miles westerly from St. James, Minn.</td>
<td>Le Mars, Iowa</td>
<td>64.59</td>
<td>St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>South Stillwater switch, Minn.</td>
<td>South Stillwater, Minn.</td>
<td>2.10</td>
<td>The St. Croix Railway and Improvement Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1874</td>
<td>New Richmond, Wis.</td>
<td>Clayton, Wis.</td>
<td>24.40</td>
<td>North Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1876</td>
<td>Sioux Falls Jct., Minn.</td>
<td>Luverne, Minn.</td>
<td>29.00</td>
<td>Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1876</td>
<td>Blair, Neb.</td>
<td>Tekamah, Neb.</td>
<td>17.01</td>
<td>Omaha and Northwestern Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1877</td>
<td>Luverne, Minn.</td>
<td>Beaver Creek, Minn.</td>
<td>8.00</td>
<td>Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1877</td>
<td>Covington, Neb.</td>
<td>Coburn Jct., Neb.</td>
<td>9.53</td>
<td>Covington, Columbus and Black Hills Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Hudson, Wis.</td>
<td>River Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>11.70</td>
<td>Hudson and River Falls Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Clayton, Wis.</td>
<td>Cumberland, Wis.</td>
<td>17.20</td>
<td>North Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1878</td>
<td>Beaver Creek, Minn.</td>
<td>Sioux Falls, S.D.</td>
<td>21.40</td>
<td>Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Cumberland, Wis.</td>
<td>North of Chandler, Wis.</td>
<td>26.00</td>
<td>North Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Luverne, Minn.</td>
<td>State line, Minn.</td>
<td>10.56</td>
<td>The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad Company of Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>State line, Minn.</td>
<td>Doon, Iowa</td>
<td>17.44</td>
<td>The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad Company of Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Heron Lake, Minn.</td>
<td>Woodstock, Minn.</td>
<td>44.20</td>
<td>Minnesota and Black Hills Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Tekamah, Neb.</td>
<td>Oakland, Neb.</td>
<td>15.70</td>
<td>Omaha and Northern Nebraska Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Merrillan, Wis.</td>
<td>Towards Neillsville, Wis.</td>
<td>4.50</td>
<td>The Black River Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>North of Chandler, Wis.</td>
<td>Cable, Wis.</td>
<td>38.20</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Sioux Falls, S.D.</td>
<td>Salem, S.D.</td>
<td>39.60</td>
<td>St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Lake Crystal, Minn.</td>
<td>Elmore, Minn.</td>
<td>43.43</td>
<td>St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>South Stillwater, Minn.</td>
<td>St. Croix drawbridge</td>
<td>2.45</td>
<td>St P &amp; S C R.R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Missouri River transfer, Iowa</td>
<td>Coburn Jet., Neb.</td>
<td>.94</td>
<td>St P &amp; S C R.R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Oakland, Neb.</td>
<td>Lake Crystal, Minn.</td>
<td>53.51</td>
<td>Sioux City and Nebraska Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Missouri River transfer, Neb.</td>
<td>Menomonie Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>1.31</td>
<td>S &amp; N R.R. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Eau Claire, Wis.</td>
<td>Shaw's Mills, Wis.</td>
<td>2.74</td>
<td>Eau Claire Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Menomonie Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Menomonie, Wis.</td>
<td>3.01</td>
<td>The Menomonie Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Cable, Wis.</td>
<td>Towards Bayfield, Wis.</td>
<td>4.00</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Superior Jet. (Trego), Wis.</td>
<td>Towards Superior, Wis.</td>
<td>9.00</td>
<td>C St P &amp; O Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>East (4 1/2 miles) of Merrillan, Wis.</td>
<td>West of Neillsville, Wis.</td>
<td>9.29</td>
<td>C St P &amp; O Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Chippewa Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>Bloomer, Wis.</td>
<td>14.50</td>
<td>Chippewa Falls and Northern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1881</td>
<td>Emerson Jet., Neb.</td>
<td>Wayne, Neb.</td>
<td>18.70</td>
<td>Sioux City and Nebraska Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>North (4 miles) of Cable, Wis.</td>
<td>North of Mason, Wis.</td>
<td>26.00</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>North (9 miles) of Superior Jet. (Trego), Wis.</td>
<td>Itasca switch, Wis.</td>
<td>51.63</td>
<td>C St P &amp; O Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Bloomer, Wis.</td>
<td>South of Bear Creek (Haugen), Wis.</td>
<td>37.00</td>
<td>Chippewa Falls and Northern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>North of Bear Creek (Haugen), Wis.</td>
<td>Chicago Jet. (near Spooner), Wis.</td>
<td>13.13</td>
<td>C F &amp; N R.R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Wayne, Neb.</td>
<td>Norfolk, Neb.</td>
<td>27.80</td>
<td>Sioux City and Nebraska Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>From connection with main line of C St P M &amp; O R.R.</td>
