

Editor's Note

Becketwood Neighbors:

Earlier this year, when I was researching the history of the Sheltering Arms Orphanage at the Minnesota Historical Society, I came across an unmarked envelope at the bottom of a box of orphanage records. I opened the envelope and discovered a typed manuscript dated March 1937. The title page read "Brick House Days." It was an account by a man named Ned Lilleveld of the time he had spent at Sheltering Arms. Ned's account was based on a journal he had kept as a young boy twenty years earlier.

Like many of the young people who lived at Sheltering Arms between 1910 and 1942, Ned's stay there was relatively brief. He was at the orphanage for less than a year while his mother was at the Glen Lake Sanatorium, recovering from tuberculosis.

Since our cooperative is built on the former Sheltering Arms site, I thought you might be interested in Ned's story.

Iric Nathanson

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### ***Chapter 1- A Strange New Place***



In looking back now, I realize how much those early times changed me. When that period in my life was over, it seemed like I had become a different person.

I was in the sixth grade in 1917 when Mother came down with TB and they sent her off to the new hospital at Glen Lake. Father was gone a lot. He was a trainman on the Great Northern Railroad. Just about every week there were days when he didn't come home at night. It was getting harder and harder for him to take care of my sisters and me now that Mother was gone.

Then, one day in early February, Father told us the news. He said we would have to leave home—at least for a while. Mary and Alice would be going to Willmar to stay with Aunt May and Uncle Jake. But May and Jake had five children of their own, and there wasn't room for me.

The next day Father took me to meet Reverend Malcolm at St. James Church. That's when they told me about Sheltering Arms. "It is a good place; they will take good care of you," Reverend Malcolm explained. "You will be able to go to school. You will be with other boys and girls your same age."

It didn't sound so good to me. It meant I would be away from everything and everyone that I knew. I felt my eyes tearing up, but I didn't want Father to see me crying, so I stifled the tears. "It is not for always," he said, trying to sound reassuring. "It's just for a few months, until Mother gets well and can come home again." Father may have meant well, but he only made me feel worse.

I stood there with the two men, saying nothing. I didn't want to go to Sheltering Arms, but I didn't have a choice. I was 12 years old and I did as I was told.

A month later, I was on the train by myself, headed for Minneapolis. As the train rolled through the empty farm fields, I tried to imagine what my life would be like at that strange new place. But those thoughts made dark feelings well up inside me, so I tried to think of something else. Then I remembered the one thing I had brought from home that was important to me, my Minnesota baseball book. My team, the Millers, had finished last season in third place. This year, I was hoping they would do even better under their new manager, Pongo Joe Cantillon. I knew the Millers played at Nicollet Park in Minneapolis. Sheltering Arms was somewhere in Minneapolis. Maybe I would have a chance to see a ball game while I was there. That thought made the dark feelings disappear—at least for a while.

Once I got to Minneapolis, I was to meet Cousin Arvid, Aunt May's younger brother, who would take me to my temporary new home. Arvid had been out to visit us in Fergus Falls. I knew he had a droopy black moustache and worked as a foreman at the Washburn Flour Mill.

It was just getting dark when my train pulled into a large railroad yard. Trains were lined up on the tracks as far as I could see. We were at the Milwaukee Depot. I walked out into the huge station with a high ceiling. There, near the front entrance, I saw a man with a droopy moustache and flour dust on his boots.

"Cousin Arvid?" I called out tentatively. "This way," he replied and that was about the only conversation we had, as we drove off in his Model T.

As we pulled away from the station and turned the corner, the street sign said that we were on Washington Avenue. There were buildings all around us, some three or four stories high. I could hear a low rumble. I knew that must be St. Anthony Falls. I had learned about the falls in school. I remembered that it was called the birthplace of Minneapolis.

After a while, we had left the buildings behind. We were out in the country, bumping along a narrow rutted road. On one side, there were open fields. On the other side, through the trees I could make out the Mississippi River in the channel below us.

