

[Dave E. Eisele]

[??] DUP

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W. St. Lincoln, Nebr.

DATE Oct. 27, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of Informant. Dave B. Eisele
2. Date and time of interview. Wed. 8 to 11 a.m.
3. Place of interview. 2739 Sumner St.
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant. None.
5. Note and address of person, if any, accompanying you. None.
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Lives with daughter in average home.

FORM B Personal History of Informant.

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W. St. Lincoln

DATE Oct. 27, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Dave E. Eisele

1. Ancestry. Penslyvania Dutch.
2. Place and date of birth. Pennsylvania, 1860.

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3. Family.
4. Place lived in, with dates. Lived in Nebraska around Lincoln. Came here as small boy.
5. Education, with dates. He has had little education just primary grades.
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates. Farmer
7. Special skills and interests. Trapping, hunting.
8. Community and religious activities. Methodist
9. Description of informant. Very small man and healthy despite his years.
10. Other points gained in interview. Doubt the authenticity of some of his stories.

FORM C Text of Interview, (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER. George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W

DATE Oct. 27, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Dave Eisele, 2739 Sumner St.

Many years ago I had the experience of seeing Jess James right here in Lincoln. It was at the spot where the telephone building now stands. Right opposite of where the telephone building now stands there was a saloon that was run by a Gus Hoppe. James was standing there talking to a man about buying some real estate here in Lincoln. Jesse James had false whiskers on as he was wanted by the law. I didn't know he had false whiskers on until they slipped off of his face a little and James quickly pulled them in place again over his ears. There was a man who had knew James when he was a little boy and I told him that I had seen James and he said I was right because James had stopped at his

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farm. This man's name was Tate. James was shot and killed by the law shortly after this time he was here in Lincoln.

I came here in 1876. Deer were plentiful at that time. I have seen them unloaded at 10th and [P?]. They were shot at Woodlawn where they were plentiful.

I remember the time that where Magees now stands was as far as the buildings on "O" street went. A little far on, though, was a building or ill-fame that was on the outside of the city limits then. The building housed a saloon and places where girls of ill-fame lived. Shootings, 2 noise were frequent.

Something that strikes as funny when I think of it now was an old man who carried a long pole and put out the lights on the streets of Lincoln years ago. He would start at the end of "O" street and extinguish the lights of the street every night at the same time.

The artesian well that was and still is, at the postoffice site, was a favorite place to get this water at an early day. The water that came out of this well was sort of dark. People had it piped to their homes. It was also shipped out of here to all over the country. It had a mineral value that did the people good who drank it. Theatrical people who came here to give performances would use it and have it shipped to their spot of location.

When I first came to this country it was all rolling hills and grass. There were no trees at all. At Antelope park, Antelope creek was a wonderful place to fish in those days. Antelope creek went across "O" street then where there was a large bridge (overhead) where the wagons could cross. Right down below the bridge on the west side there was a large brewery which later turned into a soap-factory.

I remember once a funny story. There was man who had a large amount of money. Some other men interested him into becoming a bank official. The first thing he had to do was to sign a lot of bank notes that had come from Washington. The man started signing a few

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of them. He signed a few and didn't like the way he wrote his signature so he tore up a several before someone stopped him.

At the spot across the street from the Journal there have been four men murdered and three women killed.

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house and said "We can't stand it anymore, our home is haunted." Every night at Twelve, sharp, there would be a terrible noise at their house and a ghost would show up. The next night my father and I, Mr. [Ditmer?] and his wife and daughter went to [Ditmer's?] house and all sat around the table and waited. For several hours we waited and all of the time Mr. Ditmer started sweating and the sweat poured down all over his face. His wife got a large bible down from a shelf and they started reading it in Dutch. At eleven-thirty Mrs. Ditmer gave a scream and fainted away falling on the floor. In a few minutes she came to and said "The ghost won't be here tonight." Just as she said this there was a terrible bang" from on the roof. He took our guns and we all went out in single file, me the last one in the party. We went to the cow-shed where we found the cow laying as stiff as a board all stretched out. Ditmer went back to his house and brought back a piece of bacon, pulled a few hairs out of the cow's legs, put the hairs between the bacon and rammed it down the cow's throat. The cow woke up and looked around seemingly recovered from a terrible shock of some kind. We went back to Ditmer's house where I fell asleep, waking at dawn. The rest of the party still sitting around the table reading the bible. Now Ditmer had a brother who lived a little ways from Ditmer's home. This brother died. There was a girl in Germany who left Germany to come to this land to marry him. As she was in mid-ocean the night that Ditmer died she woke up in her cabin and saw him sitting on the foot her bed making faces at her. Ditmer finally moved away from his house because at every night at twelve, the ghosts would come and make a terrible noise.