Volume 2 - 1931

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About Grant Ewing

Born in Illinois in 1868, Grant Ewing came to Marshall County, Kansas, with his parents and four sisters in 1870. He grew up on his father's homestead in Wells township, 3 miles northeast of Irving, or 6 miles east of Blue Rapids. He started school in the country school that was near his home—Mt. Zion school, which later moved a short distance and became Pleasant Valley school.

Being the oldest boy in his family, Grant only attended school on a regular basis for a few years, until he was big enough to be effective help on the farm. At that point, school became less important than helping the family earn a living. But dropping school didn't stop his learning. He was an avid reader and paid close attention to the stories that were told by adults in his world, learning as much as he could about history, weather, and everything that had an effect on his prairie environment.

When he was in his early twenties, Grant began to write small "personal" items about people and events in his neighborhood, at the request of the editor of Irving's small newspaper. He also began to keep journals in which he recorded almost anything that sparked his interest. That was a practice that he continued for most of his life.

In addition to farming, Grant's interest in a wide variety of things led him into experimental horticulture and the drilling of water wells, becoming one of the most active drillers in Marshall and surrounding counties, as well as parts of Nebraska. By the early 1900s he was spending more time away from home than he was farming. In 1913 he helped organize and was an active member of the Marshall county chapter of the Anti-Horse Thief Association. Traveling all over the country to attend national A.H.T.A. meetings, he met a lot of people and made a lot of friends.

In the late 1920s Grant Ewing started writing a column, titled "Notes by the Wayside," on a freelance basis that appeared on an irregular schedule in *The Marshall County News* as well as a few other newspapers in the area. His rambling columns were much like the personal items he had written years previously for the Irving newspaper, and proved to be popular with the readers.

About Grant's Columns

Grant's writing style reflects the fact that he learned mostly from reading newspapers in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. They are full of expressions of the times, awkward sentence structures and grammar that would make English teachers scream.

In transcribing the newspaper columns for this document, no attempt was made to correct the grammar, choosing instead to present them as they were written. The interest is in WHAT he wrote, not HOW he wrote. It doesn't read like a novel.

The columns in this document were written from late 1929 through part of 1933. Their historical value is in the descriptions of life during the Great Depression as well as Grant's recollection of earlier times. But, probably this material will be of greatest interest to genealogists.

Grant Ewing seemed to know everyone in Marshall county and most of the surrounding area. His comments about people and their family histories are the kind of "nuggets" that can open a lot of windows, providing clues that can lead family researchers to countless discoveries.

The index at the end of this document lists the names of people and the page (or pages) of this document where they can be found. Some of the entries may just be a simple mention of the person. Other entries may have an entire paragraph of discussion about multiple generations of a person's family. There is also an index of some of the events or places that are described in the writing.

Some of the names were spelled differently in more than one column. No attempt was made to verify spelling, so look at listings that are similar.

Happy hunting!

Published January 2, 1931

Sunday, December 21, 1930, Stockton, Kansas

Drove out here today by auto. There was some snow left on the ground at home from the three-inch snow of last Wednesday evening—up near Linn it was heavier, while out here it was light and all has melted off.

It is reported up here that a heavy snow storm had fallen over western Nebraska and eastern Colorado which must have been true as the Republican river was an almost solid mass of floating snow-covered ice from the side stream from Nebraska and Colorado.

The Republican drains an area of 150,000 square miles of territory and it used to be said by civil engineers that if an inch and a half of rain fell all over the area at once, it would put the river out of its banks from Concordia to the Smoky Hill river.

Clifton, Kansas, has one pine tree, a big Scotch pine, lots of cedar and deciduous trees and it is a beautiful town. We saw the firm name, Harbaugh Brothers, on a business house front. I stopped to find out if they were kin to the Harbaugh family who first owned Prairie Ridge farm and were the folks who planted the pine trees on our farm—over 50 years ago.

They proved to be Joe and Charley Harbaugh from Illinois. Their parents were from Pennsylvania and have been in the shoe repairing business in Clifton since 1879 and are both active, able-bodied men yet.

Concordia, located in the Republican valley, is a good live town with several large cream buying plants, where cream is brought in by both railroad cars and trucks.

Stories have gone out that farther west, corn was much better than in Marshall county. We especially watched the fields, and while corn fields in the low lands were better than at home on the upland, it was no better for the reason the upland is sandy and not as good corn land as down home.

Fall-sown wheat is not as green up here as it is at home though they have had plenty of rain and most wheat fields are being pastured by cattle—counted 51 head of grade Herefords in one field.

Hogs are not very plentiful out here, but there are quite a lot of sheep and there is more forage crops bound and shocked in the fields than we ever saw out here before—and fewer straw stacks. Most all are now cut by combines on all farms.

Would have liked to stop at Waconda Springs, but didn't have time. When the plains Indian tribes used to hold their tribal religious services there years ago, it was known as Indian Great Spirit Springs. Only the chiefs and warriors were allowed to go up on the mound beside the open-topped circular pool which is 52 feet in diameter and 1,000 feet deep. Squaws, papooses, ponies and dogs were not allowed to go up on the mound.

Great Spirit Springs mineral water won the gold medal at the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904—in competition with water from every known mineral spring in the world. It has eight mineral ingredients, and has been the means of many miraculous cures of various ailments, including kidney trouble, rheumatism and many other ailments.

Would also liked to have gone out on the Little Medicine creek to see an old friend from south of Blue Rapids, who has been out here in the wheat belt for 20 years. He lives 9 miles southwest of Alton in Osborne county.

It was 14 years since we had been in Stockton, county seat of Brooks county, and the end of the south Solomon valley branch of the Missouri Pacific that runs west from our home town of Waterville.

No. 9 highway is being changed from Alton to Stockton, 12 miles, to follow the railroad to make a more direct road and to get a better valley grade. Most of the highways out here are graveled and some have stretches covered with magnesia clay, making a white covering.

Published January 9, 1931

Weather threatening with northeast wind, but sky streamers indicate snow in the northwest but none here.

Years ago nearly everybody believed the old saying that a green Christmas (meaning snowless) = a fat boneyard (cemetery); a white Christmas = a lean boneyard.

If it takes cold, snowy weather for maintaining human health, why do people go to Florida, California and other semi-tropic zones to evade colds and pneumonia?

The only time that snow looks good to me is in mid-summer on a far distant snow-capped mountain peak, and even then it would look much better if the mountain was covered with timber to the top. Only once in a great while that snow does any good in this latitude.

I have a letter written on Christmas evening in 1869 to father saying that their covered wagon bunch of land seekers—Alex Sabin, aged 79, and his three grandsons, Ira, Niles and Philip—had arrived at Sherman's sawmill cabin on Bluff Creek, three miles northeast of where Blaine, Kansas, in Pottawatomie county, is now located, and that they had a good Christmas dinner of corn bread, bacon and coffee.

They had left Cherry Valley, Ill., 81 miles west of Chicago, in October over dry roads and expected to make a quick trip of the 700-mile trail, but heavy rains commenced falling and in Missouri the trail was so bad in sticky black gumbo that some days they could only make 6 to 8 miles—drive a few rods, stop and let the horses and mules puff for breath, then repeat. The drivers walked most of the way to lighten the loads and keep warm by walking. Phil Sabin, then a 12-year-old boy, is the only living member of that Christmas dinner 61 years ago.

One of our old Illinois neighbors named Lane, and his six sons had come to Pottawatomie county in 1867 and had coaxed the Sabin family, 3 generations of them, and uncle and father to come out west so they would again be neighbors.

The Sherman sawmill was brought by rail from Wisconsin to Atchison, then hauled by wagon to Bluff creek, where Mr. Sherman and his brother-in-law, Wm. Stone, homesteaded—set up their steam sawmill and sawed lumber to sell to homesteaders.

Mr. Sherman built a two-roomed log cabin for settlers to come in while helping haul logs to be sawed into lumber to make board cabins on the plains. Mr. Sherman had the walls of a second log cabin up for his own family, a wife and three children, but for three years only had a wagon-cover canvas for a roof, which often let water and snow down onto their beds, causing the children to catch cold. The other cabin was occupied by settlers waiting on their lumber being sawed. Lightning struck and burned the cabin over 30 years ago.

Fifty-seven years ago today, 1873, we spent Christmas at the Willard H. Sabin home, where he had a real Christmas dinner. Cornbread and sorghum molasses, boiled potatoes with the jackets on, baked buffalo meat and plenty of good gravy made from the bison meat. The best Christmas dinner we ever ate.

Of the 18 present at that 57-year-ago Christmas feast—8 of the Sabin family and 10 of the Ewings—there are 6 now living, Phil Sabin and his sister, Frances, now Mrs. Overbaugh of Frankfort, whose son, Nelson is honey-producing king of Kansas. Of the Ewing family present, four of us are still above the sod with fond recollections of the old pioneer buffalo meat days of the long, long ago.

Reports are that federal committees will investigate to learn the reason for high-priced bread, from long-time cheap wheat. Better also investigate why the wheat by-products, shorts and bran, are as high in price as the whole wheat. Also, who farm machinery is still up to the peak of war prices. Twice as high as before the World War was started in 1914.

January 7, 1931

Weather beautiful and sunshiny. The wind makes two changes each 24 hours from northwest to southwest, but it will soon be time for a change and if we have from five to ten days of continuous south wind, it will bring gulf moisture up here and transfer the aerial mist into fine snow.

Last year our first snow came on the 10th, after ten days of continuous south wind, and two years ago the heavy snow commenced on January 4th, blocking highways, following seven days of south wind.

Forty-six years ago today, January 7, 1886, the weather was warm and dry. Father and I were plowing with two walking plows. In the evening the wind went to the northeast, commenced to snow, continued the next day until over 12 inches had fallen. Then we had two nice sunshiny days, Sunday and Monday, followed by a sudden blizzard that lasted until Saturday night 20 to 30 below zero, day and night, with powder-fine snow falling continuously making snow drifts 15 to 20 feet deep in ravines and in south slope hillsides. Nearly all the quail were frozen to death. I found over five dozen of them on father's home 80-acre farm. On Saturday afternoon I walked to Irving, was one of only three farmers in Irving that day. I carried out 50 pounds of flour and groceries for father and uncle's families. The snow drifts were frozen so hard it was like walking on solid ice. That was the worst blizzard that has occurred since the settlement of Kansas—more than 300 homesteaders were frozen to death in western Kansas and over 100,000 head of cattle perished from cold and hunger. The heaviest loss of life was in Lane county, Kansas—just being settled—many of them in small one-room cabins, with no fuel except cow chips and having been a warm open winter they were not prepared for the death-dealing blizzard.

The United States of America is today the greatest civilized Christian nation on earth, and the wealthiest, also the most criminal country of the globe today. This is caused by too much artificial living, especially in the cities and larger towns, and as humans are creatures of imitation, with the present quick means of communicating daily happenings, of robbers escaping with large sums of money, cars, goods, etc., it is no wonder the younger ones try to imitate the successful bandits.

The facts are we are drifting too fast away from nature—the Sunday school and church services in the country schoolhouses, and my opinion is that Scoutcraft should be pushed ahead and developed to get the minds of the rising generation back to nature study to lead their minds away from mischievous doings that lead to crime.

Every town should have a Scout camp park where girl and boy and Lone Scouts could spend their spare time learning things that would be of future benefit to them in later years. The boys to plant fruit trees and vines and learning how to bud-graft and originate and develop new varieties of fruits and seedlings and by cross-pollination of fruit tree blooms, also how to develop trees and vines and shrubs from cuttings, also to raise vegetables and the girl scouts to assist in planting and caring for gardens, vegetables and small fruits and flowers, and to learn to can and dry fruits and vegetables. With an acre of the park fenced in tight, the boys could have chinchilla fur-bearing rabbits and with a dugout or cabin cellar to store vegetables and fruit in and the large rabbits for meat, they could learn food production, presentation, cooking and economy direct from nature.

Here on Golden Run creek would be an ideal location for a National Scout camp, 42 miles in an air line from the geographical center of the U.S., one mile west of U.S. highway No. 77 with daily bus service, and two miles south of No. 9, three miles from a good town, a lake site of 85 acres beautiful spring creek with timbered valleys surrounded by grass grown hills with the largest variety of beautiful glacial drift rock formations of all sizes and colors. Newspaper reports last summer to the effect that Henry Ford wished to spend $100,000,000 for the good of the rising generation and there is no better way to making better citizens from the growing girls and boys from whom our future county, state and national officials will be chosen in the near future, then by guiding them to better citizenship by teaching nature through scoutcraft. If Mr. Ford could not put in a national park which would be fine with so many things of historical interest in Marshall county, old Oregon Trail, Otoe Indian trail and campsite, battle of the Twin Mounds in 1844 and a great variety of beautiful scenery, four rivers and 54 creeks in the county and where General John C. Freemont set up the first U.S. flag in Marshall county in the early forties while leading troops of soldiers across the country, characterized in history as the pathfinders, seeking a trail from the east to the Pacific coast. The Twin Mounds battle between 300 white hunters and trappers from Pennsylvania and 2,000 Indians lasted three days and was won by the white men. Several of their number now sleep in two graves on each mound covered by a bed of rock which I rebuilt twice in years gone by—1895 and 1903. We should at least have a county Scout park here, but a National one would be better. Wish I had the money to put it in myself—and if Mr. Ford puts in a Scout park here, it is to bear the name of Henry Ford Scout Camp.

So here's hoping that Mr. Ford will consider this matter favorably and put in a Scout camp here where the first truck in Cottage Hill township was owned and used, a Model T Ford, also the second

tractor owned in the township, a Fordson, was owned and used here on Pine Ridge farm.

A Monday morning mingling jingle:

To Henry Ford, multi-millionaire manufacturer, marching many miles most Monday mornings marketing modern, manufactured merchandise—motors, monoplanes and motorized milking machines; maintaining many motor-making mechanics—multitudes—many million mechanics make money maintaining and modernizing Model T motors. Many Mormon's mother-in-laws, mule-mashed Milford Millers, Model T Motors, making Millford many murmured, murderous mile mingles. Motors make many million moody-minded men and merry-minded maids happy all the day, driving all the way in a Model A or a good old Model T, because I cannot afford a Model A, tho I would like to own one 'til my dying day.

Grant Ewing, Fordson Farmer,
Waterville, Kansas

Published January 16, 1931

January 7, 1931

Sixty-one years ago this morning at 7 o'clock, as a small boy, with my parents and four sisters, together with the Sabin family—W.H. Sabin, later the broomcorn king of Kansas, his aged mother, Elizabeth Howe Sabin, his wife, Caroline Kramer Sabin, and their daughter, Frances, now Mrs. Overbaugh—crossed the Missouri river at Westport Landing, Kansas City, Mo.

It was a beautiful clear morning. The entire winter was warm and dry in Kansas, following a wet autumn in eastern Kansas. There were no river bridges then. A giant ferry boat with a stretch of railroad built the length of the boat, was connected up with the sloping railroad connection and the locomotive eased down on to the boat by a big windlass and assisted up on the opposite side of the river the same way.

Two passenger cars at a time were transported across the big muddy—pulled up onto the railroad by long strong chains hooked to the locomotive and connected to the cars. Took some time to make up a train, especially in bad weather.

That afternoon our party landed in Louisville, county seat of Pottawatomie county on the banks of the Kansas river. It was also the head camp, chief's site, of the Kaw Indians.

There we remained at a hotel a few days until father walked up over the old Indian trail to Sherman's sawmill where he got his team and covered wagon, came down to Louisville and took our party up over the trail to the sawmill cabin, where twelve of us lived and slept in the small two-room log cabin until in April—the men sleeping out in their canvas-covered wagons. Not a very pleasant place to sleep in a wagon box with a cold wind blowing underneath the wagon.

Before leaving Illinois, father had shipped his and his widower brother's and the Sabin family's household goods to Jay Garside & Sons, storage company of Atchison, Kansas, to be held there until the land-seeking parties had located their homesteads, which they selected around where Blaine, Kansas, now stands. Niles Sabin's claim was right where Blaine was started years later when the narrow-gauge railroad was built from Leavenworth to Clay Center.

After locating their claims, they drove up to Elizabeth Station on the Mo. Pac. R.R., 1½ miles northeast of where Bigelow now stands. Father had written to Garside & Son to ship the goods to Elizabeth Station as the nearest point to haul them from to Sherman's sawmill, a distance of 12 miles.

Elizabeth Station was on the south bank of the Vermillion adjoining the old Oregon Trail where it crossed the stream at the old French ford, then owned by James Walls, Sr.

Elizabeth Station, named after one of the R.R. official's wife, was called Scroggsville by pioneer settlers, after the station agent, Wm. Scrogg. Arriving there with their team of two stallions pulling a covered wagon, they saw a large number of settlers around the station, while the depot was a box car.

Among the settlers were Bill and Cy Barrett, James Walls, David Griffis, Jim Clowe, Ed Staniff, Riley Summers, John Wells, Gus Hollenberg, Jake and Ham Inman, Cal Benson, J.L. Judd, J.W. Williams and Frank Edwards.

Inquiring for the goods, they were informed there was no storage room there, so the goods had been shipped on to Irving, nine miles west by trail, where there was a depot made of mostly native lumber.

Enroute to Irving, they had to cross the Blue river at the old Fuller ford, a mile southeast of Irving and just west of the ancient city of Merrimac, long since forgotten. At one place in the ford the water was so deep it came up into the bottom of the wagon box.

Arriving in Irving, they had dinner at a lunch stand run by Charles A. Montgomery, an ex-Union war officer and later an overland mail carrier. They bought some coffee and corn meal of S.H. Warren, pioneer merchant of Irving, got their goods and took a shorter cut to Sherman's sawmill by crossing the Vermillion at the A. Short home, where the Otoe Indian trail crossed the stream, then following the trail south over the prairie.

It was a calm, still night, but clouded up and spit down fine snow, making it so dark they could see nothing. Father led the team, stopped frequently, striking a match to see by his pocket compass that they were going in the right direction.

Coming to the top of a high hill, they saw a light shining from the window of a settler's cabin, chained both hind wheels so they would slide down the hill camped overnight, getting back up the creek to the sawmill cabin next forenoon.

Deciding they preferred to live near a railroad, they came back to Marshall county, found six homesteads in Wells township, abandoned the ones in Pottawatomie county, hauled their native lumber up over the Oregon Trail, built their homes and moved up on their claims April 1, 1870. I rode into Marshall

county that day in a covered wagon over the Oregon Trail.

The last one of the old homesteaders of that neighborhood, Joe Bothwell, who lived on his homestead until the early 90s when he moved to Blue Rapids where he followed his trade as a house plasterer for several years, then moved back to his homestead where he resided until last spring. Becoming ill, he spent his later days with his daughter, Mrs. G. Warders, where he died recently.

Here in Cottage Hill township, we still have a homesteader—John Sisco and his good wife, Mary, who have lived on their homestead continuously for 61 years. Their son, Elmer, farms the land, there being two residences on the farm, which is located near the Keystone schoolhouse, the southwest school district in Marshall county.

Wm. Mann of Little Cook creek, whose home was destroyed by fire last spring, is having native lumber sawed for a new house. Grover Hearn of Waterville is doing the sawing. Bill is now batching in the Col. Whiteside farm house.

Forest fires destroy over $20,000,000 worth of standing forests each year in the U.S. Most of the fires start from neglected camp fires and discarded cigarette stubs. An awful price to pay for carelessness.

Over 37,000,000 people in the U.S. attend Sunday school every Sunday morning, which is a good thing, as the old time county schoolhouse Sunday schools were very interesting, entertaining and instructive.

Weather is still fine, no snow—which suits me fine—and according to the past summer, we should have a light precipitation this winter.

Another Good Driller Gone Wrong

A hoss fly lit on the old cow's skin
Hung up his tools and spudded in.
He bent his back and jiggered his pole
And all the time was making hole.
The cow grazed on its usual way,
Till the hoss fly's bit dropped into pay
Then she swung her tail with a vicious dig
And deftly skidded the hoss fly's rig.

Published January 23, 1931

January 19, 1931

Weather nice for January. Had a drizzly rain here yesterday. The skyline indicated some snow northeast 50 to 100 miles away.

A mistake was made in our report of the awful death-dealing blizzard of January, 1886, in which it was dated January 7. The storm started Friday evening, New Year's day, with a fine rain from the northeast, turned to snow before midnight, when the wind shifted to the northwest. Snowed all day Saturday, cleared off at night. Wind blew all day Sunday, drifting snow into drifts.

Monday, January 4, 1886, was a sunshiny day with a southwest wind. In keeping with an old time custom, a party and dance was held at the W.H. Sabin farm home to dedicate the completion of a west side addition to the old homestead house. The next day, 20 to 30 below zero weather dropped down on the joy-making dedicators, some of whom had a hard time getting to their homes.

When Fred Cottrell completed his big round barn, the largest one in Kansas, in August, 1909, he entertained the dedicators by having a band present to furnish music for the enormous crowd. I was in Seattle, Wash., when a copy of the *Marshall County News* arrived containing a report of the big crowd entertained.

Received a letter from Fred Cottrell recently in which he states that he has spent a lot of time and money the past year in repairing and improving his big Hereford cattle ranch buildings and that he expects to spend his declining years at the ranch home on beautiful Cedar Run creek.

Meybrunn brothers of Oketo and their mother were here recently. Ed Meybrunn was recently married to a beautiful young lady named Clara Savier of Pawnee, Neb. The elder Mrs. Meybrunn was Margaret Steig, daughter of John Steig, who was a pioneer homesteader north of where Home City now stands.

The first pair of robin red breast song birds arrived here on January 10, which is no sign of continued fair weather, as they always come north early—the first of all migratory birds to return north after a short vacation in the so-called Sunny Southland.

Over 116,000 automobiles were stolen in the U.S. in 1929, according to newspaper reports, and more than 31,000 humans killed in auto accidents and 1,000,000 injured in accidents to gas cars. Rather expensive for fast transportation.

Farm animals in the U.S. consume nearly 2,000,000 tons of cottonseed meal a year, besides bran, shorts, ground corn and wheat. This is getting to be a ground feed era, which for quick development of young stock and more butterfat from the dairy herds, is a mighty good thing.

Published February 6, 1931

Armour, Neb., January 25

Weather is fine up here—same as down home. Am staying over night in a house on one of the three farms which Harding Searcy farms, five miles north of Armour. Mr. Searcy is a grandson of our old friend, John Searcy of Blue Rapids, who used to be in the hotel and mercantile business and was marshal of Blue Rapids for a number of years.

In Liberty, Neb., we had the pleasure of meeting the Gerdes brothers—filling station owners, who sell an average of 300 gallons of gasoline daily, which is a good business for a small town. The gas wagon driving is a continuous occupation, only slowed up when the roads are bad.

South of Liberty two miles there lives a man named Lloyd Armour, who is a long-day, hard-working, successful farmer, lives on and farms a well-improved half section farm and owns and farms another quarter-section 2 miles from his farm home. It is a beautiful location with plenty of buildings where he milks a herd of 30 cows, has a beef cattle herd and a lot of black Poland China hogs.

Gasoline up here is selling for 15¢ per gallon against 16¢ in Kansas. It was reported that John D. Rockefeller donated $10,000,000 for relief of the over 10,000,000 shortfed American citizens, then raised the price of gasoline 2¢ per gallon. Shrewd business schemes.

January 26, in Kansas

Ideal winter weather, dry, sunshiny, with light winds—my idea of a healthful winter, as it lets the folks out of doors every day and there is no medicine in the world that will kill disease germs like bright sunshine and gentle winds.

A Chicago editor writes that the farmers in the midwest are suffering for the want of snow to wet the soil so they will have a good crop. Water or drifting snow is not a crop maker. It is rainfall at the right time of the growing season that produces crops of all kinds—not floods or torrential rains, but a moderate rainfall at the proper time for the various crops.

A St. Louis traveling salesman recently told us he wished it would drop down 6 feet of snow all over the U.S. for the benefit of the idle folks. Such bunk. The snow shoveling would be a short job and other development that would leave a useful after-result, such as road building and graveling, etc., would be delayed until late spring besides the added suffering to both humans and livestock now on short food rations, would be multiplied beyond human conception. The best thing for the short ration livestock and hungry, thin-clothed humans is a warm day, open winter, which I hope will continue, then have warm, gentle springtime showers when needed by farmers for food production.

Bill Summers was putting up ice in his big storage plant on Coon Creek west of Waterville last Monday, taken from a pond a half mile long created each winter by a temporary dam. The ice is not very thick but Mr. Summers thought best to make sure of having at least a light ice crop stored, as it might come a warm rain and melt it out.

We recently bought six pounds of pinto beans which contained over an ounce of gravel about the size and color of the beans. Have had several teeth injured in the past 30 years by eating beans containing gravel. The federal committee better examine this matter as it is a serious one.

Our better half, Margaret, and Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany will both celebrate their birth anniversaries tomorrow.

Wm. Rashbaugh, close neighbor and road patrolman, lost a horse by its slipping into Olive creek while in a small pasture where it was discovered by the mail carrier, R. Bartlow, who gave it temporary relief until it could be taken out of the creek.

Wm. Mann is building a new home on his Little Coon creek truck and grape farm.

Victor Nelson and son, Melvin, bought our Iceland pony, a white and red colored pony with blue eyes.

Coming down from Liberty, Neb., we lost a heavy black coat, an old relic, used to cover the radiator.

Clair Ewing has a vocational class project, a good young hog, for sale.

