

[Lucy Belle Bartlett]

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FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Richard L. Wait ADDRESS 1003 [?] St., City

DATE September 27, 1938 SUBJECT American Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Lucie Belle Bartlett, 2121 N. 29th
2. Date and time of interview Sept. 27, 1938 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.
3. Place of interview Home, 2121 North 29th St.
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you None
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Very shabby, run-down place. Located in poor section. All very old houses within a radius of four or five blocks. Not modern. Lives with her husband and married daughter and two small children. C15 - 2/27/41 - Nebraska

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Richard L. Wait ADDRESS 1003 J

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Lucie Belle Bartlett, 2121 North 29th.,

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1. Ancestry Indian, Irish and backwoods Dutch
2. Place and date of birth Mount Sela, Iowa (1870)
3. Family Husband and 11 children, 8 living
4. Place and date of birth
5. Education, with dates very little education
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates No particular accomp.
7. Special skills and interests Likes to piece quilts, likes books, raises canaries to sell.
8. Community and religious activities Latter Day Saints
9. Description of Informant Has features of an Indian; high cheek bones and straight coarse hair.
10. Other points gained in interview Grandmother was 3 quarters Indian and they claim she lived to be 115 years old. She was either of the Big Foot or Mohawk tribes, Ohio Indians.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Richard L. Wait ADDRESS 1003 J St.

DATE September 27, 1938 SUBJECT American Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Lucie Belle Bartlett 2121 N. 20th

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Mrs Lucie Belle Bartlett came to Nebraska in 1878 and her father took a homestead in Clay county, Nebraska close to Edgar. Was united in marriage to William Bartlett, November 28, 1885 in Indianola, Nebraska.

She says people in those days were much more superstitious than now. She doesn't know why.

At the age of 6 or 8 she baked pies and cakes and remarked that many girls who now have families are not able to do this.

For entertainment she walked 8 miles to a dance and they danced on a plain dirt floor most of the night and then walked back and went to work.

She walked 6 miles to the post office and back two and three times a week. They had debates and spelling bees.

Her father moved a family from Edgar, Nebraska to South Dakota and she said she saw where there was dead Indians hanging in trees up in South Dakota, but couldn't explain why. She says the Indians very seldom a swore but loved their "fire water" (whiskey). For toothache they put some cloves or cinnamon in their mouth. The closest doctor was in Indianola (25 miles away.)

She said there were lots of antelope, few deer and elk, but no buffalo. Never saw any hostile Indians. Cowboys were the toughest and meanest they had in those days.

Went to a dance one night and the music consisted of just one violin. He broke his bow. He went out and pulled some hair out of a horse's tail and took a green willow and made him another bow and continued with the dance.

She used to go to a top of a hill just to see a lone cottonwood tree miles away. Trees were very scarce. For fuel they used sunflowers and cornstalks and cow chips.

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For snake bite they used the entrails of a chicken and plenty of whiskey.

Merry-go-rounds were operated with a horse.

Used the roots of soap weed for colic. They dug their wells with a spade and shovel, 3 feet, 3 inches in diameter, sometimes to a depth of 360 feet.

In those days they didn't know what tonsils were. For appendicitis they used a lot of laxative.

For sore throat yellow root now called Golden Seal and coal oil. Headaches—cold water on their heads. If they ran out of coffee they parched corn and boiled it.

When she first came to Lincoln there was just one house there. Women very seldom came in saloons in those days, but would come to the back door for a bucket of beer. They called this “Rushing the Growler.”