<td>Cedar Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td>Cedar Falls and Northern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>North of Mason, Wis.</td>
<td>Bayfield, Wis.</td>
<td>28.51</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>South of Bear Creek (Haugen), Wis.</td>
<td>North of Bear Creek (Haugen), Wis.</td>
<td>4.65</td>
<td>Chippewa Falls and Northern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Eau Claire, Wis.</td>
<td>Chippewa Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>10.57</td>
<td>The Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Wakefield, Neb.</td>
<td>Hartington, Neb.</td>
<td>33.76</td>
<td>Sioux City and Nebraska Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>Ashland Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Ashland, Wis.</td>
<td>4.38</td>
<td>Ashland Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Spur to depot, Chippewa Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>Spur to depot, Ashland, Wis.</td>
<td>.77</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Woodstock, Minn.</td>
<td>Pipestone, Minn.</td>
<td>10.90</td>
<td>C St P &amp; O Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Ashland Shore Line at Ashland, Wis.</td>
<td>Spur to depot, Ashland, Wis.</td>
<td>1.31</td>
<td>Ashland Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Superior Short Line Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>West Superior, Wis.</td>
<td>6.30</td>
<td>Superior Short Line Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Superior Street line</td>
<td></td>
<td>.58</td>
<td>S S L Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Connor's Point line</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.59</td>
<td>S S L Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>River Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>Ellsworth, Wis.</td>
<td>13.12</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Wayne, Neb.</td>
<td>1 mile north of Randolph, Neb.</td>
<td>21.68</td>
<td>North-Eastern Nebraska Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Rice's Point, Duluth, Minn.</td>
<td>St. Paul and Duluth Railroad connection</td>
<td>2.60</td>
<td>Superior Short Line Railway Company of Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Salem, S.D.</td>
<td>Mitchell, S.D.</td>
<td>32.73</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>West of Neillsville, Wis.</td>
<td>Neillsville, Wis.</td>
<td>1.37</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>From 1 mile north of Randolph, Neb.</td>
<td>Bloomfield, Neb.</td>
<td>21.08</td>
<td>Randolph and Northeastern Nebraska Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>Chicago Jet., Wis.</td>
<td>Spooner, Wis.</td>
<td>.89</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>Eleva, Wis.</td>
<td>Mondovi, Wis.</td>
<td>9.65</td>
<td>Sault Ste. Marie and Southwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td>Neillsville, Wis.</td>
<td>Marshfield, Wis.</td>
<td>23.51</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td>Woodville, Wis.</td>
<td>A point about 3 miles south of Wildwood, Wis.</td>
<td>8.00</td>
<td>Woodville and Southern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>Emerald, Wis.</td>
<td>Woodville, Wis.</td>
<td>9.70</td>
<td>Minnesota and Wisconsin Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>About 3 miles south of Wildwood, Wis.</td>
<td>Spring Valley, Wis.</td>
<td>2.38</td>
<td>M &amp; W Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1893</td>
<td>Ponce, Neb.</td>
<td>Newcastle, Neb.</td>
<td>10.62</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Madelia, Minn.</td>
<td>Fairmont, Minn.</td>
<td>29.38</td>
<td>Watonwan Valley Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Bingham Lake, Minn.</td>
<td>Jeffers, Minn.</td>
<td>13.90</td>
<td>Des Moines Valley Railway Company of Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Jeffers, Minn.</td>
<td>Currie, Minn.</td>
<td>24.73</td>
<td>D M V Ry. Co. of Minn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td>Tuscoha, Wis.</td>
<td>Birchwood, Wis.</td>
<td>12.50</td>
<td>Chippewa Valley and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1902</td>
<td>Spring Valley, Wis.</td>
<td>Weston, Wis.</td>
<td>16.29</td>
<td>Minnesota and Wisconsin Railroad Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1902</td>
<td>Birchwood, Wis.</td>
<td>Radisson, Wis.</td>
<td>23.50</td>
<td>Chippewa Valley and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1902</td>
<td>Chippewa Falls, Wis.</td>
<td>Holecombe, Wis.</td>
<td>27.70</td>
<td>Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1904</td>
<td>Radisson, Wis.</td>
<td>Winter, Wis.</td>
<td>10.00</td>
<td>Chippewa Valley and Northwestern Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Winter, Wis.</td>
<td>Draper, Wis.</td>
<td>10.00</td>
<td>Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Extension of Elmore (Minn.) line</td>
<td>St. Paul Jet., Minn.</td>
<td>.26</td>
<td>C St P M &amp; O Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Cliff, Minn.</td>
<td>St. Paul Jet., Minn.</td>
<td>1.02</td>
<td>C St P M &amp; O Ry. Co.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>From</td>
<td>To</td>
<td>Miles</td>
<td>Constructed by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>---------------------------------</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bibliography