Published February 20, 1931

Weather bright and fair…warm, sunshiny days with light frosts at night…wheat and bluegrass growing. Lots of farmers are disking and plowing their ground for oats.

A big supply of subsoil moisture from the heavy rains of last August and November, has kept the ground wet all winter so the soil is now turning up wet enough for a month yet.

A newspaper report says Illinois farmers are plowing, which is a rare thing to do mid-winter plowing in the Sucker state, where the cold northeast lake winds cause deep soil freezing.

Lots of hens commenced setting early in January. The warm weather and cheap eggs no doubt led them away from over-production, so we are getting an even price for fresh eggs – one cent each, 12¢ a dozen. Use more egg nog to help hen products out of the financial fog.

In years gone by at public speech meetings when the speaker displeased his hearers they frequently decorated his head with a shower of hard thrown aged eggs, which helped reduce the surplus supply, and gave the clothes cleaner a job.

It is easy to get liquor stills as they are frequently advertised in farm papers and I have read several catalogs from a big Chicago concern illustrating the full equipment including bottles, coloring, flavors, etc.

After a dry winter maybe the Wets will win out, so we'll have public saloons where government tested drinks will be sold, and stills will not be needed for making sheep dip.

Harry Bennett, wife and small son, Harry, Jr., of Cottage Hill were here today. Three-year-old Junior is a real young farmer, is very much interested in all kinds of livestock and gone right out and looks after them. Sure glad to see youngsters like the animal kingdom.

Was in the county treasurer's office in Marysville last Saturday where a big crowd was waiting their turns to secure motor car license tags. My truck tag number is 599, so there must be over 600 trucks and over 5,000 cars in Marshall County – enough to take the entire population out on wheels.

It is reported that several states contemplate raising the license so high on heavy trucks that it will eliminate a lot of them so as to reduce competition between the railroads and truck transportation.

A year ago now, reports were that 50,000,000 pounds of butter and 20,000 pounds of dressed poultry were in cold storage. It is an awful thing to have a big food product surplus for sale, with few buyers and over 10,000,000 citizens of the U.S. suffering from extreme hunger – this is a wealthy Christian civilized nation containing over 40,000 millionaires who are proving to be a serious detriment to the production class in various ways.

Red birds are now singing their sweet early springtime songs and soon all kinds of songbirds will remind us of the fast approaching springtime flowers. Songbird music and wildflowers are two of Natures's great pleasures.

I have read the *Marshall County News* only 55 years. Glad to hear of others who have read some of our good county newspapers for three score years.

The U.S. government recently paid an income tax hand-back of over $126,000,000 to over 10,000 big corporations. The big steel trust got over $15,000,000 and Swift and Co. over $7,000,000. No hand-back to small companies. In future history this era should be characterized as the Dollar Age.

February 16, 1931

The weather is still fair and fine for February. The wind yesterday and today had that cold penetrating chill that comes over a fallen snow era, and faint sun dogs this evening indicated there was fine snow in the upper cloud strata, but streamers on the horizon at sunset said no snow here and much warmer tomorrow.

Sometimes the conditions of weather that prevail at sunrise and sunset are entirely different from the change indicated by skylines – almost makes one think the sun is mistaken, but being the Father of the Earth surface conditions, including all Earthly life, it never stories about the storms.

No rain or drifting snow is needed here as there is plenty of subsoil moisture, drawn up to the surface every chilly night so wheat fields are greening up. Bluegrass and sweet clover is starting to grow. Snow seldom ever does farm crops any good in this section of Kansas.

Over 50,000 acres of land are now used by Boy Scout camp sites in the U.S.A. It is valued at $4,000,000. But the use of these camp sites in developing better citizenship by leading youthful minds back to nature study, in connection with book lore, has a value far above any money consideration. So let us work for a national Scout camp in the beautiful historical land of Marshall County, Kansas, where our over 2,000,000 U.S. Scouts can come as well as those from other countries. Scout craft has been developed in 50 countries of the world, and will develop friendly feelings between nations in the future.

Questionaire for Lone and Boy Scouts: Can you tell from sunrise to sunset what the weather will be for 12 to 24 hours ahead and when there are cyclone conditions, and the distance and point where the twister will develop? Can you tell the age of conifer and certain varieties of deciduous trees from outside appearance? Can you tell by a coyote's howl when its young will be born, when they are born, and when their nest has been robbed of the pups?

In our boyhood days, we used to watch out over the prairie for the appearance of the homesteaders' nighttime lights – candles, coal oil lamps and lard dish lights – which brought pleasure and satisfaction that our neighbors were at home in their pioneer cabins. Now each night from dusk to daylight we can glance to the northwest eight miles away and see the electric light on top of the waterworks standpipe in the highland town of Barnes in Washington County – home of Margaret Shannon, editor of the *Barnes Chief*, a good weekly newspaper.

It was with sorrow and deep regret that we read of the death of Harley Hatch, Jayhawk farm writer of Coffey County, Kansas, who has written for the *Kansas Farmer* for 27 years. Mr. Hatch visited his old home in Vermont three years ago and told how folks back in that poor rocky country had to economize, many farm folks making so little that their meals consisted of home-made cheese and a few crackers. Harley's writings will be missed by *Kansas Farmer* readers.

We are very sorry to learn that our old friend, Clay Whiteside, mayor of Waterville, is seriously ill. Mr. Whiteside is 72 years old and was the first white child born in Pottawatomie County east of Manhattan and has lived in and near Waterville for 62 years. Here's hoping for his speedy recovery.

David Smith and son, Clarence, were Pine Ridge callers yesterday. Mr. Smith used to live in Irving and worked in the Florend rock quarry over the Riley County line south of Irving. Later he moved here to Cottage Hill township where he has farmed one of Mrs. Ollie Thompson's farms for over a quarter century.

A call at the A.S. Warner home farm in Pleasant Valley, six miles east of Blue Rapids, last week found the aged couple well and able to do their farm work. They are the last old time couple in that vicinity. Mr. Warner is 82 years old and Mrs. Warner 78. They have been married 60 years.

Published February 27, 1931

Weather still dry and warm – on this old time idea of an extremely unlucky day when the 13th falls on Friday.

Seventeen years ago today, the 13th came on Friday, and a daughter of our old neighbor, A.S. Warner of Wells township was married to James Kelly of Lincoln, Neb. Six years later Mr. Kelly passed away to the great beyond and his widow, Edna Kelly, is now stenographer for the Lieutenant-Governor of Nebraska.

That same evening, seventeen years ago, several accidents happened on Marshall county roads, not because it was Friday the 13th, but on account of very slippery muddy roads caused by melting snow and thawing ground.

Auto accidents cause one-third of all deaths in which life insurance companies pay insurance money. Next to that comes deaths from kidney disease – over half a million yearly in the United States – more than is caused by T.B.

Americans have a sweet tooth. In 1930 we ate 61 pounds of sugar per capita last year, followed by an increase of kidney ailments.

Ralph Johnston, Little Coon creek farmer, has a woven corn crib with a board roof, containing 700 bushels of large eared Golden Argentine corn – last year's crop – that is almost as even in size and quality as in a normal weather season.

Grover Hearn is still sawing lumber on the Wm. Mann farm. Logs are being brought in long distances by trucks. Grover tried threshing again out in Thomas county, but found the grain wet from November rains.

Americans ate 150 pounds more food products in 1929 than in 1900, mostly dairy, sugar and fruit products.

February 15

One-half inch of rain fell here today – a steady southeast drizzle. Sunset skylines indicate warmer tomorrow with a north wind.

C.H. Lolwen and sons, Albert and Jacob, of Bolton in southeast South Dakota 380 miles from here, arrived here Monday noon. They backed out of their garage on a graveled highway and had graveled roads all the way, except the last mile and a half.

Mr. Lolwen was born in South Dakota 54 years ago and has traveled over a lot of country, but still likes his native land. They had good crops up there last year and have had the same kind of winter weather we have had here – rain in November and warm and dry ever since – the warmest winter in 30 years.

Some of the old time relics I have: ox team chain used by Rod Lake to break prairie in this county 61 years ago – also have his old muzzle-loading army musket that he carried in the Union army as a soldier from Catskill, New York; a chum made by Carl Belknap in 1879 for Mrs. Lou Weeks – Mr. Belknap was grandfather of Carl Belknap of Marysville, who is superintendent of the Kansas Power and Light Company; a lumber wagon driven to Marshall county in pioneer days by the father of Wm. Kelley who used to live near Winifred – I have had it 33 years. Also have an old Democrat wagon, formerly owned by the late Wm. Webb of Irving. Also an old Jackson wagon bought of D. Ward, Irving blacksmith, 40 years ago. Also have the delivery wagon used by D.U. Granges, Blue Rapids merchant. I traded him a wagon load of peaches for this wagon 27 years ago.

I have a hub, brake lever, and wrought iron axle of an old Oregon rail freight wagon used by the late J.U. Ensign to help haul material from Fort Leavenworth to build Fort Laramie in Wyoming in the fifties. Mr. Ensign drove this wagon into Denver, Colo., when there were only six cabins there and to Leadville, Colo., when it was just a tent town.

Have a rifle used in the Mexican war and a revolver used in the Civil War and scores of other relics, but one we use every day is the big bell that used to be on the Swedish Lutheran church south of Axtell. It is a wonderful bell, and I have used it for a dinner bell for 42 years. It will be sold at our sale.

Monday, February 23

Saturday, the 21st, brought a drizzly rain followed by misty showers on Sunday, totaling ¼ inch. Cyclone conditions existed in the cloud strata on Sunday following three days and nights of continuous southeast wind, but being winter time the wind shifted to the northeast while, if it had been in May, the wind would have gone to the southwest and developed a twister within 100 miles from here.

February 21st last year was a very warm, windy day, so warm that it brought soft maple trees out into full bloom with swarms of honey bees seeking nectar from the suddenly opened blooms.

On February 24th last year we had a record-breaking day for high temperature going up to 84 out here, followed by cooler weather but no hard freezing or snow.

This Monday evening indicates a northwest air for tomorrow morning and a warmer day following three days of continuous densely clouded skies.

George McHugh of Blue Rapids was here last Friday. George is manager of the Swift packing company's big stock ranch three miles north of Blue Rapids where several hundred head of livestock are kept. George is a good hustling workman with good judgement and makes a good manager.

We enjoyed a visit at the Charles Henderson home in west Blue Rapids last Wednesday night. Mrs. Henderson's mother, Mrs. Wm. Thompson, was present and they have not forgotten their art, as exceptionally good cooks. Mrs. Thompson was born in 1853 making her 78 years of age, but does not look more than 60 years of age, though as a child she passed through all the hardships of the early settlers of Marshall county.

These light rains have had an influence on the growth of the grain market gambling, in pulling the price of wheat to a lower level. Bread prices have been reduced in our home town, also bran and shorts to a lower level.

Oranges are selling locally at half the price they were a year ago – California grown oranges are selling by the dozen and Florida oranges by the bushel.

While in the James Barlow grocery store in Marysville recently, Mr. Barlow recalled that he went to school to my sister, Sadie, when she taught the Scriber school in Wells township the term of 1892 and 1893. Sister drove a cart 6 miles from father's home, making a 12-mile round trip daily during the entire term. She later was a telegraph operator in Colorado, then up in British Columbia. She married Chester Benton and now lives near Harrison, Idaho. Mr. Barlow was a school mate of my wife at the Patterson school on Elm creek, 40 years ago.

A front page article in last week's *Irving Leader* by my old friend, Fred Cottrell, about his finding a gray wolf caught in a woven wire fence, recalls that it was on Cedar Run creek, now owned by Mr. Cottrell, that we used to hear the howling of the last lobo wolf in this part of the county, in the early eighties. Later on there was a mix-up between a big New Foundland male dog that became an outlaw, leaving his master's home and going with a local band of coyotes. As result there were some half-dog and half-coyote descendants, making quite a contrast to the real coyote, which used to be classified as the prairie wolves – but have more of the fox ways than of the wolf family, which accounts for their present existence in a thickly settled county where all other wild animals of any size were exterminated years ago.

Published March 11, 1931

Weather spitting down snow this morning, but sunrise streamers indicate little snow here and fair and warmer tomorrow.

Rob McHugh, 20 years old, living with his parents on the Swift Packing Co. 800-acre ranch north of Blue Rapids, has become as expert with a lasso rope as any old time cowboy. A cowboy rodeo used to be held annually on the Swift ranch, where contests between, expert ropers, riders and bronco busters was indulged in, which started Bobby on the road to become a cowboy.

George McHugh, Swift ranch manager; Leonard Crane, blacksmith; Fred Smith, stock buyer; and Gerald Swoboda and Wm. Nelson, neighbor farmers, were Sunday callers here at Pine Ridge farm.

We understand that Dr. Brinkley intends moving down to old Mexico, where he will go into business. That will be a good location as Mexico needs good politicians – besides in northern Mexico, when I was there 22 years ago, on the semi-arid regions between Monterey and Mexico City, I saw snow white goats without number from a few head up to 500 in a band. Several tribes of Mexicans living on goat milk and fruit from the prickly pear cactus, never having a fire to do any cooking the year around. So goat glands are plentiful – but will not be needed, as these Indian tribes are a husky bunch, living on this simple diet, sleeping on the ground in a hovel made of glacial boulders that are called niggerheads up here. Every field, regardless of size, is fenced in with a boulder fence four feet high, made by the Aztec tribe 500 years ago, and still standing in perfect condition.

A Scotchman lying on his death bed said to his weeping family, after making funeral arrangements, "Be sure and get home from the funeral in time to milk the cows at the proper time, so they will not fail in their milk supply." Good horse sense.

At 12 o'clock noon on March 1, 1906, the wind shifted from southeast to northeast and in 30 minutes snow was pouring down and for two weeks we had real winter weather – snow blocked roads, cold winds, snowing, drifting days and nights, followed by ideal spring weather and a good crop year.

George Hall, ex-banker of Waterville, has a large farm lying between Fawn creek and the Little Blue river, first and second bottom land, which he is preparing for alfalfa by first raising a two year crop of sweet clover to enrich the soil.

Was invited to write a page or more for the anniversary edition of the *Marshall County News*, entitled "Highlights of Marshall County History in the Past 61 Years." Would have been pleased to do so, but having to move out this spring I don't have time to do the writing.

These will be the last Notes by the Wayside that will ever be written here as I must seek a new location and move at once. It has cost me $15,900 to live here eleven years—that is my equity loss alone, besides interest, taxes and other losses add over $8,000 more. If it wasn't for my son wanting to finish his high school term here, I would leave this wealthiest Christian civilized nation on earth and go to the Ozark country. This is the worst world I ever lived in and also the best—having never lived in either Missouri or Arkansas. Goo-bi.

March 9

A year ago today we planted three-fourths of an acre of potatoes, while today in many places the east and west roads are blocked by snow drifts three to five feet deep, being shoveled open by many bands of men.

About six inches of snow fell here. It was the real blizzard kind, powder fine, sifted in wherever the air went, so it drifted easily under the high winds, leaving wheat fields lightly covered and bare in spots.

City newspapers state that the wide area snowstorms brought millions of dollars down with the snow as we are now assured of a big crop. A 100,000,000 bushels in Kansas.

Such bunk—the idea of a drifting snow insuring a bumper wheat crop. Continued dry weather from early spring until harvest time would mean a half crop over the entire state.

Father used to say a farmer wasn't sure of a crop until it was raised, sold and the money spent, as he had a setting of wheat and rye stacks struck by lightning and burned the day before a threshing machine was coming to thresh it out. And in 1873 the big prairie fire burned up a new granary with all the

small grain threshed two weeks before, and the last load of the new corn crop put in a new corn crib was all burned five hours later with 300 bushels of the year-before crop that he was going to commence hauling to Irving the next day at 50¢ per bushel. A wash boiler was on the cook stove with hot water to scald two fat hogs—they and 20 head of stock hogs were burned—everything but the house was burned off the entire farm, under pressure of a 60-mile-an-hour from the northwest.

Published March 20, 1931

March 15

Weather fair and warmer with most of the snow melted. Side roads quite bad yet, where the snow was drifted deep. The big snow—powder fine blizzard kind—was the wettest snow that has fell here in years. Ordinary large flake snow takes 12 inches in depth to make one inch of water, while this fine wet snow made nearly 9/10 of an inch of water from 8 inches of snow.

Otto Nelson, secretary, and Claire Ewing, president of the Future Farmers club of Waterville, attended a high school party in Waterville last Saturday night. These two boy friends have worked together in high school and are making a good record.

We are located on the Mrs. Youngberg farm two miles south and one mile east of Waterville and 200 yards back north in a big old time stone house on the banks of a slough, just west of the Fawn Creek Ozarks.

An old time saying that three moves causes as much loss as one fire is absolutely correct. This is our third move and the biggest loss. Our first move from father's old home to the Spencer Holbrook farm, occurred 39 years ago, and the next move was to Cottage Hill township 11 years ago. Now we are in Waterville township.

Prospects are for fair weather next week and farmers are planning on sowing oats by the middle of the week, which is the right time as the black birds arrived here today.

Twenty-seven years ago this evening I attended the wedding of Margaret Fincham at her father's farm home on Elm creek. Weather was fair and warm and farmers were sowing oats and planting potatoes.

March 17

Saw two farmers up in Washington county sowing oats today. Some fields are muddy in spots where the big snow drifts melted off.

Edwin Smith is farming the land on this farm. He lives with his father, Wm. Smith, on the old Erickson farm adjoining this farm on the west. Edwin is a good all-around handy young man and a hustler.

H.E. Gordon, wife and daughter, Augusta, are living in our old Pine Ridge home. They have a flock of 14 goats. Augusta has remained home to care for her aged parents.

Published April 10, 1931

March 21

Old Sol crossed the east and west line on his way northward today, this being the first calendar day of spring. Always glad when the sun crosses the line going north, giving the northern Eskimo Indian tribes their six months of continuous sunlight, after a six-month starlit night.

This is a cold cloudy day, drizzling fine misty rain. Roads are in bad shape, slick as grease—cars slipping and sliding across the roads like a live active snake.

This rain following the eight-inch wet snow will completely convince the big city newspaper editors that the nation is assured of a bumper corn crop at slumper prices. Our best corn years in this county followed after rather dry springs with plenty of rainfall from June 20 until September 1.

Mrs. Whitesell and a neighbor from Washington county came today and bought the sweet clover seed advertised by Claire Ewing.

Wm. McKinney, owner of a good farm a mile west of Waterville on U.S. highway 9, has a good herd of cattle and 12 head of large Spotted Poland China brood sows and 50 head of last spring pigs—now good sized hogs. Mr. McKinney has owned and resided on his farm for 27 years and recalls that when he first owned the farm the taxes were $75, while now they are $250. No. 9 highway runs between his house and barn.

Wm. Smith, tenant on the Erickson farm, has a sweet tooth. He has 33 stands of bees which gather enough nectar from blooming trees, grain, grass, small fruits and flowers to supply his family of nine children with all the honey they want and some to sell. Glad of that.

Back east in pioneer days farm families secured all their sweets from honey, maple sugar and syrup and some fruits—no cane or beet sugar in those days—and when the western prairie countries, commencing in Illinois and extending westward, most of the farmers got their sweetening products and vinegar from sorghum molasses while a few farmers kept some bees to gather fancy sweets for company meals.

Have seen good strong sorghum vinegar sell at the mill for as low as $1.00 per 50-gallon barrel and retail at 10¢ per gallon from grocery stores.

Sugar from cane and beets used excessively causes kidney trouble, which did not exist to any extent in the pioneer days. Sugar made from artichokes—just as sweet and preservative as cane sugar—is a cure for kidney diseases and has always sold at high prices. A report came out a year ago that a new process of making sugar from artichokes has been discovered whereby it could be made nearly as cheap as beet sugar. No further report has appeared in print, so the sugar trusts must have bought the rights of the discoverer and concealed it for their own interests.

Published April 17, 1931

Monday, March 24

A gale is blowing from the northwest of at least 50 miles an hour, sky clouded with snowy clouds, highly colored by dust. Must be a snow storm raging in the Canadian border domain.

Melvin Zellers and his bride were here yesterday. Also Louis Finks and wife. Mr. Finks used to be a pipeline walker over this division of Harry Sinclair's airline oil pipeline running from Wyoming to Kansas City.

Mr. Windenwader, wife and son, were here and bought Claire's puppy. An auto driver ran over and killed their dog.

Lou Wentz was hauling a load of feed over here from our old home today and when a half mile from here one of the horses, an old mare belonging to Wm. Rosebaugh, dropped dead in the road, caused from heart weakness.

Leonard Ewing came down here last Saturday afternoon from up in Washington county where he is farming. The roads being muddy, he rode his Arabian saddle horse, using an army officer's saddle with a strong metal saddle horn. When near his home Saturday evening his horse, while galloping on a slippery grade, went down, turning clear over and striking Leonard in the stomach with the saddle horn, with the whole weight of the horse pushing the horn into his body. His right leg was doubled under him, so it was injured. He hung onto the horse and managed to get home and is now improving, though very sore yet.

Our old friend and neighbor, Elmer Mann was here today. He is clerk of Cottage Hill township. I first saw Elmer when he was in his mother's arms at our old Pleasant Valley school house, at our first lyceum meeting in October, 1881. Later his father went out to Sherman county and homesteaded, then returned to our neighborhood in 1899 and later on moved to Cottage Hill township.

April 6

This has been our first real spring day—warm and sunshiny with a southwest wind.

Yesterday, Easter Sunday, was a bright fair day with a cool wind. Eleven years ago Easter Sunday was a bad day for fine clothes exhibits as all roads were snow blocked from a 12-inch snow that fell on Saturday and was piled up in giant drifts by a high wind.

Wm. Roepke of Waterville and his son, George, of Cottage Hill were Sunday callers here at Cedar Flat farm.

Other callers were Edwin Smith and Varden Garrett and Louis Finks and wife. Mrs. Finks was injured a week ago, when a front wheel came off the axle, causing the car to go into a ditch. The roads were very muddy and slippery and this good couple had a miraculous escape. Mr. Finks used to be a pipeline walker on the Sinclair Oil pipeline. The auto accident occurred on a steep slope and luckily for them, the ditch was shallow.

Oats sowed just before the last snow are commencing to sprout and do not seem to have been damaged by the recent hard freezes.

While delivering a dead horse at the Arthur Green farm in the Little Blue river bottom, we found he had 42 last fall's Spotted Poland shoats and 11 good brood sows. Arthur was preparing a bottom field for oats and sweet clover. He is a successful farmer and stock raiser and had just bought an aged crippled mule for hog feed from our near neighbor, Wm. Smith.

Ralph Johnston, good tenant farmer living on Little Coon creek, is developing a good Holstein dairy herd in connection with farming, is refencing the pasture land on the Flook ranch using 400 new posts. Ralph has a white gilt that has 10 good pigs.

The cold snowy weather in March caused cattle to eat more feed, so many farmers are getting short on feed, so we need warm weather to force the grass along rapidly.

An old time Scotch saying, that they would rather see their best friend on his bier, than to see a fair Febireer—meaning that it would be followed by a cold stormy March—has proven true there this year.

Two weeks ago seven flocks of Brants went north by here, about 400 in all. One flock had 10 geese in the V-shaped lineup. These are the first Brants I have seen in three years and geese and wild ducks are getting scarce.

The Brant in size is between the duck and goose and is next in beauty to swans. Sand hill cranes used to migrate in vast numbers over this territory, but have not seen even one in the past 30 years. Prairie chickens have been completely exterminated and quail are the scarcest since the big blizzard of 1886 froze most of them to death. Many other birds of value to farmers have been exterminated. A knowledge lack of their habits and value, bird and tree life are two of the rural charms, and both are on the wane.

April 13

Dry windy weather like March, but wheat is making a fine growth from a heavy subsoil moisture. Fields miles away showing up bright green—a beautiful sight.

Early sowed wheat is high enough to make right good pasture for cattle and it is a real pleasure to see bands of good milk cows enjoying the splendid early green growing wheat plants.

Three years ago we pastured 20 acres of rye until April 20 and on May 30 the rye was headed out some of it was six feet high, and made a yield of 17 bushels an acre.

Mrs. Edna Huxtable and young son of the Fairmont school district, three miles west of Frankfort, were callers callers here last Tuesday. Mrs. Rockwell, mother of Mrs. Huxtable, was with them. Fairmont is the voting place for Wells township.

Margaret Ewing spent the weekend with her aged father, Wm. Fincham, of Blue Rapids. Mr. Fincham was seriously ill, but is better now.

Wayne McMillen, nine year old boy of the Gem City, spent the weekend here in Hungry Hollow with his uncle, Claire Ewing.

The high temperature has started trees to leafing out, while peach trees are a solid mass of red bloom—while apple, pear, plum and cherry are ready to break out into full bloom.

Years ago it was universally agreed that if peach buds escaped winter killing one in three it was a lucky thing. And we only remember of two peach crops in succession until now. This is the fourth winter when the buds have escaped being killed before blooming time by severe cold weather. So a new record has been established in the peach fruit growing.

Frogs and toads are getting scarcer each year. We heard the first frogs croak on March 10, while it was snowing. Both frogs and toads are insect consumers.

Byron Freeby of Barnes was down today for some stuff he bought at a sale. Mr. Freeby is a Barnes businessman and owns a good farm northwest of Barnes where his brother lives. Byron is a bachelor—never had time to get married. He is in the pump and windmill business—has put up over 500 windmills in the past 20 years. His father, the late John Freeby, was a pioneer well driller here 60 years ago, using a spring pole rig with which he drilled a well for Dr. Bradford, six miles east of Blue Rapids in 1874, then one for Sam McChonkey of Clear Fork township.

