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Whatever Happened to the Old Swedish Buffalo Hunter?

A life journey from Skåne farmhand to Kansas
buffalo hunter to Massachusetts steelworker

Charles H. Hendricks*

We always knew that our grandpa, Charles L. Hendricks, had hunted buffalo on the Western Plains soon after he arrived in the United States, and we used to speculate upon what life in the old West must have been like. One of my earliest memories was that my father, Henning Vitalis Hendricks, owned a revolver with a pearl handle dating from grandpa's "buffalo hunting days." Owning a firearm was totally atypical for Henning, who feared anything having to do with firearms and, because of his aversion to these, would never even let his sons have a BB gun.

As I recall, it was a beautiful revolver, with a six-chamber magazine. The pearl inlays would glisten in the light. We children were fascinated by it, and sometimes we were privileged to twirl the magazine and hear the clicks as it turned. That was only a temporary bit of fun, however, because Henning thought it safer if he just removed the magazine and threw it away. That was his contribution to the "guns are dangerous" campaign.

Then all we had left to look at was a pearl-handled revolver without the magazine, not a very exciting object. But Henning was still not satisfied. When we would get it down from the top drawer of the chest in the upstairs hall, he would sternly admonish us not to point it at anyone! As to the ultimate fate of the crippled gun, my sister Phyllis thinks one of the family members discovered it as she was cleaning out mother's house after mother left for the nursing home at age 98. Before that I had assumed that Henning might have thrown it away so that it could not do any harm.

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The Buffalo Robe

The only other artifact we owned relating to buffalo hunting was “the buffalo robe.” It was still in fairly good condition during my childhood, and had lots of use left in it. I thought at one time that it had been given to mother by one of our Vermont relatives. The robe had seen hard use, both in the house and out of it. It was often used for bedding during our camping and picnic expeditions. I can still recall its acrid nose-wrinkling aroma which had resulted from its having been steeped in the smoke of a hundred campfires and possibly also because a buffalo robe might have been a bit smelly in the first place. Some of my siblings, and also my children, had their photos taken in the Hendricks yard at Kalkaska, seated grandly on the buffalo robe which had been placed over a sawhorse.

I mused upon the fact that the same hairy hide which warmed and protected its original owner could be still be warming, protecting and comforting one of us a full century after its original animal owner had been slaughtered on the western plains. And then my thoughts would turn again to my grandfather’s buffalo hunting adventures in the days when, only a few months after he had departed from his native Skåne, he had found himself pursuing temporary work as a buffalo hunter.

The Buffalo Gun in the Holden Barn

When our family paid a brief visit to Holden, MA in 1931, I, aged 13, liked to explore the old Hendricks house, yard and barn. The barn seemed especially promising, since that was where my grandfather had stored all his old tools for gardening and carpenter work. There didn’t seem to be any very fancy tools to do much carpentry, but some of them looked quite ancient.

The barn held another object of interest. Mounted on a side wall was an enormous gun, a rifle that seemed to be about six feet long. How long it actually was I will never know, but that’s how long it seemed to me. Anyway it was the longest gun I had ever seen up to that time. I don’t recall having any conversation with grandpa about it; his 80 year-old presence didn’t encourage idle chatter. But I was informed that it was “the buffalo gun.” In retrospect, it seems curious that there was no more spirited communication between grandfather and grandson about this rather phenomenal family conversation piece. While conversation did not come easily to him, I had no way of knowing that in 1926, at the age of 75, he had already copied and edited the notebooks he had compiled daily during his hunting days.¹ It is too bad that he could not have mentioned it to me.

In the later 1930s and early 1940s I began to visit Holden by hitchhiking.

I did this perhaps four times all together, certainly in 1937, 1939 and once in the early 1940s, at some time prior to my marriage in 1942. I recall seeing the gun still hanging on the inside wall of the barn during those visits. By that time grandpa was long gone, having died in 1933, and the barn was getting increasingly dusty and full of cobwebs.

On a still later visit, this time probably accompanied by Gerry and our two older boys, the inside of the barn looked quite barren, with many of the tools removed. The gun, also, was gone. Aunt Honey (Jennie Lucy Hendricks, b. 25 Sept. 1886) said that some pleasant young men had offered to clean the inside of the barn without charge, which she thought was a most thoughtful and generous offer on their part. It was only when a second crew of seemingly helpful young men came to her, again offering to “clean the barn without charge,” that she realized what had been going on. The kind “barn cleaners” had carefully and systematically carted away all the very old tools as well as the buffalo gun. Aunt Honey was incensed at having been thus taken advantage of, but by then it was too late to do anything about it.