Then, Cousin Arvid pulled over to a stone gate. "We're here," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone. I knew that meant we had arrived at Sheltering Arms. I had hoped he would walk me up to the front door. But he made no move to get out of the car. There was no "goodbye" or "good luck." He just sat there. I got

out of the car and walked on by myself down a gravel path. When I reached the end of the path, I was at the entrance to a grim, gray brick building. Suddenly I felt a wave of dread sweeping through me. I stopped, not wanting to go on, afraid of what was waiting for me on the other side of the door. I thought for a moment about turning around and going back home to Fergus Falls. But when I looked back, I saw that Cousin Arvid had already left.

There was nothing else left to do, so I started up the front steps. I was getting ready to knock when an older woman in a long blue dress appeared at the front door. She must have been at least 35.

“You must be the new boy,” she said with a firm voice. “Come in.” I followed her into a broad front hallway. There, on the wall, was a painting of a woman wrapped in a gray, flowing robe. The inscription said the woman was Sister Annette Rolf who had founded Sheltering Arms in 1884.

The lady in the blue dress who met me at the front door was Miss Ethel Lings. She was the matron who ran the orphanage with her assistant, Mrs. Lembke.

Before I realized that I was really there at Sheltering Arms, I found myself in a large kitchen, seated at a long metal counter. There was a huge wooden icebox at the end of the counter, more than three times the size of the one we had at home. Miss Lings brought me a bowl of lentil soup and a wedge of crusty brown bread. It was now after seven, according to the clock on the kitchen wall. Then I remembered that I hadn’t eaten since I had left home that morning, and I shoveled the soup and bread into my mouth as fast as I could.

Miss Lings stood there waiting for me, as I wiped the bowl clean with the last piece of bread, “Now, let’s take you upstairs and get you settled,” she said.

I followed her up the steps as she called out in a commanding voice “matron on the floor.” We stopped at the entrance to a long narrow room, with a row of beds lined up against the wall. In front, were the smaller boys. Many of them looked like they were already asleep. At the back, some older boys were huddled together. They looked to be about my age. They had been playing a game with small wooden blocks. It didn’t take me long to learn that those small blocks were dice. As soon as they saw Miss Lings in the doorway, they dropped the dice and looked away, hoping she hadn’t realized that a game was underway when she burst into the room.

The boys paid no attention to me as Miss Lings brought me over to an empty bed in the middle of the row. “Here is where you will be sleeping,” she told me. “You can keep your case under the bed. Breakfast is at 7 and chapel is at 7:30. The other boys will tell you everything else you need to know, at least for your first day.” And with that, she turned and walked away.

By now, I felt my body shaking with fear and exhaustion. Without taking off my clothes, I crawled into the narrow iron bed that would be my only personal space during my time at Sheltering Arms.

That night, as I lay in bed, I tried to focus my mind on something that was reassuring and familiar—my baseball book tucked away in the case just below me. The new season was just a few weeks away. I

imagined the Millers's Harry Holland hitting a home run over the left field fence on opening day at Nicollet Park. The crowd cheered, and I promptly fell asleep.

After those first few terrible weeks, I began to settle into the routine at Sheltering Arms. We boys called it the Brick House, never the orphanage. And I made some new friends. There was Jimmy and Tuggs. And then there was Kermit. He was short and fat with a tangle of red hair. We all called him "Blast," because he could let the loudest farts of any of the boys on the floor.

Then, a month after I arrived, there was a new boy at the front gate. He looked and talked differently from the rest of us. None of us were quite sure why he had come here. He would make a big difference in my life during those months in 1917 that I spent at Sheltering Arms.

Only at the end did I discover his secret. Even today, twenty years later, I am still not quite sure what it meant.

## **Chapter 2 – The New Boy**



The sun was just coming up over the trees, as I bounded down the main stairway, ready for breakfast. I was looking forward to a game of stickball with Jimmy and the boys in the field behind the Brick House. But the game would have to wait until later in the day when I was back from school and had finished my chores. My job was to help clean up the front garden to get it ready for the spring planting. When the ground was ready, we would plant tomatoes, beans, peppers and squash. Even the little children would help.

Back then, Sheltering Arms was like a small farm, stretching along the River Road, from 38th Street almost out to Minnehaha Falls. We had our own cow and a horse named Charlie. Sometimes, when Jencks, the handyman, wasn't around, we would jump on Charlie's back and ride him along the trail that led to the falls. We didn't much like Jencks. He had a mean streak. We tried to stay away from him as much as we could.