Published May 1, 1931

April 30

Over an inch of rain fell here last night. A northwest wind brought down a cold wave, which is apt to bring a frost.

Last night's rain left a pond of water here in Hungry Hollow, just below the house. Had to dig a gutter to drain the water out to the mail route ditch.

Mr. McGeeney, living near Lillis, bought Claire Ewing's young calf for his son. They came over in a touring car, the young son holding the calf in the rear part of the car during the 30-mile drive.

Margaret Ewing sold her advertised brooder house to Albin Lindquist, one of our former close neighbors.

Lester Moser and son, Glen, and Mr. Tilley living west of Frankfort were Saturday callers here to see Hungry Hollow and the Fawn Creek Ozarks.

Mr. Shilling and wife, Lucille, whose mother, Ruth Strosnyder, is a cousin of mine, were Sunday callers. They were married March 6 and live on a farm near Onaga. Mr. Shilling's sister is keeping house for John Noll, Mo. Pac. agent in Waterville.

Ernest Otener and son of Maryday, Kansas, were Sunday evening callers and Leonard Ewing and wife, Ellen, of Washington county spent the day here with Aunt Maggie.

Lou Wentz and wife, Gloria, are now living on the Fred Stocks cattle ranch southwest of Blue Rapids. Mr. Stocks has the largest cattle ranch in Marshall county, it being three miles long and a splendid ranch and one of the most beautiful natural scenery ranches I ever saw—nothing in Wyoming or Montana for picturesque beauty and good grass to compare with this big northern slope ranch.

It is said that Byron Freeby, hard-working pump and windmill dealer of Barnes, once said years ago that he would some day own Barnes. His prophecy has come true—he now owns barns, two of them on his farm northwest of Barnes, besides owning considerable property in Barnes.

It was 20 years ago this early morning since my oldest son was born, who lost his life in the U.S. Army while on duty in the Philippine Islands. He had been in China and Japan. Have his picture taken on the porch of the national government building in Peking, China.

Published May 8, 1931

April 28

After several mornings of frost and cold north winds, the weather is getting warmer and some farmers commenced planting corn.

The first mourning doves arrived here April 25, with their mournful springtime songs. Always glad to see them return from their winter sojourn in the sunny southland.

The barn swallow is the last migratory bird to return as they cannot stand much cold, and as they live on flies, mosquitoes and other insect pests, they delay their coming north until there is an insect food supply upon their arrival here in their happy homeland. The swallows, like many other useful birds, are getting few and far between.

C.H. Lomen and his good wife, Anne, of Dalton, S.D., are here with us tonight. They are each 54 years of age, were both born in South Dakota, children of pioneer homesteaders from Germany. They have 10 children—eight girls and two boys. Their home town, Dalton, is only about 30 miles from the corner of Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska. Mr. Lomen has made trips by auto from Canada to Texas and to the Pacific coast—but this is the first time Mrs. Lomen has been away from her home county, and their land being practically level, she was surprised at seeing so much of this part of the U.S. set up edge ways—ridges and hills—though well pleased to see so many evergreen trees growing down here. They wished they had such trees up there, so I induced them to buy some cedar trees from Nevins nursery at Blue Rapids and take them home to beautify their home yard.

The late Mr. Lamoreaux, who lived with his son, Harry, in a farm residence part way up the steep hillside at the south edge of Waterville, has a lasting monument in the long steep hillside grade on U.S. highway No. 77, which years ago was named the Lamoreaux hill. The name is of French origin and in English is pronounced Lamro.

The south bound road from Blue Rapids that winds around a steep hillside grade was named after an early day settler—over 50 years ago—the Gus Bark hill, by which name the grade is still known, which is proper and reminds us always of the original pioneer settlers.

Published May 15, 1931

April 28

The recent celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Wolford's golden wedding anniversary at the Mt. Pleasant schoolhouse northwest of Waterville recalls that Mr. Wolford and the late Clarence Cummings, former Citizens Bank cashier, as young men worked in a store at Centralia, Kansas. Later on Mr. Wolford was a prominent hardware merchant of Blue Rapids. After moving to their present farm location they lost their two grown sons, one by diving into the Little Blue river, receiving a skull fracture by striking on the river bed rock while out swimming with a party of young men. The older son died of pneumonia after an attack of the flu. So Mr. Wolford and his good wife have had no help but are still working as in days of old. They are mighty fine folks from the sunny southland.

This farm was the pioneer home of A.L. Stryker, father of A.B. Stryker of Blue Rapids and grandfather of Alva Stryker, prominent Marshall county farmer, and great-grandfather of George and John Stryker, high school students of Waterville. Mr. Stryker built a cheese factory here 55 years ago and hired milk cows, giving a 100 pounds of cheese for the use of each cow during the milking period. Clarence Nichols of Waterville recalls that on May 30, 1879, he rode up here on horseback from his father's old homestead, several miles south, bought a 50-pound chunk of cheese and returned home with it just before the cyclone went by his father's homestead, that partly destroyed the town of Irving, seven miles east of here. A tract of ground, 64 square rods, where the factory stood, is still surrounded by a store fence.

Beatrice, Neb., April 28

A drive up here over highway 77 showed a good wheat and oat crop prospect and corn land all disked, but none planted yet within sight of the highway.

At the Dempster Mill Mfg. Co.'s big factory we met our old friend, I.N. Downs, who is manager of the machinery department, and has been with the company for 32 years. The Dempster plant has been in operation for over 50 years and is the largest factory of its kind in the Midwest. The founder, C.E. Dempster, is still living, close to four score years of age and still a sturdy man. I first met Mr. Dempster in 1895.

Beatrice has a wonderfully beautiful city park south of the Blue river and they are still beautifying it by planting long-lifed trees and flowering shrubs. A large city hospital is located near the park with beautiful surroundings.

Marysville, May 1

This is sure a beautiful day, ideal spring weather. A trip down home and return today, showed that most farmers celebrated May day by commencing to plant corn. Saw two patches of rye that had been sowed for chicken feed that was heading out at a height of three feet.

At one farm home southwest of Marysville we saw several hundred young chickens, half grown.

Alfalfa fields are all in fine shape with good prospects for an extra early first cutting of extra good quality.

Saw several men returning with fish pole and fish from the banks of the Big Blue river. Sure glad to see folks rewarded by a good catch of fish, as it is both pleasure and food product.

May 5 at Hungry Hollow

A light frost here Sunday morning, but it did not damage the vegetation.

James Shaw and Theron Farrar and their families of Blue Rapids were Sunday visitors here. Their wives, Alice and Kate, are sisters of our mate.

A cold northwest rain storm struck this area last night— ¾ of an inch of water fell here—followed by a cold cloudy day. It was not needed and will delay corn planting.

Dandelion seed is ripe now. The first of all plants to bloom and ripen seed out in the open.

Kentucky bluegrass is headed out, also orchard grass—the latter the best early forage grass that can be grown here on any kind of soil—it will grow even under hedge tree thickets. I found some of

both of the above grasses in Blue Rapids today that was nearly three feet in height, and heading out.

May 9

This is a cold drizzly day. Some fine snow flakes fell today, along with the rain. Yesterday's and today's rains have made the roads awful muddy and with the cold high northwest wind it is a very disagreeable day—chilly as early March weather.

Eight years ago this morning the growing wheat and alfalfa fields were white as snow with frost which caused it to wilt and lop down, doing much damage to all crops, gardens and fruit. Potatoes were frozen down to the ground and many wheat fields on bottom land were plowed under and planted to corn.

Many families who have early planted gardens now have radishes and lettuce large enough for table use. An early planted garden on good soil is a big help and saving on food costs. So it pays to spend spare time in gardening.

This is being written at the home of Lester Moser, who lives on one of Wm. Tilley's farms in the northeast corner of Wells township, just east of the LaGrange school house. Wm. Tilley has been living in Frankfort for several years and his good son, Howard, is living on the old home farm just a few rods south of this farm.

Mrs. Moser—here where I am staying has a good garden and a nice lot of hen-hatched chicks. They moved down here from up near Home City this spring. Mrs. Moser is a granddaughter of the late Wm. Kloxin, pioneer farmer, who used to own the farm now occupied by Ray Harry.

Was at the A.S. Warner home in Pleasant Valley yesterday morning. Mr. Warner lost his right hand in a buzz saw accident on April 15, 1918. He was then 70 years of age, but recovered and learned to use his left hand—builds fence, cuts wood, raises a good garden and milks three cows. He will be 83 years old next November 5. His wife, Lydia, was 79 last Tuesday, May 5.

Their only living child, Edna May Kelly, is home on a visit from Lincoln, Neb., where she has a position in the state senate as official stenographer. Edna frequently spends the weekend with her aged parents, driving down in a Chevrolet coupe. Mr. Warner came from Auburn, Neb., to Marysville in 1884, drilled wells up there for a year, then bought 160 acres of railroad land in Pleasant Valley, built a nice home and surrounded it with a beautiful grove of trees.

Mrs. Fred Stocks on the big Stocks cattle ranch, who had an ankle severely burned by a boil-over of hot lard from a kettle while rendering the lard from freshly butchered hog fat, is recovering from the painful burns—for which I am glad, as there is no more painful or dangerous burns than from hot oil or grease, as it is very penetrating, closing the pores so medicine is slow acting in relieving the severe pains.

Richard Fincham, successful Washington county farmer, had eight Duroc sows farrow 81 pigs. One sow had 15 and saved 10 of them. In all they saved 60 head out of the 81—a very good record. Mr. Fincham lost nearly a hundred hogs by cholera last fall, but changed his hog lots and plowed up the old lots so now has a good healthy herd of swine again. Good.

D.O. Parker, Coon Creek farmer, and an old time county commissioner, has 100 head of spring pigs left out of a much larger number that was farrowed during the snowy weather in early March. He has a mixed breed—the main cross being Spotted Poland.

A man from Washington county named Specht was a Hungry Hollow caller last Wednesday. He cannot talk—has to write his conversation. He underwent an operation for a throat affliction a year ago. The result a big strong speechless man—a sad affliction.

Old men's hair thins out, but their bloody blooming whiskers change color to snow white and stay thick and continue to grow. Nature's plan to keep the barbers busy.

It seems strange to read of very destructive forest fires in Canada, Minnesota, and in New Jersey at this season of the year when trees are in their best growing stage. The New Jersey fire was reported to

have destroyed a lot of fruit tree orchards and farm homes—an awful condition at this time of year.

Forest fires destroy an average of over $20,000,000 worth of standing forest timber annually—most of the fires caused by carelessness, and the government report states many of the destructive fires are started by discarded cigarette stubs.

In this dollar age, when money controls everything, it might be truthfully said there is no friend half so true as a dollar or two. Does this hit you—if so, cry "BooHoo."

Recent newspaper reports say there are over 20,000 French soldiers' dead bodies—many of them skeletons—in uniforms that have laid in improvised morgues since the big World War battles and these bodies that should have been buried more than 14 years ago are still on the earth's surface awaiting burial. Another loving price of the horrible World War.

George Woodward and Claire Ewing, high school students, went out in the Fawn Creek Ozarks last Sunday for a nature study trip up and down high hills so steep one can hardly climb up them, with deep dry canyons, lined with young timber—an ideal place for Boy and Lone Scout students.

Sure glad to hear that Robert Mann won high point in the athletic contest at the county high school track meet on the Marshall county fair grounds in Blue Rapids last Wednesday. Robert's father, Elmer Mann, now clerk of Cottage Hill township, used to live with his parents here in Wells township and he and my brothers and other Pleasant Valley boys organized a baseball team and though all started in as greenies, they soon defeated all the surrounding town teams as well as all county rival teams, establishing a good record. So Robert has inherited his father's athletic ability and will still climb higher as the years go by.

This cold wet weather is hard on planted corn, as there is much poor seed corn, caused by the extreme drought last summer. No doubt some will have to be replanted.

Started farming and batching 39 years ago this spring—had one good milk cow and a dozen White Rock hens—so appreciate the value of fresh eggs and good milk in preparing meals.

Eggs and butter fat are very low in price—so it reduces the farmers' buying of household goods and shipped-in food products. But when it come to preparing a meal, eggs, cream and milk are almost a necessity.

Leo Hoefer, 21 years old, 6 feet and 4 inches, a bachelor northwest of Marysville is a good farmer, is an expert horseman, has a good flock of chickens and some extra good milk cows. He has a lot of hen-hatched young chicks. Leo lives in the largest farm house in Marshall county. Mr. Hoefer's brother-in-law, Harm Hogelucht, owns Rocky Hill dairy farm, has a good big herd, is now milking 20 cows, sells milk in Marysville. Sure glad to see town folks get plenty of pure rich milk at fair prices.

Earl Price of Marysville, manager of the Excelsior Mills, has an eight-year-old son, Joseph, who is the strongest boy for his age I ever saw. He is built just like the world's heavyweight wrestler, Strangler Lewis. The boy weighs 120 pounds and can pick up and carry a 48-pound sack of flour. Joe's 10-year-old brother, Lee Price, is a strong healthy lad—not heavy built like Joe. Here's hoping that this strong Marshall county boy will continue to grow and strengthen and will some day be heavyweight wrestling champion of the world.

The Scot—goat of many anecdote—occasionally comes back. At a political meeting in England, a candidate patriotically orated, "I was born an Englishman, and I hope to die an Englishman." From the back end of the hall, in unmistakable accent, came the question, "Mon, hae ye no ambeetion?" Meaning that the orator could go to other British possessions and become a Canadian, an Australian, New Zealander, British Indian or a citizen of some other foreign land. The sun never sets on pioneer Scots, who are found all around the earth.

Published May 22, 1931

Frankfort, Kans., May 11

Sorry to report the death of Mrs. Tilley, which occurred yesterday morning. Wm. Tilley is one of four brothers who lived a half century in Wells township before coming before coming to his final home here in the beautiful town of Frankfort. Wm. Tilley's son, Howard, lives on his old home farm near the LaGrange school house in Wells township.

Later, same day, on U.S. highway 36. Wheat and alfalfa look extra good in both Nemaha and Brown counties and most of the corn crop is planted.

Hiawatha, county seat of Brown county, is a beautiful town in one of the champion corn counties of Kansas. This is the home of Ewing Herbert, editor of the Hiawatha World, who is a well-known writer of more than state-wide reputation—might be a second cousin of mine. Ha, Ha.

Most of Doniphan county, the northeast corner county of Kansas, is a rolling hilly country—poor farm land, but the banner fruit county of Kansas. There is no hardpan or gumbo or hard clay soil or rock. A soft mineralized clay subsoil—so tree roots can go right downward and get full benefit of mineral and subsoil moisture.

Orchards—mostly apples planted on steep hillsides, many of them in unbroken natural grass sod—some planted among natural forest trees on steep creek bank slopes, and all grow fast and produce fine fruit. In the small narrow valleys there is considerable small fruit grown and on two hillsides I saw large grape vineyards.

The town of Troy is built along a narrow winding creek valley only seven miles from St. Joseph, Mo. One good thing in favor of Troy is that in windy stormy weather it is well protected by the steep timber-lined hills that surround the town.

Same day in St. Joseph, Mo.

In crossing the Missouri river, a sight of the wide river with its big flow of soil-colored water, recalled that the old time Indian name, the Big Muddy, was a correct name of this big natural real estate transfer, which carries soil from Montana, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri.

At a Cities Service filling station where a beautiful strong young lady had charge, I learned that the station was held up at 3 o'clock on a February morning by two dark-complected men and robbed. An aged man who has night-time charge, was sitting at the desk when he was commanded to stick 'em up. Just as the hold ups walked out, the Myers brothers, truckmen of Frankfort, drove up to get gas, saw the men come out but did not know they were robbers in time to stop them.

Missouri must be a hard place to get well water as on a trip between Kansas City and St. Louis years ago I only saw two windmills and hundreds of stock watering ponds, and here north of St. Joseph the ponds commence at the city's edge.

Maryville, Mo., May 11

This is a pretty town, surrounded by a good farming county. This town just lacks one letter of being a twin or our good home county seat town, Marysville, Kans.

Went near by the school ground where a negro man was crucified by being tied to the school house roof, the building set on fire and burned down. The crucifiction was the final result of an attack and murder of a young lady teacher of the rural school where the guilty colored man met his fate for a repeat crime—at the hands of a mob numbering thousands from a wide area of country.

Published June 12, 1931

Waterloo, Iowa, May 13

Folks up here report they have had 10 days of drizzly, cloudy weather with a very small amount of rainfall and that the subsoil is dry. Very little wheat in Iowa—main crops along the highways are oats and corn.

Waterloo is a beautiful city built on both sides of the wide, clear water Cedar river. Waterloo has a population of 47,000 and is a noted manufacturing city. The Armstrong Manufacturing company has a large plant the manufacture of well drills, engines and other farm equipment. It has been in operation three score years.

The Associated Manufacturing corporation's plant covers seven acres. They manufacture all kinds of dairy equipment including the Iowa and John Deere cream separators.

All varieties of trees grow taller with fewer side limbs then they do down home. The reason for this is there is no rock or hard pan to prevent the tap roots from going straight down, so the top grows more upright. Soft maple seems to be one of the most popular shade trees both in country and city. There are quite a lot of thornless locusts, sycamores, some shellbark hickory, oak and Boleana poplar. No hedge in Iowa.

The evergreen trees of Iowa, man-planted, are most all pine trees, very few red cedar. A few white cedars. Newton, Iowa, has a large park of big oak and walnut trees, just beginning to leaf out on this the 13th day of May. Glad to see quite a lot of black walnut groves in towns and country.

Only saw one serial electric light plant along the highway in Iowa. Most of the federal highways are paved—which is a big improvement over any other kind of road surfacing.

Iowa has lots of dairy herds, mostly Jerseys—only saw a few Holsteins and one Ayreshire herd. Only saw 10 farms with large herds of hogs—mostly small herds with scores of farms with none. Saw more Black Poland Chinas than any other breed.

Only saw a very few Hereford cattle and they were in the hill land near Council Bluffs. Chickens are not so plentiful on farms up here this year as in the past. High priced chicks and low priced poultry is the cause.

No listed corn in Iowa. The ground is plowed early and deep, then thoroughly disked, then just ahead of the two-horse, two-row corn planter the ground is dragged by smoothing harrows. Saw hundreds of men with from two- to six-horse harrows preparing the corn ground ahead of the planters. Not a sign of a green weed in the corn fields. Most all of the corn land is dark colored loam with a sandy soft clay subsoil—ideal corn land. The oats ground is prepared similar to the corn land, then the oats drilled in deep—they are only about three inches high.

Lots of apple orchards in Iowa—small one for home use both in country and towns. The trees are just now in full bloom. But few cherries and only saw a few seedling peach trees on three farms in Iowa. They are red with full bloom today. Saw quite a lot of grape vines in farm orchards.

Des Moines, state capital, is sure a beautiful city. The state house is made of cut limestone rock, has a high center dome and four corner domes. It is surrounded by beautiful large forest trees. Most of the city business houses are six to ten stories high. There is an awful street traffic jamb here.

A big water power dam on the Des Moines river furnishes power for a big electric plant. Most all of the water here in Iowa is of good quality. Have only seen two gravel plants in the state and no rock quarries. Where hill have been cut through for road grades there is no gravel or rock. Only saw one glacial boulder in the state that was in a clay bed 10 feet below the surface—a red boulder size of a half bushel. What we call colored heads in Kansas.

East of Des Moines there are 61 telephone wires along the road side. Most folks have an idea that Iowa is a level country, which is wrong. The northeast part of Iowa is quite level, but most of the state is gently rolling to quite hilly land, but as there are no rocks the hillsides are farmed same as the level land

and being deep soil with not very many torrential rains there are few ditches and gullies in the fields. The hillside lands are lighter in color than the more level land. There is not much alfalfa or sweet clover along the highways, though what there is seems to grow fine.

Only saw three fences that had hedge posts—mostly split posts. A few farms had steel posts. Some farms are fenced hog tight with woven wire. Quite a few sheep are kept on Iowa farms. No goats.

In Des Moines I saw old fashioned dray wagons drawn by big strong horses and driven by aged drivers. Saw two horse-drawn delivery wagons and one aged man was driving a snow white mare to an old time single horse delivery wagon.

Most of the state capital park trees are elm, maple, sycamore and some walnut. The only pure bred dairy herd was a big band of Jerseys, west of the capital.

Saw a flock of 2,000 pure White Rock chickens on a farm near the state capital about half grown. Will make lots of company feed.

The only brick plant I saw in Iowa is in Adel. The only rye I saw in the state was near this town. There is volunteer timothy grass along the highway borders. This is a good clover and timothy soil.

Only saw one farm home dinner bell in the state, and the only buck brush was on highway 32 west of Stirrat, Iowa. Also the first young orchard was near the town of Casey, east of Council Grove.

Only saw one man-made pond in Iowa. Water was pumped into it from a windmill well. This was in a bluff region, where hillsides steep as house roofs are farmed—like in northeast Oregon.

Hundreds of hitch hikers on the highways. Most of them were well dressed. Many of them signal auto drivers for a ride, but very few auto drivers stop and give them a lift, fearing a hold up—but most of them I saw looked like good men out of employment.

On many Iowa farms, hogs and cattle are running in the oats fields. Seems to be a shortage of both grain and rough feed. Only saw one big crip of corn in the state.

Most of the U.S. highways are bridged up over the railroads—which is a very safe plan where there is a heavy road traffic.

East of Council Bluffs, in the hill land back from the Missouri river valley there are a lot of hillside vineyards. Sure glad to see lots of grape vines as they bear young and if the first bloom or set fruit are frosted they will grow out and rebloom, as they are the only fruit we have that grows on the current year's growth. They are a healthy palatable fruit.

Published June 19, 1931

While in Des Moines, Iowa, I saw a big grist mill that did transportation grinding over the country—had several feed grinding mills mounted on large trucks, that when called for by farmers to come and do some grinding for them or for feed dealers in small towns—one of these truck-mounted mills would race away to the job, at 40 miles an hour.

Only saw where one straw stack had been burned in Iowa—that a small one where a slight change was being made on a highway in a creek valley. All the straw is used for feed and bedding and the manure applied to the farm land, which is a big aid in producing good crops.

The city of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is built along a winding valley with steep canyon like hills at the valley edge. The city has 47,000 population of which 1,800 are colored folks.

Met a railroad employee named Sam Davies, resident of Council Bluffs for 20 years. He formerly lived near Maryville, Mo., and one of his grandsons was a student at the school house that was burned to crucify the negro who killed the young lady teacher.

Mr. Davies was raised in Pennsylvania and attended the Lockridge school where there were 52 scholars enrolled and there were 48 of them who could not speak English. They were Holland Dutch—commonly called Pennsylvania Dutch.

One colored man I talked with named George Lowes came from the Red Hill land of Georgia 32 years ago, is running a large barber shop with a good trade.

Council Bluffs gets their city water supply out of the Big Muddy river.

Over the Illinois Central R.R., it is 512 miles to Chicago and 1,322 miles to New Orleans, La.

Council Bluffs is a live town—a twin city to Omaha, Neb.—just the Missouri river divides them—crossed by good bridges, the widest one is a giant toll bridge. Costs 25¢ toll fee to drive across it.

Omaha, Neb., is a beautiful live city with lots of flowering shrubs and fruit trees in connection with their beautiful shade trees.

The first listed corn fields I saw were 50 miles southwest of Omaha. Most of the corn is top planted up there, same as in Iowa. It is good corn land and saw the best alfalfa fields in that region, and the only field of rye I saw on the entire trip.

Highway No. 38 between Omaha and Lincoln is paved with brick, 16 feet wide and is a dandy grade. In one hour's time we met 20 truckloads of livestock going to Omaha and five passenger buses, a world of cars and 21 hobos tracking east and west.

Had supper at a town named Gretna, 42 miles from Lincoln and one mile south of Gretna saw the only big herd of corn fed cattle I saw on the trip. It was on a beautiful corn and alfalfa farm with a bluegrass feed lot in which about 400 head of big high grade Hereford steers and several hundred hogs were feeding. The owner and his wife were standing by the feed lot talking about their prospective loss in feeding so much stock, with almost daily decline in prices since they started feeding early last autumn. The had two big cribs of ear corn left and some alfalfa hay.

Not much listed corn until we got south of Lincoln, then the nearer to Kansas we got, the more corn was listed and from Beatrice south the big wheat fields exist—all in good condition. Most of it is the bearded varieties, but there are some fields of the old time beardless June King wheat.

The Platte river is so wide, with low banks and clear water that looking at it towards the setting sun from a mile east it looked like a monster silver colored lake. The water flows over and through sand that keeps it clear and pure. Too bad the big cities that use water from the Missouri river can't get their water supply from a clear stream like the Platte.

The tallest wheat I have found up to date, June 14, was up near Summerfield, where a field of bald head wheat on upland averaged four feet high.

The field was owned by Ray Heisermen. His brother, Fred, has a field of the same variety in the Mission creek valley on sweet clover land that is reported to be five feet high.

On June 9, on a trip to Beatrice, Neb., the largest corn I saw was on the west side of the Blue river north of the Dutch Mill and south of the old Perry Hutchinson flour mill at Marysville. The best potatoes I saw were in the southeast part of Beatrice, Neb. Beatrice now has 10,000 population and has a 78-acre city park—one of the most beautiful ones I ever saw.

