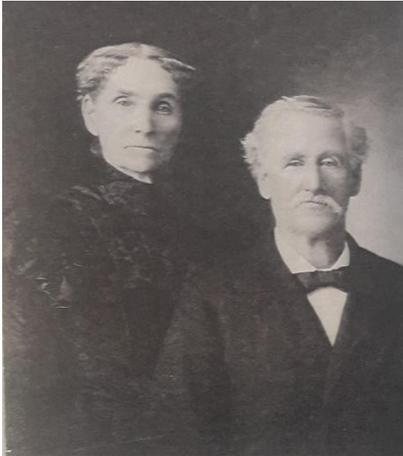


## ELIAS WATERMAN



Hanna and Elias Waterman

**My wife Hanna Devoe Waterman and I moved to the town of Rutland in 1850. It was a long journey from Utica NY. We took the train and then came by covered wagon, which we drove from the railhead near Janesville. I was born in Vermont and my wife was born in New York. My brother John had come in 1848 and bought land with a spring, which would supply us and our animals with water. Since then the spring was known as Waterman's Spring.**

**The years we spent here were happy ones for me and Hannah, except that Augusta our first daughter died in 1854. She was one of the first to be buried in the cemetery adjoining the church. The next 6 children we had were boys, then 4 girls, then lastly Nona who was born after Hannah was over 50 years old!**

**I loved the land here and had over 60 land deeds. Why I had enough land to give a good farm to each of my sons.**

**My son David was born in 1861 during the Civil War. He married Margaret Helen Hall. Following her death, due to appendicitis, David and his young son, Ted moved in with Hannah and me. Poor Ted had to be told of his mother's death 2 days before his 10<sup>th</sup> birthday. They were living at the time in an apartment in Wausau Wisconsin. Ted did not realize how much his life would change as he and his father took the train with a few belongings and his mother's body to Janesville. His mother was buried on the highest hill in the back corner of the Janesville cemetery. They took the train again from Janesville to Oregon where David's brother met them and took them to live with us. We were getting old, past 70. Ted became our helper and our pride. He helped me care for the sheep and the bees. He kept the wood box filled and the water bucket full of fresh spring water for his Grandmother. My wife took care of Ted when he had Scarlet fever for weeks. He always said how wonderful it was to come home from school on cold days and see her in the kitchen frying donuts. A large stone crock was full and waiting on the table. He always gave some to his dog, Rusty.**

**My wife always made sure to knit new mittens and socks, spun from our own wool for Ted for Christmas each year.**

**His Dad was strict with him. His chores were to keep the wood box and the water bucket full, feed the chickens and bring in the eggs for my wife. He also helped her in the garden, picking the vegetables for her to cook.**

**I tried to be kind to Ted and give him lots of attention. As I said before, Ted helped me take care of the sheep. Many nights we went to the barn at lambing time and we helped the ewes give birth to their lambs. When there were orphaned lambs, they became his pets. They were always following him around waiting for their bottles of milk. He also helped me with the bee hives. We carried the hives from the apple orchard to the basement under the house for the winter. His job was to keep the dishes of sugar-water full for the bees if they came out of their hives. He watched from a distance when I took the honeycomb from the hives in the summer. The honey was good on biscuits that we often had for breakfast.**

**His dad, David and him spent a lot of time fishing for trout in the sparkling stream and for bass, perch, and walleye in the nearby lakes. They went duck hunting in the autumn and tracked cottontail rabbits on snow in the winter. They trapped fur-bearing animals and sold their pelts to help buy clothing and school supplies. They took a hunting trip each fall to Northern Wisconsin for deer. Several neighbors made a group, which went by train, taking all of their camping and food supplies. Arriving in the north woods, they put up a tent and cut evergreen limbs to make mattresses out of. A small wood burning stove warmed the tent. After a good day of hunting David cooked a good meal of venison, fried potatoes, pork and beans and coffee. They usually came home with a deer.**

**Ted rode a white horse 3 miles to school and tied it in the barn owned by Justin S. Waterman. He was a nephew of Charles Waterman and was raised by him. On cold snowy days he spent the night in town.**

**Once Ted finished school in the town of Oregon it was time to think about his future. The exciting invention of the time was the automobile. Ted had seen one in Oregon and had worked in his spare time at building one. He wrote to the Ford Automobile Factory in Detroit, Michigan about Auto Mechanics training. When their reply came, his destiny was decided.**

**Grandmother helped him pack his clothes in an old suitcase. He had bought new shoes and a new suit. We gave him a lot of advice and soon the day for him to leave arrived. His father, David took him by wagon to the train in Oregon. He would change trains in Chicago to go to Detroit. As he started out the kitchen door his Grandmother gave him a big hug as she handed him a paper sack of food and a box of molasses cookies to eat on the train. I wished him good luck with a slap on the back. He turned to wave as he left with sadness. We knew he loved the place and people who had given him so much care and love.**

**When Ted returned from Detroit, he found a room in downtown Madison and went to work at the Ford garage owned by Schoelkopf, the distributor of the new Ford automobile. He told of how hard they worked to teach farmers how to drive and keep them happy with the new invention. Trips were made to Detroit to drive back a fleet of new cars. Ted was also interested in aviation and served as a Naval Cadet flight instructor thru the UW during World War II at the Morey Airport. During a convalescence, he took courses in Architecture from the U.W. For several years he designed and built many homes in the new Nakoma section of Madison.**

**In later years my Grandson Ted took his wife Ruth to the farm on many occasions for picnics beside the spring fed pond. He told her of interesting stories of fishing for trout in the pond along the banks of Anthony's Creek. He shared memories of keeping milk and butter and cheese cool in the water, which ran from the spring to the pond. In the early dawn he walked for miles along the creek to check the traps he had set for animals. They were skinned and the hides stretched on boards to dry before he walked the three miles to school in Oregon. He told stories of hunting with his water spaniel, Rusty. Hunting and trapping with his father, David was one of their favorite past times.**

**He was very proud of his many accomplishments. Ted, David and I all descended from nine Mayflower Pilgrims. I am sure they would be proud of us too.**

**Ten of us are now buried here.**