

Rose Braun Chilcott, 1904-1981

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The pages that follow constitute the transcript of an interview conducted as part of the Wilmette Public Library District's Oral History program, started in 1975 by a committee of the Friends of the Wilmette Public Library which has been chaired since its inception by Rhea Adler, a resident of the Village of Wilmette since 1932.

A copy of the tape on which this transcript is based is available for circulation, and may be obtained by checking with a Reference Librarian concerning circulation procedures.

This program would not have been possible without the cooperation of the many long-time residents of the Village interested in helping to preserve particulars of a fascinating past, and the patience, energy and effort of a small but dedicated group of interviewers, transcribers and typists who share the belief that the past is too important to be forgotten.

Richard E. Thompson  
Director

## ABSTRACT

Interviewee: Rose Braun Chilcott

Interviewer: Briggs Maselli

Date of interview: Spring, 1979

Truck farming at Illinois Rd. and Lake Ave.

Travel to South Water St. market, 1867-1942

Occupations of 11 Braun siblings

Household tasks

Gross Point Band

Chicago Fire

Family activities

Schools described

Rose Braun Chilcott

RBC: Will this go into this thing that I'm giving this information?

BM: Yeah. OK. Now, would you tell me your name, and what your maiden name was and where you live now.

RBC: Yeah. Well, I'm Rose Chilcott, and I, umm, my maiden name was Braun, and I live at 706 Illinois Road. That's what you wanted?

BM: All right. Mrs. Chilcott, would you tell me about your grandparents and what you remember about them and their home?

RBC: Well, I remember that they lived at 728, and shall I say that - 728 Illinois Road. And, um, I remember my - did I start out with that? Oh, you don't want this. I didn't mention my Grama and Grampa at all, did I?

BM: No.

RBC: Oh, you just want me to start that I live at 728 Illinois Road, like that?

BM: No, you live at 706 Illinois Road.

RBC: I was born at - in 706.

BM: You were born in 706.

RBC: In 1902. You want that?

BM: Yeah.

RBC: I was born here at 706 Illinois Road in nineteen hundred and two, and my grandparents — Bernard and Emma Braun?

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BM: Good.

RBC: - lived at 728 Illinois Road and –

BM: Were they farming it at the time?

RBC: They were farming it at the time and also they cleared the woods. You know, I mean, they did clearing of their property. The trees and things. And they farmed here and had quite a few cows which were taken down to some property they owned where the Indian Hill Golf Course is located now, on Locust Road. They had 4 acres there and that's where they took their cattle to graze. And they were taken down in the morning and brought back at night. And I can remember the great big old barn and the house they lived in and my father was born there in, umm, 1867.

BM: All right. Can we - do you want to tell me about your grandparents?

RBC: Yeah, I don't remember too much about Grandfather Braun, uh, but I do remember more about my grandmother. Oh, I used to run errands for her to the store, and on the way — we had wooden sidewalks in those days, and uh, come home from school and do little things for her and she was always out feeding chickens or something like that and she had a beautiful flower garden, and she worked in her flower garden and then they had grapes - grapevines and

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things — and she was picking grapes and, and she'd come up here. This is the thing I remember more about her than anything — is when she used to come up here in the winter time and help us - Uh, well I wouldn't say it was winter time, when the beans were picked, she'd come up here and we would, uh, cut beans, French style. And they were put up in crocks for use, and she would come up here and help. And, boy, she was good. Really cut those beans. And, uh, she was always doing things for us. We were close to her here and we spent a lot of time clown wit:h her and —

BM: Did she have other children besides your father?

RBC: There were, umm, oh, — [pause] — these must have been - [pause, talking in background] - there must have been 11 children –

BM: Do you want to say that a little bit louder, because I don't think we're picking that up.

RBC: I didn't know if you wanted it all.

BM: Yes, I want it all.

RBC: There's my father was the oldest, then there was Bernard Braun, his brother, uh - [pause] - Joe, they're all Brauns - Joe, Uncle — I shouldn't say Uncle for all of them, should I.

