The year 1912 was written on the back of this unused postcard view showing a couple seated with their daughter in a buggy with the top partially up in front of a house in the country with an ornate front porch and hollyhocks. Another man holds the bridle of the dark-colored horse pulling the buggy. [WJC Photo]
Rigs in Collision.

Last Sunday evening, a carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Kellan was run into and overturned by another rig containing a pair of jagged [drunken] foreigners. Mr. and Mrs. K. were thrown under the horse’s feet, but the animal moved ahead and the carriage was overturned upon them. Mr. K. succeeded in extricating Mrs. K. from the wreck and in stopping his horse. The carriage containing the joy riders was badly smashed, the occupants being thrown headlong to the road, but escaped serious injuries. Mrs. Kellan was taken to her home in an automobile. Her injuries consisted of bruises. Mr. Kellan was uninjured. The accident was fortune [sic] in that no one was killed or badly injured.
This unused postcard photograph dating between 1907 and 1920 shows a father wearing a bowler hat seated in a buggy with his son while another son posed with his bicycle. The father wrote the following inscription on the back at a later date: Our vacation trip to Vermont...horse and carriage days...my two boys with me. [WJC Photo]
QUINNESEC NOTES.

Leon Fraker was quite seriously injured last Monday while riding a bicycle. He tried to pass a team on the county road too closely and one of the animals became frightened and kicked him in the thigh cutting a bad gash. He was taken to Dr. Dockery at Iron Mountain and had the wound dressed.
A buckboard is a four-wheeled wagon of simple construction meant to be drawn by a horse or other large animal. The "buckboard" is the front-most board on the wagon that could act as both a footrest for the driver and protection for the driver from the horse's rear hooves in case of a "buck". The buckboard is steered by its front wheels, which are connected to each other by a single axle. The front and rear axle are connected by a platform of one or more boards to which the front axle is connected on a pivoting joint at its midpoint. A buckboard wagon often carries a seat for a driver. Such a seat may be supported by springs. The main platform between axles is not suspended by springs like a carriage. Made in the 1700s around the same time as carriages. Originally designed for personal transportation in mountain regions, these distinctively American vehicles were widely used in newly settled regions of the United States.

Several varieties of buckboard carriage, such as the surrey buckboard, were popular in the United States in about 1900. Buckboards were usually built with one to three double seats.
Postmarked Akron, Ohio, November 13, 1908, this postcard view shows an older lady bundled up for winter in her buckboard alongside the street with houses in background. The whip is in its holder at the right. A kerosene lamp is located in front of her at the left side of the dashboard, and her faithful dog is resting alongside the wagon near the front wheels. [WJC Photo]
Dating to about 1910, this unused postcard photograph shows an elegantly-dressed older woman with an elaborate hat driving her buckboard in the countryside with her short-haired dog seated next to her. The horse’s tail has been bobbed and the well-conformed animal has a white blaze and four white socks. [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1907 and 1918, this unused postcard view from Saratoga, New York, shows an older woman wearing a smaller black hat with large tuft of tall, black feathers driving a buckboard. The whip is in its holder at the right front of the buckboard which was pulled by a nice-looking horse with two white socks on rear feet. [WJC Photo]
This postcard view, dating between 1907 and 1918, shows an older woman wearing a large, flat hat with an ornate white bow driving her buckboard. Note the deeply tufted, light-colored upholstered seat and the whip in its socket at the right front side of the box. [WJC Photo]
A teen-aged boy wearing overalls and a hat posed for the photographer in a nice buckboard with an upholstered seat drawn by a fine team of light-colored horses. A whip is mounted in the right front corner of the buckboard. Note the barn with open sliding barn doors at the right end and a horse sticking its head out of the window to the right of the barn door. This view is postmarked Wyaconda, Missouri, January 20, 1911. [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1907 and 1920, this exceptional postcard photograph shows a well-dressed man in his overcoat and fedora hat with a lap robe driving a buckboard with an upholstered seat. Note the large stable with dozens of horses in the background. [WJC Photo]
“HAPPY JACK.”

The Wonderful Pacer can be Seen at Escanaba next Month.

“Happy Jack,” the original and famous lone pacer, whose wonderful performances last season astonished thousands of people by pacing full miles against time without rider, driver or assistance of any kind, will give two exhibitions at the spring meeting of the Delta County Agricultural Society at Escanaba, June 2 and 3.

Max Kurz, the well known horseman, has returned from Escanaba and states that much interest is being taken in the coming races. He intends to use his best efforts to secure a large attendance form this city. In speaking of this animal’s record, Mr. Kurz said:

[CONTINUED]
“Happy Jack” has a record of 2:11, and always goes as advertised, making no failures, over mile or half mile tracks, whether they be enclosed or not. Were he drive by a skilled reinsman he could not possibly do his work any better. He is simply taken to the scoring [sic – starting] point and turned loose. He does the rest. After finishing the spectators seem to go wild with applause, and words of praise and admiration are numerous.

The wonderful horse, only five years old, has shown his ability to be on of the candidates for the much looked for 2:00 mark, having on several occasions gone quarters in 30 seconds, halfs [sic – halves] in 1:01. he has never been raced to sulky.

Besides this exhibition, there will be three trotting events each day. All railroads leading to Escanaba make a rate of one and one-fifth fare for this occasion.
This older man, wearing an overcoat and bowler hat, draped a plaid blanket over the buckboard seat. The horse appears to be focused on something in front of him. The grandstand of a race track is visible in the background. Leafless trees indicate this unused postcard view, dating between 1907 and 1920, was taken in late fall or early spring. [WJC Photo]
EIGHT HUNDRED.

That Many Lovers of Sport Witnessed the Races Saturday.

IRON MOUNTAIN HORSE THE FAVORITE.

[CONTINUED]
Jumbo Gave His Opponents the Dust,
Bicycle Race Exciting. Time Made
by Four Year Olds. Notes of the
Races.

There was any amount of excitement at the races in Quinnesec Saturday afternoon, and 800 people stood around and admired the favorites as they came tearing down the home stretch and passed under the wire amid the shouts of men, women and children.

Jumbo, owned by Lumphrey [sic – Lonprey], won the first two heats in the free for all, but he was by no means the favorite even after the conclusion of the last heat. Lion L, owned by “Dick” Wittenberg, appeared to be the favorite, from the start, and after the second heat was run his driver appeared at the judge’s stand and claimed it on a foul.

[CONTINUED]
Lumphery [sic – Lonprey] refused to abide by the decision of the judges, and ordered Jumbo driven to the stable.

However, the judges have given their decision and the free for all race must be run again. No money was turned over and if Jumbo’s owner refuses to enter his horse the purse will be divided between the other three.

Jerry D, owned and driven by Wittenberg, was drawn early in the race owing to sickness. The handsome bay was considered a sure winner before the first heat was run and many a sport dropped his little all before he realized the condition the horse in. Geo. Brassfield wasn’t in it at any stage of the game and was pulled off the track after the first heat. Jumbo, however, ruled the track as he had the pole, the place being given him by drawing slips of paper from Judge Buell’s hat, and from the word he cut the route and was not headed. In the face for four year olds there were but three entries, Allie, owned by Turner, Nancy, owned by Taft and Membrina by W.J. Tully.

[CONTINUED]
Allie got the pole and held it during the first heat. Membrina secured the second place while Nancy came in after the excitement was all over. **In the second heat the horses were neck and neck for a considerable distance and the crowd of 800 people were immensely pleased and highly excited.** Allie won the heat and Membrina held second place giving Nancy the dust as in the first heat. Time of first heat was 3:28:3-5 and the second heat 3:27:1-8, but as the owners do not care to have the time announced no further mention will be made of it.

