

Log Town Song or Poem

During the past year the family of Phyllis (Liegel) Dearborn donated to our society most of her local history and genealogy collection. Phyllis was the societies first president; she passed away May 20, 2008. Found in a ring binder was the "Log Town Song". In the very early days Plain was known as Log Town. Following is a hand written note and the "Log Town Song".

(Words as remembered by Marie Ring Eagar, born 1910. Words to a song sung at dances in Plain in late 20's and early 30's.)

Log Town Song

Dear Log Town, Dear Log Town
For thee do I crave, for the wonderful
buildings and people so brave.
Often time while I sit in my large
arm chair, thoughts come to my mind
of a city so fair.
You may talk of Chicago and New York
By the sea, but of the great cities,
It's Log Town for me.

We were very lucky to have another wonderful historian in our community Hildegard Thering. Hildegard wrote and published "A History of Plain, Wisconsin" in 1982 to commemorate the One Hundred Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of St. Luke's Parish, Plain, Wisconsin. She left behind numerous handwritten research notebooks, which were donated, to the Plain Library-present day Kraemer Library. There is a lot of material in these notebooks that never were published in her book. Following is a longer version of the "Log Town Song" written as a poem. There may be errors when transcribing from Hildegard's handwriting.

*A poem composed at the Spring Green High School
March 9, 1913*

I Long For Dear Log Town

Oh Log Town dear Log Town
For thee do I crave
For thy wonderful buildings
And thy people so brave

Of't while I sit in my large armchair
O'er my mind comes thoughts of that city so fair
Oh how I laugh when I think of those days
When we smoked and drank in thy saloons and cafes.

Oh how I remember those sweet days gone by
When we never were hungry never were dry
No matter how sad we always would cheer
Whenever we mentioned Milwaukee Beer

When it comes to great schools, to dear Log Town we hand
The credit of having the best in the land

Of all the men in the great hall of fame
Joe Bemmerl and Pen Ruhland we surely must name

Each day we could hear the clatter of feet
As the army of Joe Fisher's marched down the street
With one hand on gun, the other upraised
We yelled for the Kaiser as if he were crazed.

Mike Alt on his steed was a wonderful sight
In his eyes could be seen the glimmer of might
As he passed the people would cheer
Ach hoch der Michael und das beer

You can speak of Chicago
Or New York by the sea
But of all the great cities
It's Log Town for me

Published in the OFTHS Newsletter December 2010 - Volume 4, Issue 2