BM: It doesn't matter.

RBC: John, and Chris, and Pete, Mary, Gertrude, Ann, who

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passed away in her teens, and Maggie — Margaret. [pause]

BM: Did they come in that order? Were there 5 - 5 or 6 boys - and then all the girls? Or is that - that just the way you remember them.

RBC: No, that isn't the way they came at all.

BM: OK. And your father was the oldest.

RBC: Yeah, I can't - I just got the boys first.

BM: Yeah, that's all right. And then they all lived over in that farm house? Were they all born in that house there?

RBC: Yes. My father was born on Ridge Avenue, near Wilmette Avenue.

BM: Oh.

RBC: And when he was a year old his parents moved into their house, and the rest of the family were all born at 728 Illinois Road. In 1895, my Dad built this house.

BM: I see, was that when he was married?

RBC: Yeah.

BM: And then they moved into this house. Was this on your grandparents' property?

RBC: Yeah.

BM: Was this part of the farm?

RBC: Yeah, on my mother - grandmother's property. My grandparents' property. And then he found this.

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BM: And he, um, how about the rest of the family? Are they still in the area?

RBC: They all stayed here in this area. There was a Bernard, who was a carpenter, Joe was a mason contractor, John did some farming, Chris was a blacksmith. And urn, Pete, well he worked for Northwestern all of his life, Northwestern Railroad all of his life. And then the girls, of course, they were, they married. One passed away, as I said.

My father started his own farm in 1895 when he got married. And he, um, farmed 6 acres here from Locust Road to Hunter in the 700 block, on Illinois Road, and he um, it was truck farming, mostly. We had tomatoes and beans and corn and carrots and beets and cabbage [laugh] and onions, and in the - during the day, then he would work out in the fields. When it came time for harvesting, they, then he would, ah, they would pick the vegetables in the morning, tomatoes were crated in boxes, beans were put in bags, and the cabbage and all the vegetables were taken to South Water Market in Chicago.

BM: And he would leave here about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. With his truck?

RBC: With his wagon, and horses, and drive to Chicago. And then he would arrive there about maybe 10:30, 11 o'clock. Then they'd sleep awhile and I believe

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he said the market opened for selling at 2 o'clock.

BM: In the morning?

RBC: In the morning. I think. So, then when he had all his produce sold, many a time he brought things back, too, that didn't go - that didn't sell. He would come back home — on his way home he might stop in Evanston and get a load of manure [laugh] and he always managed to bring something for us kids. There were six of us. We, umm, - he'd bring watermelon, or bananas, or peppermint stick candy, but there was always something and we'd stand in the road, run out to the road to see. And when Dad was coming we'd come running in the house and say, "Pa's coming, Pa's coming." And he used to say that on his way down why he'd sometimes fall asleep. The horses would know where they were going. He never had to worry about it. It was a rough life, believe me. Then the next day he would probably get up again and start another load for the market. Day after day. And I think in about 1925 he quit farming. Then he went to work as a gardener, umm, on some of these estates in the golf course. And, umm, as we were kids why we had to help with a lot of things. There was only one boy in the family who passed away at age 14, that was John, and so there were 5 girls and we girls had to help with everything. And at night my folks

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would play cards with us - they taught us to play cards, they played Parchesi, with models, Dominos. They always had time for a few games with us. At night. Always took that time out for that. I can remember my - they used to - ahh - wash up the floor together. We had a great big kitchen and my mother and dad did that together. Get on their hands and knees and scrub that floor. And that floor had to be scrubbed you couldn't have even a mark where you left off. It had to be so - so perfect. And we had an old well out — out in the yard here where the, uh, where we used to water the horses, where the horses used to get their water with a pump. And you would pump water up there. And when - the barn - I can remember the great big barn, and in the fall of the year we'd have hay, and they'd bring hay in and –

BM: Did they buy the hay from the farms around here or did you grow your own?