Published June 26, 1931

Marysville, Kans., June 23

This has been a real hot day—the first hot winds this afternoon that we have had this year.

The past week of high south winds and hot sunshine has ripened the small grain crop a week ahead of its normal time. I shelled the wheat from some very ripe looking heads today and it was just in the dough stage.

Two weeks ago today there was a good rain up here, covering a narrow strip from east to west. Highway 36 had just been oiled and we had a detour on a mail route a mile south and in doing so over a slippery bumpy road, the truck endgate worked up, causing the loss of a sledge hammer, a four-foot chain, steel bar and army shovel.

The rail falling on top of the fresh oiled road washed some of the crude oil into creeks where cattle got their water supply, making a bad mess.

Oil is bad on rubber, so it will be a help to the big auto tire corporations. Even now, two weeks after the oiling was done, car tires pick up the greasy gravel and throw it up into the air, making a constant shower of greasy gravel.

Seems like a waste of money to oil as good a graveled highway as No. 36 where they are many other roads where the money could be used to better advantage. It takes the oil a long time to settle into the road bed—it is now a shiny, greasy glare, black—don't look as good as the gray colored gravel.

This is being written at the farm home of Robert Peterson, two miles east of Marysville, where Robert's brother, Peter, was called to his final rest last winter. The Peterson brothers were brought by their parents when small boys from Denmark to Doniphan county, Kansas, in 1874, later coming to Marshall county, where the boys bought a farm north of Blue Rapids, later selling that farm and buying this good farm up here. The brothers were both mighty fine, good hearted men and Robert, the surviving brother, has been a very successful water well locater and is a kind, courteous, well preserved old timer. This is a very large old time stone farm mansion.

Fred Griswold, a hustling young farmer, is the tenant on this Peterson farm. They have two small children, boy and girl. Mrs. Griswold is a good cook and is an extra good cottage cheese maker, commonly called Dutch cheese, which is a very good food product—a good substitute for meat and can be produced from separated milk at a low production cost. Following is Mrs. Griswold's recipe:

Cottage cheese – Cook sour milk over slow fire for 20 minutes, or pour boiling water over sour milk and cover with lid for 5 to 10 minutes. Drain water off and for each cupful of cheese, add one tablespoon of sugar, two tablespoons of sweet cream, salt and pepper to taste, chopped onion also if desired. Mrs. Fred Griswold, Marysville, Kansas.

This is Roy Messick's 39th birthday. Roy is one of our old Wells township neighbors, is one of the strong men of Marshall county and one of the best mechanics and engine men I ever met. He has farmed one of Moody Schmidt's good farms for a number of years.

Leslie Billingsley, U.S. mail carrier on R.R. 5 out of Marysville, has bought a tract of land of Doctor Patterson, out here on U.S. highway No. 36, where he will put up a house and develop a splendid suburban home. It is a wonderfully beautiful location with long distance views and surrounded by good neighbors. In drilling a well for Mr. Billingsley, we struck a volcanic glacial drift, containing over 80 feet of sand in depth with boulders mixed in. Struck one big granite boulder, had to blast it to pieces, had to drill out cave-ins eight times. Get the biggest depth of quick sand ever found in Marshall county.

Had to have some threads cut over on a taper pin drill bit. Had to go to Frank Oswalt's shop in Irving, as he is the only man in the county who has the lathe equipment and personal experience in cutting taper pin threads. Frank has one of the big Gaument lathes, used to make cannons during the World War. He recently did work on a 40-foot oil well drill bar owned at Hutchinson, Kans. Frank now has a furnace for melting iron to make castings.

Enroute up here Monday afternoon from Irving, had the first serious motor wreck I ever was in. Traveling eight miles an hour with a model T Ford truck, the steering gear went wrong—a burr had come off—letting the truck go over a culvert and into a ditch seven feet deep, smashing the cab flat and doing other damage. I crawled out from under the wreckage with minor injuries, cuts, bruises, etc. Passenger bus riders who saw the accident thought I sure was killed. Proper protection at the culvert end would have prevented this wreck.

Published July 3, 1931

Monday, June 29

Weather still hot and dry. Potatoes badly damaged—also gardens. Small grain about two-thirds harvested. Saw two fields between Waterville and Marysville that each had two binders running—one by horses, the other by tractor.

Corn is being held back in growth by the drying south winds and intense sun heat—but if it rains soon and continues to rain as needed we will have a good corn crop.

The first sweet corn in tassel I have seen was in the Gem City a week ago today. The largest field corn I have seen is in the Blue river bottom on the old Perry Hutchinson farm.

D.H. Foye of Frankfort was a caller here at Cedar Flat farm last week. Mr. Foye owns a garage in Frankfort—also a farm north of Frankfort. His son, Emmett, is a good mechanic, having built a racing car recently that made a speed record between Frankfort and Concordia.

We have had two weeks of continuous south winds—real drought weather, but last Friday, the upper strata of air began to press downwards and has continued to do so ever since, so it has commenced to develop clouds—so there should be a change this week.

Two weeks ago last night the lightning in clouds on the southwest horizon indicated a bad hail storm. Visitors here asked me where the storm was. I said west of Wichita. Newspaper reports said it was at Hutchinson.

The color lightning tells if it is a hail, wind or normal storm.

Miss Hallie Seal, daughter of Ernest Seal, living on one of Col. Whiteside's farms, was bruised and had her face cut quite badly by being thrown from a horse on a steep hillside while driving their dairy herd in from the pasture last Saturday morning.

Leonard Ewing lost a large brood sow by sunstroke last week. Yesterday evening he was stung below his left eye by a bee and this morning his eyes were swollen shut and he is unable to work.

Am enclosing a copy of a letter from Mrs. Dr. Fillmore. They are now enroute to Europe, where they will visit several nations. Dr. Fillmore practiced in Blue Rapids for 44 years. His father was a first cousin of United States President Fillmore and held a government position under him. President Fillmore was one of the good rulers of our republic years ago.

May 14, 1931

Mr. Grant Ewing
Waterville, Kansas

Dear Friend;

I picked up a magazine the other day and in it I read an article which seems so very much like the one of yours we see in the Blue Rapids Times, and because of this I am sending the magazine to you, article page 79. I wonder if you realize how much we enjoy reading your little memories. In case you do not know this, "I'm telling you," as the children say. We are enjoying our holiday in sunny California and on frequent trips. One of our recent trips was through the sand dunes—card enclosed.

The other day I was having my hair dressed at a downtown shop and in talking to the gentleman he asked me where I was from and when I said Kansas, then Blue Rapids, he said, "Careful now. You are getting pretty close to my old home—Waterville." It seems he used to live there and his father's name was Ed Chapman. The Mr. Chapman here has nice business and a nice Spanish bungalow home on the same street we are living on—Roswell.

I meet lots of Kansas people everywhere I go, and people from every state and Canada.

Hope you enjoy the article mentioned I am closing with best wishes from the Fillmores in California.

Sincerely yours,
Ada L. Fillmore
209 Roswell Ave.
Long Beach, Calif.

Published July 10, 1931

Sunday, July 5

An old fashioned northwestern rain storm arrived here yesterday afternoon, July 4. Two inches of rain fell here—doing a world of good to growing crops.

Most of the small grain was in the shock, so the rain will not damage the crop so long as it is properly shocked.

Today has been a most beautiful day. Cool north wind, not a cloud in sight and the sky clear as crystal.

A 75-mile drive this afternoon over Marshall county showed row crops in a splendid growing condition. A few wheat fields are yet to be cut. Saw two grain binders at work and others were waiting on combines to harvest their wheat.

There are more grasshoppers than I have seen in 20 years. They are doing some damage to the corn crop and to gardens. Here on Cedar Flat farm a strip of sweet clover between an oats field and a prairie pasture has had all the leaves and blossoms eaten off by millions of light gray colored hoppers.

These are what used to be called native grasshoppers because they do not migrate, while the grasshoppers that did so much damage in the early days were called the Rocky Mountain wild grasshoppers.

Dirt roads that were a bed of mud yesterday evening are solid today and it has been an ideal day for folks to get out and enjoy the cool wind and bright sunshine.

At the John Ewing home in Blue Rapids we saw their flock of White Leghorn chickens. They have 455 early spring chicks besides the last year's flock of laying hens.

Many farms over the country have no hogs, but some continuous breeders still have quite large herds left. George Roepke has a fine herd of 125 head of Spotted Poland Chinas.

Arthur Larson of Parallel has 140 head and his brother, Carl Larson of Harbaugh has some good brood sows and a fine herd of spring pigs.

The Lindquist brothers have large herds of a high class Spotted Poland China breed. These brothers are good livestock raisers and successful grain growers.

A young man with a large car had a wreck on highway 77, south of Waterville on Saturday, July 4. While driving fast the steering gear locked, causing the car to turn crossways of the road, turned over four times, wrecking the car and bruising the occupants, who were from Nebraska.

While on the road, I saw something new in the harvest line. A grain binder being pulled in the field by a light weight old time truck, run in low, pulled two to three rods, then chocked down, stopped, speeded up, then started the binder with a jerk, slowing down—then repeated. Good work, horses are getting scarce, so a substitute has to be used frequently.

Bran is selling for 65¢ per 100 pounds, shorts at 85¢ per 100 and wheat at 35¢ per bushel—so shorts are quite a lot higher in price per 100 pounds than wheat. Better grind and feed the wheat to livestock than buy the wheat by-products at such high prices.

Years ago there used to be 12 grist mills running in Marshall county, all doing custom work. Now there is only one mill in operation in the county—that in Blue Rapids and no custom work.

It sure looks bad to see such mills as the Perry Hutchinson mill at Marysville, a giant modern mill, standing idle—shut down by the present owners, a big flour corporation, who ship in their Golden Dream flour from some of their big city mills—store it in the Hutchinson mill, instead of producing flour at this mill.

Have been drilling a well for Col. Whiteside on one of his farms northeast of Waterville three miles, which is being farmed by Ernest Seal, who has been on that farm 14 years. Mr. Seal and his good wife are natives of the north end of old Virginia. They have six children—two boys and four girls—and Mrs. Seal's two maiden aunts, Amy and Victoria Woodyard, live with them and though they are 70 and 72 years of age both are great workers, raising garden, milking cows, and general house work. Mr. Seal has a Jersey herd of 49 cattle—they are now milking 21 cows. They have a lot of chickens, ducks, geese, and 41 spring pigs. They

learned the true lesson of economy in the old Virginia mountains, so are good workers. We need more such good citizens.

Jess Butler, a tenant on a farm joining Mr. Seal on the north, had the misfortune to have an ankle broken last February in a horse and mule accident and it did not heal properly, so he has been unable to do much work this summer—and his wife has been in a Kansas City hospital for quite a long period. They have four children, the youngest on three years old, so the neighbors have been helping Mr. Butler with his farming and help care for his children. Now Mr. Butler will have to have the broken leg bones reset and placed in a plaster cast, so he will be confined to his home for quite a period of time. Troubles never come singly—so am glad Mr. Butler's good neighbors are helping him.

Published July 17, 1931

July 14

Last Saturday afternoon we had an old time kind of a northwestern rain storm—high wind and continuous thunder crashes from straight down thunder bolts. Over an inch of rain fell in 30 minutes.

The next day, Sunday, a quarter of an inch fell here—while farther east it was much heavier with a lot of lightning, some hail and high wind—doing some damage in places. Monday and today has been hot with drying winds and threshing is in full swing today.

Wheat is selling at 29¢ to 30¢ per bushel here and oats 20¢ to 24¢ per bushel. In bygone years the cheapest I ever knew wheat to be in our old home town of Irving was 42¢ per bushel.

George Washington Padgett, old time livestock buyer of Blue Rapids, was out here yesterday. He reports taking some cattle to St. Joseph, Mo., where the price was unsatisfactory so he brought part of them back and butchered them for the Consumers Meat Market in Blue Rapids.

Frank Stewart, living on a good farm on highway No. 77, five miles south of Waterville, decided to raise light weight hogs, so now has quite a large herd of the old time Berkshire swine that used to average around 250 to 300 pounds each when fully developed. Mr. Stewart is a good farmer and as a former highway grading foreman proved to be an expert in road making.

Teacher: "Johnny, if you ate your father and mother, what would you be?"

Johnny: "I would be an orphan."

My father-in-law, Wm. Fincham, aged 85 years, who has been in poor health since the death of his good wife a year ago last February, was called to his final reward last Friday morning and was buried yesterday afternoon in the Blue Rapids city cemetery. His six sons were pall bearers. His 12 children and a lot of grand and great-grandchildren survive him. He came from England to Irving the autumn of 1876, living with his family of eight in a small dugout on a prairie farm south of Silverlake on Game Fork creek, southwest of Irving. He got a job as a farm hand at $1 a day, walked two miles to his work each morning, returning to his dugout home each night. Later he lived in the J.C. Smith farm house southwest of Irving. A mile from his farm job in 1888 he bought his first farm and made a successful farmer.

Published July 24, 1931

July 19

It is dry and hot today. Clouds show showers over the horizon in three directions, but we will get no rain here today, though we need an inch as corn is tasseling—a crucial time in corn development.

Claire Ewing and his mother, my Aunt Maggie, spent Friday evening at the George Woodward farm home, where an ice cream social was held in honor of their oldest son, who left the next morning for his former home town of St. Mary's, Kansas, where he will visit relatives. Then the son, Lawrence Woodward, will return to the U.S. Army aviation school at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, where he has a position as an aviation mechanic.

Ben Shaw, resident of Waterville and an outstanding car salesman, has five acres of melons on his farm in the Little Blue river valley, northwest of Waterville. Ben used to raise lots of melons in connection with his general farming, so he knows his melons. If you want a free melon—either buy a new car or trade cars with Ben and he will hand you one. Ben is selling Chevrolet cars and trucks for Walt Montieth, owner of the White Way garage. Ben's father used to do culvert and bridge building around Blue Rapids and Ben and his brother, James, now living in Blue Rapids, learned the stone mason trade under their father. Five acres of melons, oh shaw, won't that be a lot of good eating.

Wm. Fincham was called to his final rest on Friday, July 10, leaving 12 children, over 50 grandchildren and around three dozen great-grandchildren. One more great-grandson was born on Saturday, July 11 to Gloria Wentz. The child was named Dewayne Louis, and is a big stong child. Mr. Wentz and wife reside with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stocks on the big cattle ranch, where they help Mr. Stocks with the ranch work.

It is reported that there are some chinch bugs in Washington county corn fields. Chinch bugs have been on the decline for the past four years. Twenty years ago the government estimate of chinch bug damage each year in the U.S. corn belt states was over $20,000,000 annually. Hope they do not come back to do damage as in bygone years, as we have enough farm losses from other causes without chinch bugs.

Was sure sorry to hear last week of the death of Clay Whiteside of Waterville. Mr. Whiteside, the first white boy born in Pottawatomie county, Kansas, has been a continuous resident of Marshall county for 66 years and was a most desirable type of citizen, one that any nation could be proud to claim.

Just heard last week that another one of my old school mates, Emma Goodwin Miller of Pleasant Valley had been called to her reward in the great beyond. G,G, Goodwin and family came from Oakfield, Wis., 1878 to Pleasant Valley, six miles east of Blue Rapids where he bought the Dr. Bradford homestead. Emma and her sister, Lou, came to our school that spring. Their mother and a sister died in 1880, the same year my mother and a sister died. Later on, Mr. Goodwin was elected probate judge of Marshall county. The Goodwins were a mighty good family.

Thirty-five years ago when eggs were three dozen for 25¢, butter 10¢ a pound, milk was 5¢ a quart, the butcher gave away liver and treated the kids to bologna, the hired girl received $2 a week and did the washing. Women did not powder—in public—smoke, vote, play or shake the shimmie. Men wore whiskers and boots, chewed tobacco and spit on the sidewalks and cussed. Beer was 5¢ and the lunch was free. Laborers worked 10 hours a day and never went on a strike. No tips were given the waiters, and the hat check grafter was unknown. A kerosene hanging lamp and a stereoscope in the parlor were luxuries. No one was ever operated on for appendicitis or bought glands. Microbes were unheard of—folks lived to a ripe old age, and every year walked miles to wish their friends the compliments of the season.

Today, you know, everybody rides in an automobile or flies in an airplane, plays golf, shoots craps, plays the piano with their feet, goes to movies nightly, smokes cigarettes, drinks grape juice, blames the high cost of living on the Republican party, never go to bed the same day they get up and they think they are having a hell of a time.

These are the days of suffregetting, profiteering, jazzatering, excess taxes and prohibition, and if you think life's worth living, I wish you a long life and a happy one.

Wheat 30¢ a bushel—bread 7¢ to 10¢ a loaf—takes 60 pounds of wheat to buy ¾ of a pound of coffee and everything else in proportion. 1931 is sure an unlucky year for the grain and livestock growers.

Published August 7, 1931

July 27

Weather dry and windy. No rain the past two weeks. Corn looks good, most all tasseled, and in need of a lot of moisture. Pastures are getting short of grass, as the dry weather has stopped the grass growth—so cattle are losing flesh. What we need is a slow falling two-inch rain, followed by two weeks of cloudy, showery weather with cool nights. Folks used to pray for rain during dry spells and continued praying always brought rain sooner or later. Now they cuss the weather.

Some plowing for wheat has been done, but the ground is pretty dry for plowing, except by the disk plow method.

Not as much wheat will be sewn this fall as usual, but the fact that the small farmers have been urged to reduce the wheat acreage while the big millionaire wheat corporations go ahead and raise millions of acres of wheat and last year I had letters from them boasting how cheap they could produce wheat and they were making 15 per cent on their investment with wheat at 60¢ per bushel—and they said the corporation wheat production was just in its infancy, as it was the best money-making industry in the United States. More families living on small farms, taking good care of the land and improving it is what is for the best interests of the nation.

Clyde Rodkey, Marshall county clerk, has the right idea—that now while wheat is cheap for the counties to buy at least a thousand bushels each to be used in feeding the poor folks of the county. A mighty good idea.

Last winter there were 10 million people on starvation rations throughout the nation, while the Federal Farm Board held millions of bushels of wheat in storage. While millions of good honest laborers were starving, 25 million bushels of wheat held in federal storage, ground into whole wheat flour and distributed among the starving citizens would have been a God's blessing, and a credit to our classified, richest and most Christianized and civilized nation on earth.

Last Thursday the wind went to the northeast, clouds covered the sky and by evening it was quite cool. Believe it or not, but I saw frost in the Big Blue river valley, south of Schroyer at 4 o'clock that afternoon—it was on July 23. Frost always comes first on low lands, in the valleys—they used to call heavy frosts Jack Frost, and I saw a Jack Frost—owns a big river valley farm, is a successful farmer, has a threshing machine, but did not have an acre of wheat of his own—most all corn. Mr. Frost threshed for his neighbors, helping them as best he could.

I took 20 acres of wheat in west Texas in payment of a $288 debt. This was last December. It made 14 bushels per acre—was combined—only weighed 58 pounds per bushel—was smutty—is now stored in an elevator at one cent per bushel per month—with an offer of 23¢ per bushel—about $67 for what cost me $288. It was raised on new land, the first crop. Lots of worse farming places than Marshall county, Kansas.

I got a good well of water for Col. Whiteside on one of his farms where two different drillers had each drilled six wells and I drilled a 110-foot hole on an oil well doodle bug location—only got a seep. I picked a location 103 feet away, and at 72 feet got a vein running pretty nearly two gallons per minute. The tenants have been carrying water for years—a long distance from a 150-foot well of small quantity and poor quality.

August 1

We had a drought-breaking rain up here last evening and this early morning—two inches of rainfall, no hail or bad winds. It is cloudy and cooler today with indications of more rain tonight.

Am drilling a well for Wm. Ungerer on his home farm, six miles south of Marysville on U.S. Highway No. 77. Mr. Ungerer, who is 53 years young and his good wife 47, have retired from the farm, living in Marysville. They have owned this farm 13 years, having bought it of John Hunt when he moved to Manhattan several years ago. Mr. Ungerer and wife only had one child—a boy named George, who married Edith Collins of Marysville and they are now prominent farmer folks. George has eight head of horses and mules, a large tractor and a full line of modern farm machinery. He has 30 acres of alfalfa, a good herd of cattle and hogs and 150 White Leghorn hens and 250 chicks. They have a splendid orchard of all kinds of fruit trees, lots of shade trees, three houses

and 11 farm buildings, granaries, stock and hay barns, corn cribs, garage, work shop, hog house and chicken houses. It is one of the best improved farms in the county. Their present home house is a big modern frame house, close to the highway. Fourteen feet west of this house is the old pioneer frame house, 12 by 16 feet, one story high with an attic. It is made of old time white pine lumber.

Twelve feet west of the pioneer house is a fine white frame house, good sized, that was moved on to this farm before the big modern farm house was built.

Mrs. George Ungerer's sister, Ruth Collins, is here helping her sister with the general farm home work. These girls' parents used to farm just east of Oketo, which is a good farming country with good citizens living there.

George Ungerer's farm helper, Peter Epson, was born in Denmark a half century ago and has been in Marshall county several years. He is a good faithful worker, get up early in the morning, grabs the milk pails and hurries out to the dairy barn, then feeds and harnesses his work teams, so he gets an early start to the fields.

It is three weeks today since we had our last rain, Saturday, July 11, when an inch of rain fell, followed by three weeks by south winds and hot sunshine which has caused a lot of damage to corn and alfalfa fields. The second crop of alfalfa is very light compared to the first cutting. Lots of sweet clover is being plowed under in preparation for a good wheat crop next year.

August 2, at home

Coming home last night the air had more insects and bugs of all kinds on the wing than I have seen in years.

At the fish fountain in Fountain park in Blue Rapids, I was pleased to see a lot of kiddies walking around the fish pool playing with a horde of tame goldfish.

Blue Rapids reported Friday's rain at 2⅛ inches, Waterville 2¼ inches, here at home it was two inches and last night seven-eighths of an inch fell, making nearly three inches in 30 hours—and today it was cloudy with corn recovering from the three weeks' severe heat and south winds. The sunset tonight indicates fair and warmer for tomorrow. Hope for weekly rains for the next two months.

It takes nearly 180 pounds of wheat to buy 100 pounds of shorts and 120 pounds of wheat to pay for 100 pounds of the thin wheat hull called bran. Better buy and grind the cheap wheat for feed—thus getting full wheat strength, which has twice the feeding value of the wheat by-products, shorts and bran.

The railroads are now charging peak of war time freight rates—have got laws enacted in their favor against truck haulers and now want an increase of 15¢ a hundred pounds for livestock hauling, while fat stock is just one-fourth as high as close of World War prices. It is an outrage to advance the freight rates under the present conditions of the lowest farm product prices in 42 years. I like the railroads, but they should try to help the farmer instead of pushing him out of business.

In the early days, 58 years ago, mother sent back to Pennsylvania and got seed of the Honey Core watermelons, which produced on prairie sod land the best watermelons I ever saw. Father sent back to Rockford, Ill., and got seed of a giant muskmelon family and we raised some that weighed 30 pounds each and were of extra good flavor.

H.R. Howell, Manager of the Marietta Stock and Grain Co., and who with his good family most always have the best fruit, vegetable and grain exhibits at the Marshall county fair, and who is a prominent melon grower, sent back to Pennsylvania last spring and got new seed of the Honey Core watermelons and to Illinois for giant muskmelon seed, so hope for favorable weather so he can give them a good tryout.

The grasshoppers have completely destroyed our garden and sweet corn and I see lots of fields of corn that are badly damaged by these pests. Minnesota reports 150,000 acres of crops completely destroyed by the hoppers while the Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa and portions of Kansas have hopper losses that will run up into the millions of dollars. The Red Cross is already feeding some of the ate-out farmers up in the north lands, while the federal government has arranged to use $15,000,000 to aid the afflicted states fight the grasshopper pests.

I once knew a Sherman county, Kansas, farmer who had two sections of land that kept 500 turkeys and hired an old man to drive them a mile across his wheat fields and back each forenoon and again in the afternoon—the man using a Winchester rifle to keep coyotes away from the turkeys. He doubled his wheat yield and sold turkeys at Thanksgiving time at $1 each.

Published August 21, 1931

August 6, Beatrice, Neb.

Ideal corn weather—cloudy days with heavy dew and light fogs at night.

Corn up here is not as good as it is in Marshall county, Kansas. Heavy rains up here the end of May and early June washed out and buried lots of corn on listed ground, so it had to be replanted, making it late—then a month of drought held it back so it is late and very short stalks.

Down on the Kansas-Nebraska line the corn shows the worst effects of hot winds. Some fields being quite brown, but is now greening up since the recent heavy rains.

Only about one farmer out of three is now plowing ground for wheat—so it now looks like a reduction in acreage for next year, among the small farmers—which will urge the big millionaire wheat farming corporations to plant a few million more acres next month.

This part of Nebraska has good fruit land, but most farmers have small orchards and their fruit trees are well loaded—apples, peaches and pears.

It is also good vineyard land and a few farmers have a few grape vines and they are well loaded with fruit. Grapes are easily grown, bear young and are a sure yearly fruit crop and are extra good eating, both raw and canned.

Years ago, down on my old Cedar Ridge farm, east of Blue Rapids, I had 2,500 grape vines, four varieties of black color, three of red, two of yellow and two of white, from earliest to latest.

The Moore's Early were the first to ripen and I got the best price for them—three cents per pound delivered at restaurants. Later ones, in September, I sold tons of them at one cent per pound, the customer picking and weighing the grapes. Even at that price I made good money from my vineyard.