As I was in line, waiting to go into the dining room for breakfast, I glanced at the front page of the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune* on the front hall table. The headline shouted out "War Resolution Passes." I had started reading the *Tribune* every day, mainly for the sports news, so I was learning about the important things that were happening in the world. I knew the headline meant that this country was going to war to help England and France with their fight against Germany and Austria.

At breakfast that day, the other boys had also heard about the war. We were all very excited about it. “I wish I was old enough to fight,” Jimmy said, in between mouthfuls of oatmeal. “I would go over there and punch that German king in the face.” “He is not a king, he is a Kaiser,” I told Jimmy, proud of my newfound knowledge. “In Germany, they call the king a Kaiser.” I could see that Jimmy was annoyed. He didn’t like being corrected in front of the other boys. “My uncle was in the Spanish war on that island called Cuba,” Tuggs chimed in. “He told us boys that it was a great adventure.”

As 12-year-olds, we may have thought that war was a great adventure. Only later did I come to understand what war was all about, and the horrible toll it took on young men who weren’t much older than we were back in 1917.

That afternoon, as I was raking up the front garden, I saw a silver gray Buick roadster pull up at the front gate. A man got out of the car wearing a long leather coat and black bowler hat. A young boy was with him who appeared to be about my age. The boy was wearing tweed knickers and a white shirt with a high round collar that looked like it was pinching his neck. I saw the man shake his finger at the boy, and then slap him across the face. The boy stood there without flinching. Then, he turned and walked away, down the path that led to the Brick House.

As I was coming back to the house after our ball game, Miss Lings asked me to meet her in her office. She told me about the new boy who had just arrived at Sheltering Arms. She said his name was Lionel Martin. He had just come to Minneapolis with his uncle who lived in Chicago. Lionel’s parents had been killed in an automobile accident earlier in the year. Lionel was going to stay with his mother’s cousin who lived on Summit Avenue in St. Paul. But the cousin was traveling in Europe and wouldn’t be back until September, so the uncle had arranged for Lionel to live at Sheltering Arms until the aunt came back to town.

Miss Lings asked me to sit next to Lionel at dinner and help him settle in, since I had been a new boy like him, only a month ago. I told her I would, but I wasn’t too enthusiastic about my new assignment. I couldn’t help but wonder why a boy like Lionel, from a well-to-do family, was here at Sheltering Arms. But it wasn’t my place to ask questions, so I kept my thoughts to myself.

At dinner, I tried to strike up a conversation with Lionel, but he didn’t respond and he didn’t eat anything. He just kept looking down at his plate.

After dinner, Miss Lings asked all of us to follow her into the assembly room. As we came in, Mrs. Lembke handed each of us a small American flag. A lady in a large hat, topped with green feathers, was seated in the front of the room. The lady was Mrs. Maitland, a member of Sheltering Arms Board of Trustees. Her husband Herbert was sitting next to her. He was in charge of one of the big banks downtown. We knew he was a very important man.

Mr. Maitland got up to speak and Miss Lings motioned for all of us to stand. “This is a very important day,” Mr. Maitland told us. “A very important day—a day we will all remember. The United States is now at war against the Germans and the Austrians. Soon, young men from all over Minnesota will be going over to France to fight for our country.”

Mr. Maitland went on to explain that our state's governor, Mr. Burnquist, had set up a special group to support the war here at home. It was called the Commission of Public Safety. "The Commission will see that nothing happens here in Minnesota that will interfere with the war effort," Mr. Maitland told us. "It will keep track of any suspicious activities and any people who may not be loyal to the United States." I could see that the younger children were worried and confused. They didn't understand what any of this was all about.

Jencks was standing behind me. I heard him mutter "Dirty Kraut." I turned around and saw that he was looking at Mrs. Schmidt, our cook. She must have heard him, because I could see that her face was turning red and her eyes were welling up with tears.

We knew that Mrs. Schmidt and her husband Berndt had recently come here to Minnesota from their home in Germany. Mrs. Schmidt spoke with a heavy accent that we had a hard time understanding. She had a younger brother named Jürgen who was still in Germany. Mrs. Schmidt was very proud of Jürgen and got a letter from him almost every week. I realized that Jürgen would probably have to fight for the Kaiser against our American boys. Jencks must have known that, as well.

