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In Their Own Words

Curated by Gina Neist, eaglehistoricalsociety.org

The Eagle Historical Society is excited to share artifacts from the archives of our museum! These memoirs of our friends and neighbors from the past keep their stories alive. Our first selection was a favorite of Eagle and Palmyra historian, Clara Pierce, who documented the accounts of early pioneers in her booklet, "Historical Gleanings of Melendy's Prairie from 1836-1970." In homespun vernacular, Mrs. Dixon's poem explains the reason we feel drawn to keep the stories of our ancestors alive in our hearts.

I Remember Whin

By Mrs. Alice Dixon, Whitewater, 1881-1957

Wife of Dr. Ralph Dixon, Local Regent of Whitewater State Teachers College

Today we are always wondering who were our folks and kin.
How did they look, and talk, and act? And did they laugh and sing?
What was it brot them to this place? Why did they settle here?
What trials and hardships did they face? What dangers did they fear?

We want to know about their church . . . The folks who worshipped there.
Their loves, their hates, their doubts, their fears, the burden of their prayers.
Our Granny told us all these things! She told them o'er and o'er;
But we just turned a deafened ear; and tho't, "How she does bore."

So, now, today we long to know the things we scoffed at then.
We wish that we had listened to her, "I remember whin . . ."
When we were adolescent kids, and all of us at home,
Our grandmother lived there with us, so she wouldn't be alone.

We loved our dear old grandma-ma, and treated her quite well;
But we were bored almost to death with the stories she would tell.
We'd kick between the table legs; we'd sigh, we'd nudge, we'd grin
When Granny bravely started out with her, "I remember whin . . ."

She'd talk for most an hour (or more); she'd scarcely stop for breath;
But just go on, and on, and on, 'til we were bored to death.
But now that she has passed away and we are growing old,
We wish that we had listened to the stories Granny told.