At that time I had 15 acres of peach orchards, sold the best varieties of big budded peaches at 50 cents per bushel, the buyers picking them with instructions to take good measure. One Sunday morning before 10 o'clock there were 27 spring wagons and buggies at the orchard from along what is now No. 9 highway from Frankfort to Waterville. Customers and their families were instructed to eat all they could.

This is the fourth successive year's peach crop—which has established a new record. Years ago if we had peaches two years in succession we considered ourselves lucky, as the buds were generally killed by severe cold winter weather. Farmers used to plan on only an average of one peach crop in three years.

I raised and picked high grade choice winter apples, sacked them and hauled them 10 miles to Frankfort where I put them in the railroad boxcars for the Heleker brothers, who received 30 cents per bushel and were shipping them to Oklahoma. I was glad to get that much, as I sold lots of them at home as low as 10 cents per bushel, and after wind storms, gave away lots of windfall fruit for making dried fruit.

The Chautauqua park south of the Blue river here at Beatrice, 84 acres, is one of the most beautiful parks in the Midwest. In addition to natural forest trees, ornamental shrubs have been planted, making it a source of pleasure to all who visit it.

The Dempster Mills Mfg. Co. reports having used and sold 500 carloads of pump pipe in their several auxiliary plants in the United States. Considering the hard times this company is doing a good business.

Marysville, August 8

Finished a good well for Wm. Ungerer on his good farm six mile south of Marysville. The vein found in a solid rock crevice flows five gallons per minute. An old time saying that a farm without water is not a farm—has nothing in it, as it is an awful drawback to have to haul water at any time of the year, especially hot and cold weather.

Mr. Ungerer has a most beautiful home up in this north part of Marysville, up on the high land—an ideal location for a home.

Mr. Ungerer recalls that as a small boy he came with his parents to this county from Chicago in 1884. Enroute to Marysville on a morning in March of 1884, they saw a big crowd at the Spring creek bridge, who were looking a the dead body of a young man, Sam Frayer, hanging at the end of a rope tied to the bridge rail. Frayer had been mobbed by 19 men, who took him from the jail the night before, after being convicted of killing John Pennington and his wife.

August 9, at home

A big electric storm formed south of here last night and today, a throw-back from last night's electric storm, brought down 1¼ inches of rain here without any thunder, coming down on a cool north wind. Sky lines this evening indicate a cool fair day tomorrow and we should have at least two or three more north wind days. It is ideal corn weather and the corn is making a wonderful comeback—pastures are greening up—alfalfa is preparing for a big third crop—and the grasshoppers are scattering out over the prairies looking for hard surfaced ground in which to lay their eggs.

Blue Rapids, August 4

I went fishing yesterday evening on the north side of the Little Blue river on the Col. Whiteside ranch and his ranch tenant, Ernest Seal, had a fishing location selected where he and I fished until 9 o'clock. Had several bites, then came near landing a giant water sucker, but it slipped off the hook, went down through 100 feet of water into a muddy pool 25 feet in depth. Later we hooked the sucker again and succeeded in landing it, which proved to be 70 feet long. It was part of a pump in a 150-foot well that had fallen when Mr. Seal was taking the pump up to repair it.

I like fishing, but have never taken time to do that kind of pleasure work since I was 14 years of age. While serving as a deputy game warden under Professor Dyche, who had the fish hatchery put in at Pratt, I was with him when he finished the blueprint in the state capital building in Topeka. Later on I used to have vast quantities of young fish over the county to restock streams for the benefit of fishers.

After completing the fishing job I came down here, slept in the truck in a shady camp close to where the Blue Rapids city bathing pool is being built, which is in Chautauqua park, just across a dry creek east of the church lunch building on the Marshall county fairgrounds.

The pool is almost completed—they are finishing plastering the pool bottom today. It is an extra well-made cement structure with varying depths so that all ages can be accommodated, from small children to deep divers. It is a beautiful location, surrounded by natural forests and with the dry creek bed to drain the water from the pool and close to the city water well which is an inexhaustible supply of the purest water in Kansas--99½% chemically pure—so it will be one of the most sanitary pools in the state and handy as U.S. highway No. 9 and No. 77 go by 50 yards south of the pool and the road to the tourists' shady camp is close by, northwest of this beautiful man-made lake.

The trees will make a nice shady place for bathers and visitors at the pool and in winter it will be a safe place for skaters, sheltered by the timber from the cold winter winds—creek timber and fair buildings on the west, Big Blue river forest on the north and residence building and groves of trees on the east and south makes it one of the most beautiful and sheltered locations for a pleasure and health-making resort that I ever saw.

On the dry creek close by, south of the swimming pool, a gang bridge on highways No. 9 and 77 combined. This is at the point just east of the entrance gate to the Marshall county fairgrounds and where the pedestrians cross the bridge enroute from town to the fair and many other entertainments held on the fairgrounds. So I am sure glad to see a strong lasting bridge being built there for service and safety.

Had some lathe work done today at Jess Rodkey's big machine shop. His son, a big strong young man is fast become a high class expert mechanic. Jess Rodkey, after leaving school, learned the jewelry trade, watch and clock repairing, and followed that trade for a while, then decided to do heavier work, so finally built a big machine shop and garage and has a wonderful good trade as it is handy for tourists—right on two federal highways.

Jess Rodkey is a cousin of our old friend and mail carrier on R.R. No. 1 east from Blue Rapids, Clyde Rodkey, now clerk of Marshall county, and who as a boy lived with his parents out on the short grass prairies of Kansas, which gave him a liking for pioneer history so he has been very much interested in having the old Oregon Trail marked and erecting monuments in memory of the pioneer pony express riders of the early 60s.

Blue Rapids is now on the pickup, and well it should be with its beautiful Fountain park located in the main business square with a beautiful band stand with a sub-cellar basement for the convenience of visitors, with a gold fish pool and splendid cold water drinking fountain located in the park center, with benches for visitors to sit on under the giant shade trees 60 years old. A monument to the memory of the

World War veterans with a list of their names on the front side close to the center fountain. This monument is in honor of the Blue Rapids and nearby soldier boys—some of whom lost their lives in defense of our nation.

This town now has 12 grocery and dry goods stores, three meat markets, a big hardware store, a tin shop, two jewelry stores, two hotels, two blacksmith shops, five garages, a lot of filling stations and tire repair shops, two drug stores, two elevators, oil plants, cream and poultry plants including the big Hanna plant, three restaurants, two sand plants and chamber of commerce.

Blue Rapids is the center of the gypsum deposit of Kansas—the deposit north of town being the mother lode, it being the purest, 99½% chemically pure—only ½ of one percent of other lime ingredients. So every pound of that lode is pure enough for dental purposes—making artificial teeth for humans.

There are only two other deposits in the United States that are pure as this one and they are in Gypsum, Ohio, and Grand Rapids, Mich. It has been 36 years this summer since we put down the test holes for this mill—and it is the only gyp mill out of six mills that is still running. Where the first test hole was put down on the hilltop just north of the mill—the hill is 144 feet above the base of the mill in the Blue Valley. It was 100 from the hilltop down to the cap rock, above the 9-foot ledge of gyp rock. When the mine shaft was opened up on the steep hillside they discovered a cave two feet wide and 60 feet long, like a big city hall. In drilling we had just missed the cave by two feet. The last hole was drilled down 240 feet. Four feet of coal was found in the bottom.

Years ago there were 12 grist mills in Marshall county, all doing custom work grinding for a share, generally one-fourth of the grain or if the customer preferred to pay cash for the grinding the flour or meal that was satisfactory to the mill men. For a period of years no custom work has been done and the big milling corporations have bought out most of the mills over the county and dismantled them, so at present there is just one grist mill and that is here in Blue Rapids, operated by Aubrey Dean and his brother-in-law, Everett Smith, who besides the big mill own an adjoining elevator and besides this is the 10-ton daily capacity ice plant. This big mill is now doing good service for the farmers by exchanging 28 pounds of flour, either whole or white, for each 60-pound bushel of wheat. Years ago settlers used to take enough wheat and corn to the mills and have enough ground to last their families three to six months—then repeat. Glad this mill is exchanging flour for wheat to the farmers.

Aug. 15, near Armour, Neb.

This is the belt where the corn crop was badly damaged and many fields destroyed by a bad hail storm three weeks ago.

It sure looks bad to see such destructive damage to the main money-making crop on such good corn land as exists up here. Some of the fields missed by the hail storm show some damage from grasshoppers.

South of here along the state line and on down to Home City there is a wonderful prospect for a good corn crop provided we have some more good rains. Saw twelve four- and five-horse and mule teams at work plowing wheat ground up here in Nebraska, and saw four five-horse teams plowing near Home City—no tractors working in the fields in sight of the roads I drove over. Many small bands of dairy cattle and numerous flocks of sheep by the road-side farms looked unusually good. Fruit trees well filled with ripening fruit.

Fred Heiserman lives on the south edge of Nebraska, while most of his farm land is over the state line in the Mission creek valley in Marshall county, Kansas, while a few rods west of his home is the dividing line between Gage and Pawnee counties. Mr. Heiserman was in the south edge of the hail storm, but his corn, even the replant, is wonderfully good—showing what sweet clover will do for crop production. He also has a good young dairy herd that his good wife and kiddies aid in milking and feeding.

Marysville, Kans., Aug. 16

I came in here last night over highway No. 36, the Africanized road, black from oiling, so it is hard to outline the road on a dark night. At 10 o'clock last night many stores were closed, but there must have been at least 1,000 autos on the streets—a constant stream of them coming and going. Sure a big change since 70 years ago when the Pony Express riders used to camp here while carrying mail and light weight

goods from St. Louis, Mo., to California over the old Oregon Trail.

Camped here in the city park Friday night, just 30 feet from the St. Joseph & Grand Island R.R. Close beside the truck was a clump of lilac bushes. This morning it was quite cool and behind the bushes four feet from the truck was a middle-aged hitch hiker who had slept on the ground, didn't even have a jacket or coat. Said he wished he had a quilt.

This is a lovely park. The only drawback is the noise, smoke and dust from trains—the loud fierce locomotive whistling is the worst. There is a big crowd camped here today. There are 18 cars here now and dozens more have come and gone. One freight train went east this morning, 118 cars and of that number 73 of them were gas and oil cars—steel tank cars.

Saw two trains yesterday go by here. One with 65 cars had 35 oil cars, the other one had 67 cars with 38 oil cars, and today a freight train went north with every car, there were 109 in all, was Pacific Express ventilated refrigerator fruit cars. Years ago a 30-car freight train was counted a big freight train, while now it is nothing to see a 100-car train of longer, heavier cars than in the days of long ago. Powerful locomotives now.

There is good prospects for a good third crop of alfalfa hay, owing to the heavy drought-breaking rains of the past three weeks. It takes 294 pounds of lime and 809 tons of water to make a three-ton crop of alfalfa hay—and as we have lime enough in most of our upland soil through the bluestem, Flint hill area, if there is sufficient rainfall we can raise wonderful alfalfa crops in this region.

Wish there was more alfalfa and sweet clover for if these crops are destroyed by hail storms the rain that comes with the hail will develop a good crop of alfalfa in a month, while it take a year to replace the corn, wheat and other grain crops.

Recently I met D.W. Herrington, of Blaine, Kans., in Irving where he was having some lathe work done at Lathrop's machine shop. He was born on his father's homestead, two miles northeast of Blaine in 1868. He went into the well-drilling business and I bought him out in 1904. He was in the Blaine bank for years, then went onto his father's old homestead, built up the soil with sweet clover. A man came by last spring, asked him his price and while he put a high price on it, the man bought it.

The personal property of the late Wm. Fincham was sold at his late home in Blue Rapids. Mr. Fincham was a careful man and all the tools and household equipment was in good condition. Joe Scott bought a double-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun for 75 cents that his father, Andy Scott, first settler where Blue Rapids now is, had sold for $7.00 to Mr. Fincham 47 years ago.

Art Blackney cried the sale and did well. Art bought the Ernest Brown dairy farm adjoining Blue Rapids on the southwest, but he is farming a section of land in the Reserville neighborhood southeast of Bigelow. Art is building up a herd of cattle—now has 103 head.

His teacher asked Johnnie to define the word "spine." Johnnie thought, then wrote, "A spine is a long limber bone. Your head sits on one end, and you sit on the other." Correct.

Published August 29, 1931

August 17 at Marysville

Had the pleasure of attending the dedication of the big glacial boulder monument, erected near the northwest corner of the Marshall county courthouse, in memory of the Overland Pony Express riders of 70 years ago.

A large crowd was in attendance at the dedication services and nature gave us mortals a beautiful day—partly cloudy with a cool southeast wind.

Part of the services were over when I arrived on the courthouse grounds, but had the pleasure of hearing county clerk Clyde Rodkey; Charles Travelute, city clerk; and John G. Ellenbecker, farmer and county historian, make their speeches which were enjoyed by all, especially by the younger generations who learned many things of historic interest.

Mr. Travelute came to Marysville with his parents from Illinois in 1866. He was a small boy and they were bringing some milk cows along and Mr. Travelute rode a saddle horse, driving the cows behind the covered wagon on the old Oregon Trail. His father homesteaded up north of Marysville in the Horseshoe creek school district, which was one of the pioneer schools and it was at that school where Charles Travelute went through the grades. Then he went to college at Manhattan.

It was 60 miles from the Travelute homestead to Manhattan, so they took a team and farm wagon—he and a neighbor youth—drove to Manhattan, working mornings and evenings and weekends at 10 cents an hour, earning enough to pay most of their room rent and economized living while in the Kansas State Agricultural College.

Coming home and returning to college at holiday periods it took two days each way—30 miles a day over the winding Big Blue river valley trail on which they had to camp out over night.

That was before the Blue Valley R.R. was built, which was constructed across Marshall county in 1885. Before that date there were only three towns between Marysville and Manhattan—Blue Rapids, Irving and Randolph. Since then Schroyer, Cleburne, Garrison and Rocky Ford have been built.

Boy Scouts riding high-lifed, medium-weight saddle horses, each rider carrying a metal trumpet which they blew loudly while coming near the dedication grounds, represented the pony express riders, which used to ride over this spot in 1860 and ’61.

One of the things that especially pleased me was to look across the street and there see an ox team, hooked onto a high wooden-wheeled farm wagon like the pioneer settlers came west in. It was in a covered wagon like this one that my father and his family rode into Marshall county over the Oregon Trail 61 years ago last spring, crossing the Black Vermillion river at the old French ford, northeast of where Bigelow is now. They came from Sherman’s saw mill log cabin on Bluff creek in Pottawatomie county, having first homesteaded there, then decided to move to Marshall county which had one railroad at that time.

The ox team across the street belongs to Otto Wullschleger of the Vermillion valley, two miles north of Winifred. I had the pleasure of driving this ox team a year ago while drilling a well at the Grimes schoolhouse, which is located on historic ground—an old Indian valley camp site. I drove the oxen around the schoolhouse and down to Mr. Wullschleger’s home.

The ox team attracted small boys who had never seen a yoke of oxen before, so that when Mr. Wullschleger started home many boys hung onto the rear end of the covered wagon to have the pleasure of saying they had rode in a prairie schooner, ox drawn, at this historic dedication event. Wish they all could have ridden at least a mile behind the beautiful yoke of oxen, so they could realize the difference in traveling 10 to 20 miles a day in old times and riding over highways now at 30 to 60 miles an hour in high priced 30 to 60 horsepower gas wagons—some change in a half century.

Was sure glad to see two Civil War veterans sitting in chairs on the speakers’ platform. These two silver-haired veterans of one of the world’s bloodiest wars which started 70 years ago last spring and lasted nearly four years, costing our nation two million lives and a war debt it took three score years to pay, with an annual pension payment to these dear old soldier boys who saved our nation from being divided into two countries, are both wide awake, active men and much interested in this pioneer’s meeting.

The oldest pioneer school ma'am in Marshall county was present at this dedication service. She is Mrs. Travelute, a sister-in-law of Charles Travelute, who went to grade school at the Horseshoe creek school in 1866, taught by Miss Elizabeth Mohrbacher, who later married A.J. Travelute. Mrs. Travelute taught school at the Blue Valley school below Marysville in 1861 and at district No. 1, Barrett, in 1864. She is a fine woman and I am proud and honored by this pioneer school ma'am's hearty hand shake.

Buffalo Bill (Wm. Cody) as a boy rode on the old pony express, first on this division then farther west on the most dangerous part of the long trail. The late Tom Strange of Blue Rapids City township used to tell us many incidents of those days when his father was a horse shoer on the Oregon Trail aided by his sons, and that he and Bill Cody , slept together one night in Marysville while the future Buffalo Bill was a pony express rider.

Leo Hoefer, big tall bachelor living on the old Perry Hutchinson mill farm, who recently came up here from southeast Texas, was much interested in the ox team and recalls that he saw logs hauled over winding trails through forests pulled by six-ox teams. Some of the turns were so short that they had to back up the wagon a short distance to clear the trees and that the oxen were so well trained they were as easily driven forward and backed up like good well-trained work horses.

Pioneer settlers, scouts, cavalry men and cowboys used to wear high-topped leather boots that cost $1.50 to $3.00 a pair. Now we have had very low priced cattle and horsehides for over three years and we still see some men's shoes listed as high as $7.00 and in Sears & Sawbuck's catalog I saw cowboy's boots listed at $11.45 up to $15.95—that would take 50 bushels of wheat to buy a pair of cowboy boots. Better go barefooted.

August 23 at Randolph, Kans.

Corn is good down here, hillside pasture nice and green on both sides of the Blue valley.

Randolph is an early day pioneer town. They had to haul their merchandise up here by wagons until in 1885 when the Blue Valley Union Pacific R.R. was built.

Saw a lot of prairie hay being put in stack, enroute down here. Now is a good time to put it up as it will make splendid quality hay now.

There are a lot of pioneer day stone fences around Randolph. Most of them are still in good condition though they have been built 50 to 70 years.

Saw a tramp sleeping on the grass in Randolph's round park. The hobo was using a suitcase for a pillow—pretty hard sleeping with mosquitos and flies gnawing him in the face.

James F. Copeland, who came with his brothers to Marshall county long ago, has been in the dentist profession here in Randolph for 35 years and still has a good trade. That means he has done good service in his profession.

August 24 at home

Was over to the 60-acre orchard of E.F. Nevins & Son Nursery company of Blue Rapids, on the old Walter Morgan Hereford ranch, four miles southeast of Blue Rapids. Mr. Morgan, the former owner of this ranch, was the father of Mrs. E.F. Nevins. This 60-acre orchard contains 3,500 apple and peach trees and though it is rolling land, has been farmed a long time, but the trees have been well cared for and this modern orchard is producing a splendid crop of fruit—and it is the largest orchard in this part of Kansas. I like canned peaches and the best quality fruit is when you can get them direct from the orchard. Their main nursery is in Blue Rapids, where they have the largest cherry orchard I ever saw in Kansas and have pears and other fruit. In one of their giant storage buildings they bring in fruit from the 60-acre orchard. Sure glad to have visited this wonderful 60-acre orchard close to my boyhood home.

Published September 4, 1931

August 31, at Cedar Flat Farm

After a high southwest windstorm here last evening, we received a quarter-inch shower of rain—just enough to lay the dust. It is cool and windy this morning with cloud pressure downward, so hope to get more rain soon, as corn and pastures need moisture very badly.

Jimmy Stewart and one of the Spunaugle boys are cutting prairie hay on the Mary Marmon ranch across the road west of this farm. They are having the hay baled from the windrow—making it convenient for long-distance hauling, and storing one ton of loose hay occupies as much room as three tons of baled hay. The past two weeks have been ideal hay weather—dry, but low grade cool winds—so the loose hay has been easy to handle.

Ed Anderson, a successful Cottage Hill farmer, who came here with his parents from Sweden 61 years ago, is building up a good herd of cattle as he knows when prosperity returns that cattle will rise in price, so any farmer with a good herd of cattle or swine is going to be sitting pretty. Here's good luck to you, Mr. Anderson

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Many farmers have been disking their early plowed wheat ground to kill out the weeds and volunteer grain and compact the soil for wheat seeding, which should be done in September so it will get a good start and make fall pasture for dairy cows.

Rye makes good fall and early spring pasture and a sure grain crop as it can stand exceedingly cold winters henfind seed to sow. Raise rye for bread and drink.

In Waterville last week I saw a big truck load of potatoes that were raised in the Kaw valley near Topeka. They were brought up by a son of Louis Herman of Afton, who had taken a load of livestock to the city market and brought the potatoes back and was selling them at 60¢ per bushel which is a low price for potatoes as they are a short crop, owing to the hot winds damaging the vines the end of June and with whole season's drought in the northern and western part of the United States and Canada. It looks like potatoes would be much higher next winter than they are now as some of the Kansas potato producers are so hard up they are selling their crop for 40¢ per bushel. One hundred bushels an acre at 40¢ beats 12 bushels of wheat an acre at 30¢ per bushel.

Received a letter from an acquaintance in southeastern South Dakota, which is a good farming country. He says that last winter was the driest, warmest winter they had in 35 years and this is the driest, hottest summer in a score of years. Wheat will make around 10 bushels, potatoes ruined, corn and other forage crops nearly a complete failure.

With all the spring wheat regions of the United States and Canada drought-stricken, with portions of Russia and Europe reporting bad wheat weather conditions, the world's wheat yield for 1931 is bound to be below normal—but just because Kansans had a fair wheat crop the stock gambling market has forced the price down dirt cheap while 6,000,000 are out of work and can't even buy wheat bran for eating. Billionaires could boost business and aid starving humanity by buying and grinding cheap wheat and handing it out to starving citizens.

The foundation of wealth in the U.S. is from agriculture, horticulture and livestock raising. Hence government officials should figure out a system where prices of farm products should be stabilized as the farmer has all the elements of nature to contend with in producing crops, vegetables, and fruits. Droughts, windstorms, lightning, hordes of insect pests, and livestock and poultry epidemics make general farming one of the greatest gambling games in the world, without having the market controlled by stock market gamblers for their own financial benefit.

If the billionaires had all the man-made money—gold and diamonds—piled up by their sides on a desolate barren island in mid-ocean where there was no food supplies and nothing they could buy to sustain life, how long would they live even though they had all the gold ever mined in the world. We must have farm products for food or perish of hunger, regardless of wealth. Millionaires make notice.

Among the manufactured merchandise that maintains peak of war prices is most all kinds of drugs

and all things made of iron and steel and rubber. These things are price-controlled by the biggest billionaire corporations in the world—so that many implements containing mostly steel and rubber in their construction are twice as high in price as in 1914, while farm products have been slashed ever since 1920.

The big steel corporations control the price of their products over the world. Think of having to pay $500 for a thin steel coffin to bury deceased humans in. Only a few years since a right good wooden coffin could be bought for $30. A thin piece of steel will rust out quicker than a good piece of wood will rot underground. It costs a lot to live—and a lot more to die under these conditions, when big corporations financially embarrass the grief-stricken relatives of a loved one called home to their long last rest.

Ed Nevins and son, James, owners of the Blue Valley Nursery company of Blue Rapids, who own a 60-acre commercial orchard and have one of the best nurseries in Kansas, recall that in 1922 they investigated the import of apples coming into Marshall county and found that 60 carloads were brought into the county, selling at an average of $1,000 a car. Thus the residents of Marshall county paid out $60,000 for apples alone and it is safe to say that at least $100,000 were spent for all kinds of shipped-in fruit during the year of 1922, and this is one of the best all-around fruit producing sections of the United States. In the spring of 1896 I went to the Nevins Nursery, got 302 redcedar trees, 400 apple, 30 cherry, 200 peach, and 2,000 grape vines, planted them on high prairie land, kept them well cultivated and just lost one cedar tree out of the entire lot and it was struck by lightning. Those trees increased the value of that farm by half, besides the pleasure and comfort of shade, shelter and fruit.

One acre of orchard planted on every farm in shade and evergreen trees, would increase the selling value of each farm to a large extent, beside reducing the cost of living to the farmers and their families—as fruits are not only the most pleasurable food products in existence, but a great aid from nature in building up and maintaining a good strong constitution.

In the early days when homesteaders used to exchange work in harvest time binding grain off the ground by hand, it took from eight to twelve men to keep a heavy small grain crop bound up out of the way of a reaper, and the housewives liked to have something fancy to finish up the meal of boiled potatoes and peas and cornbread, so they used to send us kids to the nearest creek to get some early harvest wild grapes, which they made into pies, using sorghum molasses in place of sugar—a nasty mess. Seemed good in those days.

The first apples I ever saw growing on a tree was in the Cyrus Gaylord orchard on his homestead on the west edge of Irving, just west of where the Episcopal church now stands on the north side of Main street. They were Winesaps and the view of the bright red apples among the green leafed branches of a small tree—looking at the tree over the top of a young hedge row from a seat on top of a double-box farm wagon, going up the road to the Missouri Pacific depot in September, 1876—left a mental picture and impression never to be forgotten.

In 1873 a candidate for county clerk stayed overnight at father's homestead and before he left next morning he gave each of six children a nickel. We had often listened with pleasure to our parents telling about the fruits they grew in their old Perry county, Pennsylvania, home community, so when father went to Irving we each gave him our nickel with instructions to get each of us an apple—they were five cents each—and he brought each of us a Ben Davis apple. Mother saved all the seeds from the six apples, planted them and that was the start of father's third orchard.

