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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 13, 1933

December 1

Was in Frank Thomson's big stone store in Irving where he has been in the general merchandise business for over 40 years. I had been trying to find linen thread in six towns, but could not get it until I came into Frank Thomson's store and found that he had linen thread in stock. It is the best thread I ever used for patching clothing as it is very strong and when doubled and waxed, the thread will out-wear the patch.

Mr. Thomson has lived in Irving over 60 years and as a boy he used to be a Saturday helper in the big E.M. Peterson general store, where I first saw him behind the counter 55 years ago. He now owns three stores—Irrving, Bigelow and Frankfort—which are operated by his sons and daughters. Frank's father started Irving's first paper, the *Irving Blue Valley Gazette*, 62 years ago. Hugh Thomson used to be editor of the *Irving Leader*, now published by Bert Forbes.

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There are more sheriff's sales advertised in county papers than I ever saw before in my life—but I suppose there will be no more when Roosevelt gets into the White House with both houses controlled by members of his party and the big budget income from beer and other wet goods is supposed to wipe out all national debts and prevent any more depression.

If one-hundred-million of our population would buy and drink a nickel's worth of beer each day, it would be a cost of \$5,000,000 each day and \$500,000,000 for each 100 days. There used to be booze makers, especially in the mountain regions, where it was made and sold to prevent federal revenue collectors from finding their stills. So if we have saloons again, we will still have booze makers and bootleggers.

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December 12

The snowfall here measured 4½ inches and was the fine-flake, blizzard type that I call frozen fog snow. It was lucky that there was no high winds so there was very little drifting. It was the widest snow storm in years, covering an area from Nevada to Maine and from Alaska to Texas.

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Just heard that my friend Albert Cook had died last week. He was one of the oldest residents in

the south part of Marshall county, having been a continuous resident for nearly 73 years, and his farm home one mile north and 1½ miles west of Bigelow, is just one mile from his father's pioneer home farm where his father passed away in 1866 and his mother in January, 1885.

The pioneer Cook farm was 1½ miles southeast of my father's homestead, where we came 63 years ago. The Antioch schoolhouse is 4½ miles west and one mile south of the Barrett town school, which is district No. 1—the first one organized in the county. In 1865, Mr. Cook decided to organize a school district, and to do so, the county authorities had to be assured that there would be not less than four scholars, so he promised them his four children—the four youngest ones, Charles, Albert, Joseph and Jennie—and to think that these four children should have all been living for 66 years after the district was organized, so two years ago I decided to write a history of the Antioch school district and wanted to have a picture of the schoolhouse and the four scholars along with the history and having to get off my farm and moving twice and have to move now again, so never got it done—as I wanted it complete and in good form. The Antioch schoolhouse was moved in 1881 from the original school ground adjoining the Antioch cemetery, up a mile north to the district center, where another room was added, making it a two-room country schoolhouse. It was also used as a country church. A.A. Cook's home is just 100 yards east of the present Antioch schoolhouse.

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### Obituary

Albert A. Cook was born near Lyons, Iowa, September 30, 1854, and passed away following a prolonged illness at his home near Irving, Kan., December 7, 1932, at the age of 78 years, two months and seven days. He was one of the younger sons in a family of eleven children.

In the year 1860, during pioneer days, at the age of five years, he came with his parents and brothers and sisters to Kansas, and shared with them the hardships of that period, including droughts, grasshopper invasions, snowstorms and tornados. The family settled on a farm on Cornododger creek, in what is now the Antioch neighborhood and the deceased has continued as a resident of the same community since that time. He was one of the first five pupils to attend Antioch school district No. 7 after its organization in the year 1865.

On October 20, 1886, he was united in marriage to Elsie Smith of Ottumwa, Iowa, who passed away in the year 1914. To this union were born seven children, five of whom survive him: Mrs. Nora Blinn of Portland, Ore.; Orville A. of Phillipsburg, Colo.; and Edna H., Hazel M., and Reginald of the home. Etha Fern passed away in 1894 at the age of 11 months, and Harold A. in the year 1924 at the age of 32 years. He is survived also by seven grandchildren, one sister, Mrs. Jennie Inman of Portland, Ore.; and three brothers, Frank of San Francisco; Charles of Long Beach, Cal.; and Joseph of Aguilar, Colo.; besides a large number of other relatives and friends by whom he will be sadly missed.

At the age of 40 years, the subject of our sketch was converted in revival services held in Antioch schoolhouse. This went along with a continued faith in God the Father, and Jesus Christ as a personal savior influenced all the remainder of his earthly life. A sincere endeavor to live with God's word as his standard of life colored all of his dealings with fellow men and caused him to love righteousness, truth, justice, honesty and purity.

He was interested also in civil affairs, progressive movements and beneficent causes. Fearlessness as well as sincerity of conviction, firmness of purpose, and nobleness of heart characterized his activities and endeavors to be a help to his family, his community, and his nation.

Funeral services were conducted at 2 p.m. Saturday, December 10, at the M.E. Church in Bigelow, by Rev. Julian Rose, pastor of the F.M. Church in Frankfort. Interment in the Antioch cemetery.

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December 25

This is a beautiful Christmas day—a clear, sunshiny, calm day. My family went up to Leonard Ewing's south of Greenleaf, on one of the Geffert farms. I stayed home and had a good Christmas dinner—had yellow cornbread for dinner, same as I always like to have in wintertime. Just 59 years ago today that father's family had dinner at the W.H. Sabin home, where we had a splendid dinner—cornbread, roasted buffalo meat, baked potatoes and boiled beans—being what I enjoyed most of all the foods. My uncle, C.C. Ewing, and Ira, Niles and Phil Sabin came home from northwest Kansas on Christmas eve with a big lot of both dried and fresh buffalo meat which was our main food product that winter.

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We moved here, into Blue Rapids, a week ago, and are living in the Wm. Fincham property in the northwest part of the Gem City. This is the first time I have lived in town—I always liked the country best, but my wife wanted to live in town, so we are trying it out. If I can't stand city life, I may leave this world and go to the Ozarks.

Tom Fincham has moved out onto his Flint Hill farm—from which we moved off a week ago. They sure enjoy their farm home—no paying for city water, or electric lights. All they have to do is pump the water up out of a well and carry it up a steep hill to the house. Their big flock of chickens enjoy farm life, after being cooped up here in town.

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We had right good neighbors out there in the Fairview school district. The nearest ones were James Fincham, Walter Bigham, the Strange, Konanda and Drennen families and Oscar Konz, who owns the farm where Ed Nevins started his fruit-tree nursery 40 years ago and now has his splendid nursery here in Blue Rapids.

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The city has four big Christmas trees set up around Fountain Park on the business square. It was reported that over a million evergreen trees had been cut down for Christmas trees in one year and no doubt, but there is at least 10 million evergreen trees—most all small young trees—cut down each year for Christmas celebrations, which is a big loss to the timber lands.

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January 1, 1933

Another beautiful holiday. It has been nice weather ever since the rainstorms melted the snow off 10 days ago, so the side roads are not so muddy. 48 years ago today, father and I plowed wheat stubble ground with two teams and walking plows—the weather had been warm and dry all through December, and on New Year's evening the wind changed to the northeast and a fine rain fell and at night it turned to snow and snowed the next day. About 18 inches of snow fell. It did not get very cold. Then after two days of warm, sunshiny weather, a real blizzard came. The temperature for five days and nights was 20-below zero, with fine drifting snow all the time, causing the death of over 300 settlers in western Kansas and over 100,000 head of cattle. It was the worst blizzard there ever was in Kansas. On father's farm there were lots of

quail, prairie chickens and rabbits. A few prairie chickens and rabbits were frozen to death and I picked up 84 frozen quail along a half-mile of hedge trees. We did not see any live quail until the next April, when one pair came to the barnyard. On Saturday, January 9, the last day of the big blizzard, it just sprinkled a little bit of snow and we could see the shape of the sun through the clouds, but it was still 20-below zero. All the roads were snow-blocked and the railroads were all blocked. There were six Mo. Pac. Trains stranded in Irving. I walked 4½ miles to Irving that afternoon to get our mail and some groceries, and there were only two other farmers in Irving that day.

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January 7

Weather still warm and fair, most all sunshiny days. There are lots of hungry hitchhikers—most of them going east and south. I picked up a fine looking young man yesterday. He was carrying a leather bag. He had been put off a U.P. train. He would not say what part of the country he was from—first said he was going south, then later said he was going east. His eyes and face expression showed him to be a criminal. He looked very much like the pictures of George "Pretty Boy" Floyd.

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The Blue river wagon bridge on highway No. 9 east of town is being re-planked with fairly good second-hand planks.

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The thick ice on the Blue river is most all melted away and I hope it stays warm winter weather.

## Published January 27, 1933

January 8

Fine warm weather—like there was 63 years ago—the winter of '69 and '70 when there was just one light snow during the entire winter, while in Missouri there was an unusually wet winter, mostly rains.

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Was sorry to hear that my old friend, Frank Thorne, president of the Merchants State Bank in Waterville, had his car wrecked by being struck by a big truck. Extra large heavy weight trucks, when driven fast, are more dangerous to pass than smaller cars, as the trucks take more space on the roads and their extra weight can easily smash light weight cars. Mr. Thorne came here from Catskill, N.Y., in 1876, as a poor, hard-working young man and he has done well in Kansas.

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I received a fine 1933 calendar, which is put out by 38 businessmen of Waterville, who have put out this kind of calendar for several years. They are printed in the *Waterville Telegraph* office.

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It is reported that in Egypt men are employed as telephone operators because the men can be hired cheaper than women. Our lady telephone operators here in the U.S. do extra good service. Don't believe they can be beaten by men—at any price.

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While out on block highway No. 9 today, I saw a man with a big fine looking automobile going east. He had a good big team of horses hitched to the car—had the windshield turned up so he could use the lines to control the horses, while guiding the car with the steering wheel. Had a good riding vehicle and saved some gasoline.

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More wood for fuel is being used this winter than for many years. Coal prices are too high for most people to buy, so they are cutting and hauling wood all over this county. Here in Blue Rapids, forest trees that were set out by pioneer residents are being chopped down and cut and sawed into stove fuel. This county is lucky to have plenty of timber and millions of baskets of corn cobs for fuel, while the plains region of Kansas—a short distance west—has no cobs and very little wood. Many have to use cow chips for fuel—like most all prairie settlers had to do in pioneer days. Trees of all kinds are the best and most useful aid to

human and animal life of anything that grows out of the ground.

Years ago, Pennsylvania was supposed to be the only state in the U.S. that had any amount of coal and scientists used to figure that it would only furnish coal for fuel to the rapidly increasing population for about 30 years. Later on, gold and silver prospectors found coal in many states and water and oil well drillers have discovered coal in many places where geologists thought it could not be found. There is so much good quality coal in Colorado that scientists say will furnish all that is needed for fuel in the entire U.S. for 100 years. I know of two drilled wells 35 miles northeast of Colorado Springs, out in the plains region, where coal was struck at less than 50 feet down. Too bad that coal prices can't be lowered so more of it can be used.

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The largest cottonwood tree still standing in Blue Rapids is here on the edge of aunt Maggie Fincham's property. It is at the edge of a ravine at the corner of an old stone ice house—now used for a chicken house. The tree measures 10½ feet in circumference two feet up from the ground, which would be 3½ feet in diameter.

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Have heard of the death of Mrs. George Turner and Mrs. James Denton of Irving. Mr. Turner used to run a restaurant in Irving where his departed wife used to be a splendid cook and housekeeper. Mr. Denton came from Kentucky 59 years ago and bought a 1,000-acre cattle ranch at Springside, Pottawatomie county, then sold it—came up and bought the 1,000-acre ranch of W.J. Williams, which is two miles southeast of Irving. Later on, they moved into Irving.

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January 10

Sixty-three years ago this forenoon, my father and W.H. Sabin and their families crossed the Missouri river at Kansas City into Kansas. Their emigrant covered wagons had arrived at Sherman's sawmill cabin on Christmas day of 1869, which was three miles northwest of where Blaine is now. I have the letter that my uncle, C.C. Ewing, wrote father telling him of their arrival at Sherman's mill—in time to cook their Christmas dinner—cornbread, slapjacks, fried bacon and boiled coffee. There was no bridge across the Missouri river then, so the railroad locomotive was brought across on a ferry boat—then two cars at a time were brought across until the entire train was landed. Then we came up the Kaw river

valley, where we stayed overnight at a hotel in Wamego. That night I heard the whistle of a steamboat going up to Fort Riley.

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Have heard that Robert Sabin, a son of Guy Sabin, was married to Miss Alfretta Schafer of Vermillion. They were married at Westmoreland, county seat of Pottawatomie county, close to where Robert's ancestors homesteaded 63 years ago, later moving into Wells township in Marshall county. Robert works in the Short grocery store and his father, Guy, is a tinner in Granger's hardware store, both here in Blue Rapids. I have known five generations of the Sabin family. Robert's great-great-grandfather died Saturday forenoon, October 5, 1874, and was buried on Sunday afternoon, October 6 here in the Blue Rapids cemetery. Andy Sabin was born in 1790—was 84 years old when he died. His wife, was born in 1800, and died on February 14, 1888. I helped dig her grave in the Antioch cemetery. That evening I planted a walnut on father's farm in memory of Grandma Sabin—now a big tree.

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The sudden death of H.C. Reder last Sunday evening from a heart failure, while in his drug store, has taken one of our best citizens, while he was only 45 years of age. As a youthful student he had to work to pay for his education. While in a Wichita college, he worked for an undertaker, helping care for deceased bodies, digging graves, etc., and working his way through the university at Lawrence.

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Newspapers report that while the big school building burned down at Ewing, Neb., 150 scholars had a narrow escape from being burned to death.

There is a town named Ewing in Virginia, named in honor of one of grandfather's brothers, John Ewing, who was a civil engineer and did surveying in Virginia.

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January 15

Weather warm and windy today. Indications at sunset were for a cool day tomorrow. Friday was the 13<sup>th</sup>, classified as a dangerous combination.

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Claire Ewing is helping Romeo Farrar saw wood with a crosscut saw on the Gallop farm, six miles up the Blue valley, close to Schroyer. Mr. Farrar lives here in town. He is a building contractor and has

been called over a wide area of country in past times as he is an extra good carpenter and does his work right.

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I was out to the Wm. Fincham farm home last Wednesday, six miles east of town. It is the old Levi Schooley farm of 240 acres—has some Cornodoger creek bottom land where Wm. Fincham raised a splendid corn crop the past year.

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One week ago yesterday, eggs were 22 cents a dozen here in town and they were down to 14 cents yesterday. Warm weather has caused a big increase in egg production. It would be better to get two dozen eggs a day at 14 cents a dozen than to get four eggs a day at 28 cents a dozen.

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Guests here today were Leonard Ewing and wife, Ellen, of Greenleaf, and Lou Wentz, wife and son from the Fred Stocks ranch southwest of town. The big Stocks ranch has a hillside formation that could be used in a big factory that ought to be established soon as it would bring many thousands of dollars from big city building contractors and give employment to many men. Formations exist that could be used in factories in several towns in this county—things there is a demand for.

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### **A Short History of District No. 7, Marshall County, Kansas**

By A.A. Cook, one of the scholars  
that attended the first school

I suppose it would be in order to give a short sketch of my father's family and when and how we came to Kansas. I was five years old in September, the fall of '59, and would have started to school the fall of '60 had my father remained in Iowa. But in the spring of '60 my father sold his farm near Lyons, Iowa, (now Clinton) and started for Texas with two wagons, one drawn by a team of horses and one by a yoke of oxen, with mother and nine of my mother's children and one son of my father's first wife.

Well, we traveled five weeks and landed on the Big Blue river in Marshall county and mother told father that she thought we had gone far enough and she would like to settle here, so we camped on the Blue river a while and looked around for a place, and then we moved back on what is known as Corn Dodger creek now, and one day mother and father took a walk up the creek and stood in a rocky cliff on what is now known as the Mrs. Hutch Johnson farm. They looked

west over the bottom sloping from the west down to the creek. Mother said it looked like home, so father went to work to try to buy the place, then owned by a man by the name of Joe Parish. He owned a farm on Elm creek also. I think he traded an old horse and wagon and \$100 for the place.

So the older boys and father went to work getting out logs and to hew them partly straight with a broad axe, and father began sawing out clapboards to cover the house, and started a man breaking prairie with two or three yokes of oxen.