That’s how we lost the last remaining memento of grandpa’s buffalo hunting. Of the buffalo rifle, we might say that it probably enjoyed a kinder fate than the revolver. Maddening as it was to have it looted out of the Hendricks barn in Holden, one can readily imagine that, having gone through commercial sales channels, it must now be mounted somewhere in a private collection or an historical museum, having been cleaned, oiled and burnished, and placed shining on the wall proudly above a name plate which reads “*Buffalo Hunting Gun.*” Hearing this story, Ross Beales, the historian said :”That’s the sad thing about so many artifacts: torn out of their context, their history is lost.”

How it Started: the Long Road to Osage City

Osage City was in its own way the key to our family’s securing the first foothold in the United States of America. That’s the mysterious-sounding Kansas town toward which my grandfather, Ludvig Henriksson, was headed when he came to this country in 1872.

He was born to Henrik Larsson and Johanna Månsdotter in the hamlet of Hillarp, Munka-Ljungby Parish (Krist.) 14 Nov. 1850. He was christened Ludvig Henriksson but his name underwent a number of changes until he finally ended up being known as Charles Louis Hendricks in his adult years. In order to keep this story simple, he will be referred to from now on simply as Charles Louis Hendricks.

Charles was raised on several large farms where his father was a tenant farmer in the parish of Hjárnarp, first at Skorstensgården and later at Bjällegården. When he was fifteen years old the family moved to a small croft of its own, Måsauset, located up in the hills of Hallandsåsen on farm number 6 in Vanstad, Hjárnarp Parish. In 1869, at the age of 18, Charles left home to work as a farmhand, an occupation he followed until he emigrated in 1872. There is a note in the Hjárnarp household examination roll (*husförhörslängd*), dated 17 April 1872, in which he was given an “attestation” of good character by the Lutheran clergyman as he prepared to emigrate to America.²

He made his journey together with his cousin, Janne Johannesson, who was born 24 Feb. 1851, the son of Johannes Andersson (and according to the rule of patronymics, resulted in Janne becoming Johannesson, which was Americanized to Johnson). Janne’s mother was Elna Larsdotter, the paternal aunt of Charles. During his boyhood Janne’s family had always lived within a mile or two of Charles’ family.

These two cousins, having bought their tickets in the neighboring city of Ängelholm, departed from Helsingborg about 25 April 1872³ aboard the *Dane*, a Stockholm steamship which took them to Göteborg the next day. The following morning was spent in getting police clearance to leave the Swedish kingdom and in acquiring their passport “with permission to leave the fatherland” and also what was known as the “emigrant contract.” The latter was a document showing that they had paid their fare to the United States as well as their transportation to whatever their final destination was in America. Then, according to the official records, they sailed from Göteborg 26 April 1872 aboard the *Orlando* (erroneously named the *Rollo* in Charles’ memoirs), bound for Hull, England, arriving there 29 April.

From there they went overland by train to Liverpool, where finally on 1 May 1872 they sailed on the large English steamship *City of Montreal*. After a stop the following night to pick up more passengers in Ireland, they sailed for New York, arriving there 17 May 1872.

Next came the train trip to St. Louis, MO with arrival there about 19 May. There, as Charles says in his memoirs, “We were taken to a hotel, where we had supper and lodgings.” Since they had no means to pay for this accommodation, it seems likely that they were taken to the lodgings by one of the numerous “hotel runners”, who were sent out to drum up business among the emigrants in transit. The next day they entrained for the day-long trip to Kansas City, MO.

They were headed for Osage City, a small coal-mining town in Kansas, where they intended to get in touch with Anders Persson, a cousin, who had preceded them to America and who had a farm only a mile from the railroad station

in Osage City. Janne had written to Persson asking him to send money for the train fare to Osage City, but since no reply had been received, the cousins were forced to walk the final 100 miles of their emigrant journey. The hike took more than two days. They were literally penniless and owned only what they could carry on this tortuous trek. We can estimate that they arrived in Osage City about 22 May 1872.⁴

That's the last we know about Janne's activities. This seems curious in view of the fact that the two boys were cousins and had been raised in the same neighborhood of Hjárnarp Parish.