When our assembly was over, I took Lionel upstairs and showed him where he would be sleeping, at the end of the boys' room next to Kermit. By now, he hadn't said more than about two words to me since we met at dinner. "Have you been to a Millers game at Nicollet Park?" I finally blurted out, not knowing what else to talk about. "The season opener is coming up next week."

"No, I just got here to Minneapolis," he answered quietly. "Last year, my uncle took me out to Comiskey Park for a couple of White Sox games," he said, pausing and looking down dejectedly. But then he looked up and added: "Did you know that Shoeless Joe Jackson batted 341 last year in his first season with the Sox?"

I was relieved to find that Lionel, like me, was a baseball fan. From then on, there was a connection between us. We became friends.

### ***Chapter 3 School Yard Fight***



As the weeks stretched on into the spring, I was finding that Sheltering Arms was not such a bad place, after all. I had settling in. I had friends there, now. We had our own gang. Jimmy was the leader. He was always thinking up things for us to do after school when the chores were done.

One day, he decided we should build a raft and sail it up Minnehaha Creek. We knew there was another orphanage farther out along the creek at a place called Washburn.

Jimmy said we should dress up like Indians, sail up the creek and attack the Washburn House. Then we would carry off the girls and make them our squaws.

We did get the raft built. But when we tried to launch it in the creek, it fell apart and the pieces went tumbling over the falls. We never were able to attack the Washburn House. On Saturday afternoons when we weren't prowling along the creek, we explored the riverbank, just across the road from the Brick House. The bank was steep and it was muddy, particularly on those spring days when it had just rained.

One Saturday in the middle of May, when our gang was out exploring, Kermit tripped and started tumbling down the steep slope that led to Mississippi. He landed in a clump of bushes. If those bushes hadn't broken his fall, he could have ended up in the river. We heard him yowl that he had broken his leg. I slid down the bank to help him, but I could see that he had gotten up and was starting to climb back up the bank. In spite of his yowling, it didn't look like his leg was broken. When I reached the clump of bushes where Kermit had landed, I noticed a small opening in the hillside. I peered inside but I couldn't see anything there, so I broke off a large tree branch and planted it in the clump of bushes so I could find the spot again.

Every day during the week, we all went off to Hiawatha School, the public school on 42nd Street, just beyond Sheltering Arms' backfield. Miss Lings said we were lucky to be going to Hiawatha. She told us that it was the newest, most up-to-date elementary school in Minneapolis. Unlike my old school in Fergus Falls with its high ceiling and the creaky stairway leading up to the second floor, Hiawatha was all on one floor. Each classroom had its own door leading out to the schoolyard.

Hiawatha had a school library. I could check out books and take them back to the Brick House with me. My favorites were the Tom Swift series. The main character in each book was a boy named Tom who was just a little older than me. He was very smart about science and used all the modern inventions during his adventures. I read the "Speediest Car on the Road" and "A Daring Escape by Air Ship." I was looking forward to reading the new Tom Swift book that had just come into the library: "Under the Ocean Seeking Treasure."

My sixth grade teacher at Hiawatha was a lady named Miss Lipton. The boys made fun of her behind her back. She walked with a limp and they called her "Limpy Lipton." But I thought they were being cruel. Miss Lipton made sixth grade interesting for me—particularly geography, when she showed us pictures of foreign places that were so different from Minnesota.

There was another reason that I liked being in Miss Lipton's class. Some of the girls from Sheltering Arms were in the class with us. Miss Lings didn't like us older boys talking to the girls. She made sure we walked to Hiawatha in separate groups. On that first day at Hiawatha, one of the girls from Sheltering Arms smiled at me. She had long black hair and her name was Madeline. I felt warm all over when she looked at me and smiled, something I had never felt before. But I was too shy to smile back.

That next week, Madeline came up to me after school, and asked if I would help her with our geography assignment. I blushed, and stammered that I would. That was the beginning of our friendship. I liked

being with Madeline and she seemed to like being with me. There was a bond between us that was starting to develop. Some days, we walked home together, but we made sure that we parted before we got too close to Sheltering Arms so no one would see us walking into the Brick House together.