This was the year of what is called the drought of 1860. When we had finished laying the roof on the 30<sup>th</sup> day of July that year, and all done but closing the gable, the drought broke with a hurricane from the northwest and blew our new house down to the fifth log, tore the roof into sections, and rolled some sections nearly a quarter of a mile. It broke all of my mother's dishes we had hauled from Iowa. The family ran for safety. We knew not where to go, but we little ones clung to mother's dress and got in a little log cabin that was on the place, and my half-brother had a bed there. I remember mother and us small children got under the bed. The water poured through the bed like it was poured out of a bucket. I can hear my mother praying yet. And what saved that old shack from going (only about 25 rods from the new house) is left for the reader to form his own opinion, but I say it was mother's prayers.

We raised lots of pumpkins on the sod and a little sod corn. The settlers had a hard pull that winter. There was aid sent from the east as far as Atchison, about 100 miles east from where we lived, so father and my next-to-the-oldest brother, Willis, went down in January for supplies and got their load and started home when there came one of the old-fashioned blizzards, blowed and snowed for three days and nights, and roared like a hurricane. The stations between here and Atchison were 40 miles apart and nothing but a vast prairie and all burned off, nothing to stop the snow but the draws and creeks. Let some of you who are complaining of your lot think of my mother as she walked back and forth almost wringing her hands while the blizzard raged for three days and nights. No mail, no telephones, no radios and when the cornmeal had got down to about a peck, one night about midnight father knocked at the door. They had left their loads 40 miles back and plowed their way through and brought enough to carry us through until spring. Could anyone say there wasn't rejoicing in our

home when father rapped at the door? We hadn't heard a word from the time they left home.

Well, to the organizing of district No. 7. I was now past nine years old and had not gone to school yet. I suppose my father began to realize his younger children were growing up without any learning at all, so he set about to form district No. 7, and we had to teach three months school before we could form a district so he and others paid a lady by the name of Mrs. Stoner to teach three months. I think they paid her \$16 for the three months. My brother, Charles, now of Long Beach, Cal., and brother Joe of Aguilar, Colo., and sister, Jennie Inman of Portland, Ore., and myself of Irving, and a little girl who was staying with the teacher, Emma Trosper (now deceased) were the scholars. School was like three months in jail to me.

From that time on, we had three months school each winter after the corn was husked and our school was held wherever we could get an empty log cabin. Sometimes we would have to walk three or more miles to school and our furniture was logs split in two and smoothed off a little with a broad axe and holes bored in with a two-inch auger and legs put in. Our writing desk was a board sawed out of native logs just in the rough and tacked against the wall. When we wrote, we pulled one log chairs up to the desk and a number of us could write at once.

But with all this, I believe we enjoyed ourselves as much then as they do now. We would have a spelling school one week and a debate the next. We didn't have basketball or football or rather Texas bullfights as they have nowadays, and I don't recall anyone getting killed or crippled for life in those days. We had all the exercise we needed.

Then we built our first schoolhouse the summer of 1886. My father was working hard to get that house done and he took sick and died June 2 with congestion of the brain, but they went ahead and built the house. I think it was 16x20 feet. We got some real seats and writing desks in front of the scholars. I sure thought they were fine, though the seat didn't raise up nor the desk never dropped. Now we have a two-room standard schoolhouse. I will send you a picture of the house and my brother, Charles, of Long Beach, Cal., 947 East Fourth Street, and myself.

A.A. Cook, Irving, Kan.

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Portland, Ore., April 10, 1930

Mr. Grant Ewing  
Waterville, Kansas

Dear friend,

Well, I guess you thought I was not going to send you my picture, but I was sick for about a month after I got your letter. I have grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but it is so hard to get them together. They work and it is hard to catch them at home. There aren't any old schoolhouses around here so could not have it taken at a schoolhouse, and my grandchildren are all out of school, so I'll send you one of myself and my great-granddaughter, eight months old.

Now, about some incidents. I don't know of any that would be interesting only the seats we had in the first schoolhouse were logs split in two and holes bored in with sticks put in for legs and they were long enough for five or six to sit on.

Then we had a teacher who would take naps during school and when he was sound asleep, we would all get up and go out of doors and play anti-over the schoolhouse and would be real quiet at first when we went out and finally we would get to laughing and wake him up. Then he would come to the door and rap on the side of the house and we would all go in and sit down and, of course, he would not say a word to us for he knew he had been asleep.

Now you can do as you think best about putting anything of that kind in, but if I am not too late, I wish you would send me three or four of the papers and I will pay you for them, as my children would like to have one of them.

Hoping I am not too late, I am as ever your friend.

Jennie Inman  
686 Everett St.

## Published February 3, 1933

January 19

This rain that fell here yesterday morning and froze as it hit the earth made the most slippery conditions we have had here for years. It was dangerous for anyone of age—also dangerous to drive gas wagons, especially on paved roads, where it was just like solid ice. Nature saw her mistake and raised the temperature up to 52 by noontime, so by evening the ice was all gone and the mud drying up—which sure was a good thing as it prevented many accidents and made conditions much better for horses and cattle out in stalk fields for both eating and sleeping—for when rain freezes fast as it falls and animals are out in the open, their hair becomes a solid mass of ice, then lying on the ice-covered ground at night it is severe and dangerous.

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Lots of people ask me about the old time Anti-Horse Thief Association, now the Anti-Thief Association. Others write me about it. Recently, I received a letter from one of the most prominent businessmen in Los Angeles, Cal., about the A.H.T.A. A few years back, there were over 60,000 members in the Kansas A.H.T.A. lodges. The Kansas state convention for 1932 was held at Baxter Springs. The Arkansas convention was at Jaybird; the Oklahoma convention at Clamore; the Missouri convention at Springfield; the Illinois convention at Litchfield; and the national convention at Baxter Springs, Kan. While I was president of A.H.T.A. lodge No. 515, I succeeded in raising the membership up to 260 good citizens. I was also a state organizer and did lots of work at the state conventions.

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It is reported that the cheapest wheat that was ever sold in the world was nine cents a bushel in England in 1287 and 1288, which would be 646 years ago. The cheapest wheat I ever saw was in August, 1931, when but 25 cents a bushel was being paid to farmers for their wheat delivered at elevators. The cheapest corn I ever saw was in 1889, when high grade corn delivered in towns only brought 9 to 10 cents a bushel. I hauled 300 bushels of ear corn from the field into Bigelow for 10 cents a bushel. 1889 was an ideal corn year and the soil being most all here—it was not washed away very much yet at that time—so corn made big yields then compared to present times. Corn on father's farm averaged 80 bushels per acre and on

land I had rented, the average yield was 80 bushels an acre, compared to 20 to 30 bushels now.

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It is reported that 13,000 rabbits had been killed by hunters, sold for seven cents each to a rabbit buyer at Larned, Kan., who shipped them to New York. So there must be some hungry rabbit eaters in the east with money to pay that price for dead rabbits.

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One Saturday evening in December, 1910, I brought 44 big jackrabbits to a dealer here in Blue Rapids, who gave me four cents each for them, in trade. Dealers said there was no demand for cottontail rabbits in the east and but very little demand for jackrabbits that winter, while in years before, there had been a good demand for all kinds of rabbits and all other kinds of wild game meats. Four years ago this winter I killed and skinned 52 rabbits for my family in one month. Didn't take very long each day to get their rabbit meat—something I don't eat.

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There have been more hogs butchered by town folks as well as farmers this winter than for many years past. Fat hogs being so low in price, so every meat-eater who could raise enough money to buy a fat hog—if he had none of his own— butchered the hog and thus secured both meat and lard. Three weeks ago, I brought a 14-month-old Spotted Poland China boar here to our home in town and butchered him soon as we got him here. It was the first hog I ever butchered in town and he was a dandy—would have weighed 700 pounds while alive. We got a lot of meat and lard from his body—enough for my family and also Louis Fink's family. Many farmers have butchered cheap calves this winter. I like beef from grown-up cattle, but don't like calf meat.

## Published February 10, 1933

January 23

Weather still warm and fair. Saturday was a real spring day. A light sprinkle of rain came down here, causing an extra big bright rainbow to form here north of town. In the evening a thunderstorm went along west of here and headed up toward Omaha, Neb. It has been a long time since we had a thunderstorm here in January.

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There was a large crowd at the community sale here Saturday afternoon. Blue Rapids is lucky in having an extra good place to hold our community sales—in the giant horse barn on the Marshall county fairgrounds. Some milk cows, a bunch of calves and quite a lot of hogs and some farm machinery were sold at fair prices. Hope these community sales will continue as they are handy for both sellers and buyers.

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Eggs were down to 10 cents a dozen here on Saturday and today, Monday, they are down to eight cents. Years ago eggs used to go down in price in mid-summer to three to five cents a dozen and butter 7 to 10 cents a pound. In pioneer days there were no egg crates, so farmers had to pack them in boxes in bran, ground corn, wheat or anything that would keep them from getting broken while being hauled in high-wheeled farm wagons over rough, bumpy prairie trails. It was a big job for store keepers and their clerks to fish the eggs out from the packing, shake them to see if they were not rotten, then store them in a barrel in a back room. Also quite a job digging the butter out of pails, kettles, etc., and packing it in a big jar in the store. Lots of improvements since pioneer days.

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January 25

Was down on the west edge of the old J.W. Williams ranch, later on owned by the late James Denton. A new sand and gravel plant has been established on the east side of the Blue river, two miles southeast of Irving and one-fourth mile north of where the Mo. Pac. R.R. crosses the Big Blue river. The company has a big floating plank platform with a gasoline engine and a lot of other necessary equipment, and a big suction tube goes down under the water to the sand bed and the sand containing many pieces of glacial rock, is forced up a high steep bank through a big steel pipe, then on up to the top of a building where it is screened—the rocks dropped back

on the river bank and the sand and gravel dropped down on the front side of the screening building. Two sets of long planks are connected to the floating sand pumping platform, which is anchored to the river bed and the plank walkway is for the workmen to walk over in carrying gasoline and other things out onto the big floating platform, that they call a boat. I walked out on the narrow, wet planks, which would be dangerous walking when the weather was cold enough to freeze ice. A six-inch pipe stream of water goes back into the river when the water, sand and rock are separated up on the tall separator. The company has an office building with a telephone, a car storage building and other buildings. It has just been established and is doing a good business for road graveling.

There is another sand pit on the river bank just a half-mile north of the floating plant and a big sand plant one mile northwest of Irving, and another one just above the last described one—then a fine sand pit, just north of the Blue river bridge a mile east of Blue Rapids, and the biggest sand plant in the county is the one located on highways No. 9 and 77, one and a half miles west of Blue Rapids.

Jess Rodkey, who has a sand plant on his father's farm, two miles southeast of Blue Rapids, has just opened up a new plant near Cleburne in the Blue river valley, to get out gravel for some roads in Riley and Pottawatomie counties, where Rodkey and his son have some contracts for road graveling. Mr. Rodkey still owns his big machine shop in Blue Rapids.

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Was sure sorry to hear of my old friend, Frank Thomson's sudden death, which occurred on Friday, January 22, and he was buried Sunday afternoon in the Greenwood cemetery, one mile east of Irving, where Frank's good mother was laid to rest a few years ago. Frank was the last resident of Irving who was one of the scholars of the first school in Irving. After his father's death, Frank stayed at home and aided his good mother to care for her family, by earning wages as a clerk in the big general store of the late E.M. Peterson. The two big cyclones that crossed each other's path a half-hour apart on May 30, 1879, destroyed the Thomson home, dangerously wounding Jennie Thomson, the youngest daughter, by driving a sharp-pointed timber into her body. A nice new home was built, that is still standing. Frank's sister, Grace, still living, was the beauty girl of Irving.

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It is reported that there was a cyclone in the northwest corner of Texas on Saturday afternoon and one in Georgia with rainstorms over eight of the eastern and southeastern states. Saturday evening the clouds that came up from the southwest, went up west of here into Nebraska and headed off towards Iowa, were real cyclone clouds, and if it had been May instead of January a cyclone would have developed near Clay Center, went up across Washington county and headed right near Omaha, Neb. Sure glad it did not develop the twister here in Kansas and sorry for the home losers in Texas and Georgia. One thing is sure, we will get a change in the weather here as a result of the two southern twisters. It has been the calmest January in years, but now we will have some windy weather.

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January 26

Eggs are only 8 cents a dozen here today—were 22 cents a dozen ten days ago. It is reported that they are expected to go down to seven cents a dozen by the weekend. Sure going down to pioneer prices. They used to go down sometimes in mid-summer to three to five cents a dozen, but seldom ever lower than 10 cents a dozen in wintertime.

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Blue Rapids city officials are giving work to many unemployed family heads by letting them dig drainage gutters with pick and shovels along side streets—also letting them gravel some of the side streets by loading, hauling and unloading by hand and scattering it over the ground the same way. These workers are supervised by Aubry Dean and Jay Wanamaker, two of the city councilmen. Sure glad to see these idle men get work that will do good to them and to property owners as well.

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George W. Stenton, of Vermillion, aged 21, who is manager of C.W. Granger's big hardware store, is an extra good manager—does his work as well as many older men. He is an extra good salesman and does the bookkeeping at night. Sure glad to see any man, old or young, do his work right, especially young men just starting out in business.

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Last night we had a visitor from Al Capone's city—Chicago—which used to be called the Great White City by the Lake. His name was Kemft, and was an agent for a mail-order college, which claimed their students could work their way through college—which

was correct, but it was to find the work at home and pay the college a sum every month from home work earnings. Don't want my boy to go to a gangland college, when other ones are nearer.

Am sure sorry that our next world's fair is to be in Chicago this year. The Italian gangs have made such a name for Chicago that it is now classified as the most criminal city in the civilized world, and that record will keep millions of folks from coming there to the fair—from fear of being held up. It sure is too bad for the good citizens of the city that such criminals as the sentenced convicts were allowed to come to the U.S. and raise their families as criminals and set such an example that many others have imitated. All criminals from foreign countries should be deported just as soon as their criminal disposition is noticed. I was proud of Chicago's first world fair in 1893, but now their annual murder record is up around 600. Grandfather and his brother were there as surveyors, when it was the Blackhawk Indian chief's village. No fairs there then.

I have always wanted to see a world's fair held down where Camp Funston was located, adjoining Fort Riley, which joins Junction City where the Smoky Hill and Republican rivers join each other and create the Kansas river, called the Kaw. On a high hill just north of Fort Riley there is a tall steel shaft that marks the geographical center of the U.S. and also is a monument to the first army officer in charge of Fort Riley, who wanted to be buried in the center of the nation. If the government had left all the fine houses that were in the training camp in 1913 stand there, instead of selling them cheap to Jewish bidders, they could have been used now for a world's fair location. Kansas' first state capitol building still stands there and it is a beautiful location of historical interest. Main line railroads and modern highways with passenger busses, an equal distance for all citizens to come and soldiers to prevent crime. Close to Manhattan college.

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Most of the old high wooden-wheeled wagons are being repaired and used now than for many years—also spring wagons and buggies are being used by many folks as they can't afford to buy gas and oil and pay for repairs on their cars. I see one resident here in town who drives one big old horse to a spring wagon with sideboards on the wagon bed, and he is able to haul pretty big loads of wood for himself and his neighbors. Saw an old-fashioned high top buggy driving through main street today with a man and woman cooped up in the cab. The first buggy I ever

saw as an infant was owned and driven by the head chief of the Kaw Indians, who drove it over the Otoe Indian trail from Wamego up to the Otoe reservation, where Oketo is now. All the other Indians were riding ponies and I ran in and called mother out to see what the chief was riding in while leading his men to their visit.

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Horses and mules are getting scarce as but very few are being raised in this gas wagon age, and as so many farmers, owing to the low prices of all farm products, cannot afford to use their tractors and as most all horses and mules now being used for farm and road work are very old animals and very few of the right age—they will climb up in price.

Years ago, when everybody who had any mares raised all kinds of horses and mules, so I remember three times when there was an over-supply of work stock, and the prices came down as low as \$10 to \$20 a head for extra good young horses and mules, I bought one good team of middle-aged horses for \$15 and a big span of three-year-old mules for \$30, and two years later Johnny Burke, ranchman of Irish creek, gave me \$275 for them. When prices went low, folks quit raising colts for three years, then up they went.