Father's first orchard was planted out the spring of 1870 on fresh broken sod and it being a dry year and having to haul water three miles—the trees, a few apples, died of want for moisture. That fall father wanted to get some peach pits to plant out, but there was no peaches in the county and none shipped or hauled in—so when a pioneer homesteader named John Lane was going in his covered wagon to St. Joseph, Mo., after some supplies, father told him to buy a few peaches for him so he could get the pits to plant. Mr. Lane could find no peaches in St. Joe, so he looked all over the town and found a few pits in the alleys, streets and backyards. He gathered up a quart in all for father, and he gave half of them to his old Illinois neighbor, W.H. Sabin, later the broomcorn king of Kansas. The fall of 1871 the rabbits began to

bark the few apple trees and they were greased with lard to stop the rabbits. Then our three dogs got a taste of the lard and chewed the trees to ruin to get the grease. In 1972 another small apple orchard was planted and did well until the big prairie fire on November 17, 1873, which completely destroyed it. Then we had to start from the seedling trees from the Ben Davis apple seeds. The seedling peach trees bore their first peach crop in 1876. Like heaven to us.

The land in Blue Rapids city, where the big cherry orchard, evergreen trees, flowers and shrubs of the nursery company grow, with the big beautiful modern home of Edward Nevins, also their giant storage building barns, office building, etc., used to be farmed only a few years ago and the last wheat crop grown there before Mr. Nevins bought the land was a poor crop, followed by an immense growth of cockle burrs and folks in general said the idea of Nevins thinking he can raise nursery stock on cockle burr land like that. However, friend Ed knew his apples and now that cockle burr field in the residence portion of the Gem City is today the prettiest spot in the county. That's what the right kind of tree planting will do for the increase of land value.

James Nevins, junior member of the nursery company, was born and spent his boyhood days on a farm east of Blue Rapids, near where the 60-acre orchard is now located. Later he went to college, then was an officer in the American army during the World War. Since then he has been in the nursery business with his father and I am sure glad to see this wide-awake young man go back again to nature study and work for the good of humanity in producing fruits.

Down at the John Ewing home in Blue Rapids last Friday night, I had the pleasure of meeting Walter Houk from Fort Yates up in western North Dakota. He used to be a railroad man—has lived in North Dakota 19 years. He is now a teacher in the sixth grade Indian school at Standing Rock Agency, where he does carpenter work and has charge of the industrial department, where he teaches the Sioux Indian boys to do all kinds of wood work, including lathe work.

Mr. Houk was born in Pennsylvania 51 years ago—is of Holland Dutch and English descent. Mrs. Houk is an Indian lady, so she feels at home while her husband is a teacher in an Indian school. Mr. Houk is six feet two and a half inches tall, straight as an arrow and a very active man. His son married Ruth Ewing and they live up in Washington county. Grace's great-grandmother was of Holland Dutch and Delaware Indian blood, raised back in southeastern Pennsylvania, where she was born 122 years ago.

While working at a well fishing job on one of Col. Whiteside's farms northwest of Blue Rapids near the junction of the Big and Little Blue rivers, I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend, Jack VanValkenburg, whose son lives on the Whiteside ranch. Mr. Van is 81 years of age and is quite active yet and he told me that his brother, Arb VanValkenburg, who has been a federal judge in Kansas City, Mo., for many years, is now 69 years of age, is still an active federal judge of nation-wide prominence—can retire from the judgeship at the age of 70—but according to what I have read of his ability as a judge in years gone by, I figure that he will be held as a federal judge as long as he cares to hold the job for he is of the same mental ability of the late Wm. Howard Taft, ex-president of the U.S., and then up until the time of his death, the outstanding federal judge of the U.S.—none better in the world. Mr. Taft and I used to write each other on our birthdays, which came on September 15.

While the railroad companies are working to tax the trucks out of existence—yet the fact there are so many trucks and cars used now—is responsible for nearly half of the freight hauled over the railroad out this way. While camped for three nights in the Marysville tourist park, I counted the number of cars in a lot of trains and nearly half the cars were oil and gasoline cars. One train of 85 cars had 45 oil cars.

The White Eagle Oil & Gas Co. paid five million dollars freight charges to railroad companies last year for hauling oil and gas for their company and they are now figuring on putting in an 800-mile oil and gas pipeline as far north as Minnesota—provided the rates 15 percent. I always liked to see the railroads do a good business but if they raise their freight rates to the peak of World war rates it is going to be a serious problem for both producers and consumers. So in justice to humanity I hope they will lower their freight rates.

Martin Nelson of Waterville recently returned from a trip to Canada. Came home through the Dakotas. Said it was very dry up there with poor crop

prospects. At filling stations when they learned he was from Kansas they would say, “Oh, you are from that country where they raise such big crops.” Which is a fact that we do not always realize and appreciate until we get far away from good old Kansas land.

John Berry, champion swine raiser of Marshall county, has only about 200 head of hogs on his big Fawn creek ranch. Ordinarily, Mr. Berry has around 500 to 600 hogs, but financial depression has lowered the lines in all classes of business and production.

If the state governors would call out state troops to raise the value of farm products as they have in Oklahoma and Texas to aid the billionaire corporations to raise the price of crude oil and gas, it would be in justice to the food producers of the nation.

School commences next week, for book learning education—so just remember this, that all book lore is what writers learned from nature study and experimental work and recorded the knowledge thus learned in book form, and as there is always a chance for improvement over old ideas, as civilization advances, learn all you can from what old timers learned and recorded in book form, but if we never had any new ideas or discoveries, knowledge would be at a stand-still. Finally, friends, remember this—theories are the parents of ideas and ideas are the basis of progress.

“Rastus, I sure am sorry to hear that you buried your wife.” “Yassuh, boss, but ah jus had to…she was daid.”

Tuesday morning, Sept. 1

A four-inch rain fell here last night, badly washing soil from plowed fields. Twenty-two years ago today, a month’s drought was broken by 2½ inches of rain, with 13 days of continuous cloudy showery weather, bringing 10½ inches of rainfall from September 7 to the 13th, then no more rain until November 14. Then we had a real flood, followed by the muddiest winter ever experienced.

Published September 11, 1931

At Marysville tourist park, Sept. 5

Stayed overnight at the home of John and Grace Ewing in Blue Rapids last night. In connection with his oil and gas business, John raises a good garden, potatoes, sweet corn and fruits. Grace raises an annual flock of 500 pure bred White Leghorn chickens. The first pullet egg was laid on August 9 and on September 4, 23 pullets were laying eggs.

No. 9 highway east of Blue Rapids is closed, with an official's detour two miles north of No. 9. This highway was in pretty good condition, but land was bought in strips adjoining the highway, making the road 80 feet wide. Culverts are being blasted out and new ones built. So this highway is now more impassable than the old Oregon Trail was 70 years ago.

A wider and better detour road from Blue Rapids to Frankfort is by way of Irving, Bigelow and Barrett over a well-graded, graveled road and though four miles further, some distance is reduced by the road going in an air line beside the Mo. Pac. R.R.

On the old John Preston homestead 1½ miles northwest of Irving, I saw a field of extra good kaffir corn—stalks over six feet high with extra large heads. Kaffir corn is the best laying hen grain feed ever raised around here and makes good pancakes for humans.

Thirty-eight years ago, Mr. Preston was still living on his homestead. He prided himself on having one of the most sanitary dug wells in his neighborhood. It was walled up with even-sized rock, the top part laid in lime and sand mortar. A tight board frame built up three feet high with a tight-fitting hinged lid kept closed except when water was cleaned every spring. On April 10, 1893, I went there to clean the well. There was a fair vein with a basin depth of seven feet. Jess Summers and I drew water from the well for six hours to get it low enough to work in the bottom. While drawing water out we frequently drank of it—tasted good. Down in the bottom I found three snakes—two dead, one live one—part of a harness and a broken up cook stove and three bushels of sediment from back of the wall. The stove and harness had been thrown in on Halloween night by some young men. Dug wells are very unsanitary.

Across the road east of the old Preston farm is the old Ira Sabin 240-acre broomcorn ranch—second bottom Blue valley land. Forty years ago this was the largest broomcorn field in Marshall county. Broomcorn growing was a much bigger gamble than any other clause of farming in those days. Big broom-making companies forced the prices up and down for their interests, causing many growers to lose their lands.

At the east edge of Irving in the Big Blue valley, in John Cottrell's big feed yards, I saw over a hundred head of nice big steers mostly grade Herefords, still on grain feed. Mr. Cottrell has around 300 acres of river bottom land and has extra good corn and a field of large kaffir corn. He has several giant silos to hold the corn crop silage for fattening cattle. Prices have been low on grain-fed stock so a few feeders have held some of their cattle and are hoping for better market conditions.

Fred Piper, mail carrier out of Irving, west and south, has the most flint hills on his side-road route of any carrier in the county. The sharp-edged block flint sure is hard on auto tires—also on horses' hoofs.

On John Boyd's mail route out of Irving there are a lot of flint ridges and some bad culverts. One fair-sized arch bridge across a side creek of the Corn Dodger had been damaged by a five-inch rain last Monday, so a part of the top had caved in, leaving an open hole exposed to traffic. It is six miles east and one-fourth mile south of Blue Rapids. Wells township officials and the adjoining land owners were deciding on a plan of repair when I arrived there.

Plowed fields, especially those that had been disked, have been washed and guttered by the run-off of the cloud-burst five-inch rain. Corn and pastures were helped by the rainfall—especially the replanted corn.

In the tourist park here in Marysville, a vast number of workmen were building concession stands for Labor Day and homecoming celebration. One old white-whiskered man was laying on the ground resting—looked like old Santa Claus.

While eating my noon time lunch another gray-haired man came up and asked if I knew of

anybody who wanted to take a boy and girl to raise. Said he was out of employment and no money, so he and his wife wanted a place to work for their eats and sleep. Too bad for such conditions to exist in the richest nation the world has ever known.

The last Monday's rain here around Marysville was the right amount, 2½ inches, which did a lot of good without washing soil away like it did where four to five inches fell in short order, doing a lot of damage to wheat land, especially where it had just been disked.

Monday, Sept. 7, at home

Coming home yesterday evening I stopped at the Ben Shaw farm, just across the Little Blue river bridge north of Waterville where Ben raised five acres of watermelons. He has a tent at the roadside where there is day and night service for customers. Ben has 60 acres of as good bottom land as ever lay outdoors and his five acres of melons made a wonderful crop. Ben is a kind-hearted man and when I stopped there, I counted 29 men, women and children there enjoying a melon feast. Ben has a table for cutting melons on with a lady melon-cutter, where customers and prospective customers and kiddies are given a big feed of wonderful good quality melons. One Sunday they sold 4,200 pounds of melons at one cent a pound. As many are eaten as are sold, so Ben's income is one-half cent a pound. I got one that weighed 62½ pounds. A lot of folks were there from a long distance to enjoy the free feed and buy melons for their families.

Published September 18, 1931

Sept. 13, at Cedar Flat farm

This is the 13th day of continuous south winds—varying each day from southeast to southwest—so enough ocean typhoon electric energy has been carried up here in the lower air strata to pull down the upper strata from the northwest and develop clouds and cause a breakdown of rain over some areas in Kansas by tonight. Though it is clear and dry looking this morning, air steamers indicate that is what will happen and it will mean more unsettled weather is coming.

The past three days I have been repairing pasture fences and it is surprising how fast the ground has dried out since our 4¾-inch rains here on Sunday and Monday two weeks ago. While we have no hot winds, there has been a Gulf region electric air heat in connection with the blazing sun has dried out the soil, so grasses have quit growing and corn fields are turning brown from heat-killed blades. We need rain.

Axel Johnson, living two miles south of here, last week said he expected to commence drilling in his wheat crop at once so when rain comes the wheat would be in the ground ready to come up and make late fall pasture for his cattle.

Mr. Johnson used to live in Riley county near Cleburne and he has a bachelor brother living in Cleburne, who lost $5,000 in a recent bank failure, leaving the aged man in financial distress. Too bad.

While enroute to Clay Center to visit an uncle, the Anderson family stopped at Leonardville to hear Dr. Brinkley's speech in which speaking of financial depression he said there were too many people on earth, that there should be birth control and the surplus population killed off. The surplus population was increased by Doc installing monkey, then goat glands in thousands of rundown men, at $1,000 each, thus putting their money in circulation and renewing their vigor and extending their lives beyond the natural period.

Mr. Johnson says his uncle had just returned from a visit to his old home in Sweden and he reported a financial depression there, but that wealthy people were aiding the unemployed by giving them some small jobs, as well as free food supplies. Those good old non-combatant Scandanavians have the right idea of a relief system. It is hard to even teach mankind to believe in Bible teaching while his stomach is being gnawed by hunger.

Ed Whiteside was a Labor Day caller here at Cedar Flat. Mr. Whiteside lives on his father's old home farm in the Little Blue river valley, northwest of Waterville. He is the only son of the late Clay Whiteside, who was the first white child born Pottawatomie county, and a nephew of Col. Whiteside, a prominent farmer and elevator owner of my hometown of Waterville.

One of the callers here yesterday was Jake Twidwell, who owns and lives on his father's old home farm, two miles south of Winifred. When he arrived here he remembered that he used to farm some of the plow land on this farm years ago, when he was a tenant of the big Axtell ranch that joins Cedar Flat farm on the east. There is some good bottom land on the old Axtell ranch, but most of it is pasture land in the Fawn creek Ozark hills.

Mr. Twidwell recalled that he remembered of my drilling a well for his father when he was a boy, 37 years ago last month. He says the well is good yet and furnishes all the water they need for all purposes. He remembered that Arthur Brice of Blue Rapids drove the horses on the power while I drilled the well. That was in 1894, poor dry year. Arthur had come from England that spring, was out of work and I hired him for 35 cents a day—and that was his first job with me when we drilled for Mr. Twidwell.

Had a letter from A.M. Strate of Friona in Farmer county, West Texas, this week. He had sold his stored wheat crop three weeks ago for 28 cents a bushel—it was only 23 cents when he combined his crop and it has gone down to 25 cents per bushel now. They had a light crop there—some of the wheat on newly broken land only making 15 bushels per acre. Mr. Strate is a near neighbor of Walt Talbot, formerly of Marsville, Kans., who is a brother-in-law of James and Wm. Fincham of Blue Rapids.

Received a letter yesterday from an old Pleasant Valley neighbor, Harvey Cummings of Peyton, Colo., 31 northeast of Colorado Springs, on the main line of the Rock Island R.R. He reports a very dry, hot summer out there with a short small grain and

hay crop—prospects of a light bean crop, but a big surplus of last year's bean crop in storage. He says there is 25 carloads of 40,000 pounds to a carload—that would be 1,000,000 pounds—stored in the elevator in the small town of Peyton and that many farmers have from two to three tons stored at home.

Mr. Cummings says farmers are now hauling lots of their stored beans to town and are now only getting $1.60 a bushel—the price having fell off 10 cents a bushel in the last week. Beans are a high nutriment-test food product, 95 percent, and they are a mighty good food product for all working classes—in connection with whole wheat bread or gems, cornbread, potatoes, all kinds of fruit, especially peaches and apples, beef and pork and milk and cocoa for meal time drinks and lots of pure water between meals.

Wheat flour making by-products—shorts and bran—have come down a little more in price. In Waterville, bran is now 45 cents per 100 pounds, shorts 65 cents per 100-pound sack and white flour 85 cents for a 48-pound sack—while apples are retailing at 5 cents a pound, melons 1 cent a pound, tomatoes $1.00 per bushel, corn meal 2 cents per pound, full dinner meals 45 cents each, good hootch $2.00 to $4.00 a gallon. Cheap living.

Thirty years ago I was laughed at for writing that in this county we had one of the best dairying sections in the U.S. Marshall county has 30 and at that time had five railroads, has four rivers and 54 creeks, lots of timber for shelter and shade and the rolling hilly pasture land with the timbered creeks makes a good protection for the cattle from all kinds of weather, besides we have the best natural pasture grass in the world, the big bluestem, and all our county farm lands will raise good paying crops of alfalfa and other cultivated grasses—and the many towns and railroads give access to many markets. Land owners here did not realize the value of this county for dairying until Congressman Strong bought a poor farm west of here in Washington county and started his nephew to raising a Holstein herd—others imitated, and now Washington county holds third place dairy earnings among the 105 counties in Kansas and folks down here are awakening to the fact that this is a wonderful dairying as well as a general farming county—hard to beat any place in the U.S.

Last year's severe drought caused the sale of vast herds of dairy cattle on account of shortage of pasture grass and winter feed and my contention has been since last early winter that there would be a big shortage in dairy cattle and they would be one of the first farm products to stage a comeback, and the continued drought and scarcity of feed from drought and hoppers in the northern states and Canada, will put lots of dairymen out of producing milk and butterfat for the markets. Received a letter from a longtime resident of Montana and he says they have had a three year's drought up there—causing the worst time they have ever had.

It is reported that Boyd Newcomb of Wichita, an auctioneer, sold grade milk cows last week in a sale in Butler county as high as $100 a head. He reports that cheap feed, good fall pastures and small Butler reserves are producing a greater demand for dairy cows. The price of butterfat here is going up and will continue to do so, as there is no substitute for good cow butter.

Ed Anderson, farmer and stockman living five miles south of Waterville, has a big typewriting machine to trade for a giant sow, or a medium sized milk cow.

It is reported that hog cholera kills 400 head of pigs an hour throughout the U.S. That would be 9,600 each 24 hours—nearly four million head a year. According to that, meat meal—called tankage—made from dead hogs and other chemicals should come down in price.

Marshall county, Kansas, is the Herefordshire of America—so it sounds good to hear that Wm. Miller of Belvidere has sold 1,800 Hereford yearlings to Horace Adams of Maple Hill for $6.00 a hundred pounds. The calves are to be delivered in October when Mr. Miller estimates they will average in weight 725 pounds each, an average of $43.50 per head—close to $15,000 for the entire herd of spring calves—not bad for this bad financial depression period.

Charles A. Scott of Topeka, secretary of the Kansas State Horticultural Society, declares that Kansas has raised 3,000,000 bushels of apples—which

I hope is right—as apples are more universally used by the working class all over the world than any other kind of fruit, and they are the longest keeping fruit in the fresh form. If properly cared for, it is easy to have them 10 months of the year. Commencing in July with the early harvest variety and ending the following June with late keeping kinds. The Missouri Pippins are not extra good keepers, but I have kept them as late as May 27 in an outside cellar, called a dugout, which is properly made with rock or cement walls, cement floor and a cement or arched rock roof, covered with soil, makes the inside temperature right the year around if a good high-reaching ventilator is installed. For long-time keeping in a cellar, they do best placed in a banana crate which gives ventilation and there is less pressure on the bottom on account of the outward expansion of the crate. Apples are medicine as well as food, so let's eat more apples.

Published September 25, 1931

September 14

Weather windy and hot following a light shower last night. Would like to see the farmers get their wheat drilled in right away, then come a good rain, so it would come up and make a good growth so the milk cows will have some good late autumn pasture.

There are many suggestions for overcoming the financial depression—some of them are freakish, so here is another one: Let the Federal Farm board stabilize farm products with the following prices: Hen fruit, 30¢ a dozen; butterfat, 45¢ per pound; poultry, 15¢ per pound; corn 50¢ per bushel; wheat, $1.25 per bushel; hogs, a dime a pound; cattle, 12¢ per pound—then call out the army to enforce their regulation of prices, like the governors of Oklahoma and Texas used their state troops to control oil production and raise the price on crude oil.

If farmers received the above prices for their products they could buy all necessary supplies needed on the farm, which would start employment in manufacturing plants and thus bring national prosperity back on the jump.

There is some talk that we need another World War to give universal employment and use up surplus supplies of all kinds. We are now paying the long price of the late World War, which directly and indirectly caused the loss of over 20,000,000 human lives and piled up billions of dollars of war debts, that will take at least 100 years to pay.

Some folks say the government had better have ground up into flour the 15,000,000 bushels of wheat given to China and used it to feed the 6,000,000 Americans unemployed. Of course it was sold to the Chinese on long time, but chances of ever getting pay for it is small.

Here is a list of valuable aged coins owned by Mrs. Charles Henderson of Blue Rapids: half dime, 1856; Canadian one-cent piece, 1918; Mexican 25 centaviras, 1885; U.S. five-cent piece, 1856; one-cent piece, 1859; ten-cent piece, 1825; ten-cent piece, 1889; two-cent piece, 1864; fifty-cent piece, 1842; three-cent piece, 1867; three-cent silver star, 1853; Canadian cent, 1859; one-cent piece, 1853; twenty-five-cent piece, 1854; three-cent piece, 1867; five-cent piece, 1883. Mrs. Henderson's maiden name was Nellie Thompson, a granddaughter of Judge Wm. Thompson, who homesteaded at the junction of the Little Blue river with the Big Blue river, two miles northwest of Blue Rapids in 1858. That was twelve years before Blue Rapids was founded.

Sam Amscoot, who lives near Clay Center and is one of the prominent shorthorn cattle breeders of Kansas, won $100 in prizes at the Norton county fair. He was the man who raised the 2,160-pound roan bull I used to own and which I sold to the Fitzgerald brothers, prominent cattle men near Beattie.

N.E. Samuelson of Axtell is feeding his Holstein dairy herd on a grain ration of half wheat and half oats, which in connection with summer pasture is a very good ration—and corn and wheat in the winter time.

Flaxseed growers are getting $1.00 per bushel now. In early days, lots of flax was grown on newly broken prairie sod—often yielding 10 to 20 bushels per acre. The last flax grown in my old neighborhood six miles east of Blue Rapids was in 1894.

The Washington County Creamery Co., located at the town of Linn, is exchanging butter for butterfat pound for pound, which will be a convenience to many over-worked farmers' wives and will induce a heavier butter consumption then when it has to be hand-churned in small quantities.

Government records show that even in 1930, the worst national drought record on record—that agriculture paid a freight charge of $898,854,000, and if the proposed 15 percent is added, it would it would have made the last year's freight charges nearly 135-million dollars higher—or over a billion dollars for freight transportation for agricultural products for last year.

The State Fish and Game Commission has bought 582 acres of land four miles northeast of Emporia—paying $24,000 for the land—an average of $40 an acre. A lake of 150 acres will be constructed with the balance of 432 acre used for a free tourist camp.

I have always contended that Kansas ought to have at least 3,000 man-made lakes, as it would furnish fishing for home folks and bring multitudes of sightseers to Kansas each year—and the moisture escaping upwards from the lakes would bring down more rain and the wind blowing over the lakes would be cooled so we would have few hot winds. Lakes are a safe place to swim in summer and skate in winter than in and on the winding quick-sand-bottomed rivers. When I become state game and fish warden I will install a lake in Marshall county.

Two years ago today I had planned on having a Pleasant Valley school district reunion, but the weather prevented it. One of the things I had planned on was to have had Clay Whiteside of Waterville, who was the first white child born in Pottawatomie county, and George Thiele of Washington, who was the first white child born in Marshall county, stand side-by-side where the teacher's desk used to stand when I went to school and have their pictures taken. It was a strange coincident that these two men, born in adjoining counties, each moved into an adjoining county and spent their lifetime there. George Thiele was born on his father's homestead northeast of where Bigelow is now, on September 14, 1855, and moved to Washington county in 1878, where he was an abstractor and examiner of titles until he was called home the 19th day of February, 1929. I had a visit with him on December 12, 1928. Mr. Whiteside came to this county in 1865 and passed away last July.

The day set for the district reunion last year was on Sunday, September 14 and owing to bad field road conditions, caused by a heavy local rain, I had to call it off—cost me $6 to phone the reunion off. Our old schoolhouse was on historic ground—upon a high hill with a plain view of the Twin Mounds in the southeast and the old Oregon Trail in view two miles east, and the old Otoe Indian trail a half mile west, with bands of Otoe, Pottawatomie and Kaw Indians trailing back and forth visiting each other on their reservations, and on the north side of the hill in the Corn Dodger valley was an east and west cutoff emigrant trail on which thousands of covered wagons passed by, going west to buffalo hunt and homestead land. They often camped at the foot of the hill. One time, 26 wagons camped there for dinner.

My dear old school ma'am, Emma Smith, taught two terms there. My first term in school was in April, 1874. We had spring and fall terms in those days. April, May and June for the spring term, and September, October, November and December comprised the fall term, which closed just before Christmas. Emma Smith, my first teacher, now Mrs. Dexter, is still living. Her home is in Washington, Kansas. While teaching our school she rode horseback from her father's homestead, six miles night and morning. Charles Ensign, sweet potato king of Marshall county, was my seat mate at that first term of school. Arthur Schooley, prominent businessman of Kansas City was there—it was his first term. Also Carry Belle Baird and Ruth Weeks, now Mrs. Harland and Mrs. Ceaser, both of Frankfort, and Burton Winter of Irving and Grant Baird of Bigelow, and Emma Rickard of Blue Rapids and my two sisters of Nebraska were among the 40 scholars.

September 15

This is my birthday—am of age today. Am batching in the northeast room of the big farm mansion of the late Captain Perry Hutchinson. This good historic farm home is now owned by his son, W.W. Hutchinson, prominent long-time businessman of Marysville. Capt. Hutchinson commenced trying to get water on this farm over 60 years ago and not being able to get it from dug and drilled wells, he put in a reservoir of a half acre on a high field ridge, piped water from the Blue river up to the reservoir, then it came down in underground pipes to his three big livestock barns. The reservoir has not been in use for years and is now sodded over and surrounded with trees. I picked a location for a well and am up here setting up the drilling machine, where I expect to get a good water supply. From the top of the 33-foot mast I can see up to the Nebraska line and over close to Frankfort.