**THE BICYCLE RACES.**

Two twenty was the time said to have been made by the cycle racers which is considered very good owing to the track and wind. Peter Gasper won the race, but not without a struggle.

*[CONTINUED]*
Cruse gave the Menominee youth an awful scare and several times he was seen to fall back, but as he had won the flip for first place Gasper had the advantage over all his opponents. Cruse got second money while the $10 prize went to Zerbel, of Milwaukee. Sherwood, of Menominee, pedaled in shortly after the prizes had been awarded and about the time the gate keeper was closing shop for the day.

NOTES OF THE RACES.

It is estimated that there were eight hundred people assembled in Quinnesec on Saturday besides John L. Buell.

Will Cruse never rode in better form that Saturday at Quinnesec. His coming in between Gasper and the Milwaukee rider was done in a sensational manner.

[CONTINUED]
Quinnesec citizens have taken hold of local sporting events with a vengeance \textit{sic} – \textit{vengeance}, and are going to make their track a crackerjack if hard work can accomplish that end.

Mayor Clifford and John L. Buell made a great hit when they ruled young Meehan off the track. Local horsemen have no use for fresh jockeys and particularly when they think themselves the whole thing.

The wind blew a number of lady bicyclists to Quinnesec from this city but howled at them on the return trip.

A.C. Cook, Doc Jones and a couple lady friends recklessly staked their wealth on their favorite horses and the horrid men won the pot.

The bicycle race was the most exciting of them all, and judging from the noise made by the betters \textit{sic} – \textit{bettors}, the most money was staked on it.
Frank McIlvaine and his daughter, Hazel McIlvaine, were out for a ride in a buckboard pulled by a horse with four white stockings wearing a flynet on a postcard view taken in Comerstown, Ohio, probably between 1910 and 1915. [WJC Photo]
Posing in an orchard or wooded area, this young man, wearing a white shirt with tie and a light-colored cap, sat in a buckboard with its folding top down pulled by a team of dark horses wearing horse collars. An inscription on back of this unused postcard view, dating between 1907 and 1918, reads “Uncle Frank” in pencil and possibly “Law” or “Lou” in black ink. [WJC Photo]
This younger man, wearing a flat-topped hat and sporting a moustache, held the reins as he posed in a buckboard on the upholstered seat. Note the homes in the background. This unused postcard view probably dates between 1910 and 1915. [WJC Photo]
This young couple – he wearing a short-sleeved white shirt and she wearing a sailor’s blouse with striped tie – posed in a buckboard pulled by handsome Arabian horse with long, curly mane in front of a double-door of a barn with pair of five-light windows above door. This unused postcard view dates between 1907 and 1920. [WJC Photo]
The Andrew Rian family posed for the photographer in front of the Rian Hotel in Metropolitan (later Felch) in their three-seated wagon in about 1902. Olaf, Anna and Minnie Rian are seated in the front seat. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew (Anna Beseth) Rian are seated in the middle seat with Gilbert. Mr. and Mrs. Martin (Mary Beseth) Rian are seated in the back seat. [Beatrice Blomquist]
This postcard view, dating between 1907 and 1918, shows a buckboard-style buggy and team of horses decorated with what appear to be paper flowers. The buggy wheels, buckboard, box, wagon tree and even the harnesses of the horses were decorated. The parasol of the young woman seated next to the driver also appears to be made of paper flowers. [WJC Photo]
HORSE-DRAWN DECORATED BUCKBOARDS AND WAGONS

Postmarked West Mansfield, Ohio, July 22, 1909, this buckboard-style buggy, pulled by a single horse, was covered with paper flowers which adorned the entire surface of the buckboard and the wheels with geometric designs. Two younger women wearing white dresses and ornate, large hats were seated behind the buckboard, one driving and the other holding a parasol also apparently made of paper flowers. [WJC Photo]
A penciled notation dates this postcard view to **July 4, 1910**. Young girls seated on low cylinders rode on the bed of a wagon decorated with four ornate columns at each corner, garlands of paper flowers and white drapery. The horse was draped with a cloth upon which **A.E. Richardson Co.** was painted pulled the wagon, driven by a **black “Uncle Sam”** also seated on a cylinder. **Note the little boy in knickers walking along the street.** [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1907 and 1918, this postcard view, “Published by The Grove Photo Co., Bristol, Vt.,” shows a large, flower-bedecked wagon float pulled by three dark horses, a team next to the wagon and a single horse in front, with harnesses adorned with white ribbons and white tassels at their ears. A number of women dressed in white with white parasols were seated on the wagon with six vertical posts and a vertical back section with a half-circle at the top. Three men, dressed in white and wearing straw hats, tended the horses. [WJC Photo]
A **wagon** (in British English, sometimes **waggon**) or **dray** (low, sideless) is a heavy four-wheeled vehicle. This word comes from the Latin **vagare** : **vago** meaning I go here and there, I wander. Wagons were formerly pulled by animals such as horses, mules or oxen. Today farm wagons are pulled by tractors and trucks. Wagons are used for transporting people or goods. Wagons are distinguished from carts, which are small and have two wheels, or semi-trailers, which are large and have two wheels, and from lighter four-wheeled vehicles such as carriages. A wagon could be pulled by one animal or by several, often in pairs.
Postmarked Norway, Mich., June 7, 1912, this early view shows an unidentified man driving a wagon loaded with crates of some sort covered with a tarp along a narrow road. The message on the back talks about a motorcycle and is signed by Joe O’Dill. With that surname, perhaps there are cases of soda pop in the wagon. [WJC Photo]
This unidentified photograph shows a man driving a wagon labeled VULCAN MEAT MARKET, probably dating between 1900 and 1910. [WJC Photo]
SMASHED THE RIG.

John J. Cole’s Horse Gave Citizens a Lively Chase last Monday.

DRIVER’S FACE BADLY CUT.

[CONTINUED]
Dumped to the Ground while the Mad Animal Galloped Across the Tracks. Runaway Horse got Tangled up with a Locomotive and Captured.

Citizens in the vicinity of the St. Paul passenger depot Monday morning witnessed an exciting runaway that almost resulted in a serious mishap to both horse and driver. John J. Cole’s spirited four-year-old, hitched to a light wagon loaded with ladders, and driven by fourteen-year-old Niles Nilson, were the principals in the excitement.

[CONTINUED]
The horse became frightened and gained control of the driver. Dashing across the tracks on A street the animal continued his mad career up and down the railroad yards striking only the high spots. Coming in contact with some obstruction the wagon was almost totally demolished, throwing the young driver, who, until this time, bravely stuck to his post on the wagon seat, to the ground with such force as to peel a good part of the skin from his face. The now thoroughly frightened animal continued running, the front part of the wagon dragging behind and striking his heels at every jump.

In passing close to one of the yard locomotives the lines, which were trailing on the ground, became entangled in the pilot of the engine jerking the animal back on his haunches, where he stood for more than a minute pawing the air with his fore feet and making strenuous efforts to break away.