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Theron Farrar had a Jersey milk cow out on the Stephen Fincham farm on Elm creek, that had a pair of twin calves while the cold snowy wave was on in December, and they both perished. Another pair of twin calves was found dead on the Kovanda farm three miles east of Blue Rapids on Maple Grove creek. I had a heifer that had a calf while in a stalk field on the Fred Stock ranch and it crawled under a wire fence, ;/;/could not get back to its mother so it perished from the cold December night weather. Bad luck comes too soon—before Roosevelt had control of the government and the winter weather. Too bad for dad. A girl walking a long way to a country school up in Wyoming was frozen to death, and a man 65 years old was frozen to death in Oklahoma at the same time our calves lost their lives. Some say snow is healthful—maybe so—but not for newborn calves.

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January 27

Fifty-five years ago last fall, Wm. Fincham and wife and seven children, four boys and three girls, arriving in Irving where lots of business was being done and no vacant houses, they had to go out south of Game Fork creek, up on the highland, where they

rented a pioneer's dugout cabin and there was where aunt Maggie Fincham was born 55 years ago today—January 27, 1878. She has a birthday party here in her father's old city home, where her father and mother were both called home, from old age, within the last two years. Maggie and her three sisters, who live here in Blue Rapids, Sarah Montieth, Alice Farrar and Katie Shaw, and several of their children were present at a big dinner they cooked in honor of aunt Maggie's birthday—which is on the same date that ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany was born—but Kaiser Bill is older and lost his job 14 years ago.

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So long as the Japanese and Chinese want to war with each other, the rest of the world's population should not interfere as there are more of the yellow races than of the red, white and black races combined—and as the yellow race wants to rule the world, and the Japs and Chinese are cousins, let them settle their own troubles—and if they drag Russia and British India into the scrap, it will make quite a war.

In 1898, after the Spanish-American war, I tried to get our government officials not to take over the Philippine Islands from Spain, paying them \$20,000,000 for the islands, as Japan wanted the islands—they being only 600 miles from Tokyo, and our nearest ocean route is 10,000 miles from San Francisco, Cal., to the Philippine Islands, and I said it could easily be the cause of a war between the U.S. and Japan. So I hope the Philippines are given their freedom as they are only a loss to our country. So let 40,000,000 yellow soldiers scrap it out.

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January 29

At the Bullock home south of Vliets. A rain and sleet storm, followed by snow, came down here last night—drawn down by a two-day continuous southeast wind—but today the wind went to the west, shoved the clouds away, melted the snow off and is drying the mud up.

Merle Bullock has been in a hospital in Lincoln, Neb., since January 7, where he was operated on for appendicitis. Mrs. Bullock was up to see him last Wednesday and her husband is improving, but will have to stay in the hospital for two weeks yet. Sorry he had to go to a hospital. A strong young man of Axtell, Kan., named Walter White, is working here, caring for the livestock and cutting wood. He says he is one-eighth Irish. He is a good worker and also a good looker and enjoys life.

## Published February 24, 1933

February 2

This is a warm, sunshiny day—for the groundhogs to come out of their sleeping places under the earth—then go back and sleep until springtime assures them of real warm weather. Many farmers have been plowing farmland for the past two weeks and I heard of one farmer up near Marysville who had drilled in his crop of oats. When oats are sowed early it is necessary to sow more to the acre—and put them deeper under the soil, as following cold weather kills the sprouting germ in many grains of oats, making a thinner stand. But early sowed oats, especially those sowed in early March, make the best yields per acre. In deep sandy soil, like the Blue river bottom land, oats can be sown earlier as freezing won't cause as much damage as clay subsoil.

In the central southern states there is a variety of hardy type oats, called winter oats, that are sowed in the fall same as our winter wheat is sown here. The late James Denton of Irving sent back to his old home in Bath county, Kentucky, 37 years ago, got some seed of the winter oats and tried them out in the Blue valley. The first year they did very well, but in cold winters they were damaged like our winter wheat is in many winters.

The best variety of oats I ever raised was the Canadian side oats. The first seed brought down here was in 1881. They grow extra tall with long heads with the grains only on one side of the head—the oats weighed up to 40 pounds per bushel—and the stems were extra strong, so they were hard to be blown down by wind storms. They were late oats, generally ripe enough to cut by July 25. Saw one field that made 80 bushels per acre.

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Many folks in towns as well as in the country are having their gardens and potato ground plowed, which is a good plan as later freezing will dissolve all hard lumps of ground and have the soil in extra good shape at planting time. Sure glad to see weather and farm land in shape so the soil can be plowed at this time of year, as work stock is getting scarce and with so many old horses and mules the plowing can't be done so fast as with strong young animals, so a longer time of good farming weather is a benefit to farmers, besides the improvement to the soil by mid-winter plowing.

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Two blocks south of here on Genesee street is a big stone church, built by the Methodists in 1876—57 years ago—and an addition was built onto the main building in 1909. There used to be a colored-folks' church in the south part of town when several families lived here in town.

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Long years ago, there were over 100 Mormons came here to live. A lot of them worked in the big woolen mill and some in the paper factory at the water power plant. After coming here they built a church and one of their ministers preached each Sunday afternoon for over a year out at our Mount Zion schoolhouse, now the Pleasant Valley schoolhouse, in district No. 48. In 1881, the oldest minister, who didn't like to live in town, rented the Holbrook 80-acre farm five miles east of here and lived out there two years. He was a great horse trader and traded a western saddle pony to my uncle, Cyrus Ewing. In July 1882, while the pony was on a lariat during a storm, she was struck by lightning. It burned her shoulder and she couldn't get up for three days—then improved, but a month later she was struck by lightning on the head, killing my uncle's Mormon pony instantly.

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February 4

The head end of an Alaskan blizzard reached here today with a high wind, coming down from the northwest, and two snow showers. While over south of Vliets, I stepped up into the truck cab to get some hand tools and just as I backed down out of the cab, the high wind blew a 12-foot sheet of steel roofing metal down beside the cab—struck my left leg, knocking me over on my back on frozen ground, injuring my spine and back of my head so bad I couldn't get up for 10 minutes. On the way home was coming by way of Bigelow and when 2½ miles southeast of Barrett, just east of the Albert Farrant farm home, the truck motor went wrong. Had to phone to Bigelow for a truck to come out and trail my truck to a garage.

While waiting on the truck to come, I visited with Alfred and his good wife. She is 65 years of age, but a very active worker—and Alfred is 75 years and can do quite a lot of work. They have a good son at home, who is a great worker. Alfred's father, the late J.P. Farrant, came from England to Philadelphia, Pa., where he was an importer of tea. He was also a minister. In 1870 he came to Springside in Pottawatomie county, to homestead and to live in the country for the improvement of his health. One day

while up in Irving, he met Dr. Bradford, whose homestead was 5½ miles east of Blue Rapids, later on it was owned by the late Judge G.G. Goodwin. Dr. Bradford urged Mr. Farrant to go out with him as there was 80 acres adjoining his farm that could be homesteaded and being on higher ground Mr. Farrant decided it would improve his health better, so he came up in what is now the Pleasant Valley school district. He was the first minister that preached in our schoolhouse. There were six children, four boys and two girls. Two of them were my school mates. The oldest girl, Lilly, married Charles Cook, who was a successful farmer of Wells township, then went to California where he still lives, but his good wife was called home a few years ago. There are only two of the six children living—Albert Farrant, who gets his mail from Frankfort, and Wm. Farrant, who is a harness maker up in Oketo. The Farrants were one of the extra good pioneer families of Marshall county.

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I stayed overnight at Bigelow and as the hotel is not doing business now, I went up and stayed overnight with my good friends, Frank Rhinehart and his good wife, who have a beautiful home on a 10-acre tract in southeast Bigelow. Frank has a good garage and machine shop and his wife is an extra good cook and housekeeper. Their young son and daughter are doing fine.

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February 10

Byron Weeks—commonly called Barney Wix—who has had charge of the meat market department of Short's grocery store—died suddenly on Wednesday, February 8. He had been down to the store in the morning—didn't feel very well—started up to the apartment house where he and his youngest daughter had their home. While walking home he became dizzy and had to be taken home, where he died in a short time. His father, late Lewis Weeks, was born near Catskill, N.Y., and came to Illinois, where he lived for a few years, then he with his family and one of his neighbors, Frank Baird, came to Kansas in 1869 and each of them homesteaded 160 acres adjoining my father's homestead in the west edge of Wells township, five miles east of Blue Rapids. Byron was born on his father's homestead on March 22, 1872, so was nearly 61 years old, but was a good-looking active man.

On February 17, 1892, Byron was married to Miss Lucy Rucker of Bigelow. They had five children, Elmer Weeks of Arizona, Walter lives in Concordia,

Kan., the oldest daughter, Blanche, is married and lives in Hiawatha, while Gladys lived with her father. Byron was a school mate of myself and brother John. Several of his school mates still live near here—Grant and Dick Baird of Bigelow; Burton Winters, Marian Summers, and Bill Richard of Irving; Charles Ensign of Waterville; Arthur Schooley of Kansas City; Byron's sister, Mrs. Ruth Ceaser, lives in Frankfort; and his oldest sister, Abby Stewart, lives in Topeka. Byron's father was a jolly joker, weighed 240 pounds, and was one first Worshipful Masters of the Masonic Lodge in Irving, which was one of the first lodges organized in Marshall county. He died in 1898 and was buried in the Irving cemetery. Byron quit farming in 1909, moved to town so his children could go to high school. Later on, a Wisconsin land dealer urged him to go up in northern Wisconsin on a big ranch where Byron and his sons had to milk 500 milking goats and deliver the milk in a city. Later he came back to Greenleaf, where he had charge of an elevator for quite a while, then got to be an expert meat cutter, which he worked at until his death.

He joined the Masonic lodge while in Greenleaf. His funeral service was held at the Episcopal church Friday afternoon, February 10. Rev. E.L. Skinner preached the funeral sermon and the Blue Rapids Masons performed the burial service in the city cemetery, where his good wife was laid to rest several years ago. Worshipful Master Earl Lamb and John Ewing completed the lodge service, then Byron's body went down to its final rest in Mother Earth. I hereby extend sympathy to all relatives and friends.

## Published March 31, 1933

February 12

Blue Rapids city is still doing side street work to aid the unemployed citizens. They are now hauling gravel down here on Genesee street and on north on the street along Hungry Hollow.

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It is reported that 77,000 tons of sour kraut were eaten by human beings in the U.S. last year. My wife and sons ate their share of homemade kraut, but I never ate any—but it is a good food for folks that like it.

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Market reports most every day are: cattle, steady to lower; hogs, down a dime; sheep, lower; wheat prices downward; corn lower; eggs 3 cents a dozen lower, etc.

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February 9 it was 17 below zero here and at Rockford, Ill., it was 25 below zero, and in northern Minnesota it was 37 below zero. Fifty-three people froze to death in the U.S. during that cold storm.

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Was up to the farm home of Ed Morgan today. He owns the old Ike Yarrick farm, used to be called the Capital Bluff farm—has a long high hill that can be seen for a long distance. The farm joins the southeast corner of Blue Rapids. It was on that farm where the U.S. Gypsum Co. built a \$500,000 gyp mill 22 years ago.

Mr. Morgan has one of the largest barns in the county. He has 80 acres of alfalfa—bales a lot of it and stores it in the giant barn. He has a big herd of Jersey cattle—is now milking 21 cows and sells the milk to city residents. Mrs. Morgan is the daughter of Ike Yarrick, pioneer owner of the Capital Bluff farm, who was a successful farmer. He always took good care of his farm land. I remember once when he had barnyard manure hauled out and spread over 40 acres of prairie meadow land, making an extra heavy yield.

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This evening, my son Claire and I went up to the George Hall 640-acre farm east of Waterville. There are 600 acres of first and second bottom land. The Little Blue river is on the north side and Fawn creek on the east side of the farm. Mr. Hall lives in town but looks after his extra good farm—always keeps a lot of land in sweet clover and hundred acres

in alfalfa. Lawrence Seaewall, wife and daughter are the tenants of the Hall farm. Lawrence used to run a sand plant at Randolph, Kan. He has 14 head of extra good work horses and mules, all of which have to be used in farming so much land. While driving into the farm house, over a private side road, we ran into a big drift of snow along a ravine, so we had to walk in and get Lawrence to get one of his good big teams, come out, hitch onto the Buick car, and pull it out of the snow drifts.

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February 13

Weather warming up today—snow commencing to melt. A nice day for the birthday anniversary of good old Abraham Lincoln. My father did all he could to aid in nominating and electing Mr. Lincoln president of the U.S. in 1860, and the same in 1864.

A few robin birds have come north, which is no sign of an early spring, as they frequently come up here in January. In southern states robins are classified as game birds and are shot by hunters and sold as game birds, which is a bad deal. In January, 1889, over 300 robins came to my old Cedar Ridge farm. The weather was warm and dry, but in February a northeast wind brought down a shower of rain, then turned to snow, kept getting colder for 10 days until the last cold morning it was from 30 to 40 degrees below zero over Marshall county—the coldest ever known in this area.

That severe cold spell did a world of damage. I had 12 acres of young peach trees—been planted two years. They were all frozen down to the ground and over 300 of them froze dead—roots and all. Had some Osage orange hedge trees six feet high—they were frozen dead down to the ground. They are a semi-tropical tree and in Iowa and northern Nebraska they can't raise hedge trees as they freeze out every winter.

On those extra cold nights I took a lantern and went out to see where the big flock of robins roosted—found them sitting on cedar tree limbs, right in against the body of the trees. I had pine trees larger than the red cedars, but not a bird roosting on them. By feeling the bark, the cedar trees felt warmer than the pine trees, so I had two agricultural colleges test them and their report was that the red cedar trees shove out heat—being different in that way from any other kind of trees—and even up in Lincoln, Neb., in their test on cold days and nights, a thermometer placed against the body of a cedar tree registered three degrees warmer



than it recorded when placed inside of a board barn. Ever since then on cold nights I have often taken a flashlight, went out to look in trees to see where winter birds preferred to roost and wherever there are cedar trees, there is where most of them roost.

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After the rebellion, a minister from father's neighborhood went down to Georgia to do missionary work among the ex-slaves. A cold wave hit that region—it was in January, 1866—and the minister had been told that the negroes would be easy to convert. After several meetings, when he had warned them of the everlasting hell's fire as punishment if they did not become Christians, very few of the sinners came up front, and the northern minister was rather discouraged. So he asked a local minister why he could not bring the sinners forward when he told them of the awful eternal punishment for unchristianized humans. The native Georgian said if it was in hot summertime, you could easily bring them up front, but in cold winter weather you cannot convince them that the everlasting heat is a punishment, when they are all suffering from the cold.

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Cutting the auto license tag fee down one-half is a help, but the heavy stock-hauling truck license is still up to \$150 and higher—anything to help the billionaire transporting corporations force truck owners to charge higher prices for hauling the farmers' livestock to city markets.

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February 22

This is a beautiful, warm, sunshiny, spring-like day—a grand good day for the 201<sup>st</sup> birthday anniversary of the father of our free country. George Washington wanted to be free from the rule of Great Britain, even though he was a slave owner on his own good old Virginia farm.

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Now that Japan is pushing her war against China along, our government should by all means give the Philippine Islands their immediate freedom without any support or defense of the islands, as there is an extra big chance of dragging the U.S. into a war with Japan and other oriental countries just by hanging onto those worthless islands, halfway around the world. If we need more land it should be gotten nearer our home nation.

As there is a lot of trading going on now, owing to a shortage of gold standard money, and as foreign nations owe our nation over 10 billion dollars and England cannot pay us what she owes us, I suggest that we trade England all the war debts owed us by all countries for the Dominion of Canada, as it joins our nation and our citizens and the Canadians are extra good friends, and if England wants the Philippine Islands in addition to the war debts—let her have them.

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Have just heard that my old pioneer friend, J.M. Watson, has been injured by a fall. His homestead was two miles west of Barrett and three miles due east of my father's homestead. Mr. Watson is a Civil War veteran and I sure hope he is not seriously injured, as I hope to see him live to be 100 years old when called home.