Chicago Tribune newspaper files.
Derleth, August: *The Milwaukee Road*, Creative Age Press, Inc., N. Y.
Kingsbury, G. W.: *History of Dakota Territory*, privately printed by Mr. Kingsbury at Yankton, S. D.
*Minnnesota Handbook for 1856*.
*Minnnesota Historical Society Collections*.
*Minnnesota Historical Society, Minnesota Farmers' Dairies, 1939*.
Petersen, W. J.: *The Northwestern Comes*, The Palimpsest (Iowa Historical Soc.).
Pullman Company Records.
Reynolds' *History of Illinois*.
Index

A

Aberdeen, S.D., 173
Aberdeen News, 182
Adams, W. H., 22
Afton, Wis., 274
Agar, Adam, 192, 195
Agassiz, Jean Louis, 69, 70
Aishton, Richard H., 218
Albany, N.Y., 3, 4, 6, 9, 11, 12, 14, 19, 20, 136
Albany, Wis., 274
Alejester, S.D., 273, 274
Alexandria, S.D., 174
Alliance, Neb., 207
American Fur Trading Co., 96
American Land Co., 16, 30
Andreas, A. T., 113
Angle, Paul (Chicago Fire historian), 132
Appleton, Paul (Chicago Fire historian), 132
Argyle, Wis., 81, 151, 229
Argyle, Wis., 274
Armstrong, George B., 117-120
Arnold, Isaac N., 10, 31, 47, 52, 53, 128
Arnot, Marianna (Mrs. Wm. B. Ogden), 133
Ashland, Wis., 220
Ashley, Ossian D., 80
Astor, John Jacob, 96
Atlantic, Iowa, 199
Atlantic Coast Line R.R., 135
Auburn, N.Y., 136
Auburn, Wis., 274
Aurora Branch R.R., 61
Aurora, Ill., 277
Austin, Ill., 65
Avignon, France, 99
Avondale, Ill., 274

B

Babcock's Grove, Ill., 72, 74
Bad Axe, Battle of, 40
Bad Lands, 165, 169, 228, 236, 239, 214, 273
Baden, Germany, 229
Baer, Ben, 170
Bain, John, 162
Baird, Billy, 170
Baldwin Locomotive Co., 58
Ballard, C. A., 22
Baltimore, Md., 15
Baltimore & Ohio R.R., 13, 14, 261
Baltimore American, 39
Banff, Canada, 285
Bangor, Wis., 274
Baraboo Air Line R.R., 160
Barnes, Judge John P., 257, 259
Barney, D. N., and Co., 150
Bartholomew, G. M., 81
Bates, John, 31
Bayfield, Wis., 153, 274
Beaubien, J. B., 22
Beaubien, Madore, 22
Beaubien, Mark, 22, 27, 29, 36
Beauregard, Gen. Pierre G., 135, 136
Belden, N.J., 162
Bellamy, Paul, 241
Belleville, S.D., 228, 232, 245, 246
Belle Plaine, Iowa, 109
Beloit, Iowa, 162, 163
Beloit & Madison R.R., 123
Beloit, Wis., 62, 73-75, 78, 122, 228
Belvidere, Ill., 61, 73, 74, 122
Beresford, Adm. Lord Charles, 273
Beresford, S.D., 273, 274
Bessemer steel mill, Wyandotte, Mich., 143

323
INDEX

Bigelow, Minn., 172
Big Sioux County, S.D., 157
Big Suamico, Wis., 221
Bishop, Gen. J. W., 109
Bismarck, S.D., 167, 168, 173, 174
Black Hawk War, 15, 16, 41
Blair, D. C., 162
Blair, John L., 123-126, 159, 162-164
Blair, Montgomery (Postmaster Gen.), 118, 120
Blair, Neb., 115
Blairsville, N.J., 123, 162
Blizzard Club, 199
Blodgett, Judge Henry W., 71, 128
Bloomington, Ill., 188
Bolster, S.D., 235, 236
Boone, Iowa, 119, 191, 192, 194, 224
Boonesboro, Iowa, 123
Booth, John Wilkes, 188
Booth, William A., 80
Borglum, Gutzon, 233, 240, 243
Boscoel (Gutzon’s country estate), 129, 132
Boston, Mass., 24, 70
Bottineau, Pierre (legendary), 96
Bramhall, S.D., 271
Brampton, Mich., 273
Brennan, Mayor John R., 233, 239
Bronson, Arthur, 16, 53
Bronson, George, 15, 31
Brookings, S.D., 238
Brooks, James, 271
Broughton, F. S. D., 233
Brown, Walston H., 151
Brown, William H., 51, 71, 121
Burn, William Jennings, 222
Buchanan, James, 116
Buckner, Morris, 36
Buell, Gen. Don Carlos, 135
Buffalo, N.Y., 18, 20, 21, 27, 34, 35
Buffalo Gap, S.D., 169, 170, 244
Bulow, Gov. William J., 233
Bunyan, Paul (legendary), 96
Butler, Benjamin, 12, 16, 19
Butler, Charles, 11-18, 20, 23, 31, 32, 34, 53, 63, 71, 79, 81
Butler family, 5-7
Buxton, Neb., 274