RBC: We grow some, and then they would put that up in the hayloft. In the barn. And there was a woodshed. And we had a buggy that we on Sundays we always went somewhere with — we had, umm, one, I think it was two horses hitched up on this buggy, and we'd go to my grandmother's down on Hibbard Road, my mother's mother.

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BM: What was her name? What was your mother's name?

RBC: Thalmann. Elizabeth Thalmann. And we'd go down there and we used to go to picnics in different places. There was a place in Northbrook called Bartholmy's. It was an eating place and in back they had a grove where we'd go for picnics. And the men all helped work together. His brothers - when this house was built all the brothers and brother-in-laws helped build this house. And - gee — if I could remember - I think he said it only cost about thirteen hundred dollars to build originally.

BM: That was just the materials, because all the labor was —

RBC: Yes, but there was no heat. We had, um, a stove in the dining room for heat, one of these pot bellied stoves, and our kitchen we had a range and that provided heat and cooking. And in the summer time the range would be too hot and we had a kerosene stove for cooking our meals. We had kerosene lamps here until I was about in 4th grade at school, at least. There was no electricity. We had wooden sidewalks and I, umm, remember when they put in the, umm, cement sidewalk. My dad's brother and a Mr. Meyer and, umm, they had to go to the lake to get water in a tank. They brought water up here in a

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tank from Lake Michigan, and also sand from there. From the lake. And then I - I could see them out there when they were working on that sidewalk. I can remember it. The last bit of that sidewalk was just taken up here when they paved Illinois Road. Two years ago. Tim, let's see.

BM: Do you want to talk over this way a little?

RBC: I think that ended with my dad's farming, didn't it?

BM: Yes.

RBC: While - what'll I say - my dad? While my dad was farming here, he, um, collected arrowheads which he dug up - will I say plowing or farming?

BM: Doesn't matter. He was plowing —

RBC: While he was plowing the ground, he collected arrowheads. And — some very large ones and some small ones. We got one that was about this big.

BM: Umm..

RBC: Our washing was done in the basement. The water had to be heated on the stove.

BM: Did you have a pump in the house? Was there running water in the house?

RBC: We had a pump upstairs and two pumps in the kitchen and the basement.

BM: Oh.

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RBC: Yeah. The water was taken from the pump in the basement and, um, heated on the — I guess on the Kerosene stove down there. I don't know, but anyway all the water had to be heated. The washing was done by hand in galvanized tubs and wrung out by wringer — by hand—turned wringer and, um, then boiled. Everything had to be boiled before it ah, was hung out. I don't know if that sounds very good.

BM: No, that's good.

RBC: Well, they'll word it differently, won't they? Well, we're going to copy it just the way you tell it.

BM: Tell about the sticks and did you have to keep turning the wash while it was boiling to —

RBC: Oh, yeah. And you had to — all the while the wash was boiling. We had what we called the wash stick. And we had to keep picking up, picking it up, and putting it down and turning in every direction so it kept - and then when we took it out, we took it out with the wash stick and put it into an empty tub.

-We bought the coffee by the beans. And then we'd have to grind it. First of all we had a little grinder that we put between our legs and turned it clockwise, and in later years we got one that we put on the wall, and turned that by hand.

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Did I say anything about the kerosene lamps?

BM: Well, do you want - where did your father get the coffee? Did he do the shopping when he was in Chicago. Did you buy the coffee there?

RBC: Umm, we had a grocery store here where we would — they would come around with groceries.

BM: Uh huh.

REC: And the meat market — the man from the meat market would come — a boy a butcher boy - would come and we'd get meat from him. We'd order — I don't know how we ordered it now. But I know that he used to deliver, this butcher boy. And we bought our groceries from Hoffman's who were in a grocery and dry goods business.

BM: The one over on Ridge?

RBC: Yeah, on Ridge Avenue. And um, we had um, on Sundays the ice cream man came. It was a horse drawn wagon, and he had great big barrels - that's what you would call them? - with the ice cream. And we'd go out with a dish - we had a very large dish - and for twenty-five cents you would get a great big dish full of ice cream. Scooped out. He generally had vanilla and strawberry. Two flavors. And he'd come along, and you'd hear that bell and everybody would run out. "The ice cream man's coming." [laugh]

BM: Oh, good. Did they make the ice cream themselves?