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February 26

Was in Vliets last night—was in the barber shop of Rex Waxler. He has been in the barber business in Vliets for 16 years and is a right good barber. Rex has a brother named Herman Waxler, who lives on a farm two miles south of Vliets. Herman's wife was a daughter of Wes and Rilla Wilson, who used to live three miles south of Frankfort. Nettie Wilson, now Mrs. Herman Waxler, was one of a pair of twin girls and she is now the mother of a pair of twins, a boy and a girl, 16 years of age, and another pair of twins, boy and girl, 11 years old, and a girl eight years old. The Waxler brothers' mother was a daughter of Zacharia Ewing, who was also the father of Doctor Henry Z. Ewing, famous physician and surgeon of Paralel, Washington county, Kan., who is called over a wide area of territory to do medical work, as he tries always to do his best for sick folks.

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There is a good general store in Vliets owned and operated by the Owens family, who used to live on a farm out by Reserville, six miles southeast of Bigelow. They have been in the mercantile business for over 20 years and the Owens boys have an extra good livestock hauling truck and a farmer told me that the Owens brothers were kept busy hauling stock to St. Joseph and Kansas City most every day, and that recently they made two trips in one day to St. Joseph.

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At the Reust school district No. 98, they have a junior heavyweight—his name is Elva Dalrymple.

He is seven years old and weighs 116 pounds and is a fine looking boy.

Frank Huston, living south of the 98 schoolhouse, has a good farm and a big son, who is a good worker. They had three work horses die this winter and had to buy a new John Deere tractor.

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I sold my Ford delivery car to a good man and he just commenced using it when he lost his good farm to a mortgage company, so he brought the car back and I have to find another good man who needs a good car for delivering milk or any other such use.

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Last week was a very dry, windy week—more real estate changed hands without agents than for years. The air was a mass of soil dust for hours at a time with dust clouds in the sky.

Thursday, February 23, was a warm day. I took a pail of water out of a barrel outdoors, took off my shoes and washed my feet outdoors like in the summertime. Three years ago today was an extra warm day—with a thundershower in the evening.

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March 1, south of Vliets

Weather fair and warm, a real spring day.

Merle Bullock, a U.S. navy man during the World War, and who was in the veterans hospital at Lincoln, Neb., six weeks this winter, where he was operated on for appendicitis, is now able to do some farm work on the Shehan farm three miles south of Vliets, where he has lived for four years. He is a good farmer—has terraced the sloping farm land, is sowing alfalfa and sweet clover each year on the 400-acre farm. He is also building up a good herd of cattle.

Frank McCoy lives on a good farm south of Vliets. He was born and raised in Irving, where he clerked in Frank Thomson's store, then in the Charles Granger store in Vermillion. He is a brother-in-law of Bert Forbes, editor of the *Irving Leader*, and who is also one of the pioneer rural mail carriers of Marshall county.

One of the prominent farmers out here is Irving Nauman, who lives on an extra good 400-acre farm five miles southeast of Frankfort. There are 160 acres of farm land on the home farm. A big two-story, 13-room, beautiful house and 12 outbuildings, including large barns and a double corn crib 40 feet long. Mr. Nauman has a big John Deere threshing machine and tractor. He has an extra good wife and

three daughters. Irving's father, the late Bernard Nauman, came here in 1870, bought 200 acres of railroad land and became a successful farmer. He was the first owner of red hogs in Marshall county, sent back to New Jersey and bought three big red hogs and had them at the Frankfort fair in 1882, and big crowds came just to see the red hogs—then called the Jersey Reds. I got my first red hogs from Mr. Nauman.

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It is 43 years ago today since I commenced writing Pleasant Valley items for the *Irving Leader*—then owned by the late Hugh Thomson, who was raised in Irving, had become a good horse rider, then went to Arizona where he was a cowboy for two years, then came back and bought the *Irving Leader* and became a good editor, as he had helped in the printing office of his father's pioneer newspaper, the *Irving Blue Valley Gazette*, started in Irving 65 years ago.

I had written some news for the *Frankfort Bee* before writing for the *Irving Leader* and later on wrote for the *Frankfort Review*, which is one of several forgotten Marshall county newspapers. Even small towns like Bigelow and Home City had newspaper printing offices in years gone by.

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March 4

Was in Marysville today. It is raining here his evening and sky streamers indicate that it is storming all over the east—too bad to have a stormy day when many citizens go long distances to be present when a newly elected president takes his oath of office. Democratic politicians had assured voters they would have beer on the market by Christmas time and as Mr. Roosevelt was leader of the wets and beer was not all over the U.S.—legally—therefore it was necessary to convince all folks that he was a wet, so a general rain was pulled down over the nation by the new weather clerk. Saw some farmers drilling in oats today and many disking. If the weather stays warm this rain will help the wheat and bluegrass start growing.

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Was down to the Wilbur Rhinehart farm two miles east of Bigelow yesterday evening where I bought some Kansas Orange cane seed of him. He had some Kansas Orange cane for making sorghum molasses and when he threshed the seed heads the yield was over 40 bushels per acre. Mr. Rhinehart is a good farmer—raises alfalfa and extra good corn crops in Clear Fork creek bottom land, which is where the

old Oregon Trail came down from the southeast to cross the Vermillion river at the old French ford.

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A young man from Beattie named Jim Swim, driving a big truck, comes down in the Irish creek country buying cream, eggs and poultry from the farm houses in that good part of Marshall county.

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Years ago, a freight train of 30 cars was considered a big load for a locomotive. Now with the modern steam locomotives it sure is surprising to see the length of trains—some of them a mile long. Railroad companies complain about the cars and truck opposing them in transportation and yet nearly half of many freight trains is oil and gasoline cars, which is mostly used by motors. On Tuesday, February 21, a U.P. train went south on the Marysville-Topeka cutoff—had 112 cars with 51 oil and gas cars. February 23, one went by with 199 cars—had 56 oil and gas cars. February 24, a U.P. train had 129 cars with 70 oil and gas cars. February 28 a U.P. train had 98 cars with 50 oil and gas cars. March 1 a U.P. train had 84 cars with 42 oil and gas cars. Which is about the way they average, so the oil and gas hauling is a big help to railroad income.

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President Roosevelt should have had a .29 caliber police special Smith & Wesson revolver in his belt and when the Italian outlaw attempted to assassinate him, he should have jerked out his revolver and put a bullet through the would-be murderer—which would have been a warning to other criminals not to try to do such crimes. My opinion was that the gun crook's main idea was to kill the mayor of Chicago, who has recently been trying to down the Chicago gangsters before the world's fair starts there in a short time. Mob violence is a bad thing, but when a crank went to shooting in a crowd where every bullet hits some innocent citizen, he had ought to have been mobbed and burned at a stake, or hung on the nearest telephone pole. Lucky for him that I wasn't there for I would have put a bullet into his body instantly—hitting no one else.

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March 11

Was down in Riley county. Some of the early-sown wheat in the Blue valley is greening up. Lots of farmers disking corn stalk ground and some drilling in oats.

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Same day, in Frankfort

Was at the Murphy blacksmith shop—in a store building that used to be a saloon. Mr. Murphy is quite a trader and there were several farmers there offering to trade used farm machinery for horses, and the reverse. Money being hard to get ahold of makes more swapping than for many years.

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Day before yesterday, Carl Kouhl of Beatrice, Neb., was down here and I went with him on a 42-mile drive. He has an extra good car and is a careful driver over all roads. He is field man for Trevett, Mattis & Baker Loan Company of Beatrice.

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March 13

Big swarms of bug flies and insects were flying around here in Blue Rapids this warm afternoon.

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March 14

The greenest wheat field seen today was two miles northwest of Marysville in the Blue River valley. Saw a lot of men sowing oats in Kansas today, but didn't see any oat-sowing in Nebraska. Some winter-plowed farm land in Nebraska, but very little wheat—and work stock and cattle in most corn fields. A few early gardens planted in Wymore, but saw none in Beatrice, though gardens and potato patches in the city were mostly plowed. Beatrice is sure a wide-awake city and there is almost always an immense crowd of people and cars so numerous that it is very hard to drive along the streets in the main business part of the city.

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Same day in Oketo

I met my old friend, Wm. Farrant, who owns a harness and shoe shop in Oketo. His father homesteaded in Wells township—in Pleasant Valley, six miles due east of Blue Rapids and his older brother, Frank, was a school seatmate of mine the second term we went to school. He was killed in a young team runaway accident 41 years ago.

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Was in Beattie, Frankfort and Vliets before coming home to the Gem City. Cold north wind with fine snow in the upper strata of clouds with cyclone clouds on the horizon in the southeast, but the sunset

indicated it would be quite warm tomorrow. Hope we have fair warm weather now, as that is what is needed for the best farm aid from nature.

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March 20

A bad blizzard wind came down from the north Saturday evening, bringing down a real blizzard snow, which the high wind blowed in quite large drifts. I heard there had been a cyclone in Tennessee last Tuesday, which has been the cause of this March blizzard, as a winter cyclone always sucks a cold wave down from the north and causes six to ten days of unsettled weather.

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John Thompson, aged 21, of Los Angeles, Cal., and a boy friend are here on a visit at the home of their aunt, Mrs. Frank Brooks, our nearest neighbor. Frank's father, Merle Thompson, was raised in Waterville, did work for the government in the Philippine Islands, was a banker here and is now an officer in one of the largest banks in the U.S., which is located in Los Angeles.

## Published April 14, 1933

March 22

We had a 10-inch snow here today. It was the wettest snow that has fallen here in years. It was so wet and sticky that it lay where it fell—even trees and building roofs were a solid mass of wet snow. This is the only kind of snow that does wheat any good as it is even depth all over the ground, while snow storms like the one that fell here three days ago—a fine dry type—drifted off all bare fields leaving no snow on wheat fields—all piling up in gutters, ravines and around buildings, trees, etc. There is the smallest acreage of wheat that I have seen in Marshall county for years, so hope it will make a good yield, as it will be needed here in our home county where we have a good flour mill and lots of poultry for which wheat makes a good egg producing feed.

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March 24

We had an inch of rain and some sleet here today. It was a warm day, so the snow is all melted off and the ground is covered with water and mud and there being no frozen ground, the water will most all go down into the subsoil.

Was sorry to hear that the wet snow and today's rain didn't extend very far west so the western Kansas farmers and eastern Colorado grain growers, where it has been dry for three years, will have to buy beer to wet their farm lands, unless President Roosevelt appoints a wet weather clerk. Hope we have warm fair weather now, as only about one-half of the oat crop has been drilled in and it is time that potatoes, onions, peas, radishes, lettuce, and other garden seeds should be in the soil.

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March 25

Was up on the old Capital Bluff farm, now owned by Ed Morgan. They have 600 head of hogs and 100 head of cattle, horses and mules on the farm—all in good healthy condition.

Was also on the Charles Musil farm a mile southwest of Blue Rapids. He has a lot of good livestock with a herd of extra good hogs and cattle.

Also on the Marshall Arnott Single Star dairy farm at the west edge of Blue Rapids. He has a red two-story barn, 40 feet wide and 66 feet long; a large white house with a green roof and a lot of other outbuildings, all snow white. Marshall has a big herd of purebred dairy cows—sells milk in Blue Rapids.

His father's pioneer home was just two miles straight west from my father's homestead, just west of where Fred Cottrell's ranch now is.

Was on the Berry ranch on Fawn creek and he reports that with the great number of spring pigs, he now has over 800 head of swine on his ranch.

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My son-in-law, Lewis Wentz, who works on the Fred Stocks ranch, was here this evening and he said that four of Mr. Stock's brood sows had large litters of pigs during the snowy weather, but had saved 34 head out of 40 head born in the four litters.

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Was at the community sale in Waterville this afternoon, where quite a lot of livestock, harness, farm equipment, stoves, baled hay and many other things were sold at a fair price. Art Blackney, auctioneer from Frankfort, cried the sale, doing his duty well. Community sales are a good thing for all parties concerned.

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March 26

Extra high southwest wind today—dried up the surface mud on side roads. There were dust clouds came up from the southwest, so there must not have been much rain or snow in southwest Kansas.

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Was up on the Carl Miller farm at the junction of the Blue rivers. Mr. Miller has a large field of alfalfa in the Blue valley, which makes good crops of extra good cattle feed. This was the judge Wm. Thompson homestead farm, where he settled in 1858. It is just below where the first Oregon Trail crossed the Little Blue river on a rock-bottom ford. Mr. Miller's son, who is a great worker, went out west in Kansas two years ago to farm, but droughts caused very light crops, so he came back and is now farming some of the land farther north of the Senator Frost ranch.

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March 27

Eggs are the lowest price for this time of year—6 cents a dozen—that they have been for long, long years.

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Was sorry to hear today that my old friend, Freemont Radcliffe, of Frankfort had died this morning. He was born near Frankfort 74 years ago and has been in the harness-making business in Frankfort

for 50 years. I bought my first harness and a saddle of him 43 years ago this week. He was a very kind-hearted businessman—used to give his farm customers time to earn the prices of their harness. His father was one of the pioneer settlers in the region near Frankfort, before the Civil War.

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March 28

Was in Vermillion today—had some work done in the Leroy Bullock big garage, where Mr. Bullock has been in business for 12 years. He is a good mechanic, is a good acetylene welder and does lots of work along his line.

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Charles Granger, who came from Connecticut 42 years ago and went into the mercantile business here, has sold his big brick store building. It is two stories high, 54 feet wide and 90 feet long. He sold it to a drug store man named Sams.

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An old time hardware dealer, Chas. Schafer is still in business—has a big supply of good hardware and has good trade.

Lots of potatoes and gardens are being planted today. There are lots of fruit trees and lots of good-sized rich soil gardens in this town.

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April 3

March came in like a lamb—and went out like a lion—with a severe north wind. April came in fine this morning and then a very high cold wind came down from the north with rain sprinkles—then calmed down to a nice evening. Big flocks of blackbirds have come north, so the springtime is really here. Dandelion flowers are in full bloom and some weeds are coming up in gardens and wheat fields are greening up nicely and the extra-early-sowed oats are coming up. Sure glad to see the sun go north, so gardens will grow, which will produce food products for many poor folks.

## Published April 28, 1933

April 14

We have a new neighbor named King, also another neighbor who got into trouble by using some beer. President Roosevelt is the head beer man now, so if we want to drink beer we will have to get a permit from him.

Was over at the pioneer homestead of the late John D. Wells, now owned by his son, Robert, who is the champion good dog raiser of Marshall county. His dog crop is light now, only about 40 head of wolf-catchers now, after three score years of dog raising.

Have only seen two flocks of ducks—one of geese and two of brants—going north this spring, when years ago we could see and hear thousands of them every day for weeks at a time. Have not seen a prairie crane for over 25 years—used to be vast flocks go by.

Song birds are getting scarce same as game birds. The prairie used to be well covered over with meadowlarks—have only seen one the past year—also have only seen two quails the past year and no prairie chickens for 10 years—when in pioneer days there were millions of them in our county. Sure would like to see lots of both song and game birds again like in early days.

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Our city water commissioner, Oscar Griffis, son of the late Dewit Griffis, a pioneer homesteader southwest of Bigelow, now lives at the west edge of town, joining the 48-acre dairy of Rennie McKee, who has extra good buildings, has 26 head of purebred Jersey cattle, is now milking 14 head of cows, which are all in good condition, are fed grain and alfalfa raised on the good dairy farm. Mr. Griffis helps Mr. McKee do his milking each day.

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Was in Irving this evening, where I met my old friend Wm. Netz, who lived neighbor to me in Pleasant Valley years ago when he was trustee of Wells township and he and I were officers of the Anti-Horse Thief Association, and both of us deputy sheriffs. Mr. Netz was raised southwest of Irving on his father's homestead and when 21 years of age, he went to Montana where he learned to be a good cowboy on a big cattle ranch, where they hauled milk to the state capital 20 miles from the ranch. Mr. Netz's youngest son, Wm. Jr., the tallest boy in Pleasant

Valley district, lost his life in the army at the age of 21 years. His older brother was in the U.S. navy at the same time and is now living out west. Mr. Netz is now in poor health, resulting from injuries received in years gone by.

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This is Good Friday and saw lots of people planting potatoes today. The big pasture on the Drennen home section farm, two miles east of Blue Rapids on highway No. 9, has been burned off, making quite a prairie fire. James and Edward Drennen have charge of their extra good home section—both are good naturalists. A federal government employee, the bird man, told me years ago that James Drennen knew more about birds than any other man in the U.S., and should have been in the federal government service. In Ed Drennen's private room, he has a picture of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln on the wall, and a radio so he can hear what is going on all around the world. The Drennens are born and educated in Ireland, but like the western world and are extra good citizens. Two of the girls are high class government nurses.