C

Cable, R.R., 153
Cairo, Ill., 117, 136
Calamity Jane, 210
Caledonia, Ill., 273
Calhoun, George, 29
California Junction, Iowa, 145
Camen & Amboy R.R., 271
Campbell, Henry R., 271
Canadian Pacific R.R., 135
Canton, S.D., 162
Carnarvon, Iowa, 273
Carpenter, Philo, 22
Carver, David, 22
Cary, Ill., 79, 80
Casey, John, 209, 210
Casper, Wyo., 126, 221, 222, 238, 239
Caton, Judge John D., 136
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 69, 121, 125, 115
Cedar Rapids & Missouri River R.R., 123, 125, 126, 115
Central City, S.D., 169
Central Pacific R.R., 116, 282
Centralia, Ill., 136, 137
Century of Progress Exposition, 256
Ceres, goddess of harvest, 99
Chadron, Neb., 169, 170, 207, 232, 241
Chamberlain, S.D., 165, 173, 174, 176, 236, 237
Chapman, George, 22
Chattfield, Minn., 209, 210
Chattfield R.R., 144
Cherry Valley, Ill., 73, 277
Cheyenne, Wyo., 168, 236, 244
Chicago & Alton R.R., 136, 188
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R., 61, 75
Chicago *Daily Journal*, 59
Chicago & Dakota R'y, 144
Chicago *Democrat*, 29
Chicago & Eastern Indiana R.R., 260-262
Chicago Fire, 30, 36, 41, 65, 66, 130, 131, 160, 269
Chicago, Fulton & Iowa Line, 71, 75
Chicago Historical Society, 10, 37, 52
Chicago, Iowa & Nebraska R.R., 72, 123, 124, 126, 145
Chicago & Milwaukee R.R., 127, 128, 144
Chicago, Milwaukee & North Western R'y, 141, 145, 162-164
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, 133, 134, 137, 139, 161, 172, 179, 231, 236
Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac R.R., 76, 79
Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis R'y, 151, 152
Chicago, Saint Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha R.R. (*The Omaha*), 100, 103, 109, 137, 145, 149, 152-154, 162, 172, 211, 231, 254, 256, 274
Chicago & Tomah R.R., 144
Chicago *Tribune*, 117
Chicago, University of, 37
Chicago World's Fair (1893 & 1933), 59, 221
Chippewa Indians, 15, 97
Chouteau, August, 6
Chouteau, Pierre, 153, 231
Churchill, Randolph, 274
Cincinnati, Ohio, 13, 38
Civil War, 69, 85, 88-90, 94, 100, 104, 113, 115, 117, 131, 135, 157
Clark, S.D., 202-204
Clark, Lt. William (explorer), 70, 231
Cleveland, Ohio, 27
Clinton, DeWitt, 7
Clinton, Iowa, 72, 118, 121, 145, 150
Clintonville, Wis., 229
Clyborne, Archie, 29
Clybourn Junction, Ill., 277
Cohden, Minn., 273
Cody, William F. (Buffalo Bill), 233
Cole, William, 205
Coleridge, Wis., 274
Collins, James H., 32, 52, 62
Conway, Barret, 137
Cooke, Jay, & Co., 160
Coolidge, Calvin, 233, 241-243
Cordova, Neb., 199
Corinth, Miss., 135
Corning, Erastus, 54
Cottage Hill, Ill., 73, 276, 285
Council Bluffs, Iowa, 66, 117, 119, 124-126, 139, 143, 221, 227, 231, 280, 284
Courtney, A. C., 81
Credit Landing, Minn., 108
Creighton, Neb., 115
Crouth, C. D., 233
Crystal Falls, Mich., 143, 219
Cumberland, Md., 24
Custer, S.D., 167, 168
Custer, Gen. George A., 167, 239, 231
Custer Park, S.D., 241, 243

D

Dakota Central R.R., 145, 161, 217, 219
Dakota Southern R.R., 139, 162, 168
Dallas, S.D., 236
Danby, Ill., 74
Darling, Enoch, 22
Darling, Grace, 193
Darling, M. C., 81
Davis, W. N., 52
Deadwood, S.D., 168-170, 211, 231, 232, 234, 239, 244
Dearborn, Ned H., 283
Dearborn, Fort, 15, 27
Deere, John, 55
Deering, Ill., 212
Denver, Colo., 257, 285
Depew, Chauncey, 216
Derby, Minn., 274
Des Moines, Iowa, 71, 124, 126, 154, 227
Des Moines & Minneapolis R.R., 126, 146
Des Moines & Minnesota R.R., 126, 195
De Smet, S.D., 292
Detroit, Iowa, 163
Detroit, Mich., 15, 27, 57, 143
Diamond A Ranch, 214, 216
Dickinson Hotel, 127
Dix, Ill., 42, 55, 61, 62, 66, 67, 73, 87, 122
Dix Air Line, 122
Dix & Central Iowa R.R., 66
Doland, S.D., 200-202
Dole, George W., 19-23, 27-29, 63, 71
Donnelly, Ignatius, 229
Domolue, Pat, 192
Douglas, Stephen A., 60, 87
Douglas, Wyo., 232
Dows, David, 154, 153
Drexel, E. F., 108, 109
Driscoll, Robert H., 169, 170
Drummond, Thomas, 19, 51-53
Dubuque, Iowa, 32, 62, 187, 197
Duluth, Minn., 71, 86, 151, 228, 285
Dundee, Ill., 273
Dyer, Thomas, 52
Dyer, Dr. Volmy, 127

East Fork, Ill., 38
East St. Louis, Ill., 224
Ebbert, John, 59
Eland, Wis., 220
Elgin, Ill., 47-49, 56, 60, 73, 71, 122, 227
Elgin & State Line R.R., 75, 122, 144, 145
Elroy, Wis., 151, 153
Erie Canal, 7, 14
Erie Canal (steamship), 36
Erie, Pa., 19
Escanaba, Mich., 113
Escanaba & Lake Superior R'y, 143, 145
Esmont, S. D., 273
Eton, Minn., 274
Exeter, Ill., 277, 278
Eyota, Iowa, 273
Fond du Lac, Wis., 143
Florence, Wis., 143
Flower, R. P., 153
Fond du Lac R.R., 80
Fordham Heights, N.Y., 129
Fort Atkinson, Wis., 78
Fort Howard (Green Bay), Wis., 81
Fort Niobrara, Neb., 143
Fort Pierre, S.D., 150, 168, 231
Fort Pierre Fair Play, 182
Fort Snelling, 98
Four Hundred, The, 257, 263, 279, 281, 282, 284
Fox Indians, 15, 40
Fox River Valley R.R., 75
Frankfort, S.D., 200
Freeport, Ill., 42, 43, 64, 66, 71, 73, 71, 87, 122, 187
Fremont, Neb., 126, 139, 145, 169, 224
Fulton, Ill., 42, 61, 66, 67, 73-75, 122