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Or did - it was a family where that was a sort of side business? They made the ice cream.

RBC: Yeah.

BM: Oh, great.

RBC: Every Sunday they came down. They came out with the ice cream. And on Saturdays was bakery day here at the house. My mother would bake loaves of bread and what we called kuchen. K—U-C-H-E-N. And cakes, pies - there was always something going on on Saturday. There really was a regular bakery on Saturday.

BM: Did she bake all her bread — every Saturday? Was that sort of a regular —

RBC: Yeah, we always baked all our bread. And [pause] occasionally, most of the time, mostly when they were bringing in the hay from the field, and putting it in - we would have, um, beer. And to cool — we had the beer in the wash tubs with ice in it. And then we kids - my mother would allow us one little glass of beer, but she put an egg in it, and put the, take the stove poker - put it in the fire and heat it, and then put it in the beer. And you have no idea how good that was!

BM: Oh, really! Did your father make his own beer?

RBC: No.

BM: He bought it?

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RBC: Umhumm.

BM: And then where did you buy the beer? At one of the saloons around in the area?

RBC: Yeah, I imagine so. Because there were plenty of those in our day. And then we, um, I just thought of something else - and I - but I remember that that's the only way we could have just a little bit of beer.

BM: Yeah.

RBC: There - when I was just a child there was a saloon and a bowling alley on the corner of Lake Avenue and Illinois Road.

BM: Oh, that's right up here - on the corner.

RBC: Umhum. I guess it's - that's enough to say about that.

BM: Well, no. Tell about - do you remember what the saloon was like? Could - did families go there? Was it like the kind of saloon where on Saturdays families would go, like a beer garden?

RBC: Yeah - well, no. No. You would go over and you would take a pail - you had a bucket - a little bucket, and you'd go over and buy maybe a quarters worth of beer or something like that - in a bucket and bring it home. That's what they did years ago.

BM: Did the men go over to buy the beer? Did the children go over –

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RBC: No, my dad would go over. He never drank much himself - none - ever, you know. But occasionally he would go over there and he would bring a bucket of beer home. And I believe he paid a quarter for it.

BM: Do you remember the name of the saloon?

RBC: The saloon was operated by a family named Thalmann, and I think either after the village was annexed to Wilmette, or - I don't know - it couldn't have been in prohibition days - when they closed up and put in a grocery store — at that corner. And I'm sure it must have been - because we were annexed to Wilmette, and Wilmette was dry.

BM: Would you tell me about your mother's side of the family.

RBC: My mother's name was Elizabeth Thalmann.

M: How do you spell that?

RBC: T-H-A-L-M-A-N--N. And her parents were Bernard and Maria, they called her, Thalmann. And he was born in Germany. I've got that written down somewhere.

BM: Well, we can check that later.

RBC: He was born in Germany and so——but she was born in the United States. I didn't do that right. I didn't even give her name. Yeah, Maria.

BM: No, that's all right.

RBC: She was born in the United States, on the corner of Locust and Hibbard - uh - Locust and Hill Road which

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is now known as Winnetka. At that time this territory was all New Trier Township. You want her father's name. And — her maiden name was Feldman, and she had six sisters and one brother. My Grandfather had as far as I know (pause) three brothers, I don't know if — of any girls on his side of the family. And they lived - they also live here in Wilmette. There were ten children in my mother's family. John, Elizabeth, Bernard, Joe, urn — there were ten children in the family, John, Elizabeth, Bernard, Joe, Kate, Mary, Frank, Ann, Tony and Christina. All of these children remained in this Gross Pointe area with the exception of Kate and Mary after their marriage. Right?

BM: Yeah - where did they go? Did they move far away?

RBC: One went - Kate went to Chicago, and Mary went to Lombard. My uncle just died last week. My father was a member of the Gross Pointe band, with sixteen members. It was a sort of a marching band, and on Sundays they would march on the streets and play after services at church.