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The radio agent, who bought an 80-acre farm three miles east of Blue Rapids last August—his name is Allen—decided he wanted to go back to nature by living on a farm. He is now milking cows, has some hogs and has 1,700 chickens, some now of frying size and will soon have 500 more chicks.

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Many trees are being cut for wood all over the county and I sure would like to see lots of trees planted out—as trees are the most important thing that grows out of the earth. Many people think it is hard to plant evergreen trees and have them live—but if they are handled right, they are as easy to make grow as any deciduous tree. The first 300 cedar trees that I set out on my old Cedar Ridge farm were hauled five miles and set out on May 5 and 6, 1896. Every one lived, and later I set out 960—same result.

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Price of oatmeal is three cents a pound—made from 15-cent oats. There is too much gambling on prices of all grain. Prices go up and down—by gamblers selling millions of bushels more wheat than there is in the country—just what I call paper wheat. It should be stopped—selling things that don't exist.

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Was over near the Nemaha county line. There is a man lives five miles north of Lillis, named Frank Heath. He has two sons, named Eugene and George, who work for neighbors, and Frank's father ran a restaurant here in Blue Rapids 35 years ago.

Was on the Tom Clark farm on Irish creek, where he was fertilizing his corn land. He has a good farm and is a cattle and hog raiser, and likes farm life—if prices of farm products would remain high enough to pay farming expenses.

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Easter Sunday, April 16

This is a lovely day, warm and clear—a real spring day. Big crowds in town to attend church services. My son, Leonard and his wife Ellen, of Greenleaf, with Ellen's two brothers, Oral and Everett Shimmel, came down today. Also my son-in-law, Lewis Wentz and my daughter, Gloria and grandson, Dewayne Wentz, and grandson, Wayne McMillan—only 11 of us at the dinner table.

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After the 28 degrees below zero cold spell in February, it was stated that the cherries, peaches, pears and other fruits were killed. Pear trees are full of bloom—also cherries and plums, and I believe apples are alright yet. Hope so, as all kinds of fruit, especially apples, are important food for the health of humans.

Boxelder trees are in full leaf. They are the first tree to leaf out in the spring, and oak trees are the last one. An old time saying was that when oak trees started to leaf out, it was corn-planting time. About right.

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April 18

Was at the Farmers' Elevator today. Was told that a truck man came and got a truck-load of good corn and took it out to Dodge City, where it sells for 50 cents a bushel. Another truck man from Salina came and got a truck-load of 110 bushels of corn and will haul it 1,000 miles to Brownsville, Texas, which is in the southeast corner of the big Lone Star state, and is the most southern point of the U.S.—is where the Rio Grande river enters the Gulf of Mexico—it is a semi-tropical region where oranges, lemons and grapefruit and other tropical fruits grow and is just across the river from Mexico. The corn hauler said he could get \$2 a bushel for the corn by trading it to Mexicans for oranges and other fruits and hauling them back up here in the corn region and selling them

to grocery men and fruit dealers. Mexicans sure like corn and many of the tribes in the plain regions have to live on corn and goat milk—and they are healthy strong tribesmen.

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April 21

We have had 1½ inches of rain here in the last three days. It is a help to all things that grow out of the earth as the surface soil was quite dry.

Saw one farmer listing corn ground near Vliets day before yesterday. There are corn plants coming up in our garden—some of them two inches high. In dry warm springs, I have commenced planting corn on April 20, though in most years it does best when planted on May 1. Wish it could all be planted on that one day.

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April 22

My son, Claire, and I left Blue Rapids at 11 o'clock in a Buick coupe, went down to Irving, then to Bigelow, then out to school district No. 76, south of Bigelow and one mile from the south line of Marshall county. Across the road east of the 76 schoolhouse is the old homestead of Al Newberry, who was from Tennessee. He planted a grove of cedar trees around his house. He died from an accident with a big young horse he was breaking to ride, that slipped on a snowy trail, throwing the rider onto a big boulder. He lived for 18 months, but ailments from the bruises caused his death. Years later, his old time neighbor, Henry Smith, then county commissioner and a brother of Geo. T. Smith, editor of the *Marshall County News*, bought the Newberry homestead. It joined the Smith homestead and a tenant occupied the house when it was burned down and was never rebuilt—but the big cedar trees are still there. It was seeing the good windbreak of those cedar trees that caused me to start my Cedar Ridge evergreen groves.

A half-mile southwest of 76 schoolhouse is the home of Louis Klein, who lives on the old Jim Murphy homestead. Mr. Klein has extra good work horses—also a good tractor to farm with. His wife is a daughter of Mrs. Tom Hale, a widow who with a son runs a hardware in Bigelow. Mrs. Klein is good looking, like her parents—was mother to four boys and two girls—and yesterday evening at 5 o'clock a pair of twin girls were born and as I was in her bedroom this noon, she was feeling fine and the twin girls were in good condition. One weighed 6½ pounds,



the other 7½ pounds. The twins now make the family evenly divided—four boys and four girls.

We went on to Fostoria—on high land in Pottawatomie county—on what used to be the narrow gauge railroad. It is now standard width and is the Leavenworth, Kansas and Western railroad. In Fostoria, I met a man named A.H. Avis—used to live adjoining this property where I live. He married a girl at Home City, named Nora Thomas. They moved to Fostoria eight years ago and started a hardware store. I met the Car brothers, one of whom is janitor of the grade and high schools, and his brother has one of the three general stores. There is a good trade for a small town.

When Fostoria was started at the camp location of the R.R. builders—the head civil engineer called it the Mountain City, as it is on a high ridge with a long-distance view. Only about one-tenth of Pottawatomie county is farmland—the rest is extra good bluestem prairie grass with creeks and ravines, with timber and water, so the government years ago said it was the best cattle county in Kansas. It has the longest name and is the biggest county in Kansas.

From Fostoria, we went to Blaine, where my father and his brother homesteaded, then later on, 63 years ago, moved up into Marshall county, as they never expected a railroad to be built through that hilly county. It is the most rolling land of any county in Kansas, but has a good producing soil, lots of lime in the soil, so everything grows good. Blaine is a nice looking small town—extra nice church and schoolhouse.

No. 11 Kansas highway runs north direct to Frankfort. It is all graveled. We drove over it to Frankfort, then up to Morgan Wanklyn's farm three miles northeast of Winifred. Morgan is trustee of Rock township and is a nephew of mine by marriage. He and his brother had shelled some of his big corn crop—he has his own sheller. He has a good farm and keeps it in good condition. We drove on to Beattie, then up near Summerfield, where the roads were extra muddy. That country is nearly all farm land with extra good farmers. We then came back to Home City, then to Marysville, went down in the basement of Montgomery Ward's store—only one clerk and 18 customers waiting for service—it is the hardware department. From Marysville we came home—had been in nine towns and from three to five miles from four others. We had driven 142 miles while on the

business trip, and got home in time for supper. Weather cloudy, but no sign of more rain here.

## Published May 5, 1933

April 24

Charles Hula owns a good bottom land farm a mile east of Blue Rapids, joining the Big Blue river. He has three children—a daughter named Angeline; a 10-year-old son, Charles, Jr.; and a 5-year-old boy named Ivan. Yesterday afternoon the two boys went down the river bank where there is a small narrow island a few feet from the steep river bank where a tree had fallen down, connecting the bank to the island. The boys decided to walk on the tree, out to the island and were followed by their big watch dog. While returning from the island, the big dog rushed up against the 5-year-old boy, knocking him off the log into the river. He was so close to the shore that he managed to crawl up the bank before two fishermen got there to help save the boy from being drowned. Sure a narrow escape for the boy.

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There are lots of folks along the Blue river each day. Some of them got a few fair-sized fish, but nothing like in the pioneer days when fish were so plentiful in rivers and creeks that it was easy to get lots of them with hook and line in a short time. As a kid, I enjoyed fishing—once got 14 good-sized catfish in two hours in a pond on the Corn Dodger creek. Have not gone fishing since I was 14 years of age, as I wouldn't want to wait for hours to get a bite on the baited fish hook. As a state deputy game and fish warden, I spent lots of time hauling big quantities of small fish from the state fish hatchery around over the country, putting them in creeks and rivers, so there would be more fish in all streams, as I would like to see everybody who goes fishing to get plenty for a family food supply.

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A half-inch of rain fell here last evening—from an April shower. Sky streamers indicated that there was a snowfall in Wyoming, which should soon make some rain for western Kansas

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Pastures are greening up fast and apple trees are coming into full bloom, while our garden is growing fast. Potatoes are coming up and some asparagus plants are two feet high, and rhubarb—called pie plant—has been full grown for over a week, and winter onions are big enough for table use. Years ago I used to keep a half-acre of winter onions close to the chicken house, and whenever there was no snow the chickens would go

and eat what green onion tops they wanted, as the onion on good soil remains green all winter. It kept the chickens healthy and made the hens lay better.

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April 27

Saw two farmers listing in corn today south of Marysville and saw extra good fields of wheat in the Blue river valley northwest of Marysville—it was five inches high and saw one field on second bottom land where sweet clover had been plowed under last summer, and the wheat is now six inches high.

Saw two good fields of alfalfa at the southeast edge of Wymore, Neb., and the bluegrass lawns in Wymore are a solid mass of golden dandelion blooms. Saw quite a lot of cherry and apple trees in full bloom in Wymore.

The best wheat fields I was in Nebraska were on the south side of highway No. 77, joining Blue Springs on the west. It was on prairie land that had been well cared for and the wheat was a thick stand, six inches high.

No corn planting up here in Nebraska. Lots of farmers disking their corn ground and a few are plowing the ground to top-plant their corn. Oats are growing very well, but it is drier up here than down in good old Kansas. Fruit and shade trees grow very good up here, but are harder to get started, as there is less lime in the soil up here—so there are few trees around prairie farm homes.

We drove down to Beatrice Church Hospital park in the Blue valley bottom land, while the giant hospital is up on a ridge south of the most beautiful park in Nebraska.

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A man named J.J. Sullivan, from Texas, was up here with a big truckload of frost-proof cabbage plants—delivering them to retail sellers. Now is a good time to get the plants and set them out, as there is lots of extra good garden lands in Beatrice.

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At the Dempster Mfg. Company's big plant we learned that my old true friend, Charles E. Dempster, had died. Long years ago, after he had made hydraulic well drills, I urged him to make cable tool drills, and he said he would have no sale for them because there was sand to drill through in Nebraska, so they would prefer the hydraulic drills. I said to him, "Your business should extend all over U.S. in the near future," and he said, "I know it will never extend

outside of Nebraska." Three years later, I got them interested in a plan for a cable tool drill and they built one—did not even paint it—but set it up on the test field, had a picture taken of it and sent me the picture and a five-dollar bill to buy a round-trip ticket to Beatrice from Irving, and asked me to come up and test the drill to see if it was worth painting and patenting. The test proved to be alright and many improvements have been added so their modern drills are extra good and they have sold them all over the U.S. and some in Mexico and Canada. The Dempster Company has ten auxiliary plants over the U.S. and every time I met Mr. Dempster in recent years, he laughingly remarked, "You were right in predicting that my factory business should extend all over the U.S." It was in 1878 he came to Beatrice, started in the pump business with \$200, and over \$70,000,000 worth of business has been done since then, going up to \$3,500,000 for the three years prior to 1932.

Mr. Dempster was a good honest man, kind to all his workmen, keeping many of them until they were too old to do any work, except sweep the floors of the many big rooms. Glad to see an honest, poor young man build a good business firm like he did. Of the 24 well drills I have owned, five of them have been Dempsters.

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While returning home, we came up Broadway in Marysville where lots of cars were parked. One big car started to back out just as we got even with the car. I shouted as it started back and it slowed down, so it only knocked the back end of the right side fender loose from our car.

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I read in the *Marshall County News* where a Frankfort couple had celebrated their wedding anniversary on April 18. It was Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Farrar, who have been married 68 years. He is 90 years old and is a Civil War veteran and is a healthy, active man yet. He is an uncle of Theron Farrar, one of my brothers-in-law, who runs a garage here in Blue Rapids.

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April 30

We had a very high wind yesterday with dust clouds coming up from southwest Kansas. There was cyclone condition in the south—looked as if they could have had small twisters in Oklahoma, and as far north as Wichita or Hutchinson, Kan., and there were cyclone clouds in the east, north of Kansas City. Hope

they did not have any bad twisters, but skylines indicated that instead of concentrating on one large real cyclone, there was apt to be several small ones over a wide area of territory. It was very warm here on Saturday, and is plenty warm here today. Skylines yesterday and today said it was cold up in Wyoming and Montana, so I fear that tomorrow, May 1, will be a chilly day, as the upper cloud strata has snow in it.

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Twenty-six years ago April 1, it was snowing. And on May 1, there was a foot of snow on the level and roads were blocked by drifts three to five feet deep.

I hauled out heavy loads of manure all day May 1<sup>st</sup> in a big steel-runner bobsled. In the evening, I took my family for a two-mile sled ride over our 160 acres of pasture and meadow land. In Irving, the businessmen shoveled snow off the sidewalks and streets on May 1. Had a photograph taken of the snow-shoveling crowd while in front of the Irving bank.

On May 3, while I was drilling a well in Irving, a lady photographer came to stand in my wagon and took a photograph of the big snow drifts on the Cottrell ranch hillside which showed up plainly at three miles on an air line. Hope it won't be like that this Democratic year.

## Published May 12, 1933

May 1

I had a big three-year-old Holstein heifer in one of Fred Stock's big pastures and they found her dead yesterday. They hadn't seen her for three days. She was three-quarters of a mile from the buildings, over a high hill. One twin calf had been born and an unsuccessful struggle to bring the other one out onto the earth caused the young cow's death. The sire of the twins was a Jersey and there seems to be more twins in the Jersey breed than in any other kind. Heard of the death of two Jersey cows last winter on adjoining farms, from having twins and knew of two pair of Jersey twins born in December and both pair of twins died when born. Bad luck to lose good young cattle these hard times. This makes a loss of nine head for me in the past 17 months. All away from home.

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In 1891, C.A. Cook bought the 240-acre Levi Schooley farm in Pleasant Valley. The farm is now owned by Wm. Fincham. In 1893, Mr. Cook decided he would get some Jersey heifers to furnish milk and butter for his family. One of the heifers had a pair twin calves, and 11 months later the same heifer had three calves—triplets—and as Mr. Cook was there to care for them, all five of the calves lived and grew up—making a record of five calves from one cow in less than one year—mighty good luck. I have saved the lives of several cows and calves by being present when the cattle were trying to come onto the earth back-end to—I turned them around and landed them correctly. Had to extract one calf by using rope and triple-block—took over a ton pull to get him out—and another over-sized one I had to cut it up into pieces to save the cow.

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Saw the first snake this spring on No. 9 highway a mile south of Frankfort. That was on April 28—have seen five more since then. In pioneer days there were at least 10,000 snakes compared to each one now in the country. There were 12 kinds of snakes here then and only four kinds now. Glad to see them exterminated, especially the ones with poisonous fangs.

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Engine users have to pay 25¢ yearly for a permit to buy taxless gasoline. Another way to make state and federal income would be to make beer and booze drinkers pay 25¢ each for a yearly permit to buy such false stimulants. Such an income would be a big

help in over-balancing the low-down state and federal budgets.

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May 6

We had a full inch of rain fall here Thursday night and Friday—most of it went into the soil as it came down slow. Skylines indicated there was rain for a long distance northwest. Hope they got a good rainfall in the west, as they needed it much worse that we did here.

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This (Saturday) forenoon, in the west edge of Irving, we met Fred Erickson with several helpers driving a band of 150 two-year-old steers westward to the east pasture on the Fred Stocks cattle ranch. Mr. Erickson owns a Blue valley farm four miles southeast of Irving. The two-year-old steers were all grade Herefords, all white-faced and all branded. He had bought them in Texas. Hereford cattle are extra good for grass fattening, so they will bring a fair profit, as stock prices go up.

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Was sorry to hear that Mrs. H.C. Lathrop had died and was buried in the beautiful Irving Greenwood cemetery on Friday afternoon. The good lady had been in poor health for the past two years. Horace Lathrop and his good daughter, Leona, are our postmaster and mistress.