Nor have we ever learned anything further concerning "cousin Anders Persson," toward whom the Skåne cousins were making their way on the journey of 4,000 miles. We do know that Charles had no cousin by that name in his family and thus we have never been able to ascertain what the relationship might have been. Charles says that he worked for three weeks on Anders Persson's farm and that temporary job may have kept him from starving. After that Charles never mentioned Anders Persson again, and my father and aunts never referred to any Kansas relatives.

A Job as a Teamster Building a Railroad

After three weeks working for Anders Persson, Charles moved on, probably in June, to labor "for some time" on another farm, a job which paid him \$15.00 a month. Then, about in September, he was ready for the next assignment, that of "workin' on the railroad."

At this time the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad was being built. In the summer of 1872 the westward drive of the railhead had extended well west of the new town of Dodge City, which had been founded the year before. Five hundred men and 50 mule teams had been constructing the railroad's right of way. Then one night the Indians stole all of the mules. A contractor named Charles Rath of Osage City agreed to recruit teamsters for the continuing work.

This is how our Charles, a newcomer to Osage City, became a teamster on the railroad construction project. Charles' job was to drive a team of old mules, named Tom and Dick, hauling railroad ties known as "sleepers" from the working car at the railhead and taking them up ahead to the new leading edge of the railroad bed. After 2 1/2 months of this, the railroad building project closed down for the winter, probably in November, and Charles was out of a job. So he left the railhead and turned eastward as far as Dodge City.

A Winter of Buffalo Hunting

I must confess that the only description extant for this part of Charles' adventures is what he wrote in his account and which was eventually published in the *Swedish Pioneer Historical Quarterly*.⁵ I have used the information there provided, and have added some additional information and comments.

At Dodge City Charles hooked up with a team of three men who planned to hunt buffalo. The organizer of the group was John, age 32, who had been born in Osage City, and whom Charles refers to a number of times as "our leader." Next came Bill, age 24, whose father owned a furniture store in Ohio and then Pete, age 17. Charles at the age of 22 was the fourth member. As was the custom among buffalo hunting teams, each member had a primary assignment - John was to do the shooting, Bill and Charles were to be the flayers (skinner) and Pete was to be the cook. As it happened, young Pete was not a member of the party for very long. Charles "thought that he had a girl back home from whom he could not be separated." So it was mostly a three-man effort.

They hunted south of the Arkansas River, principally south and east of Dodge City, but without crossing the border between Kansas and the "Indian Territory" which was later to become the state of Oklahoma. The distance from Dodge City to the Oklahoma border is just about 100 miles. Their hunting territory most likely comprised parts of Mead, Clark and Comanche Counties and may have extended over into Kiowa County.

Altogether, this hunting team sent out to Dodge City 1,200 buffalo hides and forty wolf skins. It was quite a profitable venture. They sold some of the hides for \$3.00 each. Charles had done some of the shooting. He mentions in one place in his memoirs that he had shot twenty buffalo during a time that John was absent for two days. On another day he shot six animals. Charles' special job continued to be the skinning of the buffalo. He said that he could flay a buffalo in eight minutes. With rare exceptions, they kept only the hides of the slaughtered animals, leaving all the meat to be disposed of by scavenging wolves and other animals. Sometimes only the tongues were cut out and sent to the market.

The hunting adventure lasted from about November 1872 until late May 1873. Then, because of trouble with the Indians and the increasing scarcity of buffalo in the area, they took the last hides to sell in Dodge City, divided the money and bought some new clothes. The new clothes were undoubtedly needed. Up to this time Charles must have been quite a sight. As he said in his account, his clothing consisted of a pair of heavy boots, socks, overalls, a red outer shirt with many holes in it, no undershirt, a castoff soldier's coat and an old soldier's

cap. He said that they had not had their clothes off for nearly a year. Furthermore “for a whole year our hair was not cut or combed and the ground was out pillow.” They bought a cake of soap and a towel and had a good scrub in the nearby Arkansas River.

Charles Rath of Osage City⁶

Before we leave Kansas, it would be worthwhile to make further mention of Charles Rath of Osage City. Rath had become well-known as a freight contractor (i.e. a person who could be hired to move freight on the prairie). He also had gained renown as a buffalo hunter. It was he who recruited Charles as a teamster on the railroad building project. He also played an active part in the Kansas and Texas phases of the great buffalo killing industry.