BM: Oh, did they all go to the same church?

RBC: Yeah.

BM: And after services they all came out and marched?

RBC: Uh huh. They were all Catholic up here. This band was organized in about 1889. Their uniforms were blue with a bunch of brass buttons across the front and a little white - it looked like a white collar

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around the neck and a very fancy helmet—type of hat.

BM: And they played mostly...

RBC: The instruments. My father played a horn of some kind and there were several horns and different types of instruments. And I think there were flutes, too. Now I don't know. Different types of instruments. Don't know what they were. Drums and...

BM: And you said they played mostly German marching songs?

RBC: I think — urn - most of the songs were marches, and some perhaps some of them were songs that originated in Germany because all of these people here came from Germany, that were in the band. A Mr. Colber...my Dad used to tell us that a Mr. Maurice Colber was the concertmaster.

BM: And he was the one that would hold rehearsals?

RBC: And he was the one that conducted the rehearsals.

BM: Where did they practice? In their homes, or did they meet somewhere?

RBC: That I don't know. Maybe even at the church. I don't know. My father told us that he remembers the night of the Chicago fire. He was with his mother and they stood outside and looked to the south. Could see that there was a fire and she said, "Tonight all of Chicago will burn down". And after the Chicago fire a family moved next to my Gramma and Grampa, on the corner of Illinois Road and Lake Ave. They came

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after the fire with all their possessions, which was a wheelbarrow with a few little items on it and they had one child. And they settled here next to my Grannina and Grampa. And there are granddaughters still living in the original house on Lake Ave.

BM: Do you remember the name of the family?

RBC: Yes, that's the Thalman family.

BM: Oh, those are the Thalman family.

RBC: When my father was quite a young boy, his mother bought him a small accordian, and she told him if he would learn to play that, she would buy him a bigger accordian later. When he was 12 years old he got this larger accordian, and he played that accordian until — um - 1942. The bellows became bad, and after my mother passed away he said, "Well, the accordian wasn't much good any more." And it was losing air, so he didn't play that one anymore. So I went out and I bought him another one. And he played that. The last time he played the piano — played the accordian was on his 90th birthday, and all his brothers were here and they were all singing songs, with him playing the accordian. At night he would sit out on the porch, and he would - amuse himself and the rest of us, but I think mostly it was relaxation for him. He'd sit out there by him self and we'd be in the house and he'd play that accordian and sing songs. Of course they sang mostly German songs in those days. Later on he started to sing a lot of English songs. One of his

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favorites was “Grandfather’s Clock”, and um — he sang a song “Guter Mond” — which “guter” is good — a good moon. And it was a beautiful song, if you understood the German words. And another one was, in German — “Do you know how many stars are in the sky? God, the father has counted them”. And that’s the way - it’s a beautiful, beautiful song. In fact I’ve got them on a tape recorder myself, upstairs.

BM: That’s good.

RBC: So, uh - but we had a very full life here. We didn’t, we never had, I mean we weren’t uh — had a lot of wealth or anything like that, but we were happy. And a good family life. My parents were always doing things together, with us. If we went to visit the family - his brothers and sisters, they’d take the whole family. That was customary in those days. They didn’t leave the children home like the way they do today. Everybody went. When they came here, the whole family would come for a meal. And we really had good times. When we were young, we used to have (a Christmas tree, and we had candles on it. And my mother would stand around the Christmas tree with a wet towel around her shoulder. I don’t know how much protection it would have been, but anyway she was there with the wet towel. And the neighbors, and

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and my Gramma and Grampa and all of them would come over and we would sit around the Christmas tree and we'd sing Christmas carols. We always had somebody that was dressed up as a Santa Claus that would come and give out the gifts, and we used to say, we had some friends that would come — and we used to say, "I don't know why Aunt Ertuna and Ida always come so late. They always come after Santa Claus was here." Later on we found out who Santa Claus was. I think that was so cute.

BM: Where was the tree?

RBC: In the living room. Always in this corner here.