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There have been several car and truck accidents at the foot of Drake hill in the west edge of Blue Rapids, where there is a square turn on the two combined federal highways, No. 9 and 77. In coming down the Drake hill quite fast and making the short turn north and the road sloping towards the east, it is very easy to do into the gutter and turn over. The east side of the road turn should be several feet higher than it is now, as there is a big traffic over these combined highways.

## Published June 2, 1933

May 1

Thirty years ago today, May 1, 1903, we had a real freeze here. The weather had been warm and dry with a strong southeast wind, which brought a downward pressure from the upper strata of clouds that had fine snow in them, and when pulled downward, it came down in cold, fine rain, then cleared off and by daylight the ground was frozen and a quarter-inch of ice in water tanks, and frost all over the tree tops. I had 16 acres of orchard—there was a big crop of all kinds of fruit, all of it early, and it all was frozen. Not an apple, peach, pear, cherry or any other kind of fruit, except grapes—they were froze off, but they grew out new vines and made a good crop, more bunches but smaller fruit than the frozen crop. I had 2,300 grape vines in my vineyard.

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May 9

Ten years ago this morning we had a real freeze. Potatoes and all freezable garden vegetables were frozen down to the ground. I was drilling a well near Winifred, and at daylight a field of wheat and one of alfalfa in the Vermillion valley were covered with a heavy white frost that looked like a solid bed of snow. Down near Topeka, in creek bottom land, fields of wheat were so badly frozen that many fields were plowed under and corn planted to replace the wheat crop.

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Fifty-three years ago today, May 9, 1880, my sister, Myrtle, was called to her final rest from an attack of measles followed by malaria fever. An army officer family friend called a U.S. army doctor to come and see sister. He arrived on Saturday, May 8, said she would die next day. He said the dope fiend doctor who had treated her ought to be hung.

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May 10

My son, Leonard and his wife, Ellen, drove down here from their farm home south of Greenleaf to help us celebrate his 26<sup>th</sup> birthday. He was born May 10, 1907, in the old Holbrook house on our old Cedar Ridge farm, five miles east of Blue Rapids. He commenced his grade schooling in Pleasant Valley, finished at Harbaugh, and then went to high school in Waterville.

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A lot of sand is being hauled from the Tenopir farm, two miles southeast of Irving. The truckloads of sand are weighed on scales at the Williams R.R. station, then hauled onto a highway north of Blaine. Mr. Tenopir's son, Joe, is 21 years of age, is over six feet tall and weighs 245 pounds. He is a real heavyweight, is an Irving high school graduate, and is helping his father with their farm work.

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My son, Claire, and I are drilling a well for Mr. James Horalek on a farm three miles southeast of Irving, that he bought of Ben Phelps, 17 years ago, and a year later he bought the old W.J. Williams big Blue valley ranch, where the family now lives. After moving into their present home, Mr. Horalek rented the house on the Phelps farm to a dark-complected citizen of Irving and one evening while they were eating supper, the house caught fire and burned to the ground, and has never been re-built. There is a barn there now and an old-time cyclone cave, dug down six feet deep, no walls, and 8 to 12-inch round poles of native trees laid on a level across the top, then covered with two feet of soil and a sloping door. The cyclone of 1879 caused these caves to be made.

The building location is on a ridge at the east edge of the Big Blue river valley, ½ mile due west of the Merrimac schoolhouse, 2½ miles west of the historic Twin Mounds, one mile west of the old Otoe Indian trail, and ½ mile east of the Blue river, where the Mo. Pac. R.R., which was built there 68 years ago, and the U.P.R.R., built 48 years ago, cross each other.

There are some nice trees around where the house was burned—it is a beautiful location for a farm home—and is located at the west end of where the city of Merrimac was commenced building 73 years ago, and three years later, when Irving was started, then Merrimac was abandoned. Uncle Frank Edwards, who settled on the Vermillion valley in 1858, helped build the first house in the forgotten city of Merrimac.

There never has been a good supply of water gotten on the Phelps farm, but I picked a location close to where the house was burned and hope to get plenty of water, as it is needed for stock and there should be a house built there, as Mr. Horalek's son, Frank, is farming the 100 acres of extra good bottom land. He is a good farmer, and what he needs is a good well of water, a new house and a good wife.

James Horalek was 12 years of age when his parents came from Austria to America in 1881, and settled near Grand Island, Neb. When a man, he

married Barbara Vaboda of Harrisburg, Penn. Later, they came to Marshall county, and both being extra good workers and savers, they have made a financial success of farming and stock raising.

Both are heavy set, strong, good-looking folks, and do not look as old as they really are. Mrs. Horalek is an extra good cook and housekeeper and has brought up her three daughters to be the same. Her oldest daughter, Alice, is the wife of Roger Cottrell, well known businessman of Irving. The second daughter helps her mother do housework and the youngest daughter, Evelyn, has been in the Irving high school two terms, drives to school each morning. The oldest son, William, has been in the ladies' clothing store business for several years in Centralia. James, Jr., is married and farms the old Dr. Lees Vermillion valley ranch, now owned by Mr. Koester, banker of Marysville. The other two sons farm the home land—about 260 acres of good bottom land.

Mrs. Horalek has a big flock of Red Rock chickens—has 19 setting hens hatching out their chicks now, and will set a lot more—cares for them herself. They have some good Jersey milk cows and have the biggest supply of limb and block stove wood I ever saw on any farm. They have it piled up in walls—three feet wide and six feet high and the three walls over 60 feet long. Is next to the chicken house, making a protection for the chickens in stormy weather. It was close to the big wood walls where two men lost their lives from gas in a dug well 60 years ago. The big house is 180 feet around the base, is two stories high, has nine large rooms, porches and a big cellar. Mr. Williams had it formed back in New York, shipped out here and built up, painted snow white, and pioneer settlers came long distances to see the Williams mansion. It is made of such good material and cared for so well that it is just like a brand new house. Mr. Williams was brought west by an uncle who was a pioneer settler where Seneca is now located and he was one of the pioneer locators and settlers in Irving 73 years ago. He used to own 500 acres of bottom land and had 640 acres of pasture land joining his buildings—so it was a splendid ranch. He sold it to James Denton of Pottawatomie county and while he owned it, I was lucky in getting him a windmill supply of water close to the buildings where only small supplies had been gotten before. The present owner, Mr. Horalek, as a windmill over the well and pumps the water up into a big cement water tank near the barn for all their livestock.

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May 12

We were lucky today in striking a crevice in the well that has a windmill supply of water in it. The water raised up 27 feet soon as the crevice was stuck. Lucky for land owners to get a good supply of water—after being short of water for many years.

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Heard today that Nelson Overbaugh, aged 43, who lived with his parents on their farm on Irish creek, four miles southeast of Frankfort, had died. Nelson went into the bee business and kept on until he had more stands of honey bees than anybody else in Kansas—so I classified him as the honey king of Kansas. Too awful bad that such a good citizen should be called home so soon. His mother, Francis Sabin, was a school mate of mine, and her parents and mine came to Kansas from Illinois. Her brother, Phil Sabin, lives on his father's homestead.

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May 13

Weather is quite cool for May, so farmers haven't rushed their corn planting, fearing it might come a freeze and injure the sprouting corn.

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When we came home today, learned that a man was delivering a copy of the *Kansas City Star* and *Times*, one in the morning and one in the evening for a week around town, so non-subscribers could learn if they liked the paper well enough to subscribe for them. A man named Adams, from Seneca, delivers those two daily papers over quite a territory—drives over highway 36 to Marysville, then on 77 to Blue Rapids, then to Irving, Bigelow, Frankfort, and back to Seneca—makes two trips each day—drives fast, throws the paper out close to the mail box. Mr. Horalek has a big police dog that goes out, picks up the paper and carries it to the house. Dandy dog.

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My son, Claire, grandson Wayne McMillan, and I drove up to Beatrice this afternoon. Up near Marysville, about half the corn is planted, but up in Nebraska, farmers are just commencing to plant their corn. One farmer south of Wymore is well located. There is a schoolhouse close to his farm house joining his farm on the south and a half-mile north there is beautiful country church and cemetery, all on No. 77.

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South of Beatrice, saw late apple tree just in full bloom, while the earlier varieties were free of

bloom—tiny apples started. Saw a bunch of pie plant over three feet high in full bloom. Potatoes and early-planted gardens were in good condition up there. Saw three men hauling horse-wagon loads of shelled corn into Beatrice.

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May 16

Stopped at the *Barnes Chief* office in Barnes this afternoon. Mrs. Shannon, the kind-hearted, handsome editor, and her young lady assistant were busy writing news for the *Chief*. Ladies make good newspaper writers and publishers.

Most farmers in Washington county were busy planting corn. There is a lot of extra good wheat west of Barnes.

Greenleaf has plenty of green leaf trees now—but when I was up there last November, it was brown leaf trees. Saw one oldish farmer east of Greenleaf listing corn with a tractor. All the other ones in sight were driving horses and mules.

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There are many good fields of wheat between Linn and Clay Center. It is 18 years since I have been in Clay Center. It is a beautiful town.

One of my wife's nephews, Lloyd Fincham, is in the gas and oil trucking business in Clay Center, and my brother, John Ewing's youngest daughter, Faye, is a telephone operator here. The Republican valley is very wide out west of Clay Center. Saw one farmer planting corn with a two-row top planter on a plowed field, and two farmers driving six horses on two-row listers and one tractor-drawn lister at work in the valley.

West of there, in Cloud county, on the level prairie land, I saw only two farmers listing—they had just commenced—said it had been too cold to plant corn. Deep sandy soil out here—better for wheat than for corn. No rock here, good pasture land, quite a good many rain water ponds in pastures for stock watering.

East of Clay Center there are some mounds. Stopped in Green, which is a town on the Leavenworth, Kansas & Western R.R. Green has two banks and other good business concerns. It is two miles west of Riley county and 10½ miles south of Washington county. From Green to Randolph on winding highways—is a very hilly country—is some good farm land and good cattle country.

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Skylines this evening indicate there were cyclone conditions—so we may have a bad storm tomorrow.

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We picked up a hitchhiker on 77 highway. He was walking from Oklahoma, where he had been visiting a cousin, back up to his hometown 30 miles north of Des Moines, Iowa. Said he was lucky in getting many rides.

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May 17

We had a heavy washing rain here this morning and another one in the evening with heavy hail in the evening.

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It is 37 years ago this afternoon that I had a narrow escape from being hit, while driving on the road, by the cyclone that hit the north part of Frankfort. It was on Sunday, May 17, 1896. It was my wife's birthday. We went to her parents' home six miles south of Bigelow and were driving home when we met the twister on the road.

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Seven years later, on Sunday, May 17, 1903, my wife was called to her last resting place. The next day, May 18, was the anniversary of my mother's death, which occurred on May 18, 1880. Just nine days after my sister's death.

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May 18

Was in Frankfort this afternoon, where I met my old friend and neighbor, Phil Sabin, who owns his father's old homestead three miles straight west of Barrett. Phil and I were born on adjoining farms in northeastern Illinois, were brought to Kansas while kids and grew up on cornmeal bread and mush and some deer and buffalo meat.

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Up in Irish creek valley near Lillis, the cornfields were badly washed by the heavy rains of yesterday and some property damaged by a small twister. Walter Cogswell and son, William, who were injured by the twister, are kinsmen by marriage of my grandson, Wayne McMillan. Coming home we stopped in Bigelow, where I met several old time friends trading in the stone quarry town. The ground is a little too muddy for corn planting.

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In Irving, Claire and I called at the home of my old friend, Fred Cottrell, who is the Hereford cattle king of this county, still owns and runs his big cattle ranch, which joins my father's old homestead, northeast of Irving. Fred owns the Irving bank and has an extra good residence in Irving, but likes to go out to the ranch to be close to nature. His good wife, Katie, is a member of the Drennen family, who live on their good 640-acre ranch on highway No. 9, two miles east of Blue Rapids. Both the Cottrell and Drennen families are extra good citizens, the kind that are a big benefit to any country of which they are citizens.

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May 19

Thirty years ago today there was a small cyclone started down near Randolph, came northeast up south of Reserville, doing some damage to farm homes. That night there was a cloudburst in Marysville, the commencement of the greatest flood in the Big Blue river since 1844.

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Was up to Beatrice, Neb., today. They only had a sprinkle of rain up over the state line on Wednesday, when we our heavy rainstorm here. About half the cornfields are now planted in Nebraska.

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Saturday, May 20, was down to Leonardville in Riley county. They had a fair rain down there. Crops are growing fine, especially in the Fancy creek bottom land above Randolph. Since prairie burning has been reduced, there are many cedar trees on Fancy creek hills.



## Published June 23, 1933

May 30

This is a beautiful day for all citizens to go to the cemeteries and decorate the graves of deceased relatives and friends. My son, Claire, and I attended the military decoration services in the beautiful Greenwood cemetery in Irving, where 40 soldiers are buried and some relatives and a lot of old time neighbors and friends are sleeping beneath the bluegrass sod and evergreen trees. There was over 50 autos in and around the cemetery. We then went to the Antioch cemetery, 1½ miles west of Bigelow, where 10 relatives, including my soldier son, Levi, and a lot of old-time neighbors and 34 other soldiers are sleeping in this extra beautiful cemetery in the Vermillion valley close to the historic twin mounds. A big crowd attended the Antioch Decoration Day services.

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Saw three farmers planting corn today—rather late, but if we have the right kind of weather, it will be alright. Saw one farmer mowing alfalfa and a lot of them monitoring corn. The first alfalfa I saw cut was yesterday on the Arnot ranch west of Blue Rapids.

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In the Antioch cemetery there is one of our old neighbors, who was six feet and six inches tall. He was forced into the Confederate army against his desire when he was a very young man and after a battle in Virginia, he escaped from the rebel leaders and went north. Came to Marshall county 64 years ago—liked this region so well that he decided to settle here and spent his lifetime here—never went back to the sunny southland from which he came.

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It was 54 years ago this afternoon since the cyclone struck Irving, killing 13 humans and injuring 41. Rod Lake, a neighbor living on the Ensign homestead a mile north of father's home in Wells township, had a large family and his wife had died and was buried in the Antioch cemetery that afternoon and we had just got home from the funeral when the storm commenced with a heavy rain and some hail. There had been three days and nights of steady southeast wind, and on the fourth day at noon the wind turned to the southwest, which caused a downward pressure, developing the third strata of clouds that there has to be to make cyclones and cloudbursts. It was clear in

the morning, but large copper-colored clouds developed in the afternoon.

The first twister that hit Irving originated 10 miles west and north of Salina, and being a small twister, was up from the ground most of the time until it reached Prairie Ridge six miles southwest of Irving, when it bored right down, struck Irving, then crossed the Blue river just below General Warden's big grist mill and came directly over father's farm buildings, but raised up over the buildings, unroofing the outbuildings, and striking the high hill back of the barn with full force—then hit and destroyed the buildings on the next six farms to the northeast, and west and north of Frankfort it killed four humans. I was in father's barn caring for a sick colt and as we had a long-distance view of the southwest, we could see the storm coming long before it hit Irving. The storm hit Irving about half past four o'clock, and one Civil War veteran was killed, who had just returned from Decoration Day services at the Irving cemetery and was upstairs in his home changing his clothes when the storm wrecked his home, killing him.

The second cyclone started out near Linn and hit Irving a half-hour after the first one—doing a lot more damage and going straight east, it picked up the big Blue river bridge and dropped it upside down on a big sand bar on the west side of the river, then went on east, down into northern Missouri, where it faded out. After these storms, there were a lot of cyclone dugouts made—most of them being southwest of the houses, so if another twister came the family could rush out and down into the underground cave. I always preferred to stay outside so I could study the cloud and storm action, and learn something.

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June 1

Saw the first fireflies this evening. In pioneer days there were a million to one now—and in those days they were called June bugs, because they came early in June. Have seen them so thick along wagon trails on dark nights that they made it light enough to see the trail plainly. We kids used to catch some of them and put two or three of them in an old glass bottle and use them for lights to go upstairs to bed. Later on, they were called light bugs, then fireflies.

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The big corporations earn lots of money. It is reported that the Cities Service Oil Co.'s earnings for last year totaled \$61,000,000. Costs us lots of money for transportation fuel in this gas wagon age.

June 7

Had our first free band concert here in Fountain park tonight. There was a big crowd present to hear and see the 27 junior band students—seven girls and 20 boys—playing under their band instructor, Walter N. Nelson, who is a splendid instructor.