Gale, Stephen, 22
Galtier, Father Lucian, 96
Gardner, William A., 218
Garrett, Mayor Augustus, 47
Genesee Valley Canal, 63
Geneva, Ill., 122
Geneva, Neb., 199
Geneva, N.Y., 16
Ghent, Treaty of, 96
Gilbert, James, 22
Gillette, Earl, 211
Gladstone, Mich., 273
Gladstone, W. E. (British Prime Minister), 273
Goldacker, Caroline, 211, 212
Goldsmith, Oliver, 271
INDEX

Goodhue, Josiah C., 32
Gorman, Gov. W. A., 101
Gould, Jay, 123, 216
Grange, The, 110-112
Grant, Gen. Ulysses S., 114, 115, 136
Great Northern R’y, 101, 139
Greeley, Horace, 5
Green Bay, Wis., 69, 81, 82, 123
Green Bay, Milwaukee & Chicago R.R., 127
Grignon family, 81, 82
Guernsey, Iowa, 274

Hale, William, 24, 25, 30, 31, 35
Hall, Eugene J., 198
Halleck, Gen. Henry W., 135, 136
Hallowell, Maine, 36
Hamilton, R. J., 22
Hapsgood, Dexter, 22
Harlem, Ill., 73-75, 122
Harriman, E. H., 139
Harrison, Wis., 220
Hastings, Neb., 274
Hastings, Neb., 224
Havana, Ill., 198
Hawarden, Iowa, 273, 274
Hayes, Samuel S., 113
Healy, George P. A., 10
Hearst, Phoebe, 232
Hemlock Mine, 219
Hempstead, C. M., 53
Hempstead, C. S., 52
Henderson, Minn., 107
Hennepin, Louis, 38
Heron Lake, Minn., 151
Hickok, Wild Bill, 231, 240
Hill, James J., 135
Hogan, John, 22, 29
Homestead Act, 116
Honey Creek, Iowa, 191, 192, 198
Hoover, Herbert, 252
Hot Springs, S.D., 179
Houghton, Douglass, 230
Howe, Francis, 51
Hubbard, Elijah Kent, 50, 62
Hubbard, Grayson, 29
Hudson, Wis., 153
Hudson & River Falls R.R., 152
Hudson River R.R., 55
Hughitt, Marvin, 131-139, 143, 161, 215-
222, 236, 237, 248, 249
Hughitt, Marvin Jr., 237, 243
Hugunin, Capt. Hiram, 127
Humbird, Jacob, 153
Humbird, John A., 153
Huntington, Collis P., 135
Huntley, Ill., 73
Hurley, Wis., 220
Huron, S.D., 173-176, 199, 212
Hutchins, E. W., 81

I

Illinois Central R.R., 11, 60, 61, 66, 75, 135-137
Illinois & Michigan Canal, 31, 33, 34
Illinois & Michigan Canal Commission, 39
Illinois & Mississippi Telegraph Co., 136
Illinois Infantry, Twenty-first, 115
Illinois Parallel R.R., 127
Illinois State Militia Board, 114
Illinois & Wisconsin R.R., 78, 79
Indianola, Iowa, 197
Interior, S.D., 207
Interior Junction, Wis., 220
Interstate Commerce Commission, 138, 180, 181, 218, 253, 258-260
Iowa Central Air-Line, 121, 125
Iowa Midland R’y, 115, 116
Iowa Southwestern R.R., 111, 116
Ipswich, Wis., 273
Ireland, William, 110
Iron River Junction, Mich., 113
Iron River R.R., 217
Ivanhoe, Minn., 273

J

Jackson, Andrew, 5, 12, 11, 23, 29
Jackson, Mitchell Y., 92, 93, 104
James Madison (steamboat), 19-21, 23,
27, 28, 35
Janesville, Wis., 62, 68, 79, 80, 123
Jayne, Dr. William, 172
Jefferson, Wis., 78
Jensen, Olaf, 88
Jervis, John B., 271
Johnson, Alex, 199-202, 205, 207, 233, 236, 237
Johnson, Col. R. M., 38
Johnston, Gen. A. S., 135, 136
Jones, William E., 31
Junction Ry., 219

K
Kampeska, S.D., 160, 161
Kate Shelley Bridge, 191, 197
Kaukauna, Wis., 81
Keep, Albert, 153, 217
Keep, Henry, 133, 134
Kelleher, Pat, 178
Kelly, Oliver Hudson, 110
Kenssha, Wis., 123
Kercheval, Gholson, 22, 29
Keystone, S. D., 169, 234, 239
Kimberly, E. S., 22
Kingsbury, G. W., 164, 180
Kinzie, James, 22
Kinzie, John H., 32
Kinzie, Robert, 15, 25, 28, 29
Kuhn-Loeb committee, 139