The engineer grabbed the horse’s head and held him until taken in charge by the owner. The young driver was picked up and carried to his home where his wounds were dressed.
The Co-Operativa Italiana store opened at 431 Vulcan Street in Iron Mountain’s Chapin Location in January, 1903. The store was an outgrowth of a benevolent society organized May 16, 1900, with 165 charter members, all natives of Capestrano, Abruzzi, Italy. The driver of the society’s delivery wagon is unidentified. However, the photograph was taken by Adolph Anderson, a local amateur photographer, shortly after the store opened. [Menominee Range Historical Museum]
This man – with a cigar clenched in his teeth and driving a wagon loaded with a large umbrella and two watering cans – posed for this unused postcard view sometime between 1907 and 1918. Note the picket fencing in front of the homes in the background. [WJC Photo]
The remodeling of the **Bijou Theatre, 104-106 West Ludington Street, Iron Mountain**, to a “modern opera house” began in the **spring of 1916**, and included replacing the elevated wooden floor with a concrete one, as well as enlarging and extending the stage to the rear of the building. The stage opening was to be 40 feet, and the stage 50 feet long [deep]. A loft was constructed on top of the structure to permit the use of drop scenery. **Frank Parent’s saloon, The Bonaparte**, at 102, was listed as “vacant” in 1913, and is visible at the far right. [WJC Photo]
NERVY TEAMSTER

After Being Dragged and Kicked for Half a Square Geo. Martin Unhitches his Horse.

About three o’clock last Thursday Geo. Martin, a teamster living on West Flesheim [sic – Fleshiem] street, narrowly escaped serious injury, and probable death, by being dragged for half a block by a runaway horse. Martin was hauling a load of furniture to the St. Paul depot, and when crossing Ludington street on Carpenter avenue, one piece of furniture on which he was sitting tipped forward throwing the driver between the thills, where he was held fast.

[CONTINUED]
The horse became frightened and started on a gallop, the driver in his perilous position shouting to the animal to stop, which had a tendency to further alarm the runaway horse. When near the alley, back of John Marsch’s saloon, the animal turned to the left, and coming in contact with a heavy lumber wagon was brought to a sudden halt.

Several articles of furniture had fallen forward striking the horse’s heels. He began to squirm and kick and before the bystanders could assist the unfortunate man to escape the horse’s sharp hoofs had left their imprint on several parts of Martin’s body. The victim was hauled from the wreck, bleeding and limping but bravely assisted in unhitching the frightened animal and reloading the furniture that had been dumped from the load.

The wound on Martin’s face appeared not to be a serious one, but the blow on the leg may prove annoying. The victim’s escape from a serious mishap was truly miraculous.
This teenager, wearing work clothes and a hat, drove a heavy wagon loaded with lumber pulled by a team of horses with collars on a dirt road with brush and small trees growing on the hillside. This unused postcard view dates between 1907 and 1918. [WJC Photo]
Postmarked Savanna, Illinois, February 9, 1911, this postcard view shows Walter Patton and his Jersey Dairy No. 1 milk delivery wagon, pulled by a team of white or light-colored horses, standing on a brick roadway. A note written in March, 1951, identified Walter and noted that the photograph was taken in front of the Fullrath Opera House, a building used in 1951 as the Buick and Oldsmobile garage and Graham’s Café. [WJC Photo]
WHERE’S MY HAT.

After Rolling Down a Seventy-Five foot Embankment, an Italian asks for His Dicer.

HORSE AND WAGON GO TOO.
Driver and Companion were All Right
But the Mare was Unsteady. Whole
Outfit Rolled Down the Embankment at the Chapin Mine
Pit and Landed in a heap
At the Bottom.

Shortly after nine o’clock Tuesday night a horse and wagon, with its two occupants[,] rolled down the seventy five foot embankment of the Chapin mine pit, on Stephenson avenue, and landed at the bottom uninjured, save for a few slight bruises to the driver and a demolished milk wagon.

[CONTINUED]
The wagon was occupied by two Italian milkmen, both of whom were perfectly sober, which fact deserves mention by reason of the calamity that befell them. The mare, however, was unsteady, for when passing the deep pit on the city’s main thoroughfare she turned sharply to the right and plunged headlong over the deep precipice precipitating the whole outfit to the sharp rocked region below.

The horse, wagon, milk-cans and living occupants landed in a heap [sic – heap] and the first sound heard was “Where is my hat?” uttered by the frightened driver. The two men scrambled to their feet and extricated the animal from its perplexities. Pedestrians who witnessed the terrible and exciting scene rushed to the edge of the steep and rocky embankment expecting to find a mass of humanity struggling in approaching death.

Others rushed to the bottom of the pit to assist the unfortunate ones, and in five minutes time a hundred people had gathered about the scene of the accident. The men were found to have escaped serious injuries while the animal was wholly uninjured. The wagon suffered several breaks which were temporarily repaired, and with the assistance of the bystanders the outfit was landed.
This postcard view shows S.T. Yost’s United States Ice Company wagon, taken in Myerstown, Pennsylvania, in 1909, according to an inscription on the reverse. The boys carrying blocks of ice with ice tongs were identified as Charlie Herzog on the left and George S. Karsnitz on the right. [WJC Photo – Sold for $61.51 on eBay on March 25, 2012.]
The Iron Range, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Thursday, July 14, 1892

THE A street baker’s team [probably John G. Thorsell, 206 East A Street] was frightened near the corner of Stephenson avenue and B street last Tuesday morning and made a wild break down B street, scattering buns, doughnuts and biscuit [sic – biscuits] along the way. The horse was captured on Carpenter avenue, having done no further damage than to waste some of the baker’s pastry.
The sign on the side of William Wickman’s wagon reads Turkish Remedy Co. Family Medicines and Extracts. Wickman, pictured here in front of his home in Theodore, probably between 1910 and 1915, was a familiar sight as he peddled his wares form house to house throughout rural Dickinson County. [Beatrice Blomquist]
An early form of public transportation in Iron Mountain was a horse-drawn bus with bench seats on each side and roll-down canvas curtains to keep out the rain. The women seated inside the bus and standing at the left were teachers who were transported to and from the Chapin and Farragut schools at the Chapin Location. The Chapin School was built in 1889 at the corner of Vulcan Street and Sixth Street, while the Farragut School was erected in 1899 at the corner of Vulcan Street and Fifth Street. The shoemaker’s shop operated by Frank Perino can be seen in the background and was located at 515 ½ Vulcan Street. This postcard view dates between 1910 and 1915. Note the three young boys crouching underneath the bus. [Menominee Range Historical Museum]
This postcard view taken in about 1914-1915 shows an empty Menominee River Brewing Company beer wagon in front of Louis Cristanelli’s saloon at 1009 Railroad Street in Norway. Note the three children seated on the saloon steps behind the wagon wheels. [James Lindstrom]
This postcard view – taken in about 1914-1915 – shows the Menominee River Brewing Company beer wagon in front of Louis Cristanelli’s saloon at 1009 Railroad Street in Norway. Big Ed Van Dam drove the beer wagon, while Andrew Cristanelli (left) and an unidentified man (right) sat on the top barrels. Joseph Wassa, wearing a long coat, and Louis Cristanelli stood alongside of the loaded wagon. Note the fly nets worn by the horses. [James Lindstrom]
Some Adventure.

Last Monday afternoon, a team owned by Andrew Palmquist, a contractor, rolled down the east bank of the open pit of the Chapin mine, a short distance north of the machine shops, taking with them the driver, George Palmquist, and the wagon. The boy, horses and wagon rolled and fell a distance of over two hundred feet down the bank. The wagon was smashed, but the driver and horses received minor injuries only. George had backed his team too close to the bank in delivering a load of filling material. It is passed [sic – past] understanding how the accident did not result more seriously.
In 1892 Hancock & Co. (W.H. Hancock, J.P. Mitchell and Thomas Wills) had a meat market at 116 East Brown Street, Iron Mountain. William H. Mitchell ran a general hardware store at 120 East Brown Street in 1902, and was again listed at 116 East Brown Street in 1907 and 1913. Mitchell later moved to 207 South Stephenson Avenue and then to the C.E. Parent Building at 219 South Stephenson Avenue by 1925. Mitchell Hardware remained there until 1977 and was razed in 1978. Note the delivery wagon with the Aetna Company, a powder company, advertised on the sides, rear and back of the seat. [Gene Derwinski/Dick Ferris Photo]
A group of patrons and employees at Edward E. St. Arnauld’s Saloon, located at the northwest corner of Carpenter Avenue and West Hughitt Street in Iron Mountain, posed for the photographer, including a delivery wagon and team of horses on Carpenter Avenue. Note the woman in the upper left window. [WJC Photo]
Taken in about 1912, this view of the Anderson & Johnson General Store (Peter O. Anderson and Gust A. Johnson), located at 600-602 East Main Street, on Iron Mountain’s North Side, showed four delivery wagons. Gabardi Brothers (A. and G.) operated a meat market at 600 East Main Street by 1892, followed by Johnson & Anderson by 1902. By 1905 the firm Anderson & Johnson sold general merchandise and ran a meat market here, and selling general merchandise by 1907. By 1913 the address was 600-602 East Main Street.