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Weather is hot and dry, doing lots of damage to all crops, especially wheat and oats, gardens and fruit.

It is starting in now just like it did in 1913, the hottest and driest period we ever had here. The 65 days of continuous hot winds killed all crops so corn would not average over a bushel an acre over the county. The extreme heat of that year caused the death of thousands of horses from Clay county on west, and a few head around here. Hope it won't repeat the bad record of 1913.

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June 16

Was in Waterville this morning, then on up to Barnes where we saw some wheat fields ripe enough to cut, but farmers were all busy getting their corn fields cleaned out while the weather is dry, when weeds are easy to kill and corn needs loose dirt around the stalks.

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Went over side roads to the Nebraska line. North of Bremen, side roads are narrow with lots of bad steep hills to climb, making it dangerous traveling. Our Buick car went wrong, so could not get up a fresh graded steep creek bank and was lucky when a truck man came along and helped us get onto the upland. He was W.D. Kincaid, who lives in Hanover and is a careful truck driver, thus avoiding accidents. He was born in Barnes and used to be a Barnes baseball player and is now on the Hanover baseball team. He is a big, strong, kind-hearted young man—an extra good citizen. His wife's father, Malcolm Baird, used to live near Bigelow and is now sleeping in the Antioch cemetery, and James Kincaid, father of W. D. Kincaid, used to be a farmer east of Waterville.

We had to come back three miles to Bremen—saw two fields of rye cut and shocked one mile north of Bremen. Glad to see some fields of sweet clover in full bloom up in the northwest corner of Marshall and northeast corner of Washington counties. Wish there was more of it.

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Saw one big field of check-rowed corn in northeast Washington county and another field nine miles north of Odell, Neb. It was much larger corn than in surrounding listed fields. There is quite a lot of fruit trees and a lot of grape vines in the residence portion of Odell, and there are some extra good wheat fields along the highway north—but it has been injured by the hot dry weather, so it will make less than half of a normal yield.

Very few empty farm houses now—but saw one nice abandoned two-room house in a wheat field four miles north of Odell—no sign of any other buildings, just the house with wheat all around it. Good level land up here with no rocks.

No pasture land on most farms, but a few milk cows are kept and pastured on sweet clover, sudan and other man-made pasture lands. Glad to see good cows on every farm.

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Went into Beatrice where at the Dempster Mfg. Co. plant there were more employees than for the past two years—workmen busy in all departments, and was told their business is improving, so they are running the plant day and night to supply their demands for farm machinery and other equipment for town and city work. Sure glad to see such a good comeback in the last two weeks.

Stopped at a filling station south of the Big Blue river in Beatrice to get some gasoline. It is run by Wm. Tyler, formerly of Blue Rapids and a brother of George Tyler, who is a deputy sheriff in Blue Rapids.

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We met and passed over 30 horse-drawn wagonloads of shelled corn being hauled to town by farmers as they need money to pay taxes by June 20. Most always when the tax-paying time is close by, the price of grains and livestock is forced down so the big gambling stock and grain exchanges make money—with a loss to farmers.

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In driving 140 miles today, I saw one quail, four jack rabbits and seven cottontail rabbits and three squirrels along the roadsides. Game and fish are getting scarce.

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In Marysville, I called at the home of Emma Shroyer whose husband, the late Peter Shroyer, was the man who started the town of Schroyer when the U.P.R.R. was built in 1886. Mrs. Shroyer has lived in

Marysville for 30 years. She is the mother of two sons and two daughters. Her son-in-law, W.C. Woods and wife who are both good artists, are up here on an annual visit. They have business plants in two Texas cities and one in Iowa and one in Missouri. I met Mr. Woods this evening. He sure loves nature study along with artistic science.

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While coming down on U.S. highway No. 77 we found two men with a Chevrolet that went dead, and my son, Claire, pushed their car six miles down to Marysville to a garage. One of the men was named Williams, from Kansas City, Mo.

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While in Marysville, we called at the home of Mr. Sam Forter who was born and reared in the Alps mountains in Switzerland. He came to America when a young man and later married Miss Emma Calderhead of Ohio, and to this union two sons and two daughters were born. The two sons became very prominent civil engineers, doing a lot of good work for the federal government. One of the daughters is at home caring for her aged parents. Mr. Forter was treasurer of Marshall county for four years and assistant treasurer for four more years. Mrs. Forter is a cousin of the late Wm. Calderhead of Marysville who was congressman of this district for a number of years. Emma Forter wrote two histories of Marshall county, the last one having 1,041 pages. It was published in 1917. She is an extra good historian, and she and her husband, Sammy, are as good citizens as ever lived in any country.

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Much newspaper arguments about the proposed flood lake in the Kansas valley which will wreck eight towns and cover 100,000 acres of the best farmland in the U.S. In my opinion such a lake should not be made, instead a lot of other smaller ones on the side rivers that flow into the Kaw river, thus holding the water back before it enters the Kaw.

What we need is at least 3,000 man-made lakes from here on to the west end of Kansas, to contain surplus water so it will drain down more rain in the west half of Kansas, as moisture rising up from the lakes concentrates with aerial moisture and brings down rainfalls, so let's work for more small lakes instead of one big destructive lake.

I see in the Marshall County News where a plan has been designed to build a dam for a 40-acre lake at Alcove Springs near Schroyer which is a good

plan and should be pushed ahead as it is an ideal location for a lake with a good water supply and on historic land.

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June 17, was up on the Ed Morgan ranch. They were finishing harvesting 80 acres of rye which they grind and use in slop for their herd of over 600 head of hogs. Last year they had 2,500 bushels of wheat that was used to feed and fatten hogs. There are 125 acres of alfalfa on the Morgan ranch which has just been cut and baled and stored in their giant barn, the largest one in Marshall county. Eighty acres of the alfalfa made a ton per acre. Mr. Morgan and wife take extra good care of their farmland and buildings which is a proper thing to do.

## Published June 30, 1933

June 17

Claire and I were at the gypsum mill at the north edge of Blue Rapids and we climbed up the steep hillside which is so steep that it is hard to climb up as Pike's Peak in Colorado. It is 38 years ago this June since we drilled the test hole at the south edge of the high hill and struck a nine-foot bed of gypsum just 100 feet from the hilltop down to the cap rock on top of the gypsum. It is 144 feet from the hilltop to the valley land where the big mill is located. Some of the company's men thought there might be another body of gypsum further down, so they had us drill on down 244 feet below the gypsum mound top, and we go no more gyp, but found a coal bed four feet in depth.

When the mine was opened, there was a cave nine feet deep, 20 feet wide, and 80 feet long. It was just three feet to the side of the test hole we drilled, so if the drill had been farther east we would have struck an empty cave instead of the nine feet of gypsum. Scientists figured the cave had been cut into the soft gyp rock by a tribe of Indians, for a winter resort where they could stay in cold weather and could easily protect themselves against an assault by enemies as so hard a climb up to the front end of the cave which faced the south at a height of 44 feet above the valley land.

Too bad the cave could not have been left to stand, as it was supposed to have been dug out by tribesmen over 2,000 years ago, and they had done a fine job making it look inside just like a big city hall. In mining out the gyp rock the tribesmen's cave was enlarged until now it is over a mile back to the northeast end of the mine, has been in continuous operation for over 36 years and it is the center of the gypsum deposit in this part of the U.S. Every pound taken out of this mine is pure enough to make false teeth. It is 99½ percent chemically pure. There are only two other gypsum deposits in the U.S. that are as pure as this one and they are at Gypsum, Ohio, and Grand Rapids, Michigan. It is used for the snow-white finishing coat for house plastering.

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Potato bugs are very plentiful this year. I have picked thousands of them off our small potato patch here in town. They are easy to catch as they like to stick to their job of eating the top potato leaves. Their eggs are laid on the underside of the potato leaves, not bothered by any other bugs or insects except the small gold bugs which eat potato bug eggs, and there is only

one kind of bird that will eat potato bugs, as they are poisonous. In pioneer days when potato bugs first showed up here they were called Colorado potato beetles. The claim was that they came here from the west. Each female bug lays 1,000 eggs, half of each sex, and the first hatched bugs are laying their eggs now, so when they are full grown by August 1<sup>st</sup>, there are 500,000 descendants from each female bug in early spring.

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A man from Goodland, Kansas, near the Colorado line, was here this morning to talk to me about well drilling. He said it is still very dry out there, as they have been short of water out there for three years with light crops. So I had hope they would have a wet year, they haven't even got beer, let alone rainfall. So they should appeal to President Roosevelt to have his wet-weather clerk pull down an inch of rain each Saturday night the year around.

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Letter postage should be reduced from 3¢ to 2¢ and the government would have a much greater income, as twice as many 2¢ stamps would be bought than 3¢ ones now. For the benefit of poor people, I hope the change will soon be made.

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June 23

J.H. Stevenson of Manhattan called here this afternoon. His father came from German to Ohio, married a Yankee girl, and James is one of their children. He is a heavy-weight man, will be 80 years old the 27th of next March. He came to Marshall county 40 years ago, lived around Home City, Marysville and Oketo, where he farmed on rented until six years ago when he moved onto a farm seven miles northeast of Manhattan in Pottawatomie county, where he is still farming. He still does field work, and takes extra good care of the farms he rents. His first wife died and he married Alice Bloomburg of Cottage Hill township 16 years ago, and their youngest child is four years old. Mr. Stevenson is father of twelve children, eight boys and four girls, nine of them now living. Three died in years gone past. One of the sons, Frank, lives in Irving, and a son, James Stevenson in Waterville, and his oldest daughter, Mrs. Ed Sutton, lives here in Blue Rapids. Mr. Stevenson said he had not seen me for 17 years, when I had traced down and captured two horse thieves and was returning them to jail in Marysville. He was then farming an extra good Blue valley bottom land farm west of Oketo. He likes

to live on a farm, where he has always been a hard worker. He often has done as much as two ordinary workers, and has maintained good health by being out in the fields where one can get the aid of nature in fresh air and sunshine, and generally good drinking water, vegetables and fruits. Mr. Stevenson has two nephews that are editors, one, Charles Otis, in Los Angeles, Cal., and the other one is working on the *Omaha Daily Bee* in Omaha.

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June 24

Going up to Marysville 14 miles over U.S. No. 77, with son Claire, and grandson, Wayne McMillan, I saw 27 fields of grain, eleven of wheat, and 14 of oats, uncut within one mile each side of the highway. Owners of five of the fields had just started their binders. The past five days have been partly cloudy, which has been a benefit for both workmen and work stock, as the sun heat doesn't hurt them as in clear weather. Late-sown wheat and oats are a very light crop, were killed by the intense heat and drought before being full grown, so they will be poor quality and light yield.

Between Blue Rapids and Irving I saw five uncut wheat and oat fields, and one threshing machine at work in a wheat field on the old time Rodkey farm in the Big Blue valley, where a sand pit is located.

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Forty-eight years ago today, after a rather dry spring, we had a heavy northwester storm, hit here at two o'clock in the afternoon, had 2½ inches of rain with a high wind which broke down 50 of father's 300 seedling peach trees, all heavily loaded with peaches. Our corn was four feet high, check-rowed with 3 to 5 stalks in each hill. The wind broke enough to make a big crop—80 bushels per acre, as the soil was all here then, and we had plenty of rain from then on until the corn was ripe. That northwester on June 24, 1885, was 35 miles long—did a lot of good.

## Published July 14, 1933

June 30

Still dry and hot. Several farmers near here are cutting their second crop of alfalfa which is a light crop as June has been too dry and hot to make a normal crop.

Oscar Wooster, who lives on the Horace Lathrop farm on Coon creek three miles southwest of Irving, finished his stacking of his second cutting of alfalfa yesterday. Hope we get plenty of rain so the next cutting will be a good crop.

The Lathrop farm was short of water, and Claire and I drilled a well there on a high rocky ridge and got a fair supply of water which I hope will last as they have a good pasture of bluestem grass. There was a lot of flint rock and glacial boulders making a bad formation to drill through.

Just east of the Lathrop farm is the pioneer homestead of Ambrose Ship, now owned by Tom Blodgett, who has lived there and farmed the good Coon creek bottomland for several years. Mr. Lathrop was sheriff of Marshall county for four years, and has been postmaster in Blue Rapids for several years, and Tom Blodgett was sheriff for four years succeeding Mr. Lathrop. Tom is a World War veteran.

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This is bad weather for cattle, heat and flies and sunburned grass being reduced to flesh and growth. It is dangerous weather for hogs, as they cannot stand so much heat as cattle and horses do. Hogs need water and mud to drive heat from their bodies. Saw the 600 head of hogs out in an alfalfa field on the Morgan ranch this evening.

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June 31

Went up to Schroyer this forenoon over the road that follows the Blue Valley at the base of the high hills, called mountains by strangers. It is a mail route road, but a very dangerous and narrow one to travel over. Out northwest of Schroyer we saw three threshing machines at work and saw wheat being stacked on two farms. Very little small grain has been stacked and threshed, as I am hoping there will be a rain by July 4<sup>th</sup>. I may be wrong, but have a feeling that the wets will celebrate on July 4<sup>th</sup> by a pour down. Hope I am right, as it is needed all over the western part of the U.S.

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July 1

Was up to Waterville this morning. Saw one wheat field on the George Hall farm still standing, waiting for a combine to harvest and thresh it. A threshing machine was working on the same farm threshing the binder-cut grain. The extreme heat has made city water in metal reservoirs very warm. The Merchants State Bank in Waterville has a drinking fountain in front of their big bank building, and in hot weather they keep ice in it, so it is extra good cool drinking water enjoyed by hundreds of drinkers.

Saw Frank Thorne, president of the bank, who has lived in Waterville for 57 years. He is an active man yet. W.P. McKelvey is treasurer and his wife is his assistant. They have two other helpers, as a lot of business is done in this good bank.

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Years ago when these two big Waterville banks were robbed by the Nebraska gang of night-time safe blowers, I was called up and told to watch for the robbers, as they might go east. I was living five miles east of Blue Rapids. I had a red globe lantern with which to signal down travelers, so I grabbed my gun—a high-powered rifle—lit my lantern and went down on what is No. 9 highway, and stayed there until four o'clock in the morning, hoping they would come that way, but one car with two of them in went by way of Prairie Ridge and Irving to K.C., Mo., and the other bunch went up to Wymore, Neb., out on a farm.

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Went on up to Barnes, where I met Herman Weiters who runs the Farmers' Elevator, and owns a large farm three miles south of Barnes. Also met Fred C. Wolverton, a heavyweight man who has been in the hardware business in Barnes for 23 years, has a dandy store with a good supply of hardware.

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Called on city marshall Guy Slinch, who is an extra strong heavyweight officer.

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We went out to the F.T. Roper farm five miles northwest of Barnes, where the tenant, Walter Willets, was accidently killed last Sunday by an automatic revolver. I never liked automatic guns of any kind for they are very dangerous. I prefer good double-action guns.

Met Mrs. Willets and her two nice young sons. The youngest is 19 months old. He was playing with a boy's play revolver. It was a sad tragedy for a good

young man to be killed and leave a young wife and two young sons. He was on an extra good half-section farm with good buildings, surrounded by timber, on a small creek that had water in it—an extra good place for hogs and cattle. A windmill supply of well water close to the house and a good side road down to U.S. highway No. 9. Mrs. Willets' brother is helping with the farming now. If it had been an old man, it would not have been so bad, but sure hate to see a young man killed, especially a father to young children.

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July 2

The wind is in the northeast today and not so hot as yesterday. The clear sky indicates it is going to be quite cool tomorrow and if the wind stays in the same direction until Tuesday, it will bring down a rain from the west—like it did two years ago on July 4, when we had a heavy rain in the evening—from 1½ to 2 inches over the county—and out in the Republican valley in one place above Concordia there was five inches of rain. Corn in the Blue valley is pretty good, but the hot wind Saturday did all growing crops a lot of damage—as it was the worst day on gardens and corn that we have had this summer. Sky streamers say a change and I hope it won't fail.