I hired a truck man to pull my drill up here four weeks ago and in turning, he turned too short, damaging the front upper steel bolster. While getting the damaged part off, the machine slipped off one of the jack screws and the steel frame struck me across the back and left hip, injuring a nerve, so that for two weeks could do no work. Don't feel like doing much work yet, but must get busy.

Leo Hoefer, a tall young bachelor, lives here and he batches in one room and I in another room. He

has to haul stock water in a big wagon tank from the city water works for his stock and I carry drinking and cooking water from a well on the river bank, beside Capt. Hutchinson's giant flour mill, now owned by the Golden Dream Flour Company, who owns several big mills. They do not use this big mill for grinding, though there is none better in Kansas for size and equipment.

Leo Hoefer has rented a well-watered farm near Odell, Neb., and will farm up there next spring. He is over six feet high—a good kind-hearted young man—raises poultry, cattle, hogs and horses and some young lady had ought to have kept him here in Kansas, but it's too late now—he is going to leave us and go to Odell. Wish he had got a wet farm here after hauling water so long.

Fred Griswold, who now farms the Bob Peterson farm two miles east of Marysville, has rented this farm and is preparing 35 acres to put into wheat and will commence planting this week. Hope he gets it in before the big rain that ought to come following the long continued south winds. Fred has two young kiddies and a good wife to help him in his farming, so he will make good here.

Monday, September 21, Marysville

Some light showers fell here the past three days and this morning we got a real rain—so near as I can tell, it fell 1½ inches here. Yesterday was my son, Claire's, 16th birthday. This is his last term in high school. Had intended to go home, but the weather was so threatening I stayed here and worked between showers. Had a lot of hard blue Pennsylvania limestone to go through and two stratas of black flint. Struck a crevice in the hard rock with a big flow of water. Drew out 400 gallons in 40 minutes—10 gallons a minute—and didn't lower it an inch. It is worth $5,000 to the value of the farm like this where there has never been a sufficient supply on the farm. Wish it could have been found in Captain Hutchinson's lifetime, as it sure would have been a big help to him, besides the pleasure and comfort of having good fresh water on his farm.

Published October 2, 1931

September 24

We got the south edge of a rain storm here last night—with a high west wind. Sky lines showed the storm center was up near the Nebraska line, only three-fourths of an inch fell here at home, two miles south of Waterville, which makes two inches since Monday morning.

Sky lines this morning showed the cloud strata of air was going upwards, so we should have a period of settled weather for several days—though the Marshall county fair might draw down some bad weather next week. In pioneer days it used to frequently cause cold drizzly rains while the county fair was on. At Marysville, so the saying originated, when it was a dry time, that if the Marysville fair was on now we would get plenty of rain.

In those times when folks had to drive horses or oxen to high wooden-wheeled farm wagons, called lumber wagons, some of them from the extreme southeast and southwest corners of the county, driving over rough winding hilly trails, fording creeks and rivers—a distance of 25 to 25 miles—then to have to drive home through a cold drizzly rain on a dark night—it was a serious hardship, never dreamed of in this gas-wagon age. Lots of young men would ride 15 to 30 miles to the fair on horseback, many of them riding bareback, having no saddles, and once in a while some lucky family would be seen driving to the fair in a spring wagon—and everybody in sight of the trail would stop work, watch the rig go by and remark how lucky that family was to have a buggy.

Tonight is the annual election meeting of the Pleasant Valley A.T.A. Lodge No. 15, six miles east of Blue Rapids on highway No. 9, but as the road contractors have No. 9 in that vicinity all torn up rebuilding culverts and bridges, making an 80-foot road, while 60 feet would have been plenty wide—so the meeting will have to be postponed as members can't get to the meeting place except on foot.

It is nice to have a good graded long-distance road, but on the other hand it is bad for taxpayers living on side roads—many of them on rail route roads, where the road is so narrow in places that if two cars or teams meet, it is a serious problem to pass each other, and narrow dangerous culvert. It is a case of using most all the money on the main roads—letting the side roads go.

Saturday, Sept. 26, Marysville

Came up here today and a can on my well drill northwest of town showed 2½ inches of rainfall on Thursday night. Was told they had a six-inch cloud burst at Oketo last night which put the Big Blue river out of its banks here at Marysville.

Ben Bell, living at the west edge of Marysville, has a hog lot extending down to the river bank and the entire lot was covered with the river overflow, reaching up close to the house which stands on a ridge. The hog pasture today was a black mass of mud. It is just south of highways No. 36 and 77, which were overflowed for 300 yards back from the river.

Mr. Bell has Black Poland China swine and one day last week while walking by there, I counted 72 shoats in sight of the highway—besides a number of grown up hogs near the buildings. They are of the long-body type and will develop into extra large killers when they make a cleanup on the 1931 corn crop.

Met George Ungerer on the streets this evening and he says the well I drilled for him last month on his good farm, six miles south of Marysville, and which my test showed five gallons per minute, cannot be pumped out. They put up a new windmill and put in a good new pump, and Mr. Ungerer says he would not sell the well even though it could be done, as a good supply of water is a valuable necessity to every farm and home.

Monday, Sept. 28, Home City

Stopped here at the filling station of August Tangeman, pioneer settler of this beautiful small city, where Mr. Tangeman is enjoying a good business from auto drivers over highway No. 36. A neighbor gave Mr. Tangeman a book written several years ago by Coin Harvey telling how to overcome nationwide financial depression periods. The foundation of Harvey's theories or at least part of them are from some of the Bible prophesies. I bought one of those pamphlet books for 25¢ when they first came out and a statement on the book cover said nearly one-and-a-half million copies had been sold. So Coin Harvey knew how to overcome his own financial depression by putting out a sucker-catching book.

Several wheat fields drilled in before the big rains between here and Marysville, seven miles, are up and growing fast—so will make good early winter pasture. Wish all the farmers had got their wheat sowed before the rainy spell. A test-out several years ago convinced me that early-planted wheat would win out over late-planted, at least 7 years out of 10, even counting the loss from Hessian flies. Wheat sowed early gets a good start and stools in the fall, the natural time, and it is more sure to endure hard freezing weather without being killed out.

The oiled highway No. 36, greased last June, is getting quite bumpy in places where two or three inches in depth have been washed out or settled down—some spots several feet in diameter. Coarse sand packed into sticky clay makes a good solid road.

Same day in Winifred

Stores in a big town are not always the cheapest sellers. Here at the late Gus Heleker's store, good big apples are being sold at half the price charged in large towns for the same kind of fruit in small quantities. There is a good reason for this as a small town that has no city officials to pay or other incorporated town expenses can handle goods at a smaller profit, provided they get sufficient trade. Winifred is surrounded by a good farming country, and has a graveled road to Frankfort. A passenger train went west with a U.P.R.R official's automobile equipped with railroad-car wheels following it in the wake of the last fast-moving passenger and express train. Sure looked cute to see the gas car following the big steam-drawn train.

Same day in Bigelow

Met a lot of old time friends here. Among the lot was Perry Wells, first settler in Wells township. Perry owns town property that in 1894 belonged to Minnesota Belknap, father of Carl Belknap, who is superintendent of the electric power company of Marysville. I drilled a well on that property nearly 30 years ago for Mr. Wells and he says it is good as ever, can't be pumped out, pure soft water and he raised a large garden, lots of tomatoes, sweet potatoes, and has in years gone by, irrigated them from that same old well, which is one of the best wells in town.

Among the old time friends was Grant and Richard Baird, who were raised on their father's old homestead adjoining my father's homestead northeast of Irving. The Baird boys were my schoolmates at the old Mt. Zion schoolhouse in district 49. Dick Baird and I started batching on adjoining farms, five miles east of Blue Rapids in 1892, and later we organized a bachelor's brotherhood and had a lot of fun in new members riding the lodge goat.

Bob Millgate, who owns the hotel here, was reported to have just returned from a visit with his younger brother in Wyoming and his sister, Grace, in Oregon. Grace used to be a government nurse before her marriage and was in Cuba and has seen other distant lands.

While in Bigelow I met my old neighbor, Wm. Netz, and his good wife Gertrude, who now live in Irving. Mr. Netz received some injuries several years ago while grading roads and has never fully recovered, so they went out to California to the city of Pomona, which is 33 miles from Los Angeles and 40 miles from Long Beach. Pomona is located near Mt. Baldie near the mountains and has a population of 28,000. Mr. Netz's uncle, Christ Netz, pioneer homesteader south of Irving and later a resident of Marysville, is now living in that part of California. He is now 85 years of age. Mr. Netz likes the California climate fine—was greatly improved. Came back here and an attack of hay fever has pulled him down again, but the coming cool weather will dispel the fever. While he was my neighbor in Pleasant Valley, he was trustee of Wells township and president of the Anti-Horse Thief Association.

Same day in Irving

Stopped for a look at Ed Blazier's goat herd. He used to have a big herd in connection with his harness shop, but now he only has a few head left. Goat milk is good for ailing folks and especially good for children, but I like cattle so well—the best of all domestic animals—that I sure like to drink milk from good dairy cows.

Blue Rapids this evening.

Cars were coming in from every direction, going down to the fair grounds where a big crowd had gathered to see what all was there for the opening of

the four-day Marshall county fair tomorrow. Saw some of the cavalrymen from Ft. Riley who are up here for the big county fair.

Coming from Blue Rapids to Waterville, I met 20 cars going towards Blue Rapids and only one passed me coming west. Two years ago on the last evening of the fair while driving to Blue Rapids—going five miles in 15 minutes on No. 9—I counted the cars and truck I met going west from the fairgrounds, and I met 127 cars and trucks on the five miles of highway.

In my notes of two weeks ago I reported the loss of $5,000 in a bank failure by a bachelor living in or near Cleburne. A typographical error in the *Blue Rapids Times* made it $15,000. The loss was not from the Cleburne bank failure. Many men lose their money far from home in larger towns, when home institutions are often safer. The banking business is a trying job and most failures are not caused purposely by bank officials, but hard times cause bank patrons to be unable to meet their obligations.

Published October 9, 1931

September 29

This is the first day of the Marshall county fair. Weather nice, with the cloud streamers going upwards, so the prospect is for fair weather until the weekend, when there may be showers provided the air pressure is downward.

Yesterday I saw trucks up on highway 36 bringing livestock to the county fair. A long ways from their home so I hope the weather remains good until they return their exhibits home from the fairgrounds. One thing I especially hope for is that the school day will be a nice weather day, so the school kiddies and their parents coming a long distance can enjoy the fair without the fear of being trapped by a rain storm before arriving at their homes.

September 30 at Marysville

Last day of good old September drifting fast away. Lots of rainfall and no frost this month. High winds have caused lots of apples to be picked earlier than normal—off the ground.

The heavy rains and cooler nights have thinned out the flies and some of the other insect pests. All kinds of insects, except chinch bugs and Hessian flies, were more numerous and did more damage than for years past. I had a lot of pumpkins and the vines were killed dead in one week by pumpkin bugs—so we only have hundreds of green pumpkins for hog feed—not one ripe one.

The grasshoppers have laid their eggs and gone over the river. Vast flocks of black birds have helped thin out the hoppers. On Monday evening I saw a flock a mile long, going to roost in the Blue Valley timber.

The weather is warm enough today so that some of the young men are going without shirts. Some folks have razzed them for doing so—but I am glad to see them near naked as possible for the good of their health—as there is no disease germ killer equal to the sunshine and no purifier like fresh wind.

All wild men tribes of the world were healthier with good constitutions so long as they lived along their tribal way—plain food, exposure of the body to the elements, sleeping on the bosom of Mother Earth, with plenty of exercise by walking or horse riding.

Walking up the street I saw a big broad-shouldered man sitting on the sidewalk in front of Monkey Ward's store. Coming closer, I saw the poor fellow had no hind legs, just stubs, on which he had runners so he could push himself along the walks by using a four-inch square handled pushing block in each hand.

His name is Barto Rimel and his home is in Junction City. He is a big fine-looking man—looks to be not over 37 years of age, but is 53. He used to 230 pounds, now weighs 237. He lost one leg in North Dakota while railroading, the other in Montana from an infection following an attack of flu and pneumonia. He and his wife had been on a visit to their old home up in North Dakota. He is one of the best muscled men I ever saw—broad shouldered, deep chested, even white teeth—just the type that would have made a heavyweight prize fighter.

October 1 at Ed Whiteside's Little Blue river ranch, four miles northwest of Waterville. Am setting up the drilling rig to try and get Mr. Whiteside a good supply of water. He started filling his silo today—has a lot of neighbors helping, hauling the corn fodder in from the field. The oldest helper is Otto Youngberg, who tramps down the silage in the big silo that holds 150 tons.

Mrs. Whiteside has 500 Leghorn chickens. She used to try and raise 1,500 each year but they had a brooder house burned down last year with a loss of 300 chicks. They now have one brooder house and a modern chicken house, 20 by 60 feet, with three divisions, and straw packed overhead. Their chickens are a healthy-looking flock.

Mr. Whiteside has two good barns, a big workshop, two hog houses and a modern cattle shed, 20 by 80 feet built a year ago. He bought 65 head of young cattle last spring at Wichita—lost four head from shipping fever and the other 61 head have made a good growth and his 13-year-old son, Dean, has selected one of them for his school project.

He also has 80 head of extra good Chester White shoats. He bought 81 head at one of the Marysville community sales, vaccinated them against cholera and only lost one. This is a wonderfully good farm—most all first bottom land. It is a half-mile from the buildings to the Little Blue river. Dry today with high south winds.

Published October 16, 1931

October 4

Enroute to Bigelow this morning we overtook three men driving a band of 52 big fat Hereford steers, belonging to John Cottrell of Irving. These steers have been on grain feed for a year and were as good a band as I have ever saw. They were being driven to the Williams shipping station, north of the schoolhouse and close to where the city of Merrimac was started in 1858 and later abandoned, after Irving was established in 1860.

There were no bridges in those days—all creeks and rivers had to be forded. The Big Blue was crossed a mile southeast of Irving and just west of Merrimac City at Fuller's ford. Homesteaders, hunters and trappers coming to a town for supplies of ammunition, food and clothing preferred a town located west of the river—to save dangerous fording. That boosted Irving and killed Merrimac City.

The Williams siding, where livestock, hay and grain can be loaded, is on a low ridge that divides the Big Blue and the Black Vermillion river valleys. A quarter mile north of the station at the valley edge, next to a range of steep hills, still stands the W.J. Williams farm house that he had designed and all parts cut and numbered in New York state and shipped to Irving, where he had the material hauled out to his ranch, two miles east and one mile south of Irving, where it was erected by local carpenters, painted snow white and homesteaders drove many miles to see the Williams mansion. The house was made of the very best grade lumber and is a good sound building today. In connection with his big bottom farm, Mr. Williams owned a section of good bluestem grass land joining the bottom land on the north. He was one of the early-day cattle feeders of Marshall county.

A short distance southeast of the W.J. Williams historic house there is an old dug well in which two men lost their lives while digging the well 50 years ago last summer. A faint trace of gas had been found and after the well digger had been in the well a short time a short time in the morning he called up to the windlass helper and to Mr. Williams, saying that he was feeling bad, and Mr. Williams said, "You better come up and wait until you feel better." Then they let down the mud bailer, a half-barrel size, for the digger to come up in, and just then he was overcome by the gas and the helper would not go down to fasten a rope on the unconscious man. A young cattle herder, who had ridden up to see how they were getting along with the well, leaped off his bronco and said, "I'll go down and put a rope on him." They carelessly let the boy go down without tying a rope around his body for his safety, so while tying a rope to the well digger the cowboy was overcome and no one else would go down so both died.

Having no fishing tools there, they rushed a man to Irving where they had Bob Patterson, a Civil War veteran and blacksmith, make them some man-fishing tools with which they hooked into the bodies and pulled them up out of the well three hours after their gas attack. The dead men were buried in the Irving cemetery in the east end of town where John Cottrell's residence is now located. Later, when the new Greenwood cemetery was located east of the Big Blue river and most of the bodies were removed from the old cemetery to the new one, Mr. Williams had the bodies of the men who lost their lives in his new dug well, removed at his expense to the beautiful cemetery, which is one of the most beautiful ones in the county. It is on historic ground, the old Indian camp ground, where the Kaw, Pottawatomie and Otoe tribes met annually for a three-day treaty of peace renewal for the coming year.

Joining the Williams pasture on the west is the old Thades Dary homestead. 1880 was a good corn year with the peak price up to 27 cents a bushel for ear corn delivered in towns. Ninety-nine percent of the corn marketed in those days was ear corn, as there were very few shellers. 1881 was a severe drought year over a wide area of the U.S. By May in 1882 corn was $1.00 a bushel. Mr. Dary's farm was in the Blue valley, was sub-irrigated by a river overflow, so he had a fair corn crop in 1881. On father's prairie homestead the corn crop was very light and by May, 1882, he had to buy corn to feed his work horses—had sold all the hogs except two brood sows. Eggs were 8 cents a dozen, butter 10 cents a pound. Had to take some of the egg and butter money and buy two or three bushels of ear corn of Thad Dary at $1 a bushel. Fed six or seven ears to each horse for a work feed and lariated them out on the prairie at night.

1882 was an exceptionally good all-around crop year. Gardens, fruits, grains and grass never were better. Father sold good big peaches, windfalls and over-ripe ones at 10 cents a bushel.

Father was a great potato raiser. He had over 600 bushels in 1882. They sold for 20 cents a bushel for early varieties and 25 to 30 cents for peach blows, that would keep sound and solid until the following June. In those days we were lucky to get a dime for a 40-pound watermelon and a dollar a wagon-load for good big solid ripe yellow field pumpkins, raised in corn fields, planted between the hills of check-rowed corn, where on new land they did remarkably well. Many men used to buy them for hog feed. Father used to store several tons of them under a straw stack and every evening it was my job to cut up a lot of them for milk cow feed and be sure there was no seeds among the cow feed as they reduced the quality of milk, but the pumpkin seed was extra good for pigs.

Adjoining the Williams farm on the east is the Wm. Fenwick homestead, where George Fenwick, president of the Fenwick Oil Company of Marysville was born and where he lived and farmed before going to Marysville. His mother was an aunt of John Boyd, who is mail carrier on route one from Irving, which goes right by his father's old homestead on the Corn Dodger creek and returns to Irving by the Fenwick farm.

Before Wm. Fenwick's death and while George and his good wife were living on the farm, Mr. Fenwick hired me to drill an old well deeper. Went down to 120 feet, but got no more water. It was at the base of a hill. I selected a location in the pasture highland and got a windmill supply of good water at 44 feet on a long lime lead vein in a crevice in hard rock.

At the old David Griffis homestead a mile west of Bigelow we met Miss Mattie Potter of St. Joseph, Mo., who now owns the farm. Miss Potter is a sister-in-law of the late Albert Williams, who was the only son of W.J. Williams, who was one of the men who helped select the location for Irving 71 years ago last spring.

Miss Potter had come up from St. Joseph on Saturday afternoon over the Mo. Pac. R.R. and had a 24-hour round trip ticket. We heard a locomotive whistle and saw the east-bound passenger train coming. The folks said it was 20 minutes early. My son, Claire, took Miss Potter in his Overland coupe, had to go over a half-mile of rough road, then a mile of good road to overtake the train at Bigelow and the train was nearly there when he started, but by driving at the speed limit he got the lady there in time. The time table had been changed 20 minutes—which used to be advertised in newspapers in advance of the change—but not so now.

October 12

We had a big washing rain here last night and it looked like a cloud burst up in Nebraska in several places. Weather is warm and this rain will be good for wheat. Weather conditions look like for an unsettled period. We need a good warm open winter for the poor starving unemployed millions, as well as for the farmers who will be short on warm clothing the coming winter. A severe cold snowy winter would be a hardship on the hungry, poorly clad folks all over the world. Here's hoping the weather clerk will give us a good warm winter.

Published October 30, 1931

October 17

Our first frost came this morning. Did very little damage. On the upland the only result was a slight touch on sweet potato vines, which are the earliest frosted of anything that grows here.

In the tropical regions, natural home of the sweet potato, they grow continuously—the vines extending and growing new potatoes, while the native tribes and civilized residents dig up big potatoes at the back end of the advancing vines. Irish potatoes in the same region grow extra large vines with very small potatoes then die, same as in the temperate zones.

In tropical regions tomatoes, pumpkins, and melons grow continuously, also cotton, castor beans, tobacco plants and many other plants and shrubs that frost-kill in this region so they have to be replanted.

Of 100 varieties of deciduous trees I saw grow in a tropical jungle, only one kind—the rubber tree—sheds its leaves completely and remains bare of leaves for one month each year. All other varieties keep growing, forming new leaves and shedding the old ones at the base of the new limbs, where they are not needed any longer. In tropical city parks there are some new fallen tree leaves on the ground every morning—nature's plan for soil building.

Thirty-three years ago this afternoon we had a snow storm. It was a cloudy cool morning with a northwest wind. Commenced drizzling rain towards noon, then the wind changed to the northeast and a very wet snow, large-flaked, poured down. There had been no frost and gardens were still growing. I went out in the snow and picked two bushels of ripe tomatoes and four bushels of late Clingstone peaches. Next morning there were deep snowdrifts—had not frozen—and the wind remained in the southwest for several days. Warm sunshiny weather melted the snow off and dried up the mud. The weather remained warm and dry until November 22 when a real blizzard came with a deep dry snowfall. That stayed on the ground in corn fields until March.

That fall I had four acres of cane planted after a good rye crop had been harvested. After the snow melted off it was in good shape, so I stripped off the leaves, topped and cut it, hand-tied it in bundles, corded it up on top of poles to keep it off the ground, covered it over with lumber and made sorghum molasses from it in the middle of November, after the other fall farm work was done up.

Folks used to have an idea that ground cane would kill cattle, so it was always burned. Now it is used for silage and makes very good feed, even though the main content has been removed in the form of sorghum molasses, before it reaches the silo.

My old Wells township friend and neighbor, Elmer Mann, now clerk of Cottage Hill township, who lives three miles south and three miles west of Waterville, adjoining the Washington county line, is now sorghum molasses king of Silver creek, a beautiful stream running across his farm and connecting up with Coon creek in Washington county.

Elmer has had quite a time finding barrels enough in the nearby towns to store his sorghum molasses in. Elmer is a good worker, a good township official and best of all a good neighbor—so here's hoping he finds sale for his many gallons of homemade sweets.

The U.S. and other nations keep on trying to stop the invasion of China by Japan. Why not let these yellow cousins settle their own affairs, if they want to have a war to reduce their surplus population? Japan with a population of three score million against China with 350,000,000 population can raise an army of 35,000.000 in a short time, so they ought to be able to make a good defense against the invading Japs. It is reported that the average Japanese farms are about the size of the base of American farm houses, as their population is badly crowded up on a bunch of islands, known as the Japanese Island Empire.

The financial depressions following all wars is classified as the long price of wars, which is bad enough, but the real long price of wars is the back-set to both physical and mental development in the human race as the strongest, best developed and healthiest young men are forced up on the battle lines where many of them are killed or wounded and many of them lose their health or are weakened mentally by the horrible sights of wounded soldiers lying on the battle fields, some praying, others swearing, while surrounded by mangled and beheaded bodies of thousands of their comrades, brothers and boyhood friends, which is enough to make mental and nervous wrecks after one experience—but the same thing

occurring frequently for several years is hard to overcome mentally.

During the World War it was stated that the population of England had been reduced in stature four inches in 100 years by the almost continuous revolutions and wars in some of their numerous Empire possessions all around the world—killing off the young soldiers who had to be a certain height, thus leaving the shorter ones to be the fathers of the coming generations.

If we have another World War they ought to take only the older men—above 50 years of age as soldiers—leaving the young men to live on and live out their natural lifetimes. We old men, who are near the River Jordan crossing, could put up a good fight and if killed we would not lose many years.

Published November 6, 1931

Just completed a well for Col. Whiteside on the 227-acre farm that lies on the west side of Big Blue river where the Little Blue joins the Big Blue.

Most all of this farm is first and second bottom land and is a good producing farm. It has been occupied and farmed for 16 years by Lawrence VanValkenburg who came to Marshall county with his father 1890 from York state.

Mrs. Van's maiden name was Emma Wuester, whose parents lived near Oketo. Mr. VanValkenburg's son, Loren, a college graduate, assists his father in farming this good place. Mrs. Van and her high school graduate daughter, Dorothy, are extra good cooks and housekeepers, and Miss Dorothy is a good car driver.

Vans do all their farming of more than 200 acres by horse power, having eight head of good work horses, six head of which are now being used on two single-bottomed plows in turning under a field of alfalfa. They have nine head of extra good milk cows, a fine flock of chickens and no rats, as they have an over-supply of extra good rat-catching cats.

This is the third well with a good supply of water that I have located and drilled for Mr. Whiteside on his three farms. This well is 75 feet deep and I found water in a crevice in blue Pennsylvanian limestone at 70 feet. The water raised in 35 feet and made a test of better than 7 gallons per minute. It is 100 feet from the old well.

Saw Mr. Ed Whiteside today for whom I recently completed a well, 30 feet from the old well. He has not got his windmill moved yet so is using his tractor to pump water for 150 head of cattle, horses and hogs.