[Menominee Range Historical Museum]
ALLEGED SPREE
COSTLY TO ‘DOC’

Candy Wagon Over-turns,
Later His Horse Runs
Away

Alleged to have been heavily inoculated with “spiritus fermentus,” “Doc” Lacey, negro vendor of ice cream, and confectionary, involuntarily provided children living on the north side with sweets last night.

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

While proceeding along Hughitt street enroute to his home near the ball park, “Doc’s” horse was said to have entered into the spirit of the occasion with more enthusiasm than discretion. A short but snappy runaway followed which ended with “Doc” reclining in a convenient gutter and the wagon reduced to wreckage. “Doc” was said to have escaped with minor injuries.
The George and Marie (Martel) Moore family posed at their home in Stambaugh, Michigan, in about 1910. Matilda (Moore) Wall, daughter; Irene Moore, daughter; Marie (Martel) Moore, wife of George and mother; Mary (Moore) Cummings Gressel, daughter; and Joseph Gressel, Mary’s husband, stood on the front porch and wooden sidewalk, while George Moore, husband of Marie and father, sat in the double-seated wagon, wearing his hat with an unidentified son and probably two grandchildren. [WJC Photo]
This unused postcard view, dating between 1907 and 1918, shows George H. Taylor’s farm wagon pulled by a yoke of oxen. Note the boy seated on the ox at the left, as well as the young man with the whip on the driver’s seat of the wagon. The board sign on the side of the barn labeled “1902” could indicate when the barn was built.

[WJC Photo]
HORSE-DRAWN SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP

A surrey is a light, four-wheeled pleasure carriage dating from the late nineteenth century and early twentieth century, usually drawn by two horses and typically having two seats for four passengers and a variety of tops, ranging from the rigid, fringed canopy-top, popularized in the Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein song “The surrey with the Fringe on Top” in the Broadway musical Oklahoma! to parasol and extension tops, and a flat top.

The name comes from Surrey, the county in southern England where it was first built. It resembles a cabriolet but has a straight or nearly straight bottom, sometimes cut under. Originally English, it was introduced into the United States in 1872. The term is also used for various types of quadracyle and an early motor vehicle resembling a surrey in design.
The Surrey with the Fringe on Top

When I take you out, tonight, with me,
Honey, here's the way it's goin' to be:
You will set behind a team of snow white horses,
In the slickest gig you ever see!

Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
Watch that fringe and see how it flutters
When I drive them high steppin' strutters.
Nosey pokes'll peek thru' their shutters and their eyes will pop!

The wheels are yeller, the upholstery's brown,
The dashboard's genuine leather,
With isinglass curtains y' can roll right down,
In case there's a change in the weather.

Two bright sidelight's winkin' and blinkin',
Ain't no finer rig I'm a-thinkin'!
You c'n keep your rig if you're thinkin' 'at I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny, little surrey with the fringe on the top!

This famous show tune from the 1943 Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *Oklahoma!* is the second song in the show, following the opening number, "Oh What a Beautiful Mornin'."

When Curly asks Laurey to go to the box social with him, he uses this song to persuade her by offering the prospect of taking her in a fancy rental car.
Dating between 1907 and 1920, this postcard view shows three women wearing white dresses and large, ornately-decorated hats seated in a wicker surrey pulled by a team of horses with white socks. Note the white fly nets on the horses, decorated with tassels and the whip in its holder on the right side of the buckboard. [WJC Photo]
A penciled date of “8/10” in the lower right corner probably indicates that this postcard photograph was taken in **August, 1910**. Two couples – the women, wearing white dresses standing on the road, and the gentlemen seated in the **surrey** – paused for the photographer on a dirt road in a woodland. A team of matched horses with white glazes and stockings pulled the fringed surrey. [WJC Photo]
This postcard photograph, dating between **1907 and 1918**, shows two women – one older and possibly the grandmother seated in the front and one younger and possibly the mother seated in the back – and two children seated in a fancy **double-seated surrey**. A single horse was hitched to the surrey which was on the roadway in front of a house. [WJC Photo]
A young lady wearing a printed dress and decorated straw hat drove this single-seated surrey pulled by one horse in a rural setting with farm buildings in the background. Note the long, heavy fringe around the top which appears to be held in place by a single metal post. The whip was in its holder on the right side of the buckboard. This postcard photograph dates between 1907 and 1918. [WJC Photo]
This original photograph, dating about 1910, is identified on the back as “Geo. Wheeler’s Family” and also bears the stamp of “F. Elmo Simpson,” probably the photographer, at the bottom right. Five children and a dog were crowded into the double-seated surrey with the fringe on top pulled by a horse wearing a fly net and a crocheted hat with tassels for protection from the sun. The horse is also identified on the reverse as “Molly in harness.” [WJC Photo]
This postcard view was probably taken in the **State of Washington’s timber county** in about 1910-1915. The young man, wearing a cap and jacket, appears to have climbing gear on his legs over his boots. The **single-seated, two-wheeled cart** pulled by a horse on a dirt road would have been unusual in Michigan or Wisconsin logging operations. However, camp foremen sometimes had a “rig” to travel to where the lumberjacks were working or to another camp. Note the timber on the ground in the wooded area. [WJC Photo]
Postmarked Edgar, Nebraska, July 30, 1913, this postcard view shows a young boy wearing a cap and a white shirt driving his two-wheeled cart pulled by white pony. Note the padded seat back. **The young driver appears to be holding a whip in his right hand.** [WJC Photo]
Postmarked Jersey City, New Jersey, October 20, 1911, this postcard view shows two very young girls seated in two-wheeled cart pulled by white pony. The girls are identified as Geraldine and Genevive James. The cart is parked in the shade of an apple tree, and the farm house can be seen in the background. [WJC Photo]
The children of the John Tyler Jones family, living in their home on Iron Mountain’s North Side near Lake Antoine, prepared their pony cart for Fourth of July Parade in about 1900 to 1905. Ardis (Jones) Blenko mentioned the pony Lady in her story Papa and the Ferris Wheel. [Lori B. (Strang) Sorenson]
A toddler wearing a long, white coat and a white knit hat held the reins of a small, white pony hitched to a two-wheeled pony cart in this postcard view dating between 1907 and 1920. [WJC Photo]
This unused postcard view, dating between 1907 and 1918, shows three young girls posing with their donkey cart on the sidewalk in front of their home. Note the wire wheels on the donkey cart, probably dating the photograph to the late “teens.” [WJC Photo]
May Livingstone, of Perry, Iowa, posed with her white billygoat in a four-wheeled goat cart. Note the goat’s exceptionally horns with brass balls on the tips. May wrote her name and address in pencil on the back of this unused postcard view dates between 1907 and 1918. [WJC Photo]
This private mailing card, dating between 1898 and 1901, shows two young children, probably a brother and sister, being pulled in a fancy four-wheeled goat cart by a long-haired, multi-colored goat with short horns. Note the large collar on the boy’s shirt and his shorts, and the girl’s elegant dress, complete with a string of pearls around her neck. [WJC Photo]
The earliest known fire protection law in the United States was in the city of Boston by its mayor, John Winthrop, in 1631. The law outlawed thatched roofs and wooden chimneys.