L
La Crescent, Wis., 92
La Crosse, Wis., 78, 79, 210
La Crosse & Milwaukee R.R., 80, 151
La Crosse, Trempleau & Prescott R.R., 160
La Follette, Robert M., 229
Lake Benton, Wis., 101, 151
Lake Crystal, Minn., 150
Lake Forest, Ill., 277
Lake House, The, 27, 28
Lake Louise, Canada, 285
Lake St. Croix, 151
Lander, Wyo., 225, 228, 238, 273, 285
Lane, Ill., 67, 73
Lanier, James F. D., 80
Larson, Nels, 181
Lead, S.D., 169-171, 211, 232, 239
Lesterville Ledger, 182
Le Sueur, Minn., 95, 107, 230

INDEX

Lewis, Iowa, 199
Lewis, Capt. Meriwether, 70, 231
Lincoln, Abraham, 85, 94, 113, 116, 117, 136, 137, 172, 188, 229
Lincoln, Mary Todd, 172
Lincoln, Neb., 71, 151, 199, 224
Lincoln, Fort Abraham, S.D., 167
Linnegar, David T., 117, 118
Little Big Horn, Battle of, 167, 168, 227, 230
Little Falls, Wis., 229
Locke Hotel, 174
Lombard, Ill., 72
London, Wis., 273
London & Northwestern R'y, 250
Long Pine, Neb., 169
Los Angeles, Calif., 257, 285
Louisiana Purchase, 96
Louisville, Ky., 13
Lowell Institute, 70
Lowrey, Pete, 170
Ludington, Gov. Harrison, 142
Lyons, Iowa, 124
Lyons & Iowa Central R.R., 124

Me
McCall, Jack, 231
McCormick, Cyrus, 33, 34, 55, 71, 92
McGill University, 143
McKenzie, Alex, 173, 174
McKinley, Maj. William, 222
McLaughlin, Mrs. Catherine, 130, 131

M
Madison, Wis., 62, 79, 101, 161, 227, 229
Madison & Beloit R.R., 78
Madison Express, 10
Magic Mountains, 165, 166, 168
Mahan, Robert, 57, 58
Manitowoc, Wis., 220
Mankato, Minn., 95, 103, 107, 109, 150, 151, 212
Maple River R.R., 145
Marchant, George E., 162
Marey, William, 5
Marengo, Ill., 73
Marquette & State Line R.R., 79, 80
INDEX

Marchfield, Wis., 220
Mather, Thomas, 50-52
Mayfair, Ill., 273
Mayo, Dr. Charles, 230
Mayo, Dr. William, 230
Mayo, Dr. William W., 230
Maywood, Ill., 50, 60
Meeker, Dr. Moses, 38
Megan, Charles P., 257, 260
Mendota, Minn., 96, 106
Menominee R'y, 114
Menominee River R.R., 143-145
Merritt brothers: Alfred, Cassius, Jerome, Leonidas, Lewis, Lucius, Napoleon, 230
Mesabi iron range, 227, 230
Metropolitan, Mich., 143
Mexican War, 114
Meyers, T. N., 207
Michigan Central R.R., 54, 57, 58
Midland, S.D., 237
*Mikado, The* (opera), 170
Mills, D. O., 216
Milwaukee, Wis., 71, 93, 100, 126-128, 161, 220, 228
Milwaukee & Chicago R.R., 127, 128
Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western R.R., 137, 220
Milwaukee & Madison R'y, 114
Milwaukee & Mississippi R.R., 79
Milwaukee *Sentinel*, 127
Mineral Point R.R., 75
Minneapolis, Minn., 71, 95-98, 103, 109, 152-154, 180, 228, 227
Minnesota & Black Hills R.R., 151
Minnesota Junction, Wis., 79, 80
Minnesota Valley R.R., 107, 108, 144, 150, 151
Mississippi & Rock River Junction R.R., 66, 67
Missouri Valley & Blair R'y & Bridge Co., 145
Mitchell, Alexander, 134
Mitchell, S.D., 172-182, 206, 242
Mitchell, Gen. William ("Billy"), 134
Mitchell Republican, 182
Mohawk & Hudson R.R., 271
Moingona, Iowa, 191, 192, 194-198
Moline, Ill., 55
*Monarch of the Hudson* (steamship), 20
Monico, Wis., 220
Moore, Tom, 26
Morgan, Richard, 55-57
Morrison, Ill., 67, 73
Morristown, N.J., 5
Morse, Corbin, 232
Morse, Samuel, 65, 71, 113, 136
Muir, John, 229
Murphy, Dr. William P., 230
Museum of Science & Industry, 59
Mystic, S.D., 233

N

Narenta, Mich., 143
Nashville, Tenn., 13
National Safety Council, 283
Neenah, Wis., 81
Neligh, Neb., 169
Nelson, Ill., 224, 274
Nevada, Iowa, 123
New Buffalo, Mich., 57-59
New Deal regime, 139
New Diggings, Ill., 38
New Orleans, La., 13
New Ulm, Minn., 95, 151
Newberry, Oliver, 22
Newberry, Walter L., 22, 29, 30, 47, 51, 52, 63, 121
Newberry & Dole, 20, 22, 24, 60
Newberry Library, 132
New York, N.Y., 8, 14, 15, 20, 27, 48, 81, 127, 129
New York Central R.R., 54
New York & Erie R.R., 12, 14, 21, 63
New York Evening Star, 18
Niles's Register, 40
Nininger, Minn., 229
Ninson, William, 22
Norbeck, Sen. Peter, 212
Norfolk, S.D., 167
North Chicago Rolling Mill, 143
Northern Illinois R.R., 217
Northern Pacific R.R., 135, 139, 173
North Wisconsin Ry., 152
Northwestern Gazette & Galena Advertiser, 10
Northwestern Stage Co., 168
Northwestern Union Ry., 144