At the beginning of the 1870s Charles Rath was busy running a freight service between Fort Hays and Fort Dodge, which was about 110 miles south of Fort Hays. The freight wagons were drawn by six mule teams. Rath obviously was working in familiar territory. He was said to have “lived among the Indians and spoke both Cheyenne and Arapaho, was a veteran frontiersman and one of the best of the hunters. It was said that in addition to his freight service, he often would kill some buffalo in the winter time and bring the frozen meat to be sold in Fort Hays.

About 1871, the entrepreneurial Rath, while apparently still keeping his hand in the freight business, started a trading store in the newly founded town of Dodge City. Here he sold supplies to buffalo hunters and shipped the hides back to Kansas City and St. Louis. Business was booming. According to a report appearing in the *Wichita Eagle*, there were estimated to have been between 1,000 and 2,000 hunters active in that part of Kansas south of the Arkansas River and west of Wichita. During the first three months after the Santa Fé Railroad reached that point, it was said that a total of 43,000 buffalo hides and one and a half million pounds of buffalo meat had been shipped from there. At one time it was said that Charles Rath had 40,000 buffalo hides stacked in his yard in Dodge City.

The hunting grounds were supposedly limited to land lying north of the Arkansas River, but it was not long before that limit was widely violated. The Indian Territory to the south was next “invaded” informally and (illegally) by the hunters who pushed out across what was to become the Oklahoma Panhandle and within a short time they were hunting in the Texas Panhandle

In 1874 Charles Rath opened a branch store in the Texas Panhandle, initially stocking it with merchandise valued at \$20,000.00. He was helped in building this rough sod-roofed trading house by a young Swede by the name of Andy Johnson, who previously had been employed by Rath for hunting and store

work. The store flourished for a time and the place where it was located was known variously as Rath City, Camp Reynolds or Reynolds City. Its peak year was about 1877. Rath and his wife would commute periodically between their stores in Dodge City and Rath City. The operation of the business was frequently disturbed by the warlike behavior on the part of the angry Indians, who were furiously trying to defend their hunting lands which they had owned since time immemorial, and which also had been allotted to them by a treaty with the U.S. government.

By 1879, the vast majority of the buffalo in Kansas had already been eradicated and the massacre was beginning to make inroads into the buffalo herds in Texas. In the summer of that year Rath, sensing an end to the hunting, sold out and returned to freight forwarding, this time devoting much of his energy to transporting hay to U.S. Army outposts. By 1880 he had moved back to Dodge City.

Charles Packs Hides in Dodge City, then Turns Eastward

Bill and Charles got jobs in Dodge City in June 1873 packing buffalo hides for a man who bought them from hunters, then shipping them to Kansas City for tanning. In Dodge City Charles stayed at what he called a "hotel" but slept on the floor, using his coat as a pillow. Bill soon quit the unpleasant work, but Charles stuck with it for several months more.

Then at Christmas time in 1873 Charles began moving eastward, never again to have any contact with Kansas. He took the train to Kansas City and was hired as a waiter in a hotel there. The "position" of waiter contrasted strongly with all of his prior jobs, which included farmhand, hunter and hide packer. I trust that by this time he had a pillow to sleep on. After an unknown length of time in Kansas City, but almost certainly before 1 April 1874, Charles was ready to move on.

In Kansas City he had met two Swedes, Hans Trulsson and Sven Persson, who were about to leave for Worcester, MA, where they expected to work in a steel mill. Charles joined them. Here, far removed from buffalo country, he began a new life. He arrived in Worcester in the spring of 1874, only six years after Carl F. Hanson, known as Worcester's first permanent Swedish immigrant, had arrived in the city.

A New Life

Shortly after arriving in Worcester, Ludvig, who by this time had changed his name to Charles L. Hendricks,⁷ entered the employ of Washburn and Moen

Wire Company, an association which was to last for the rest of his working career. Initially he was assigned to Mr. Moen as his coachman but later went into the wire drawing department of the mill. At first he worked at manufacturing window screens and then for the final eighteen years of his working life, in the making of wire for pianos and other musical instruments. This last occupation, in the years before the development of precision and electronically controlled equipment, demanded a high degree of skill and finesse. Washburn and Moen were eventually bought out by the American Steel and Wire Company, which in turn was merged into United States Steel. Through all of these changes Charles Hendricks remained in their employ.