The earliest fire departments were actually called fire brigades and were nothing more than people enlisted to patrol the cities and towns to watch for fires starting. Actual firefighting was performed by citizens in the form of “bucket brigades” when alerted by these town patrols.

The earliest firefighting apparatus were hand drawn carts with manually operated fire pumps mounted on them. They were pulled and pushed by the firemen to the fire scene. Those early fire “engines” started seeing service in 1678 in New Amsterdam, which later became New York City.

Horse drawn steam engine pumpers for fighting fires were invented in 1829, but did not go into service until 1853 in Cincinnati, Ohio, when the first full-paid professional fire department in the United States was formed there.

In 1907, the first internal combustion engine fire engines were built in the United States, and by 1925 forced the complete retirement of all horse drawn steam engines.
NORWAY has set an example that should be followed by every town on the range. The citizens of that burg have purchased a fire engine. True it is not a steamer – the town is too young for that – but it is a first-class hand engine, and when manned by the bone and muscle of Norway, will do good service in case of fire. A meeting of citizens was held at the Opera House last week for the purpose of organizing a fire company. The following are the officers of the organization: John Stiles, chief; Richard Oliver, asst. chief; Chas. Bush, captain; Gene Gadbois, capt. of hose cart; James Thomas, 1st pipeman; Mat. Sherer, 2nd pipeman. J.P. Dunseth was elected secretary, and W. Lieberthal, treasurer. The company as organized is a good one, and you bet they’ll make the water fly when occasion requires. Trot on a small fire or two.
HORSE-DRAWN FIRE ENGINES AND STEAMERS

Dated 1907 in pencil on the reverse, this unused postcard photograph was snapped by a Milwaukee photographer named “Tyler” as the steamer fire engine, pulled by a three-horse team – two dapple gray and one white horse at the right – raced down street with their manes flying. A fireman stood next to the driver of the brightly-polished steamer while two other firemen rode at the rear. A policeman or constable, a man in a suit and a small dog watched the action. Action shots such as this one are rare in early photography. [WJC Photo]
Postmarked Milwaukee, Wis., June 30, 1908, this view of another piece of fire-fighting equipment was also snapped by Tyler, the photographer, whose name again appears in front of the horses, at the same location. This appears to be a pumper, pulled by a team of dark-colored horses, again racing down the street. Four firemen accompany the driver on the hectic ride wearing their fire-fighting gear. Action shots such as this one are rare in early photography. [WJC Photo]
THE CITY.

WHAT funny ideas some people have. The other day a lady was talking to the mayor about the fire department, the steam fire engine, how much water it would throw, etc., when she said, “I shouldn’t think it would be necessary to boil the water before it is thrown on the fire, why wouldn’t cold water do just as well?” The mayor had a good laugh and then explained to her the use of the boiler.
The fire-fighting crew of this unidentified fire station posed with the hook-and-ladder truck and the steamer fire engine on the wooden ramp in front of the building. This unused postcard view dates between 1907 and 1918. The driver and four firemen posed with the white team of horses which pulled the hook-and-ladder truck, while the driver and two firemen posed with the brightly-polished brass steamer engine, pulled by a three-horse team. [WJC Photo]
HORSE-DRAWN FIRE ENGINES AND STEAMERS

Published by The Letter Post Card Company in Lorain, Ohio, this unused postcard view probably dates between 1910 and 1915. The highly-polished brass steamer fire engine was pulled by a fine team of matched dark-colored horses with white blazes and socks on their hind feet. The driver and another fireman occupy the seat, while another fireman and probably the fire chief posed at the left. Note the brick driveway and finely-constructed fire hall with arched brickwork over the doors and window. [WJC Photo]
Mortgage Sale.

The undersigned will sell at auction in front of the engine house, Iron Mountain, Saturday afternoon, at 2 o’clock, a **pair of heavy brown horses, harness and wagon**. Here is an opportunity to buy a good team for a little money.

WM. O’HARA,
Deputy Sheriff.
TRAINING THE HORSES.

Much interest is Centered Around the Fire Department Headquarters.

Chief Harvey and his assistants are now engaged in “breaking in” the new fire team that has been taken for a week on approbation. The horses are remarkably intelligent, and with a half day’s training would take their respective positions under the suspended harness. The two steeds are the admiration of all who visit the department headquarters, and experienced horsemen say that both animals are especially adapted for this work.
Iron Mountain’s Hose Company No. 1 posed in front of the city hall in about 1912. Pictured from left to right are John H. “Jack” Vanitvelt, driver, Fire Chief John E. Scannell (1911-1914), Joseph L. Berry, Thomas A. Strong and Thomas Polkinghorn. [Gene Derwinski/Dick Ferris]
Handsome Team.

Max Kurz, to whom was delegated authority to purchase a team of horses for the fire department, has “made good,” as usual. The horses selected weigh about 1,500 pounds each, are well-mated and well trained, young and sound in limb and wind. Probably their equals cannot be found in the peninsula. It pays to buy horses from a horseman.
This photograph of Iron Mountain’s Hose Company No. 2 Fire Station, a frame structure erected at 709 Vulcan Street in 1893, was taken in about 1910. Lee LaLonde was captain of Hose Company No. 2 in 1913 and may be one of the men posing with the team and ladder wagon here. During the summer of 1914 a brick building was constructed at the southeast corner of Vulcan Street and East Main Street to replace this engine house. In 1926 Hose Company No. 2 was consolidated with Hose Company No. 1 at the present fire station located in the city hall building. [Menominee Range Historical Museum]
AT the meeting of the business men’s [sic – businessmen’s] association last evening, the question came up as to who should be employed to sprinkle the streets. There were two applicants – John Rule and Langdon & Eslick. It was decided to give the job to John Rule by an almost unanimous vote. Rule has agreed to do the work one month on trial, and guarantees satisfaction, or he will be willing to stand aside for some one [sic – someone] who can.
During the hot, dry summer months shortly after the turn of the century John Rule drove the sprinkling wagon over the streets of Iron Mountain in an attempt to keep the dust down. Note the canvas “coats” worn by the team of horses to protect them from the sun and dusty conditions. [Gene Derwinski/Dick Ferris]
A sled is a sliding vehicle designed to transport passengers and/or cargo by using a running mechanism and smooth undersides instead of wheels. Most sleds are used on surfaces with low friction (such as snow or ice), but, in some cases, mud, grass, or even smooth stones make a good surface for sleds.

The word *sled* comes from Middle English *sledde*, which itself has the origins in Old Dutch word *slee*, meaning "sliding" or "slider". The same word shares common ancestry with both *sleigh* and *sledge*.

A sleigh (pronounced "slay") is a word sharing basically the same meaning. Its use in American English refers primarily to a particular type of sled drawn by horses or reindeer. In some contexts, it was once used to describe a large vehicle accommodated for maximum passenger use. In Canadian and British English, *sleigh* is regularly used to refer to any type of sled, notwithstanding its capacity. In Australian English, both words are given equal preference.