I knew the boys had seen me with Madeline on that first day when we were together. At supper that night, they were giggling and giving me silly looks. "Ned has a sweetheart," Tuggs finally blurted out. "I do not!" I replied angrily. But they just kept giggling.

I liked being at Hiawatha, at least while I was in the school library or in Miss Lipton's class, but I didn't much care for recess. Then, we had to be out in the playground with the boys who lived in the neighborhood. They didn't have much to do with those of us who were from Sheltering Arms. I knew they made fun of us and called us the "Armless Shelters" when they were talking among themselves.

Things got worse on the playground when Lionel arrived. On his second or third day at Hiawatha, one of the meanest boys in the school—we called him the Moose—came up to Lionel during recess and glared at him. "What are you doing here, Nellie," I heard the Moose say. "My name is Lionel, It's not Nellie," Lionel responded, with a defiant tone that surprised me. "Well, you look like a Nellie to me," Moose shot back.

In an instant, Lionel pivoted around and socked Moose in the jaw. Moose staggered and fell to his knees. He was just starting to get up, when Lionel hit him again. Then Jimmy jumped on the tall skinny boy who always followed Moose around. Tuggs was already on the ground, wrestling with another member of Moose's gang. I knew I should join in the fight to help Lionel, but I hung back. I had never been in a schoolyard fight before.

Just then, Hiawatha's principal, Mr. Dickey, stormed out of the building. He wore those funny glasses without the stems that pinched his nose. I could see that he was very angry. "It's you boys from Sheltering Arms," he shouted, waving his fist at us. "I knew you were going to cause trouble. They never should have let you come here. Wait in my office, while I call Miss Lings!"

A few minutes later, Jencks drove up in the Sheltering Arms van. Miss Lings was sitting in the seat behind him. Through the office window, I watched as she got out of the van, and walked towards the school building in a determined way.

Mr. Dickey was still fuming when she arrived. "It's your boys, Miss Lings, they are causing trouble here," he said irately, not even pausing to offer her a seat. "But he started it," Jimmy blurted out, pointing to the Moose. "Young man, be quiet. You will speak only when you are asked to," Mr. Dickey said, getting angrier by the moment. Then he turned to Miss Lings. "I have a mind to expel these boys, right here and now," he told her, as his red face looked like it was getting ready to explode.

Miss Lings responded quietly and calmly. "Mr. Dickey, I must remind you that we have an agreement with the school board. Expulsion is not necessary. We will handle the situation with our boys in our own way. Now, I think it is time for them to get back to class." Mr. Dickey was still sputtering, but he finally backed down and agreed that we boys could stay at Hiawatha School as long we behaved ourselves. As

she was getting ready to leave, Miss Lings turned to us. "I will expect to see you boys in my office as soon as you get back from school," she said in a stern tone.

That afternoon, the four of us, Jimmy, Tuggs, Lionel and me, did as we told and went to see Miss Lings. "Well, boys, I want to find out what this fight was all about," she said, looking less stern than she had been earlier in the day at Hiawatha School.

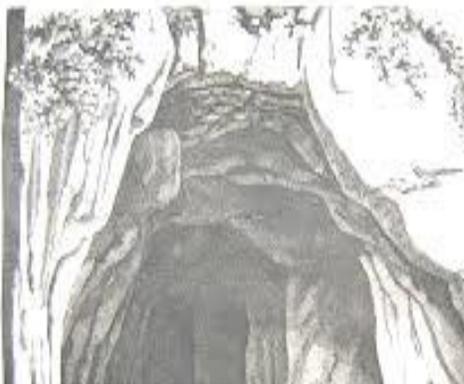
"You should have seen Lionel, he really walloped the Moose," Jimmy told her, enthusiastically. "So the Moose got walloped," Miss Lings responded. I had never heard her use words like that before. I thought I saw a faint smile around her lips. Then, her face took on a more serious look. "Boys: I must ask you to refrain from fisticuffs on the schoolyard," she said firmly. "I know some of your classmates from the neighborhood can be cruel. But you must learn to ignore them. You are good boys. This is a good place. There is no need to feel bad about being here at Sheltering Arms."