Oak Park (Oak Ridge), Ill., 59, 68, 153, 233, 270
Oakdale, Neb., 169
Oconto, Wis., 220
Ogden, Mrs. Abigail (Widow), 7, 8, 11-13, 16, 17
Ogden, Abraham, 5-7, 9
Ogden, Fleetwood & Co., 31
Ogden, Iowa, 191, 198, 224
Ogden, Jones & Co., 31
Ogden, Mahlon, 8, 9, 13, 31, 53, 71, 81, 132
Ogden, Peter Skene, 6
Ogden, Sheldon & Co., 31
Ogden, Utah, 6
Ogden, William (1st settler), 5
Ogdensburg, N.Y., 5, 6
Ohio Life Insurance & Trust Co. of New York, 101
Old Ashton, S.D., 201
Old Minnesota, S.D., 215
O’Leary, Mrs., 130, 131
Olmstead, George, 192, 195
Omaha, Neb., 71, 117, 119, 126, 139, 142, 150, 153, 154, 170, 188, 227, 228, 246, 280
Omaha & North Nebraska R.R., 152
O’Meara, Father, 25, 26
Onometon & State Line R.R., 79, 80
Ordway, Nehemiah, 173
Oregon, Ill., 42
Ormonde, Duke of, 11
Ols, John, 36
Ottumwa, Cedar Falls & St. Paul Ry., 146
Owen, T. J. V., 22, 29

INDEX

Paint River Ry., 219
Pallatine, Ill., 277
Parker, W. H., 170
Park Falls, Wis., 211
Parrant, Pierre, 95-97
Parrish Junction, Wis., 220
Patrons of Husbandry, 110
Patten, Dr. William W., 144
Paulson, D. A., 201
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, 263, 279, 280
Pearson, John, 168
Pearsons, Hiram, 22
Pease, J. J. R., 81
Peck, Ebenezer, 32
Pender, Neb., 274
Pennsylvania Society for the Promotion of Internal Improvements, 271
Peoria, Ill., 38, 224
Perkins, Thomas H., 81
Perth, Minn., 273, 274
Peshtigo, Wis., 41, 132
Peters, E. C., 222, 231
Philadelphia, Pa., 4-9, 13-15, 48
Philip, S.D., 232, 236
Pig’s Eye, Minn., 96, 97, 227
Pittsburgh, Pa., 129
Plainview R.R., 144
Planks, S.D., 209, 210
Plant, Henry B., 135
Poole, Ernest, 274, 275
Pope, Gen. John, 136
Porter, H. L., 151, 153
Portland, Oregon, 257, 285
Pottawatomie Indians, 15
Potter, Sen. R. L. D., 111
Potter Law, 141-143
Powers, Mich., 143
Prairie du Chien, Wis., 79, 80, 86, 96, 97
Pratt Junction, Wis., 220
Presbyterian University, 174
Pride of the Lakes (steamship), 29
Princeton & Western R.R., 217, 219
Promontory Point, Utah, 116
Prophetstown, Ill., 42
INDEX

Proviso, Ill., 250, 251
Pruyne, Pete, 29
Pullman, George M., 72, 137, 187, 188
Pullman Palace Car Co., 131, 137, 187
Rushmore, Mount, 241
Russell, J. B., 47
Ryan, Chief Justice Edward G., 141

Q
Quinnesec, Mich., 143

R
Radisson, Wis., 211
Railway Conductors, Order of, 197
Ramsey, Gov. Alexander, 86, 87, 106
Ramson & Saratoga R.R., 63
Randolph, Neb., 271
Rapid City, S.D., 168-170, 175, 178, 232-234, 236, 239-243
Rapid City Journal, 181
Ravena, N.Y., 3
Raymond, B. W., 47, 52, 75
Raymond, S.D., 201
Reconstruction Finance Corp., 256
Redfield, S.D., 176, 200, 202
Reed, Charles M., 19-21
Revolutionary War, 6
Reynolds, Ill., 39
Rice, Edmund, 102
Richards, Ralph C., 283
Richmond, Ill., 122
Rider, Eli, 22
Robbins, Allen, 52
Robertson, Col. D. A., 110
Robinson, Doane, 161, 210, 241
Rochester, Minn., 95, 101, 103, 228, 242
Rochester & Northern Minnesota R'y, 114
Rockerville, S.D., 169, 239
Rockford, Ill., 37, 42, 43, 47, 48, 61, 62, 73, 123, 227
Rockford & Rock Island R.R., 66
Rock Island, Ill., 55, 62
Rock River Valley Union R.R., 78, 79
Rockville, Ill., 37
Rogers Park, Ill., 277
Root River & Southern Minnesota R.R., 101, 103, 151
Rosebud Reservation, 235, 236
Ross, Horatio N., 167, 230
Roth, Claude A., 260