A sledge is a smaller sled, used mostly for freight, one that can generally transport no more than one or two persons with only a limited amount of cargo. Sledges can be pulled by dogs or other smaller animals. The children's mini-sled, pulled by humans, can also be referred to as a sledge.
HORSE-DRAWN CUTTERS, SLEIGHS AND BOBSLEDS

This postcard view, dating between 1907 and 1918, shows a well-dressed man seated in a horse-drawn cutter or sleigh wearing a bowler hat. Note the plaid blanket on the back of the seat. [WJC Photo]
The Iron Port, Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan, April 11, 1885

– **K.S. Buck** shot a lynx **from his seat in a cutter.** The shot scared his horse and in pulling on the lines he discharged his pistol (self-cocking) and killed the horse. – Range.
This postcard view, dating between 1918 and 1930, shows a stylish couple and their daughter seated in a cutter or sleigh. Note the buildings visible in the background through the haze. The photographer is identified as “Carl Hessel, Topsham, Me.” which is emboased in the lower right corner and provides a location for the photograph.

[WJC Photo]
One of the most enjoyable sleighing parties given this season was the one that drove down from Iron Mountain Saturday night. After leaving Quinnesec the party proceeded to camp No. 6, owned by the H. & M. Co. [the Hamilton & Merryman Company], where a delightful evening was enjoyed through the hospitality of the camp foreman. A supper, such as only a logging camp cook can prepare, was heartily enjoyed. Among the party were: Misses Briggs, Ogden, Brown, Wright, Marinette, McKenna, Quinnesec. Messrs. Robbins, Dr. MacNaughton, Sutton, Cowling, and Messrs. McKenna and Finnigan, Quinnesec.
This postcard view, dating between 1907 and 1920, bears this penciled inscription on the reverse: “Christmas Time, Salem, NY.” A well-dressed man wearing a bowler hat and overcoat was seated in a horse-drawn cutter or sleigh with a top covered in a fur lap robe. The string of jingle bells added a merry note to the ride. [WJC Photo]
JINGLE BELLS (ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIGH)
James Lord Pierpont (1822-1893) 1850, Copyrighted September 16, 1857

Dashing through the snow
In a one horse open sleigh
O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way
Bells on bob tails ring
Making spirits bright
What fun it is to laugh and sing
A sleighing song tonight

A day or two ago
I thought I'd take a ride
And soon Miss Fanny Bright
Was seated by my side
The horse was lean and lank
Misfortune seemed his lot
We got into a drifted bank
And then we got upsot

Oh, jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one horse open sleigh

Oh, jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one horse open sleigh yeah
Dating between 1907 and 1918, this postcard view shows “James Post’s Trotter” hitched to a sleigh or cutter. The driver, possibly James Post, wore a heavy fur coat. Note the string of jingle bells and the whip in its holder at the right front of the vehicle. The “2-18” may indicate that the photograph was taken on February, 1918. [WJC Photo]
NOT ONE SCRATCH.

Narrow Escape of Two Five-Year-Old Coasters This Morning.

UNDER HEELS OF A PRANCING HORSE.

Urchins Coasting Down A Street Run Into Dr. Larson’s Rig – Frightens the Spirited Animal and Nearly Causes a Runaway.

Shortly before noon today Dr. Larson, with his wife, was driving south on Iron Mountain street in the direction of their home. When crossing A street, near the Felch Hotel, the doctor’s horse suddenly stopped and began to rear as if frightened by some impending danger. Dr. Larson jumped out of the cutter and ran to the horse’s head to ascertain the trouble and quiet the animal.

[CONTINUED]
After alighting, Dr. Larson quickly discovered the cause of the trouble. **Directly beneath the horse’s heels, on a sled, sat two five-year-old girls.** The little urchins had been coasting down the sidewalk of the long hill and had run into the rig without attracting the attention of the occupants.

The coasters did not see the doctor’s rig in time to prevent a collision, and it is doubtful if they could have stopped or turned out in time even had they been aware of the impending danger.

The escape of the two children was a miracle, and the occurrence [*sic – occurrence*] should be a lesson to others who follow the practice of coasting down the sidewalk of so public a thoroughfare.
This winter scene, dated 1908 on the back of the photograph, shows the John Tyler Jones family with their team of horses and sleigh. John Tyler Jones and his son Arthur Jones are standing in front of the sleigh. Ardis (Jones) Blenko mentioned her mother’s horse, “sedate old Dolly,” and the “high stepping team, Dixie and Dandy” in her story Papa and the Ferris Wheel. [Lori B. (Strang) Sorenson]
TEAM RUN AWAY.

William S. Laing Narrowly Escaped Serious If not Fatal Injuries.

HORSES CLEAR A FIVE FOOT FENCE.

Runaway Occurred in Norway and Excitement Ruled the Hour – One Horse Badly Injured and Left in Charge of a Veterinary.

[CONTINUED]
A serious runaway occurred today, in Norway in which William S. Laing of this city narrowly escaped injury. As it was one valuable horse was dangerously injured and a handsome cutter seriously damaged. The horse and cutter is the property of L.M. Hanson.

Mr. Laing left Iron Mountain shortly after nine o’clock this morning to drive to Norway. The team is one of Hanson’s best turnouts and has been driven by Mr. Laing on various occasions. He reached Norway without encountering any mishap and was driving down Nelson street at a merry clip. When within half a block of the engine house the cutter struck against a huge rock in the street. The impact was so sudden that the horses took fright and made a lunge forward breaking one of the traces. This only added alarm to the prancing steeds and they started down the hill at a terrific rate of speed.

Mr. Laing held pluckily to the reins and when the runaway horses reached the corner attempted to swerve them to the left into the engine house.

[CONTINUED]
The turn was made so quickly the cutter pole broke close to runners, the horses going south on Cyclops avenue and the cutter with its occupant sliding over the snow down Nelson street. **The cutter and Mr. Laing landed in a snow bank in the rear of the Sampson House.**

The two now thoroughly frightened animals galloped on down Cyclops avenue for a distance of several blocks. Here they encountered a board fence five feet high.

They cleared the fence in a single bound. The horses alighted in a small inclosure [*sic – enclosure*] and in trying to escape from there one of the animals met with a number of serious injuries. The other animal escaped without a scratch. The injured horse was given in charge of a veterinary.

Mr. Laing’s escape was miraculous and had it not been for his grit and pluck he might have been seriously injured.
In 1892 D.H. Lieberthal ran a clothing store in the brick building he constructed at 215 South Stephenson Avenue in 1888. By 1902 the Rusky Brothers (Samuel Rusky and Julius Rusky) operated their general merchandise store, known as The London Store, here. The firm was still in business here in 1907, listed as a “department store,” and again in 1913, listed as offering “general merchandise.” [Gene Derwinski/Dick Ferris Photo]
A MAD GALLOP.

Sundstrom’s Delivery Rig Caused all Kinds of Excitement.

TORE DOWN A STREET HYDRANT.

[CONTINUED]
B Street Flooded with Gallons of Escaping Water – Frightened Animal Takes to the Sidewalk on Stephenson Ave. – The Damage.

A highly exciting scene took place in the business district of the city shortly before 11 o’clock Thursday morning. One of the delivery rigs of Sundstrom & Son, the hardware merchants, was being driven east on B street, and when near the corner of Carpenter avenue one of the traces became detached from the wiffletree. The trace struck the heels of the horse, frightening the animal into a dead gallop and she became unmanageable. She ran east on B street to the Commercial Hotel and then suddenly swerved to the right, the rig striking a street hydrant.

[CONTINUED]
The Range-Tribune, Iron Mountain, Dickinson County, Michigan, Volume XIX, Number 32 [Saturday, December 4, 1897], page 5, column 1

It bent the water plug until the top nearly touched the ground, allowing many gallons of water to escape before the stream was turned off. The horse continued its wild race north along the St. Paul tracks, and turned north on A street. Reaching Stephenson avenue the animal made a plunge onto the sidewalk, breaking a glass show case that was being loaded into a dray in front of Cranney’s second hand store. Again reaching the street the snorting animal whirled about in a circle several times and then dashed north on Stephenson avenue. When directly opposite Levy’s store she again took to the sidewalk, barely escaping a lady pedestrian, who had presence of mind enough to step into a saloon entrance.