"I told Mr. Dickey that I would deal with the situation and I intend to do that. I want you to think about what I have just told you, as you help Mrs. Schultz clean up after supper tonight. And if there is any leftover boysenberry pie, I hope you will put it to good use."

That night as we were getting ready for bed, those of us in the boys' room crowded around Lionel to relive the schoolyard fight. Lionel was more talkative then he had been since he had first come to Brick House. I even saw him smile faintly for the first time. He told us that he had taken boxing lessons when he lived in Chicago and he had been to some prizefights with his uncle.

All the kids at Sheltering Arms had heard about the schoolyard fight and how Lionel stood up to the Moose. Lionel was a real hero. Now he was a member of the gang.

#### ***Chapter 4 The Cave***



On most Saturday afternoons, our gang played stickball on the backfield after our chores were done. But on Saturday toward the end of May, the boys all had something else they wanted to do. Jimmy and Tuggs were going off with Tuggs's cousin for what Sheltering Arms called a "visitation."

A visitation meant we kids could get away from the Brick House for a couple of hours as long as we were with a responsible adult. I knew that Tuggs's cousin and the boys were going off to the movie show at the Rialto Theater on Lake Street.

Tuggs had asked me to come along, but I told him that I would rather stay home. I knew Miss Ling did not approve of the movies. She said it jangled our nerves and kept us from concentrating on our schoolwork. I didn't want to have to tell her that I had been to the movies if she asked me how I spent my Saturday afternoon.

Kermit said he didn't want to go out because he said he had a cold. I am not sure he really did, but sometimes I knew he just liked to lie around on Saturday afternoon and not do much of anything at all. Lionel was staying in because he wanted to finish the book he was reading. It was a story about a young English boy who had befriended an escaped convict. The book was called *Great Expectations*. Lionel said he would give the book to me to read when he was finished with it.

I was on my own on that Saturday afternoon, so I decided to prowl around on the riverbank across the road from the Brick House. I wanted to see if I could find that hole in the hillside that I had seen several weeks before when I went to help Kermit after he had slipped and fallen. After a few minutes, I came to the place where I had planted the tree branch in a clump of bushes. The branch was still there. Then I spotted the hole. It was not large enough for me to wiggle through it but the dirt around it was soft. I was able to dig enough away so I could push myself through the small opening. Once I pushed through, I found myself in a small cave. On the walls, I could make out drawings of what looked to be stick people. One of the stick men was riding on a stick horse. I wasn't sure what I had found. At least for a while, I was going to keep my discovery to myself.

That next week, as I was walking home from school with Madeline, I decided to tell her about the cave. "Ned, you have to take me there!" she turned and said to me after I told her about the stick drawings. "It may be the place our family has always wanted to find."

Madeline had told me a little about her family after we had become friends. I knew her mother and father had both died during the typhoid epidemic of 1907 and that she had been living with her grandmother in Southern Minnesota. Her grandmother was now very old and quite ill and could no longer take care of Madeline. That is why she had come to stay at Sheltering Arms.

Now, as we were walking home from school, Madeline told me her grandfather's amazing story. He had been a member of the Mdewakanton Band of the Dakota. His Indian name was Wechunk-washta. As a young man, he converted to Christianity and took an English name, Joseph Chamberlain.

Madeline said her grandfather Joseph had married a white woman, Madeline's grandmother, who worked as a housekeeper at the Episcopal Mission at the Lower Sioux Indian Agency. Together they had two children. The youngest, Amelia, was Madeline's mother.

Joseph Chamberlain had been at the Episcopal mission when Indian warriors under Chief Little Crow started attacking white settlers during the Dakota Uprising of 1862. He had not taken part in the uprising, according to Madeline. In fact, he had protected a white family that had come to the mission seeking sanctuary. But Joseph had his enemies in the local white community. They were incensed that he had married a white woman. One of the angry whites, a member of the local militia, falsely accused

Madeline's grandfather of being a ringleader of the uprising. Joseph Chamberlain was arrested and sentenced to be executed in a mass hanging of other Dakota warriors in Mankato.