In 1876 Charles attended the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, which he always recalled with pleasure. In the 1876 and 1877 editions of the *Worcester City Directory* he is listed as a wiredrawer, residing at 159 Main Street. He is not listed at all in the editions of 1878-1879 for the reason that he was not in town.

In 1877, apparently with marriage on his mind, he took a leave of absence from the wire company and returned to his native parish of Hjärnarp in Skåne in order to pursue his romantic interests.

While there he worked for two years in nearby Margretetorp at a newly opened wagon factory, owned by Bengt Forsberg. At the same time he kept in touch with his family. On 12 Jan. 1879, his sister, Maria Henriksdotter, gave birth to a child named Carl Arcadius. Among the witnesses at the christening was her brother - "Ludvig Henriksson, carpenter." During this time Charles had become engaged to Thilda Olsdotter and they were now planning to go to America together.

The household examination roll for Hjärnarp for 1871-1880 carries a cryptic entry concerning Ludvig Henriksson - "from America in 1877, to America in 1879." The passenger index from Göteborg shows that Ludvig Henriksson and Tilda Olsson departed on the same ship 2 May 1879. Their ticket numbers were next to each other - No. 1356 and No. 1357. Neither ever returned again to Sweden.

Settling Down in Massachusetts

Charles (the former Ludvig Henriksson) and Mathilda (the former Thilda Olsdotter, born in Hjärnarp 4 March 1857) were married in Worcester in August 1879. Then began a busy family life. The *Worcester City Directory* for 1880 states that they resided at 59 Eastern Avenue, and Charles L. Hendricks as a wire worker. For 1881 the family is listed as residing at 21 Orchard Street. For 1882 and 1883 they lived at 11 Belmont Street and for 1884 it was 656 Orchard Street.⁸

In 1881 the first Swedish Lutheran Church in Worcester was organized, the name chosen for it being The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Gethsemane Church. (There were already some Swedish churches of other Protestant denominations and other Lutheran churches, but this was the first Lutheran church in Worcester to conduct its services according to the Swedish Lutheran rites). Among the founding members were "Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ludvig Henrikson," and among the trustees "Carl L. Henrikson is listed." In September 1883, emergency means had to be raised for the building fund and "C.L. Henrikson" was among those who each pledged \$50.00 to raise the final \$1,000.00 needed before the construction could proceed. (His wages at this time were said to have been \$9.00 per week). It is interesting to note that Hans Trulsson, the old Kansas City friend, was a member of the building committee.⁹

On 26 October 1883 Charles L. Hendrickson was naturalized a U.S. citizen and Hans Trulsson acted as one of the character witnesses at the ceremony.

On 4 July 1885 Charles and Mathilda Hendricks and their three children moved from Worcester to their new home they had built at 1157 Main Street in Holden, MA, about seven miles from the wire mill. It seems that Charles had chosen deliberately to settle his family in the middle of the "Yankee" part of the town, several miles away from Chaffins, which rapidly was growing into a Swedish emigrant village. This was typical for Charles - he wanted his family to "become American" just as rapidly as possible and he devoted much of the rest of his life to that endeavor. There was one more reason why the Hendricks family would not gravitate naturally toward Chaffins - the Swedes in that community were almost all Methodists or Baptists, people who in those days were quite antagonistic toward members of the classical Swedish Lutheran churches.

Charles and Mathilda had five children. The youngest, a son, suffered for years from epilepsy and died before reaching middle age. The older four, in order of age, had the following careers - 1) High school teacher and church soloist in Massachusetts; 2) Physician, being a graduate of Harvard Medical School; 3) An accomplished and recognized free-lance artist in Holden and 4) A college history professor with an M.A. from Columbia University.

The Hendricks house on Main Street became a garden showplace with large vegetable gardens and replete with fruit and ornamental trees, carefully arranged shrubs and flower beds. Over time the family began to fit quietly and neatly into the chosen Yankee environment.

Charles retired from U.S. Steel in 1915 when he became 65 years old. At that time he took occasion to write a revealing letter to his younger sister, Anna Elina, his only surviving sibling left in Sweden. Excerpts of the letter follow:

"Holden, Massachusetts, P.O. Box 45, U.S.A.
February 24, 1915.
My Dear Sister:

I wrote once to you when sister Mari was dead, but got no answer. (Marie Henriksdotter Nelson died of tuberculosis in Worcester in 1913.) So I want to break the silence and write to you, because I now have time enough.