When the run-away animal reached Hanson’s livery stable she was greatly fatigued, and easily submitted to being caught. Mr. Hanson grabbed the mare’s bridle and held her until the driver appeared upon the scene.

During the exciting runaway the streets were lined with rigs and shoppers, and the escape of a mix up was remarkably fortunate. The sleigh and harness were considerably damaged.
In 1913, the American Express Company was still located at 106 East Ludington Street. Willard A. Sackett was agent at that time, and also resided there. John Jetty, a mason, and his wife Elma resided at 104 East Ludington Street, where she ran a confectionery store, and perhaps she is standing in the doorway of her shop at the far left. It would appear that the Gately-Wiggins Company, selling clothing and furniture, was located in west store front of the Fisher Block when this photograph was taken, but the company was listed at 121 South Stephenson Avenue by 1913. [Menominee Range Historical Museum]
KICKED THE GOLDEN BUCKET.

Appendicitis Caused the Death of Old Bay Frank Yesterday Afternoon.

“Old Bay Frank” is dead. He kicked the golden bucket shortly after 5 o’clock yesterday afternoon, and the attending physician signed a death certificate giving appendicitis as the immediate cause of the unexpected demise.

“Old Bay Frank” was the favorite horse of the U.S. Express company and for the past five years has drawn the company’s delivery wagon through the streets of Iron Mountain, calling at nearly every residence and business house in the city. He was brought here from Chicago, and is said to have possessed some aristocratic blue blood in his veins. His demise has caused much regret among the employes [sic – employees] of the Express company.
Dating between 1907 and 1920, this unused postcard view, probably taken somewhere in New England, shows three lumberjacks seated and standing on logs pulled on a bobsled by a team of horses with residential buildings in background. [WJC Photo]
STOP THE PRACTICE.

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Children “Catching on Bobs” Have Become a Nuisance and are in Danger.

____

The practice of catching on “bobs” followed by the children has become a nuisance all over the city and should be stopped. Policemen should see to it that the little ones keep out of the road. In most every case the youngsters do it against the instructions of their parents and are in continued danger of being injured. For their own sake the practice should be prohibited.

It has also become a great nuisance and people driving have to keep a constant lookout to avoid accidents. Even the girls are doing as much of it as the boys and the little fellows hardly able to go to school alone are looking for a ride. Accidents will surely follow unless they are stopped.
An inscription in pencil on the back of this postcard view reads “Dec. 26, 1914, W.E. Towne” and in another hand “bought in Marshall [Michigan],” identifying a possible location. Wagon-like farm sleds are congregated along the street pulled by teams of horses, most of which are wearing blankets due to the cold. [WJC Photo]
Sprinkler sleighs like this one at Jauquet Brothers’ logging camp in the Sagola area, Dickinson County, were used to make ice roads to facilitate hauling loads of logs. A barrel of water was being dumped into the sprinkler sleigh. Iced roads enabled a team of horses to pull enormous loads of logs. At times two or three teams were used to “break” the load, meaning to get the load moving, and were then quickly unhitched, leaving the hauling team to complete the trip to the rollways. When roads were iced, a gouger was used to cut the width of the sleigh runner into the ice to prevent the sleigh from leaving the road. Note the teams of horses in the background in this 1900-1910 photograph. [James Jauquet]
Postmarked February 6, 1910, at Granite Bluff, in Michigan’s Dickinson County, this postcard view shows a relatively flat-topped sprinkler sleigh icing a logging road. Notice how slick the ice appears, and the heavy cogged shoes on the team of horses. The teamster, seated on the sleigh, holds the reins, while the lumberjack in charge of discharging the water puffs on his clay pipe. Note his low footwear with rubber bottoms and leather tops called shoe packs which were worn in cold weather with several pairs of socks. The teamster is identified as Nels P. on the back of the postcard. [WJC Photo]
An unidentified field hand drove a team pulling a grain binder through a Morgan Lumber & Cedar Company wheat field near Foster City in this undated postcard view, probably taken in the mid-teens. An inscription on the back of the postcard noted 250 acres of land had been cleared on the company farm. Note the sheaf of wheat in the foreground and the fly nets on the horses. [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1907 and 1918, this unused postcard view shows three children – Ramond Dust, Amelea Dust and Harvey Dust, seated on the back of one of a team of large draft horses hitched to a farm wagon. Someone stood behind the horse on the right, probably to keep the team calm for the photograph. Note the flynet on the horses and the board and batten siding on the barn. [WJC Photo]
Dating from between 1907 and 1918, this unused postcard view shows a farmyard scene with a large group of family members and farmhands. A loaded haywagon pulled by a team of horses with canvas coverings for protection from the sun is seen at the left, and a portion of a large steam engine with pulley and belt is visible at the right, framing the group gathered for the photographer during a coffee break. Note the little girl in the white dress hugging the collie dog in the center of the group. [WJC Photo]
JOLLY HAY RACK PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. Early and Al Halt Entertain Forty Young People at Their Camp On The Menominee.

Forty well-known young people of the city Friday enjoyed the novelty of a hay rack ride to the Quinnesec Logging Co.’s camp on the Menominee river. Superintendent Early and wife preceded the party and when the crowd reached their destination the large camp house was ablaze with Japanese lanterns and candles.

[CONTINUED]
Musicians were on hand to furnish music for the twenty numbers that followed, each one of which were heartily encored by the jolly dancers. At midnight the floor was cleared and the guests were served with refreshments.

The trip to and from the scene of the night’s festivities was as thoroughly enjoyed as any part of the program, and the rising sun in the morning smiled on the load of young people as they returned from the scene of the night’s festivities.
Dating between 1910 and 1920, this unused postcard shows a farmyard scene with two teams of horses, various wagons and a windmill in the background. Ten farm hands and two children, some in the wagon, posed for the photographer. Another man stood on a hay wagon. A penciled notation on the back reads “probably the Graneros area of Colorado” which was in southeastern Colorado, near Pueblo and Colorado Springs. [WJC Photo]
With the purchase of the Menominee River’s Upper Quinnesec Falls in 1881, the Menominee Mining Company and the Lumbermen’s Mining Company formed the Hydraulic Power Company to provide compressed air for running their mining equipment. The cast iron pipeline, 24 inches in diameter, exited from the compressor house and extended 2 ½ miles to the Iron Mountain mines. Gust Tollen, an employee of the Chapin Mine for 44 years, served as superintendent of the Hydraulic Power Company for most of that time and is thought to be the man in the buggy in this photograph, dating from about 1905. [Menominee Range Historical Museum]
HAD A JOLLY TIME.

Delightful Hayrack and Dancing Party
Given at the Falls last Friday.

Certainly nothing can be more novel or delightful than a hayrack party to some rural spot where dancing can be enjoyed in the open air. There is just one flaw in the present cool, nipping air of the evenings, [;] it is just a little chilly to sit on the verandas or in a hammock even with the object of one’s affection nestled closely by one’s side. All kinds of outdoor life that involve action are delightful these evenings, and one quickly adjusts himself to the new conditions and is soon prepared to be comfortable.

[CONTINUED]
This is proved by the fact that last Friday the young people enjoyed one of the most delightful outdoor fetes of the season.