According to family legend, Bishop Whipple, the Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota, had interceded on Joseph Chamberlain's behalf. Bishop Whipple had written to President Abraham Lincoln asking the President to issue a pardon for Madeline's grandfather. Supposedly, a letter granting the pardon had arrived at the encampment on Pike Island where Joseph along with several hundred Dakota men women and children were imprisoned. Fearful that the letter would be taken from him, Joseph had snuck away from the camp, sealed the letter in a leather pouch and hidden the pouch in a cave on the bluff along the Mississippi riverbank. Madeline's grandfather had planned to retrieve the letter, but he was taken away to Mankato for the hanging before he was able to come back to the cave.

"Don't you see, Ned, if we can find the leather pouch and the letter from President Lincoln, we will be able to restore Grandfather Joseph's good name," Madeline told me excitedly. "Maybe the pouch is in your cave. We need to go there to look for it."

I didn't want to do what Madeline asked, because I knew we could both get in trouble if we were found together on the bluff, but she looked at me with such pleading eyes that I couldn't say "no." Later that week, we agreed to meet at the large oak tree out on the road by the front gate just as it was getting dark. Madeline said that she would ask her friend Dorothy to say that two of them had been out for a walk in case anyone asked where she had been. I borrowed one of those new flashlight lamps from Lionel and took it with me when I went to meet Madeline. Jimmy saw me going out with the lamp, and asked if he could come along on the adventure. I didn't think that was such a good idea, but I told him he could come along with us. Later, I was glad that I did.

Slowly the three of us made our way down the bluff to the place where I had marked the entrance to the cave. Madeline was so excited. She told us she wanted to be the first to go inside. She was just about to crawl into the small opening when a wild looking man with a crazed look leaped out of the cave and grabbed Madeline around the neck. He was dressed in torn overalls with a bloody rag wrapped around his arm. "Quick," he called out in a heavy accent. "Whiskey... bring it here now... if no, you never see her again."

Terror-stricken, I froze as Madeline struggled to free herself from the wild man. "Let's do as he asked," Jimmy whispered to me. "I know where Jencks keep his whisky flask in the shed." "But what about Madeline? We can't just leave her," I whispered back in panicky voice. "She'll be all right," Jimmy replied calmly. "Don't you see, he can barely stand. He won't be able to harm her. We'll get the whisky, pour it down his throat. He'll collapse and we will rescue Madeline."

Jimmy and I ran up the bluff and over to the garden shed. I stood outside as a lookout while Jimmy went inside and found Jencks's flask. Then, we ran back to rescue Madeline. When we got to the cave, we found her sitting calmly near the small opening on the hillside. The wild man was writhing in pain on the ground in front of her.

“Madeline! You’re safe!” I cried out, with tears streaming down my cheeks. I threw my arms around her, holding her close, not wanting to let go. I could see that Jimmy was looking away, embarrassed by this emotional scene. When I finally regained my composure, I asked Madeline what had happened. “After you two left to find the whisky, I broke loose, picked up a large rock and hit him over the head with a big whack!” she said, proudly.

“But did you get into the cave and find the leather pouch?” Jimmy asked excitedly, remembering the reason for our nighttime adventure. “I didn’t find the pouch, but I did find this,” she replied, holding up a large crumpled sheet of paper. We spread out the sheet and found that it was a map of the street railroads in Minneapolis. There was a big red X on the map next to the Minnehaha Park station.

The three of us climbed back up hill. Jimmy replaced the whiskey flask in the shed, as Madeline walked on by herself into the Brick House. We had only been gone for about ten minutes. It seemed like hours to me.

Later in the week, the mystery of the wild man was solved. I read in the *Minneapolis Tribune* that the police had found a man wandering in a daze on the River Road. He was an anarchist named Josip Broz who had tried to blow up the Princess Station in Minnehaha Park. Apparently, he had been spotted just as he was about to set off the dynamite. But he escaped and must have been wounded as he ran through the brush along the riverbank and stumbled into the cave.

A few days passed, and the memories of those awful ten minutes started to fade away. Life got back to normal. It was a busy time for all of us at the Brick House—particularly for me. Spring planting was underway. I was one of the garden captains who helped the little children plant seeds in the vegetable beds out in front of our building.

***To be continued.....***