I have left the factory, where I have been working for 41 years. I have a pension for the rest of my life, \$ 31.25 per month or about 1500 Kronor a year. I think we have enough so that I do not need to work any more.

I think I have a lot to thank God for that He so strangely guided me through the surf of I life. I have during these long years never been injured, but have seen many a man who has lost both life and limbs, just at my side. But now it is all over and I am very happy about that. I have been longing for the day to come for the last two years. Have gone from Holden to Worcester and back for 30 years morning and evening, about one Swedish mile (A Swedish mile is 10 kilometers or 6.2 English miles).

Some time ago I talked to Alfred Olsson and got to know that he had been home to Sweden last year. He brought me greetings from you, thank you. He told me that he had visited you and that you are doing well, which is a pleasure to us.

Now I want to tell you about our financial situation. We have more than \$3,000 Dollars in Worcester Bank, have 7 shares American Steel Trust, (and he cites various other small investments). Our place is worth \$8,000, so I think it is worth about 50,000 Kronor in Swedish money.

Perhaps you remember our oldest son is a Doctor. He went westward 8 weeks ago. He has got a situation in the state of Michigan in a great hospital where there are 1600 patients.. He is married to an American woman from Vermont.

Kindly your brother, Ludvig."

On 9 Sept. 1925 Charles petitioned the Worcester County Probate Court to permit his name to be shortened to Charles Louis Hendricks, a name he had in fact been using for more than a quarter of a century. The petition was granted.

By that time many changes had occurred or were about to occur in the Charles Hendricks family. Daughter Esther, a teacher and a church soloist in nearby Hopedale, died in 1922, age 42, from complications of gall bladder surgery. Charles, Jr. died in 1925, age 36, after suffering for many years from untreatable epilepsy. Grandma Mathilda, a diabetic, died in 1926, age 69. Daughter Edith remained at home to help keep it going. She spent all available time painting and studying at the Worcester Art Museum.

The other two children were long gone from the home. Son Henning was a physician in Michigan. Daughter Jennie was teaching in the history department of what was later to become Central Connecticut University in New Britain, CT,

where she retired with the rank of associate professor.

Charles was a hard-driving man of intense pride, initiative and thrift. Through half a century of unremitting effort, it seems that he eventually attained the great goal he had set for himself in life. That goal was to achieve Americanism for himself and his family.

After his retirement, secure in his American environment and his Americanism, Charles worked harder than ever at landscaping his property, raising fruit, flowers and vegetables and keeping his buildings and grounds with meticulous care. He died of coronary thrombosis 16 May 1933 age 82. At a memorial service held for him in the Holden Congregational Church a member of the Holden Garden Club read a poem she had written entitled, appropriately enough "The Master Gardener Passes On."

Edith and Jennie continued to live in the house after Jennie reached retirement age. Edith died in 1969, age 85, while Jennie, who called herself "The last of the clan," died in 1985, only weeks short of her 100th birthday. Jennie had made arrangements to sell the Main Street property to the town, at a price of only a fraction of its market value, in order to provide a living tribute to her parents. Henning in Michigan was the only one of the family to have children. He died in 1960, age 78, of colon cancer, leaving five children, who in their turn have produced twenty living grandchildren and a steadily increasing number of great grandchildren, now numbering in the dozens.

Today the house that Charles built at 1157 Main Street, owned by the Town of Holden, has been taken into the Holden Historic District. It serves as headquarters for the Holden Historical Commission and for the Holden Historical Society, and as a center for many community activities. Perhaps best of all from Charles' point of view might be knowing that the official designation of the building is "Hendricks House."¹⁰ Charles, the old buffalo hunter, might be proud to know that he had made a contribution to the history of a Yankee town.

Notes

¹ Carl Ludvig Hendricks' "Recollections of a Swedish Buffalo Hunter, 1871-1873" in *The Swedish Pioneer Historical Quarterly*, 1981, pp.190-204. Ludvig prepared his report from a diary he kept while hunting, writing in Swedish. The translation from the Swedish was done by Henning Vitalis Hendricks. The recollections have also appeared in "Memoirs of Jennie L. Hendricks and Henning V . Hendricks," privately printed by Burton B. Hendricks in 1971. William Allen Hendricks included the material in "Working at Reading and Writing," a Ph. D. thesis at the University of Pittsburgh, 1988, citing the material contained in *The Swedish Pioneer Historical Quarterly*. For purposes of his thesis, he used the pseudonym Carl Holmgren for Carl Ludvig Hendricks.