The event was a hayrack ride to Quinnesec Falls where Gust Tollen acted as host to the guests. The large platform built over the flumes was transformed into a grand pavilion [sic – pavilion], brilliantly lighted with torches. An orchestra was there and furnished a charming program of dance music. Luncheon was served at midnight after which the dance was continued until two o’clock.

Among those who made up the party were: The Misses Minnie Little, Kate Kryer, Mabel Luke, Nellie Foucault, Annie Miller, Lizzie Murphy, Carrie Carbis, Clara Dolf, Barbara Dolf, Emma Parent, Lottie Thompson, Mamie Parent.

Dating between 1907 and 1918, this unused postcard view shows a barnyard scene with a small, vertically-sided barn with a sliding barn door and a double door above for the hay mow, as well as an outbuilding in the background at the far left. A team of horses was hitched to a wheeled farm implement ridden by the farmer. The farmer’s wife held the halter of another horse, as the farmer’s daughter and the family dog stood toward the rear of the horse. A younger son sat on another horse, while a still younger son posed with his pet black-and-white goat pulling a small goat cart or wagon. [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1907 and 1914, this unused postcard view shows several generations of a large family gathered in front of their cabin-like homestead. **Note the horse and wagon played a prominent role in the photograph.** Also note the ornate gingerbread fretwork across the top of the porch. [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1907 and 1918, this unused postcard view shows the Rynd family posed in front of their barn with an automobile with a Pennsylvania license plate and a horse and buggy. The group was identified as follows on the reverse: Patsy Rynd, wife, Della, Mrs. Mc., Earl Staton, Ella Rynd’s little girls, Miss Huling, Pat Rynd, Mrs. Stroufe, I, John, and Ed Schaming. [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1907 and 1920, this unused postcard view shows an early steam tractor with farmhands and two young boys seated on a toolbox behind the right rear wheel. [WJC Photo]
Dating between **1907 and 1918**, this postcard view by Partiff, a photographer, documents “A Raising” at Albert Marquardt’s, where a group of 37 men posed on the rafters, sat on the stone foundation and on a pile of lumber after completing the timbered frame of a new barn. A group of 13 women, two holding a baby and one with an infant in a stroller, stood in front of the foundation, and women probably had been busy preparing food for the workmen. **James Henry Parfitt**, born in Wisconsin in 1873, was raised in the New London, Wisconsin, area. He moved to Tigerton, Shawano County, Wisconsin, and then to Eagle River, Vilas County, Wisconsin, in about 1917. A cemetery record of Albert Marquardt, born in 1893 and killed by a train in April, 1927, was buried in St. Paul’s Evangelical Lutheran Cemetery, **Waupaca County, Wisconsin**, which might identify the location. [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1918 and 1930, this postcard view documents a well-attended farm auction with motorized vehicles present, denoting the end of the horse and buggy era. The name H. Spindler is embossed in capital letters at the top edge of the postcard. [WJC Photo]
Dating between 1907 and 1918, this postcard view by Brault, a photograph in Manistique, Michigan, shows three large dogs hitched to a primitive sled upon which an older, bearded man was seated. Note the metal pipe fence. Edward Brault, his wife Libbie and their three children were enumerated in the 1920 U.S. Census in Schoolcraft County, Michigan. He was born in 1881 and was 39 years old. [WJC Photo]
MENOMINEE

_RANGE

MEMORIES

THE END
Camptown ladies sing this song,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
**Camptown race-track five miles long,**
Oh, doo-dah day!

I come down here with my hat caved in,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I go back home with a pocket full of tin,
Oh, doo-dah day!

**Chorus:**
Gonna run all night!
Gonna run all day!
**I'll bet my money on a bob-tail nag,**
Somebody bet on the bay.

The long tail filly and the big black horse,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
They fly the track and they cut across,
Oh, doo-dah-day!

The blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Can't touch bottom with a ten foot pole,
Oh, doo-dah-day!

**Chorus**
Old muley cow come on to the track,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
The bob-tail fling her over his back,
Oh, doo-dah-day!

Then fly along like a rail-road car,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Runnin' a race with a shootin' star,
Oh, doo-dah-day!

**Chorus**
See them flyin' on a ten mile heat,
Doo-dah doo-dah!
Round the race track, then repeat,
Oh, doo-dah-day!

I win my money on de bob-tail nag,
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow-bag,
Oh, doo-dah-day!

**Chorus**
On an old farm house veranda
There sat Silas and Marinda
Dreamin' of the days gone by;
He said, “Deary, don't be weary,
You're always bright and cheery,
Now a tear did dim your eye.”
She said, “They're not tears of sadness,
Silas, they are tears of gladness;
It was fifty years ago the day we wed.”
Then the old man's dim eyes brighten
And his old heart it lighten
As he turned to her and said…

“Put on your old grey bonnet
With the blue ribbons on it
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay;
Through those fields of clover You'll ride
up to Dover
On our golden wedding day.”

“Put on your old grey bonnet...
Put on your old grey bonnet...
On our golden wedding day.”
When I take you out, tonight, with me,
Honey, here's the way it's goin' to be:
You will set behind a team of snow white horses,
In the slickest gig you ever see!

Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
Watch that fringe and see how it flutters
When I drive them high steppin' strutters.
Nosey pokes'll peek thru' their shutters and their eyes will pop!
The wheels are yeller, the upholstery's brown,
The dashboard's genuine leather,
With isinglass curtains y' can roll right down,
In case there's a change in the weather.
Two bright sidelight's winkin' and blinkin',
Ain't no finer rig I'm a-thinkin'
You c'n keep your rig if you're thinkin' 'at I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny, little surrey with the fringe on the top!

All the world'll fly in a flurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
When we hit that road, hell fer leather,
Cats and dogs'll dance in the heather,
Birds and frogs'll sing all together and the toads will hop!

The wind'll whistle as we rattle along,
The cows'll moo in the clover,
The river will ripple out a whispered song,
And whisper it over and over:
Don't you wisht y'd go on forever?
Don't you wisht y'd go on forever?
Don't you wisht y'd go on forever and ud never stop
In that shiny, little surrey with the fringe on the top!

I can see the stars gettin' blurry,
When we ride back home in the surrey,
Ridin' slowly home in the surrey with the fringe on top!
I can feel the day gettin' older,
Feel a sleepy head near my shoulder,
Noddin', droopin' close to my shoulder, till it falls kerplomp!
The sun is swimmin' on the rim of a hill;
The moon is takin' a header,
And jist as I'm thinkin' all the earth is still,
A lark'll wake up in the medder.
Hush, you bird, my baby's a-sleepin'!
Maybe got a dream worth a-keepin'
Whoa! you team, and jist keep a-creepin' at a slow clip clop.
Don't you hurry with the surrey with the fringe on the top!
THE DEACON’S MASTERPIECE – 1
OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY": A LOGICAL STORY
BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894), 1858

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I’ll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock’s army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that’s the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn’t *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an “I dew vum,” or an “I tell yeou”) He would build one shay to beat the town
’N’ the keounty ’n’ all the kentry raoun’;
It should be so built that it *couldn’t* break daown:
“For,” said the Deacon, “’tis mighty plain
Thut the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the strain;
’N’ the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.”
THE DEACON’S MASTERPIECE – 2
OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY": A LOGICAL STORY
BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894), 1858

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn’t be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the “Settler’s ellum,” —
Last of its timber, — they couldn’t sell ’em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he “put her through.”
“There!” said the Deacon, “naow she’ll dew!”

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon’s masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
“Hahnsum kerridge” they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundreth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there’s nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You’re welcome. — No extra charge.)
FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn’t be, — for the Deacon’s art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn’t a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub encore.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

“Huddup!” said the parson. — Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday’s text, —
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet’n’-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet’n-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you’re not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That’s all I say.