Weather is cool, windy and cloudy, with no killing freeze yet. But the air pressure is downward so we will have a few days of unsettled weather. Last when the thunderstorm formed in the northwest and went down the Republican valley the lightning flashes showed a day horizion color in the northwest that it was snowing in Montana and Wyoming.

My prediction in September was that there would be no killing frost here until the end of October, and so far we have had one of the best growing October months in years—plenty of moisture, warmth, so all fall-sown crops have made a splendid growth. Bluegrass pastures are feeding cattle, and alfalfa hog pastures are aiding swine growers by keeping their pork chop animals in a healthy condition. Wheat is stooling the best in years.

November 1

Had our first killing freeze here last night. Some thin ice in small metal vessels sitting on the ground. The air pressure is upwards this morning and skylines and colors indicate south winds and warming weather with clearing skies which will be good for all purposes.

I have an intuition that we will not have much snow before Christmas time, after which we may have some real winter weather followed by an early spring.

Was over at the Elmer Mann home on Silver creek this evening to get some sorghum molasses. He had a lot of customers today for his good cane syrup. The first one arrived before breakfast and I left there at dusk with 10 gallons. Elmer has enough ground cane to fill a good-sized silo if he had one for it.

Enroute home we stopped at the Frank Dabrovolney farm three miles south of Waterville on highway 77, one of the best farms in Marshall county. Mrs. Dabrovolney has a big young orchard and she has taken extra good care of it and had a splendid crop of fruit this year. Mr. Dabrovolney owns two more farms adjoining his home farm on the south, making a tract of land one-half mile wide and two miles long. He is aided by his good wife and daughter and two sons who do their farming chiefly by tractor power, using a combine for small grain harvesting. Mr. Dabrovolney came to America from Austria when 10 years of age and has made a success of his work.

Our old friend and neighbor, Gustaf Nelson, was recently bereaved by the death of a daughter and a short time later his wife was called to her final reward, which we knew nothing about until after their funerals, as we are now living in a different neighborhood and township where there is very little association between the isolated communities. Mr. Nelson is a grand old gentleman and has our sincere sympathy.

My daughter-in-law, Ellen Ewing, is in the Marysville hospital where she was operated on for appendicitis a week ago. The appendix had broken, putting her in a dangerous condition, but she is now improving with a good chance for complete recovery.

Published November 20, 1931

November 9

Weather warm and cloudy with a high southwest wind. Prospects for a cool night with a fair day tomorrow.

Corn husking is well under way and the corn is well ripened—caused by the hot winds in September killing the corn leaves, causing the ears to ripen earlier than normal. Have been shelling new corn for the hogs and I was surprised that the corn from late planting shelled so easily in a hand corn sheller.

The average price being paid to hired corn huskers is two cents a bushel, which recalls old times, when we used to shuck corn for one cent a bushel—sometimes less than that—and glad to get even that much in the good old times.

It sure is a pleasure to me to see farmers hauling big loads of good sound corn out of their corn fields and storing it in their home-made cribs.

While folks all over the world most always consider wheat as the most important grain crop, yet it is a fact beyond dispute that a good corn crop is of more importance than any other crop as there are so many uses for the corn crop. Just as an old Oregon Trail ox team driver used to say to me a half century ago, "Corn is the greatest grain crop in the world. It is bread, meat and drink." It makes a healthy food for humans, grain fattening for hogs, cattle, horses, chickens and all other domestic animals, besides the corn fodder makes wonderful rough feed as dry fodder and as silage it can't be beat. Corn is king.

Corn cobs are one of the best house stove fire starters there is in the world. They make a quick heat up for either a heating or cook stove. I have baked biscuits and cornbread in 15 to 20 minutes in a stove pipe oven, one joint above the stove, 36-inch box heater, by putting a bushel of dry hog pen corn cobs in the heater.

It seems strange to think of all the humans on all the continents of the world, except America, where only a few tribes of Indians knew the food values of corn and raised a small quantity to use as a crudely made bread to eat along with the wild animal meat diet. The Cherokee tribe was the greatest corn producers of all Indian tribes—in their original home lands in Georgia, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Old world folks had no corn, potatoes, tobacco and many other things until America was discovered.

The old world countries had what they called corn way back in Bible times, but it was what is now known as Egyptian corn—milo maize and other varieties of the cane family.

The second year after the U.S. government imported some kaffir corn from the Fiji Islands for a test out, I corresponded with them and they sold me 13 grains of kaffir corn for 25¢--more than the price of a bushel of Indian corn—which I planted in my experimental plot. I raised 12 heads of good kaffir seed from the 13 grains, which I planted on an acre of good ground, plowed the ground six inches deep, on May 9 planting the seed by hand in close hills near the top of each third furrow. Got a good stand, cultivated it three times and it produced 23 bushels of splendid grain. Topped it and ran the heads through a small grain threshing machine.

I took 10 bushels of the kaffir corn to John Duncan's grist mill in Blue Rapids and had 10 pounds made into flour to test out as a human food product. It made good pancakes—called flap-jacks in pioneer days. The other I had ground quite fine to test out as a substitute for shorts in making hog slop—for which purpose it proved very efficient. Than I gave samples of the feed to neighbors who had seen it growing on father's old homestead, four miles northeast of Irving.

I used to get great pleasure and knowledge from my experimental plats from a small boy up until I left my old Pine Ridge farm eleven years ago. We used to plant potato seed, apple tree seed, to try to develop new varieties, and raised our own cabbage, beet, carrot, parsnip, onion and all other vegetable and fruit seeds—learned all kinds of ways to bud, graft and develop trees, shrubs and vines from cuttings, layering, etc., which was more pleasure than a circus.

I spent last evening at the Wm. Sedivy farm home seven miles south and three miles east of Waterville. Mr. Sedivy started farming years ago on a run-down farm which he has built up into a good producing farm with good buildings and a large grove of both deciduous and evergreen trees around the farm buildings for shade and shelter. Mr. Sedivy is the pear-producing king of Marshall county and also has a splendid apple orchard. Mrs. Sedivy is one of the two best all-around cooks that I have ever met. Wm. Sedivy, Jr., and his two brothers assist their father with his successful farming. Wm. Jr. won the Marshall county corn husking championship 2 weeks ago. Mrs.

Sedivy is aided in her housework, gardening and chicken raising by a big, fine looking daughter who is a good cook and housekeeper like her mother.

Axel Johnson and his three sons were callers at Cedar Flat farm yesterday. They live two miles south of my home, and they are good farmers and splendid neighbors.

Other callers were Robert Lindenberg of Hanover, who came from Germany years ago and used to live on a farm north of Home City. He was accompanied by a big, fine looking 31-year-old bachelor neighbor named Sholtz, who came to Kansas from Germany four years ago. He had learned the French language in school and can now speak English in good form. He enjoys his American citizenship.

Prices of wheat and corn are going up and will climb much higher and will be followed by other farm products including cattle and hogs as the world-wide financial depression fades away.

While in Blue Rapids last Friday night I met Simpson Boyakin, who made a wonderful two-column speech to his Civil War comrades at Marysville on Decoration Day which was the doctor's one-hundredth birthday.

Simp Boyakin has worked a long time for the Blue Rapids Milling and Elevator Company and informs me that they have had an average of over fifty customers a day since they have been exchanging flour for wheat. He reports one customer from New Mexico and many more from as far away as Lincoln, Neb. He kept tab to see who were the heaviest weight customers. My old school mate, Matt McAtee of Vermillion was at the mill. He weighed 245 pounds. The heaviest customer was from near Herkimer. He weighed 343 pounds. Simpson used to be the city marshal of Blue Rapids, and his employer, Aubrey Dean, head of the mill company, is a former mayor of the Gem City and is a good square dealer who is aiding the farmers.

Was away from home and didn't know of John Rodkey's death until several days after he had been called home to his final reward. His son, Clyde, now county clerk, used to be our mail carrier on route number one out of Blue Rapids, and his father was a substitute carrier. I used to enjoy hearing him come out by our old Cedar Ridge farm five miles east of Blue Rapids. He would often times be walking beside his buggy, driving a good roadster horse, and he was always singing some of the good old church songs, while walking rapidly over the rough roads of those horse-driving days. Mr. John Rodkey was an exceptionally good citizen and all others who came in contact with him knew him to be a loyal citizen.

The new truck law is one of the most inhuman and unreasonable laws ever enacted and put in force in the state of Kansas, and is so unreasonable that it should be repealed at once. It looks like it was forced into existence by the railroads and big trucking companies, to put farmers and the small truck-men out of business. An honest supreme court test of this law would declare it unconstitutional. When truckmen and farmers had bought and paid for a license to run their truck for a year it seems very unreasonable to enact such a radical law and force them to buy other high-priced licenses before the year's end. Representatives who voted for this law and claim to not know what they were voting for, admit they are not qualified for a lawmaker, as no man should vote for a bill he does not completely understand.

Published November 27, 1931

Saturday night, November 7

While at the August Schrieber home on the old David Griffith farm west of Bigelow this evening our old friend Andy Lynch and his wife came up from their home one-fourth mile west of the Griffith farm on the Corn Dodger creek, for a visit and to talk over old times. Andy is an old time resident of this township and his wife is a granddaughter of Jay Williams, who was a pioneer blacksmith, having a shop right beside the old Oregon Trail where it crossed the Vermillion, three-fourths of a mile northeast of Bigelow.

Mr. Williams used to shoe horses used by the Pony Express riders, also horses and oxen used by freight haulers and pioneer settlers along the Oregon Trail and sharpen breaking plow shares for the early homesteaders. He settled here before the Civil War and his oldest son, Mrs. Lynch's father, was a soldier in the Union army. Several of his younger sons lived here in Bigelow township until 20 years ago, when they went west and Mrs. Lynch is the oldest descendant of the old time Oregon Trail blacksmith that is still living in the Antioch school district in which her grandfather settled 70 years ago.

Enroute home we stopped in Irving and was informed that Mr. Dennis, living on a farm near Bigelow, had been accidently killed with a shotgun while crawling through his pasture fence this afternoon.

There were more gas-wagon cars in Irving tonight than I had seen there for a long time. Irving used to be a great trading center in pioneer days, before the narrow-gauge railroad built across Pottawatomie county from Leavenworth to Clay Center, and before the Blue Valley U.P.R.R. was built from Lincoln, Neb., to Manhattan. Settlers used to come to Irving from 20 to 25 miles south and southeast, so it made a lot of business in Irving, that was severely checked by the new towns on the two railroads.

November 8

Weather warm and windy with sky streamers indicating unsettled weather as the upper air strata is bringing gulf moisture from the south.

Wheat is still growing and even late-sowed fields are a continuous green cover over the fields—though wheat fields in Marshall county are many less than last fall. Dairy cows and calves are enjoying the green wheat field pasture and rapidly gaining in flesh from this good farm land feed.

Axel Johnson and his three sons were Sunday callers here at Cedar Flat farm. They are good neighbors and farmers. The oldest son has stayed home to help his parents—has saved his money and now owns six head of cattle of his own. That is the proper way for a farm boy to get a financial start for himself.

Monday, November 9

A high southwest wind is blowing today with clouds and streamers showing a downward pressure that will develop a third strata of clouds below, close to the earth, which in summer time is cyclone conditions and in winter either rain or snow, most likely we will get unsettled rainy weather here as nature's indications are for an open weather period until near January 1.

My daughter-in-law, Ellen Ewing, is still in the Marysville hospital, where she was operated on two weeks ago after her appendix had broken before being taken to the hospital. Many cases prove fatal where the appendix breaks before the operation, but glad to know that Helen is and expects to come home a week from now.

Crossing the Big Blue river bridge east of Irving, one gets a fine look down on a five-acre corn field from the river bank back west to a 16-foot rise up to the wide Blue valley bottom land. Fifty years ago this five-acres was a sand bar, ten feet lower than now, where the farmers used to bring their plows and cultivators in the spring time to scour the rust off of the lays, moulboards and shovels. One warm afternoon on a Saturday in March, 1875, I was picking up mussel shells while father scoured his walking plow and I counted 27 men and teams plowing over the course sand to remove the rust from the implements. Next to the bank was a narrow strip of fine sand and soil where they plowed last to polish the surface. Floods kept adding soil to the top of the sand so now it is good corn land, owned by John Cottrell.

Forty-three years ago last August there was a big sham battle fought on this old time sand bar on the third day of a Grand Army district reunion, which was held in what is now the Irving tourist camp, and it was estimated there were 2,000 ex-Union army Civil War veterans present. A federal field battery and two companies of state militia, aided by war veterans and many local volunteers, who were furnished guns and blank cartridges. It was beautiful weather and a very interesting battle was staged charges, artillery defense and scouting and crack-shot shooting from among the brush and trees on the river banks. An immense crowd witnessed the battle from the higher lands and it recalled many real battlefield incidents to Civil War veterans. It was my first sham battle experience.

I never had the pleasure of attending but one Grand Army encampment and that was in Salt Lake City, Utah, 22 years ago. Walking out to a drinking fountain on main street, a veteran soldier came to the fountain from the opposite direction, and when he told me his name and home, it proved to be near my birthplace near Rockford, in northeastern Illinois, and he was a veteran of the 74th Illinois volunteer infantry in which one of father's brothers served. Another old soldier came across the street and he had enlisted from Perry county, Penn., where my parents were born. Later that day we went swimming in Salt Lake together. An old soldier had been drowned in the lake the day before, but these two veterans enjoyed their salt bath and came out of the lake feeling fine.

Enroute home, our train was in three sections, each one overloaded with veterans and other passengers. While coming through the desert plains of southeast Utah, the locomotive got overheated and they stopped to cool it and I saw a lot of half-grown jackrabbits pasturing on the buffalo grass and there were lots of small glacial stones on the plains. There was an ex-Confederate soldier on the train who had attended this soldier's reunion dressed in his old Civil War gray uniform. His home ranch was 20 miles east of where we stopped, where he was a prominent sheep ranchman. I coaxed him and two young men to get off the train with me and we picked up rocks and started surrounding the jackrabbits, then fired hand-thrown rocks at them. In a few minutes nearly all the passengers were off and the old war boys marched out surrounding four acres and we got several rabbits in the round-up. The conductor had a time getting the men back on board the cars.

Was sure glad to read in newspapers of the 1931 Grand Army encampment at Des Moines, capital city of Iowa, where there were over 2,000 Union army veterans present. It is remarkable that even that many men should still be among the living 67 years after the war was ended—after three to four years of service in one of the hardest fought wars ever experienced by civilized nations in the world's history. Often times the Union soldiers had to live on whatever kind of food supplies they could get over the country—this when the Confederates had cut off their food supply wagon train—so often times these Union boy defenders had to eat horse and mule meat, cotton seed and small amounts of any food to keep body and soul together, besides drinking poor water and sleeping on the ground out in all kinds of weather. These veterans are from 80 to over 90 years of age now. Honor the Boys in Blue.

November 11

Warm, showery day—like May time weather. Stopped at the Sam Edwards ranch just north of the junction of the Vermillion and Blue rivers, four miles southeast of Irving. This ranch is all first and second bottom land where the two river valleys lay side by side. It is wonderfully well improved with three houses and large barns and stock sheds close together like a country village. Mr. Edwards has been a resident of Blue Rapids for several years. A.J. Williams has been ranch manager and stock and farming partner of Mr. Edwards the past five years. Mr. Williams came to America from Wales when a young man. He had been a meat market butcher in his native land and is such a good butcher that he still does a lot of his old trade work for his neighbors. He returned home while I was there from doing some butchering for a neighbor. He can skin a big fat hog and not leave over two pounds of fat on the hide. Mr. Williams is assisted in the ranch work by his three sons and one of my nephews, Ray Ewing. They have 300 head of cattle, 89 head on full grain feed, and 250 head of hogs. The stock is all in splendid condition as they have lots of alfalfa, silage and corn. There is 15 acres of extra good orchard on the ranch from which a splendid crop of fruit was raised this year. A man named Zellers had a big log cabin where the main ranch house now stands and when I was five years old I was there with father's family for a Sunday dinner visit. Mr. Zellers was a pioneer settler in the Vermillion valley junction.

Published December 4, 1931

Friday, November 13

Weather warm and cloudy and it is raining this evening. This is what has always been classified as an unlucky day and date—Friday the 13th. Was using a rope and two single-wheel pulleys to move the drill out of a wheat field. The power used was an old mule and horse, which kept surging forward and back, and the mule would rear up on his hind legs until they broke one of the pulleys. Then with triple blocks and rope three men moved the drill to the edge of the field when rain began to pour down—so that was our bad luck for Friday, November 13.

Saturday night, November 14

Another warm, rainy day—like the good old summer time. This evening over 100 autos came thought Bigelow on the graveled county highway. They had been down to Manhattan to see the football game between Kansas State and Nebraska college teams.

Five years ago, on a cloudy Saturday morning in November, over 150 cars went north over highway 77 through Waterville to Lincoln, Neb., to see the Aggie and Husker football game. At noon it commenced to rain and continued to rain until Sunday morning. Many of the Manhattan students didn't return home until Sunday evening and Monday forenoon, as there was no graveled road and 77 had been newly graded—so it was a bed of mud after the big rain storm.

Sunday, Nov. 15 at home

Weather still warm and cloudy, and it is raining this evening. In Waterville we saw the Montieth brothers loading a Model A Ford car onto a Chevy truck to haul it up near Grand Island, Neb. The owner and his sons were returning from Manhattan, where they had been to boost for the Nebraska football team, and were returning home when a few miles south of Waterville they had a collision with a sand-hauling truck that damaged their car so they had the White Way Motor Co. haul the car to Waterville then load it on a truck and take them and their car home. Rather expensive boosting.

A gallon of water weighs 8½ pounds and contains 231 cubic inches. To find contents of a certain pipe or cylinder in U.S. gallons, multiply square of the diameter by 7,854 then multiply the result by the length in inches and divide by 231. To find the weight in pounds, multiply the result by 8½. Doubling the diameter of a pipe increases its capacity four times, so that a six-inch pipe will have four times the capacity of a three-inch pipe.

The deepest oil well ever drilled by cable tools is in Texas, and was drilled down to a depth of nearly 9,000 feet. While on a ridge, look nearly two miles away and you will realize how deep it was to the bottom of that oil well.

At Titusville, Penn., on August 27 was celebrated the 71st anniversary of the discovery of petroleum in the U.S. in 1859. The first oil well was drilled by Col. E.L. Drake, a retired railroad contractor, and the hole was sunk only 60 feet. Incidentally, one of Col. Drake's sons who helped drill the first well is still living and took part in the recent celebration at Titusville. From the Drake well of 1859 to 1931 the petroleum industry has grown until today approximately 15 billion dollars is invested in the oil business. More than 1½ million men are employed, while the number of producing wells has increased around 330,000. Father was born in Pennsylvania 104 years ago and he said the Indians used to dip a film of crude oil off the surface of creek and pond water and sell it sell it to white men as a rheumatism linament. Springs of water coming up from deep down carried some oil to the surface.

Tuesday, Nov. 24

Sunday night's and Monday's rainfall here totaled 1¼ inches. Last night was our coldest night—the ground was frozen three inches deep and ice two inches thick in small metal vessels. The past ten days has been a real old fashioned November wet weather spell, like in the years 1877, 1879, 1883, 1909, and 1918.

We were told the other day that a man took took an extra big drink of corn whiskey and shortly began to see snakes and animals in assorted colors. So he rented a room and opened a museum. Many people paid 35 cents each admission and when they saw only an empty room they called a policeman, who was going to arrest the corn juice drinker, but he got the policeman off in a corner and gave him a drink. The policeman then gave the man $300 for a half-interest in the show. They had better gone west of Irving to Hnat brothers and got good sweet cider for 25 cents a gallon.

Published December 25, 1931

December 2

A light wind straight from the west yesterday and today has cleared the sky of clouds. A wind coming due east from the Rocky Mountains never develops storms and will wipe out the cloud stratas when it will not do it from any other direction.

The wet ground freezes some each night, drawing moisture to the surface so when it thaws each day the roads are very bad and corn fields so muddy that many corn huskers report getting stuck with a load of 18 to 25 bushels of corn in their wagons, so that they had a hard time getting their wagon out of the muddy corn fields. Too bad.

In 1879 father had 20 acres of corn on the Alvin Cook estate farm, second bottom land in the Corn Dodger creek bottom—the virgin soil was all there at that time, had not washed away, and there was no listing, the ground was plowed deep and the corn top-planted and cultivated three to five times—so the soil was deep and loose and a five-weeks wet weather period in October and November wet the ground so deep that it made it almost impossible to haul a load of corn out of the fields before December. On November 20 father took his big heavy-weight team and high-wheeled wagon and we drove 1½ miles to the field, shucked 20 bushels and the horses went in so deep into the wet soil and the wagon cut down a foot deep, so we had a time pulling out to the road. Pulled 20 feet then let the team rest—then repeated. Anything but a wet winter.

This is the first time in several years that I have seen volunteer oats headed out. A few days ago I saw quite a lot of headed-out oat clumps in a wheat field on the Griffis farm west of Bigelow.

Years ago when the virgin soil was still on the rolling prairie farm lands, on oat fields left for corn crops the following years, not plowed, volunteer oats would grow up and head out every year. Have seen some early varieties almost ripe by October 20. We used to lariat our milk cows on volunteer oat fields on father's homestead and would have good oat pasture up 'til Christmas time.

All migratory birds are getting very scarce. Only saw one flock of ducks go south, on October 30, one of brants on November 4, and one flock of geese on November 10. Forty-five years ago and later, for several days and nights while they were migrating, spring and fall, there were flocks in sight or their squawk in hearing distance continually.

All local game and song birds are disappearing. Only saw two flocks of quail along the highways this fall, where there used to be thousands. Turtle doves, robins and redbirds are getting scarce, while prairie chickens have been totally exterminated.

In the early days when farm wagons were scarce, lots of corn was husked and thrown in piles on the ground, then in the late evening after the wagon husker had unloaded, they would go to the field and pick up the ground piles and haul it in to the crib. Most ground pile huskers would just husk two rows to each row of piles. I used to husk four rows to each pile—getting more than a bushel to each pile.

There was no listed corn in those days. It was all top-planted with three to four stalks in each hill with the hills three feet apart—so it was harder to get hold of the ears than it is now, where there is only one stalk in a hill. The stalks grew lots taller then than now, bothering in throwing corn in wagons.

It is reported that there are over two million people in the U.S. that are past 75 years of age—quite a lot of aged folks for one nation. This recalls that about 20 years ago an Ohio congressman designed a bill to be enacted into a law to help all those who were 60 years of age over the River Jordan. It was done as a national joke. If such a law was enacted now and enforced it would give the undertakers a big long-lasting job. An old cowboy friend of mine, who used to pull off strong-man stunts on the streets of Wichita, used to say, "A man isn't a man after he is 50 years of age." Later on he was killed by a big young mule.

Monday morning, Dec. 14

The wind went to the west last night and this is a bright clear sunshiny morning, which sure looks good after so much drizzly, snow-showery weather. Side roads are still in very bad condition. Our mail carrier has not been able to drive his car over this part of his mail route for several days—has had to have the mail brought here by horse-drawn vehicles.

We are still more lucky here than in most every other part of the U.S. Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico—winter resort states—have

had much colder weather and immensely big snow storms with warm weather. No severe freezing weather, so we have the winter resort state.

Last night was the coldest night for this winter, at least the ground froze deeper and thicker ice than at any other cold spell. Ice in water tanks was around two inches thick, but it is melting fast this morning.

Newspaper report of two cyclones in Arkansas doing over a million dollars damage, and of several blizzards and snow-blocked highways and railroads in New Mexico prove that we are located in a good country and that whenever we have bad storms here, they are always worse around this region, which is the which is the geographical center of the United States. Our stormy period of weather has been on for over three weeks, so it is time for a change to a different type of weather.

Side roads have been so bad that our good mail carrier on rural route one has not been able to get out here with his car for a week. He hired a farm horse and rode across and delivered our mail, then the two last days he hired a man with a team and buggy to bring the mail out on the bad side roads.

This Cedar Flat farm was the early-day home of the late A.B. Stryker, who died two weeks ago. He built this big stone house and also established a cheese factory here over 50 years ago. This farm now belongs to Lena Youngberg of Waterville, who is librarian for the Waterville high school, where she is well-liked and has done good service for the high school for several years. May she continue her good school service is our wish.

Joining this farm on the northwest is the Mrs. Marmon farm. Mrs. Marmon runs a clothes cleaning plant in Waterville where she does good service for her customers, while her husband, Ace Marmon, is an radio repair man and is kept quite busy in both country and town, doctoring sick radios, which business he has followed ever since radios came into service among the working class.

In a recent issue of *The Kansas Farmer* is a report of a cattle auction on the farm of Mason Crocker of Matfield Green, Kan., which was attended by over 500 farmers. Two hundred cows and heifers were up for sale. Cows sold up to $100 a head. Yearlings and two-year-olds up to $60, and calves brought up to $41 a head.

Corpstein brothers of Norton, Kan., sold a carload of 1,000-pound yearling Herefords in Kansas City in November for $10.90 a hundred pounds.

Right now it is so close to the final tax-paying time and close to the new auto and truck license period that the people are rushing livestock and grains and poultry into the markets to get money for the above purposes and the big stock market gamblers have pulled the prices down because they know that folks have got to sell whatever they have to secure tax money.

An Englishman was visiting in this country for the first time and as he was driving along the highway saw a sign, "Drive slow, this means you." The Englishman stopped in surprise and exclaimed, "My word. How did they know I was here?"

Alphabetical Listing of Names

Events, Places and Other Things