BM: When did you put the tree up? Did you put it up fairly early? Or just Christmas Eve?

RBC: Well, we had doors on here that time, living room and dining room, and that We couldn't go in there. And I don't know when they did it, but they must have done it at night after we were in bed.

BM: Oh, so Christmas morning, when you got up, the tree was here?

RBC: Yes, Christmas morning. And my mother used to bake cookies galore. The whole family got into the act. My Gramma and my Dad's youngest brother came over. My Dad, my Mother would, um, fix the dough and roll it, and then we had these metal cutters, different

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forms of animals and Christmas trees, and things like that. And we'd all help cut them and then they were put in the oven. My Dad had the job of watching the cookies in the oven while they cooked, while my mother was getting the frosting ready, beating the eggs and it had to be a certain consistency - a syrup, you know. So then she would put the frosting on and we would put the colored sugar on. And my Grandma and my Dad's youngest brother always helped us with that. And we had some very pretty cookies.. (laugh). Pretty looking cookies, anyway. They were good. And she would put them away. She would put them away in a great big bread pan. She had a huge bread pan that she made bread in, and then they would be stored away in that for the Christmas holidays. We had a lot of apple trees, and cherry trees. The cherries were canned. We had about four trees of winter apples, they always called it. It wasn't ready to eat until it layed in the basement. We'd have it down in the basement maybe in bushel baskets until they mellowed a little bit. And then at night, after dinner, why we'd bring up a dish full of apples and we'd sit around and eat half of them. Oh, we really had good times.

My mother and father were married in 1895, and about six weeks after, my Dad got appendicitis. And in those days they called it inflammation of the bowels,

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and most people were dying of it and very few operations - and he was operated, in our home, 706 Illinois Road at the time on our dining room table. There were eight doctors here.

BM: My goodness!

RBC: And in those days they gave chloroform as an anesthetic and they said he was laid up in bed for eight weeks. And the doctor said it was one of the very first successful operations, and he lived to be 98 years old.

BM: So it was a good operation.

RBC: Yeah! Dr. Stolp was our family doctor, and I believe the name of the doctor who operated my Dad was Dr. Foot, I'm sure. And the table - we still have in our basement at this address. I'm going to get that in (laugh). We were all born here in this house on Illinois Road and Dr. Stolp delivered all of us. And then there was a mid-wife who would come in occasionally to see my mother. Her name was Nicholas. And she lived here in this area. There were six children in our family. Five girls, Mathilda, Christine, Rose, Katherine, Gertrude. And one boy, John, who passed away in his early teens. Should I just say I

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BM: Yeah.

RBC: I and my sister Gertrude are still living at this address at this time. Should I say that?

BM: Yeah.

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RBC: My sister Mathilda passed away in 1967 and the others- one is living in Skokie, and one in Des Plaines. You wanted to know about Rheinwald Avenue.

BM: Yes.

RBC: I don't remember what year — I don't remember what year it was changed, but evidently that was done after it was annexed to Wilmette, I don't know, and I don't know what year that was.

BM: But it was known as Rheinwald Ave.?

Yes. When I was born, Illinois Road was known as Rheinwald Avenue, named after a family by that name. And later it was changed to Illinois Road. At that time our Post Office was, um, on Ridge Avenue and we used to have to pick up our mail there. And that was our mailing address, Rheinwald Avenue. Do you remember the name of the Post Mistress there. The Post Office was operated by a Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bleser, B-L-E-S-E-R.

BM: Alright, now can you tell me how you used to go shopping and where you went shopping when you were children.

RBC: Well, when we were children my mother and my grandmother took us to Chicago at times on the north side to a Knoop's Dry Goods store on North Avenue, and we went by street car by walking to Central Street, Evanston from here, and then taking a street car

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and going on to the north side. And we bought- my mother always purchased her yard goods, dry goods there and one other thing I recall very clearly is my grandmother always bought our hats. And she bought us the nicest Panama straw hats.

BM: Was this at Easter time? Did you get an Easter bonnet?

RBC: Yeah

BM: Oh, great.

