

St. Francis Xavier Church

2316 EAST FOURTH STREET
SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

April 9th, 1942.

Mr. Martin S. Plassmeyer,
Freeburg, Missouri.

Dear Brother,

Under separate cover I am sending you an additional contribution to our collection of historical treasures. It is really interesting and I am sure that you will like it.

It is a drawing, a pen sketch, of our old log house which, as close as I can figure it out, served for sixty years, rather sixty two years, as family residence. We were all born in the same, except the Colonel. The idea of furnishing such a sketch has been on my mind for years. But it would never take concrete shape, because I lost the ability of drawing the proper perspectives. As a youngster I loved to make just such drawings.

Then I discovered that Eugene Katkoski, one of the three students that accompanied me to Westphalia when I was transferred from Waterloo,, is quite an amateur drawer and painter. He is the light compected one, and goes now by the name of Erater Gentil. He finishes his philosophy the year in Cleveland. We have been exchanging sketches and corrections for a whole year. A few days ago I got the finished product of our endeavors. It is as nearly perfect as I could desire. The old log house is perfect, though we missed somewhat the old nail fence. The old gate is absolutely perfect. You will notice the old cross cut saw suspended on the porch. I shall never forget it. It used to scare the wits out of me, when the wind dashed it against the wall, especially at night. More than once Dad had to go out and take it down, to give me a chance to sleep. I call your attention also to the little tilthouse and its nest in the post towards the barn. They maintained the nest until the post was taken away, I suppose in 1880.

Show the picture to the folks, especially to the Colonel, and then put it away carefully with the rest of documents. I know that the Colonel will enjoy the picture. It was about in 1874 that the whole place looked that way. The old apple tree on the corner of the house was then the only tree in the yard.

Our old home was a good sample of the style in which they were all built. I remember every last one in the whole neighborhood. I shall never forget the last few winters, when we boys slept under the clapboard roof. When it snowed over night and the wind blew the snow through the roof, we had as deep snow on the bed in the morning, as there was outside. We raised up the old feather bed, threw it over, made a dive for our pants and shoes under the bed and rushed down to the stove, where mother was preparing breakfast, to roll up for the day. Great times!

By order of P. Provincial six of us will celebrate our Golden Jubilee in Waukegan, near Chicago. The Colonel knows the place. I hope that I shall find time to visit you folks. You are all invited. However more about that later.

Your Brother,

Wm. S. Plassmeyer