² It had not always been easy for a Swedish citizen to change countries. For generations there were both civil and religious regulations to be complied with. As an example there was the attestation, known in Swedish as *flyttningsbetyg*. The old custom was that if a parishioner wished to move, he

applied to his parish clergyman for a certificate which stated among other things, that the person was of good moral character, could read his Catechism and that he had no unpaid debts. When emigration to the United States began, these "permits" were continued for some time. Eventually, some time in the 1880s, when the heavy volume of emigration took place more and more parishioners neglected to apply for an attestation before departing. There seems not to have any penalty assessed and even if there had been the "bird had already flown the coop." In such cases the clergyman would simply note in his parish records that the person in question "had left without taking out an exit permit." Often the emigrant, after having settled in the U.S., would write home to his local clergyman, asking that the exit permit be forwarded, since it was an official document which, among other things, gave the emigrant's birth date and birth place.

³ Concerning his year of emigration, Carl Ludvig Hendricks claimed right along that he had arrived in America in 1871. This statement appears in his written report of his emigration and in the memoirs of Henning Vitalis Hendricks. The same claim appears in the early records of the Gethsemane Lutheran Church in Worcester, where he was one of the founding members as well as a trustee. Despite Carl Ludvig's claims, his true year of emigration was 1872, as proved by several pieces of evidence - a) a photostat of the passenger index in Göteborg shows him as a passenger aboard the *Orlando*, which sailed from Göteborg 26 April 1872; b) Dodge City, KS, where he worked on the railroad building project, was not founded until 1871; c) His naturalization paper states that he arrived in New York on or about 1 May 1872.

⁴ See note 1 above.

⁵ There are specific official dates as to sailings, naturalization proceedings as well as name change, but there also some dates (not all correct) given by Ludvig in his memoirs. For a few of the dates I have made the best possible determination, extrapolating as needed from actual dates given, and taking into account the approximate times required for travel on various parts of his journey. His memoirs state that the travel time between Liverpool and New York was 22 days. This is almost certainly not true. It is more likely that he meant to say that 22 days elapsed from the time he left Helsingborg until he reached New York. The Atlantic crossing by steamship in the 1870s was not ordinarily more than ten to twelve days. Knowing that the *Orlando* sailed from Göteborg 26 April, one day after the *Dane* left Helsingborg, we can with confidence say that Ludvig must have arrived in New York City about 17 May 1872.

⁶ Much of the information about Charles Rath I have adapted from Wayne Gard, *The Great Buffalo Hunt* (New York, Knopf 1960).

⁷ As was common among Swedish immigrants in America, Ludvig changed his name. Born Ludvig Henriksson, he soon adopted "Charles" as his first name. At the time of his marriage in 1879, he indicated that after his marriage he would be known as Charles Lewis Hendrickson. However, on his naturalization document he signed in October of that year, he signed it as "Carl Ludvig Hendrickson." Within a few years he began calling himself Hendricks rather than Hendrickson, but it was not yet official. On 9 Sept. 1925 Charles petitioned the Probate Court of Worcester County to permit his name officially to be "Charles Louis Hendricks." But in the same year he wrote the account of his buffalo hunting days, he called himself "Carl Ludvig Hendricks!" How did he take the first name of Charles? His son Henning wrote in his own memoirs that Ludvig took the name "Charles" because his fellow workers at the wire mill, finding it difficult to say "Ludvig", began calling him "Charlie."

⁸ I wish to thank Prof. Charles W. Estus of Assumption College in Worcester, for supplying information concerning dates and places of residence as well as about the religious conditions in Worcester at this time. See Charles W. Estus, "A Swedish Working-Class Church: The Methodists of Quinsigamond Village 1878-1900" in *Swedish-American Historical Quarterly*, 1989, pp. 5-22.

⁹ "Fifty Years of Progress with the First Lutheran Church of Worcester, Massachusetts (Worcester 1931).

¹⁰ Jennie L. Hendricks, "The Hendricks House and its People" in *Bay State History*, 1988, pp. 1-10.