RBC: And we always enjoyed going along because it was such a treat for us to go with them. And our shoes we got at Otto Kempe's on Ridge Avenue in Wilmette. That's where we got our shoes. And then my father used to do all the sewing of our shoes.

BM: Where did he get the leather? For the soles?

RBC: They bought the leather - I don't know where he bought it, but I can remember it came in big sheets, and he would cut these. He would put it on - he would nail it on the shoe, and then he would cut it out. And I can remember seeing him do it.

BM: Do you want to go back for a minute? You said you used to walk from here over to the —

RBC: Yeah.

BM: And your grandmother walked with you? It must have been quite a walk down through the prairie.

RBC: Yeah— sure.

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You said - do you want to go back over that and say how you walked across the prairie and across the —

RBC: Yeah. We walked from our house here at 706 or either 728 — that was my grandmother's, to Ridge Avenue near — and we cut across a prairie there at Hoth's Blacksmith Shop, which is now Janaes Laundry, down to — on an angle — down to Central Street, Evanston, and there was a Street car on Central Street, which we took to the north side of Chicago.

BM: Um-hum. So there really wasn't very much built up between here and there.

RBC: Nothing.

BM: There was nothing there?

RBC: No!

BM: There was just open prairie.

RBC: Um-hum.

BM: How often did the street car run, do you remember?

RBC: I don't remember that. No. I remember going down there to visit too, a family of my Dad's relatives. And we had to do the same thing to do down there.

BM: And then you took the street car back and walked back across the prairie with all your packages and everything?

RBC: Yeah. Um-hum.

BM: That must have been a whole day's excursion.

RBC: Oh, yes, it surely was. And when we made our first communion up at Church our grandmother bought our

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white dresses, and she bought us our prayer books and a white pearl rosary and that was all purchased down on the north side in the stores there.

BM: Do you want to tell me about the skating?

RBC: Oh, yeah. My father was telling us, that as a boy they were able to skate from Lake Avenue here all the way north as far as Glencoe. There was nothing except prairie, and that was always frozen over in the winter time. It was always very low ground. And there was always water. He said he could 'go right up to Glencoe. And skate, if he wanted to.

BM: Is that - that's probably where they have the lagoons, now. That must have been all that marshy area.

RBC: Yeah.

BM: Did they just skate up, and then turn around and come back?

RBC: Yeah, Urn-hum. Just skate back and forth.

BM: What kind of skates did they wear?

RBC: They just had the skate that you screwed on to your shoes. It wasn't a shoe skate. It wasn't a skate on the shoe that you put on.

M: I understand.

RBC: You would fasten it on to your — with a strap, and you had clamps. Like the old roller skates that used to - oh.

RBC: Yeah, urn—hum.

BM: So then everybody had their own skates and they could

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skate all the way to Glencoe.

RBC: Yeah.

BM: You mentioned that there was another –

RBC: That was in the Wilmette area.

BM: That there was another blacksmith's shop. What was the name?

RBC: I'll say it this way. There were two blacksmith's shops in Wilmette, then I'll tell you about my uncle Chris and the Ziebart place. There were two blacksmiths shops that I know of. One— umm was — my uncle who was in partnership with Martin Meier and the other one was a Mr. Hoth. My uncle's shop was on Lake Avenue in Wilmette where Ziebart is at the present time. Mr. Hoth's shop was on Wilmette Avenue just east of Ridge, where the Janaes Laundry is located now.

BM: And they shoed all the horses –

RBC: And they shoed all the horses for the farmers around here. I don't know if they did any other repair work. My father used to tell stories about when he went to school And he said he went to a log cabin school located on Lake Avenue just about, approximately one block west of Ridge Road in Wilmette. He said his education was very limited, because he, being the oldest in the family, he had to - he didn't get much education because he had to help on the farm.

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That's all I know about the log cabin, but I know he said where it was located. He went to grammar school in this log cabin, but in later years the others went to the school in St. Joseph's Church school, and the youngest brother went to New Trier High School. The rest all just finished grammar school.