S
Sac Indians, 15, 40
St. Anthony Express, 98
St. Anthony Falls, Minn., 95-98, 103, 227
St. Charles Air Line Branch, 74, 122
St. Charles R.R., 114
St. Croix Falls, Wis., 78
St. James, Minn., 107, 225
St. James' Church, 30
St. Louis, Mo., 6, 38, 40, 41, 97, 175, 180, 231
St. Louis, Alton & Chicago R.R., 136
St. Louis Fair of 1903, 59
St. Mary's of the Lake, Church of, 26
St. Paul Eastern Grand Trunk R.R., 220
St. Paul Pioneer, 107
St. Paul & Sioux City R.R., 109, 151, 152
St. Paul, Stillwater & Taylor Falls R.R., 152
St. Peter, Minn., 93, 101, 107, 160
Salem, Ill., 261
Salt Lake City, Utah, 92
San Francisco, Calif., 257, 278, 280, 282, 285
Sargent, Fred W., 256, 262
Sauganash House, 28, 36
Saunders, William, 110
Savage, Minn., 108
Savanna, Ill., 42, 64
Sawyer, Edgar P., 153
Sawyer, Philetas, 153
Scales Mound, Ill., 64
Scammon, Eliakim, 36
Scammon, Jonathan Y., 35-37, 47-53, 60, 62-64, 68, 71, 78
Schreiber, Rev. Francis, 198
Schurz, Carl, 229
INDEX

Townsend, Elisha, 50-52
Tracy, John F., 134
Tracy, Minn., 151, 161
Transit Co., 107
Transportation Act of 1920, 218
Tremont House, 55, 58, 61, 114
Trollope, Anthony, 94
Troy & Schenectady R.R., 63
Turner, John B., 47, 52, 61-66, 68, 71, 72, 73, 121, 187
Turner (Turner Junction), Ill., 60, 61, 66, 67, 72, 71, 75, 122
Turton, S.D., 27.3
Twombly, H. McK., 216

U

Union Army, 115
Union Pacific R.R., 116, 117, 126, 139, 153, 257, 280-282
United States Railroad Administration, 248
United States Railroad Labor Board, 249
United States Supreme Court, 112, 253, 259, 260
University of Wisconsin, 227
Urgent Deficiencies Act, 260
Utah-Idaho Sugar Co., 216
Utica & Schenectady R.R., 58

V

Val, C. E., 162
Valentine, Neb., 115, 169
Vance Bill, 112
Vancouver, Canada, 285
Vanderbilt, F. W., 216
Vanderbilt, W. K., 216
Van Deusen Grain Co., 202
Van Horne, Sir William, 135
Van Nortwick, John, 57-59, 61, 66, 67
Verdigre, Neb., 235
Verendrye brothers, 166
Verne, Jules, 178

W

Wall, S.D., 236, 241
Walker, Charles, 52
Walton, N.Y., 3-8, 11, 19, 31, 35, 62
War Department, United States, 114
Warren, Ill., 64
Warren's Mills, Wis., 151
Washburne, Elisha, 52, 53
Washington, D.C., 8, 12, 60, 97, 102, 117, 120, 123, 157, 158, 165, 241, 242
Washington, George, 21, 211
Watkins, John, 22
Watertown, S.D., 171, 199, 202, 203
Watertown, Wis., 78
Waterville, Maine, 36
Waupaca, Wis., 81
Wankegan, Ill., 127, 212, 278, 279
Weed, George, 13, 17, 31
Weed family, 5, 6, 8
Weld, William F., 51
Wellington, Mich., 274
Wentworth, Elijah, 29
Western Wisconsin R.R., 151
West Point Military Academy, 114
Weyerhaeuser, Frederick (lumberman), 230
Wheaton, Ill., 74
Wheeling, John, 8, 9
Wheeling, Mary, 8-10, 13
White, L. L., 284
White, Stewart E., 243
Whitewood, S.D., 232, 215
Wicker, C. G., 162-164
Wilder, A. H., 108
Willard, Frances, 197
Willard, William C., 113
Williams, Rowland L., 260-265, 283
Willow River, Wis., 78
Wilson, Walter, 201
Winfield, Ill., 74
Winnebago Indians, 15
Winnebago War, 39
Winnetka, Ill., 277
Winona, Minn., 92, 101, 103, 150, 154, 160, 236
Winona & St. Peter R.R., 107, 141, 150, 160, 161, 217, 219
Winslow, Albert, 81
Winslow, James, 80
Wisconsin Northern R'y, 221
Wisconsin R.R., 114
Wisconsin & Superior R.R., 79, 80
Wisconsin Supreme Court, 111, 112
Wisner, Neb., 169
Wolsey, S.D., 274
Wolsey, Thomas Cardinal, 274
Wood, Ed, 192, 194, 195
Woodstock, Ill., 78, 276
Woonsocket Capital Investment Co., 174
World War I, 138, 239, 264
World War II, 139, 264
Worthington & Sioux Falls R.R., 151, 152
Wovoka (medicine man), 232

Wright, Frank Lloyd, 229
Wright, John, 22
Wyoming Central R.R., 217, 218, 238

Y

Yankton, S.D., 159, 162, 164, 168, 172, 173, 182, 235
Yates, Gov. Richard, 114
Yellowstone Park, 285
Yokohama, Japan, 280
Young, Brigham, 6
Young, J. R., 81