## Published July 28, 1933

July 4

Warm dry day here. Lewis Wentz and wife and my two grandsons, Wayne McMillen and DeWayne Wentz, spent the day here at our home in Blue Rapids. I had them go with me down where I ate my noon time lunch while here to a celebration on July 4, 1876—fifty-seven years ago—when the United States was 100 years old. The celebration park was northeast of where the big electric power plant is now located—the timber has all been grubbed out and the land is now being farmed. At that time, there was a grist mill where the power plant now is, and a big woolen mill north of the grist mill, while east of the mills there was a long building, a place for men to eat and sleep and a barn for their horses. Settlers came from as far west as Cloud county, brought wagon loads of wheat and corn to have ground to make them food supplies for six months to a year—and the mill company made the big building for free housing and barn room free of charge to their long-distance customers. The woolen mill company had a big storage plant in the park where bed blankets and all other manufactured cloth was stored. They kept a lot of red blankets, which were sold to Otoe, Pottawatomie and Kaw Indians, who traveled over the Indian trail  $4\frac{3}{4}$  miles east of here. There was a big crowd of farmers—Grange Association members—with their families present, as they had been invited to come and head the parade to the park. There were very few buggies and spring wagons in those days, most all high-wheel farm wagons. A few ox teams, the rest drawn by mules and horses.

The Blue Rapids band was one of the first bands organized in Marshall county—all middle-aged men wearing gray uniforms with four large letters across the breast of their coats, B.R.B.B.—Blue Rapids Brass Band. They used to play at the Marysville and Frankfort fairs and were called to many other towns to play at settlers' and soldiers' reunions and other celebrations. There was no water works system back in 1876, so a barrel of water was set up high in Fountain park and filled so it would spray water down to the ground, which was a great amusement to kiddies on that day. At noon on that day my folks and their old-time neighbors, the Sabin family, who came to Kansas from Illinois in 1869, ate their noontime lunch together—cornbread, and pie-plant pie. There were three generations of the Sabin family present—just two of the youngest ones of the seven are now living; Phil Sabin of Irving, and

Frances Sabin Overbaugh of Frankfort. Among the Sabin family were the grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandmother of Robert Sabin, young married man who works here in the Short's grocery store.

That 4<sup>th</sup> of July was a nice fair day with a cool southeast wind, so folks all enjoyed the celebration under the big shade trees on the bank of the Big Blue river, close to the best water power dam in Kansas—and we all enjoyed the band music, speeches by local citizens, and drank a lot of ice water from the three barrels of water in the park. There was no bridge across the Blue river east of Blue Rapids—folks from the east had to go to Irving to cross the river.

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Fifty-two years ago today, July 4, 1881, there was a celebration at the pioneer town of Barrett on the Vermillion, so father decided to take his family there, which was six miles straight east of father's homestead. It was a hot, dry, dusty day with a high south wind, but we sure enjoyed the celebration, especially a speech by a pioneer settler who stood on a big tree stump that had been sawed off for him and other men to stand on when speaking before a crowd of pioneer settlers on July 4 of 1861—the year the Civil War started. It was from Barrett where the company of Union soldiers met, had a religious meeting, then a dinner, then the enlisted men bid their families goodbye, rode their own horses to Fort Leavenworth, where Perry Hutchinson of Marysville was appointed captain of the Marshall county company, which did good service.

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July 4, 1885, was a clear morning with a southeast wind. There was a celebration at Irving in the Blue river valley, now the travelers' camping grounds. Father took his family there, but I didn't go—told them in the morning that I believed it would come a northwester that afternoon and I had better stay home and finish shocking the wheat—we had finished cutting the day before, with the old wire grain binder—and to care for the young chicks if it did storm. At noon a heavy wind wave of clouds formed in the northwest and at 2 o'clock a real rain storm came down--2½ inches fell—raising the creeks so some folks could not ford the creeks to get home. It was a cold storm and was hard on hundreds of celebrators to ride home in wagons with their clothing all soaked by the rainfall. It did the corn crop a lot of good.

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July 4, 1895, was a hot dry windy day. My family came to a celebration here in Blue Rapids, but I stayed at home as I had a day's work to finish cultivating my corn, and just got done at 5 o'clock when a storm that started right here with a faint sprinkle, and five miles east we had three inches which widened out all over the east part of the county. On the morning of July 10 we had a light sprinkle of rain five miles east of here and from eight miles east of here all over eastern Kansas a real heavy rain. West of Waterville there was no corn, between Blue Rapids and Marysville it made one bushel per acre—across the east end of the county, they had a full crop, some lowland fields making up to 80 bushels per acre—while on my Cedar Ridge farm, where we got three inches of rain on July 4, our corn made 10 bushels per acre. Out west 100 miles there was no corn and big starving hogs were sold for \$1 each.

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On July 4, 1913, we had a high hot wind from the southwest—a real dust storm with temperature up to 115 in the shade. There was a celebration at Waterville and my two oldest children wanted to go see an airplane that was to be on exhibition, so I let the little boy and girl drive up there on a one-horse buggy, as I had to stay home to care for a crippled mare that a reckless driver of a big car had run into on a side road, killing her three-months-old colt and seriously injuring the mare. Cars were very scarce then, but booze was plentiful and reckless drivers drove fast as it was possible for a car to go, so they could blow about how many miles an hour they had driven—often trying to make the car travel faster than the maker had guaranteed it to travel.

One thing I have never liked was the firecrackers used at 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebrations, as I saw two girls have their dresses set on fire by boys throwing lighted firecrackers at the girls. Every year there used to be hundreds of boys and girls killed by the crackers over the U.S. When we had our A.H.T.A. celebration at Pleasant Valley on July 4, 1912, I was president of the A.H.T.A. and manager of the celebration, so I didn't allow any firecrackers or fireworks to be used—had plenty of music, had the two good bands from Blue Rapids and Frankfort—and did the best we could to entertain the big crowd of town folks we invited to come out to our celebration in the country, on the Corn Dodger creek, six miles east of Blue Rapids on U.S. highway No. 9.

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July 5

A lot of threshing was being done in the north part of Marshall county today, but in Nebraska didn't see any threshing being done. Saw a few farmers stacking their wheat, some stacking their second cutting of alfalfa and saw three farmers mowing their sun-burned oat crops and stacking it up to use as hay. Lots of Nebraska farmers were finishing their corn plowing. Saw a world of cars and on a trip over the newly paved 77 highway from Beatrice to Lincoln. It is so much easier for cars and trucks to travel over paved roads—only takes about as much gas and oil to go the same distance as it does on loose gravel and it is much safer for car tires on the paved roads as the small sharp flint stones among the gravel are hard on tires, and loose gravel causes wheels to slip some.

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In Marysville we met Neva Youngberg, who used to be in charge of the Waterville high school library. They recently moved to Axtell where her husband, Harry, is doing undertaking work and clerking in a hardware store. They only have one child, a young son.

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This dry hot weather sure is hard on trees—some of the large hackberry trees here are shedding their leaves, the ground completely covered, just like in October, while potato vines are most all burned dead all over the country. There will be a short crop of small potatoes, so it will make a shortage of food for next winter. Prices of all food products are going upwards—so it will cost more to live next winter than it did last winter. Cracked chicken feed corn here at the mill is selling for \$1.30 per 100 pounds—hard on chicks.

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July 6

Ed Morgan's workmen were baling prairie hay that had turned brown, so was cut and they were also baling the second cutting of alfalfa and storing it up overhead in the 300-foot barn on the Morgan ranch.

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Sky colors indicate there is to be an ocean typhoon hit the Gulf coast, so we may get some rain up here as a result—as we did last August and many times in years gone by.

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The sun is going south and the weather is getting hotter here, while the moon is coming back

north, so our nights are getting longer and days shorter. If I had control of the weather I would have cloudy days and clear nights in summertime and the reverse in wintertime, and have an inch of rain each Saturday night all over the country—no wind storms, no lightning or hail storms.

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July 7

Copper colored clouds came north this afternoon, showing that they were from an ocean typhoon. We picked up a hitchhiker who said he was a sign painter, was walking to Junction City, but decided to stay in Waterville overnight, as he said it was so hot that walking over loose gravel on highways had made him awful tired.

While up in Barnes could see that there would be a breakdown this evening, as there was a downward pressure, with some chances of cloudbursts in places. Saw quite a lot of farmers having their grain threshed and grain being hauled to the elevators in Waterville and Barnes. Sure hope it will come a big rain as corn is being injured and pastures being burned down so cattle will not do well on such dead grass.

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July 8

We had 1¼ inches of rain here last night—should have been more. At Irving they had 2½ inches and 3 inches at Bigelow, and it seemed like a heavier storm farther north, which will be a lot of help to corn and forage crops and will renew pastures. Hope the weather stays cloudy so the ground can cool out more—which will make the corn grow much faster.

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The combined highways are being re-graded at the west edge of Blue Rapids. Don't need it, as it is a good grade with shallow ditches, so it is a safe highway. The winding Blue river road from here to Schroyer is being widened out, rocks being blasted from the hillsides. It is a narrow mail route road, which is dangerous to drive over, so grading will do much good.

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July 10

Was up in the high hill region west of Schroyer. A man and woman were down here two years ago from southeastern South Dakota, where they were born and raised, had never seen any high hills or mountains, so when they came down the Big Blue river valley and saw the high hills on each side of the

valley, they told us that these hills were the first mountains they had ever seen. The 50-year-old woman said she wouldn't like to live in this mountain region—but after being down here for three days, driving over the county, she told us, "Well, I now like your county as orchards and timber grow as good here and rivers and creeks so folks could go fishing and swimming." While up in their plains country, they had no fishing or swimming places, and not many trees.

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Was on the farm of Miss Anna Schilling, whose farm is at the edge of the Blue valley, two miles northwest of Schroyer. There is a lot of good pasture land and timber and good valley farm land. Miss Schilling has a good dairy herd—is now milking nearly a score of cows. She also has some swine and a lot of chickens. The farming is done with horses, mules and a tractor.

While we were there, some folks from Vermillion came over and bought two calves. They had a car with a platform on the back end with a large box built to haul things in. They put the calves in the box and while going up a steep hill on a north-bound road, one of the calves jumped out and in a half-hour was back home. Later the buyer came back, re-loaded the calf, then came south to home over No. 9 highway.

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July 11

Was up in Washington county at the farm home of Herman Weiters of Barnes. His two married sons live on the half-section farm, which has two good sets of farm buildings. The sons own a threshing machine and are threshing for their neighbors.

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Was down to the John Hill farm, close to the old-time country village of Chepstow. Mr. John Hill was a near neighbor of ours in Blue Rapids, where he died July 2, and was buried in the Chepstow cemetery, a nice small country cemetery on a nice ridge with a long-distance view. The Hill farm, a good sized farm and cattle ranch, is being farmed by Roland Hill, who is a good farmer and has taken good care of the ranch since his aged father retired from farming and moved into Blue Rapids.

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Called at the 240-acre farm owned by H.H. Meyers of Wymore, Neb., who also owns a farm northwest of Waterville. This Washington county place is farmed by R.M. Powell, who has some good

crops and has some good dairy cows, hogs and a lot of chickens. Mr. Powell and his family are good farm tenants.

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Washington county bought a 160-acre farm on the west side of the Little Blue river, eight miles southeast of Washington, where they have a good sand pit out next to the road on the prairie side of the farm, where there is a big deposit of good sand. It is locally called the Washington county sand farm. The county re-built the farm buildings and the Herman family are the farm tenants and like the good prairie pasture and farm land. Roads are being sanded from this pit.

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Saw the first cane that was headed out—a small patch that was northwest of Barnes. Saw some good fields of sweet clover and alfalfa, and pastures are sure improving since last week's heavy rain. Barnes has a long-distance view—can see my old Cedar Ridge farm, five miles east of Blue Rapids from the Barnes schoolhouse, up in the north part of town. Barnes being up on a high ridge should be a healthy place to live, as it is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than in lowlands.

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Saw several farmers plowing wheat fields and some of them drilling in millet, and others sowing sudan for a fall feed crop. Sudan planted in early May will make two crops of hay—one in July, the other in October—both from the one planting, and it makes splendid annual pasture for cattle.

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Stopped in Waterville at the home of Miss Olive Thompson, who has a fine home at the northeast part of town. She has several lots, so has plenty of room for gardens, fruits of all kinds, and forest and shade trees of all kinds. She is a great lover of all kinds of flowers and always has a big variety of them around her buildings. She tore down one old outbuilding to have more room for a big flower garden close to her residence. Miss Olive owns several farms and one of her tenants came while we were there to talk to her about threshing their small grain. Her parents came to Waterville in 1876, bought their first farm two miles south and one mile west of Waterville and later bought several more farms. They attended the 100<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration of our nation in Blue Rapids July 4, 1876. Miss Olive is a good lady.

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July 12

Alva Stryker, who lives a mile west of Blue Rapids, is in Chicago at the World's Fair. Clyde McMillen from here in town is helping with the farm work on the Stryker farm. It is a good Blue valley farm.

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Was up at the Morgan ranch this evening and saw his herd of over 600 hogs out pasturing over a 30-acre field of alfalfa. An old field of alfalfa at the east end of Capital bluff has been plowed up, as it was getting thin from the damage done by moles, gophers and field mice. Mr. Morgan is down to Wichita on business, but his big farm and livestock is being cared for by several men who work for him the year around.

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Was down to Irving and most all the small grain has threshed between here and Irving, a distance of five miles.

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Was at the farm home of Charles Habagger, a mile west and a half-mile north of Irving, which is a good farm at the base of the high hills at the edge of Blue valley second bottom land. They have a long-distance view to the north, east and south. Can see the twin mounds south of Bigelow. Mrs. Habagger of over 600 chickens. They told me of seeing a big fire over on the Jim Fincham home farm five miles east of Blue Rapids and I learned that they were threshing out there and a discarded cigarette stub started a fire the new straw stack, and an old one, did a little damage to the threshing machine and burned out into the wheat stubble field. It was near the outbuildings but southeast wind blew the fire away from the buildings, but burned the straw where the cattle were fed in wintertime.

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Blue Rapids had a big crowd in and around Fountain park at the band concert put on by the junior band students under control of their band teacher, Professor Walter Nelson of Waterville. We should have President Roosevelt come out here this fall to our Marshall county fair and be entertained by our good county bands under control of Mr. Nelson, a grand bandmaster—and with some Pottawatomie Indians and soldiers here from Fort Riley at the geographical center of the U.S.—and with an exhibit of all the many things that grow in this banner farming county of the U.S. It would be a good thing for our good president to meet the citizens of this region and for him to see

what the center of his republic looks like. So I will try and get him to come out and meet his western friends.

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The corn in the Big Blue river valley has grown very fast since the good rain that came last week, and is most all tasseling out and is from six to seven feet high. With more rain in the future it will make a good crop. The tallest corn I saw west of here was in the Coon creek and Fawn creek valleys, and saw two fields of early-planted kaffir corn commencing to head out. Most early-planted potato vines are dead—but have heard of some folks planting potatoes this week, hoping to raise a second crop. Tomatoes are growing good now. Saw two farmers buying millet seed today and asking prices on alfalfa and sweet clover seed. The Blue Rapids grist mill has been running day and night for nearly a month as they have a big demand for flour, cornmeal and all kinds of ground feeds. Glad of it.

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July 13

We had three-fourths of an inch of rain this morning. Left here this morning at 10 o'clock to drive to Kansas City, Mo., in the Buick sedan with Claire at the wheel. In Frankfort was told they had 2½ inches of rain—ground was very wet, with water over all low spots. At Vliets and Vermillion they had a heavy rain as roads were very muddy.

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Over half of the small grain fields have been threshed between Blue Rapids and Frankfort. One field of wheat southwest of Frankfort was being combined—had not got it quite done when the rain came down. Corn is a lot taller near Blue Rapids than it is from Frankfort east—as there is more lime in the soil here where the glacial formation exists, and it takes plenty of lime in the soil, even in deep soil, to make good crops of all kinds.

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There is good corn and alfalfa in the Vermillion valley of Vliets. Not much threshing being done around Vliets or Vermillion. Met a man driving an old horse to an open-topped buggy on No. 9 highway.

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Centralia is a nice town with plenty of good shade trees. We met three farmers with full wagon loads of white ear corn going into Centralia. Rockless,

hilly land—some good apple trees at farm homes. Very little sweet clover down here.

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In the east part of Nemaha county there are lots of steep hills being farmed—not much pasture land. Saw some milk cows being pastured on wheat field stubble. There are some good hedge row fences down here, but in most places it has all been cut off or grubbed out. The rainfall this morning was lighter down here than in Marshall county.

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Goff is a hilly town on the Missouri Pacific R.R. Saw two farmers driving horse teams hitched onto two-seated spring wagons with their families going into town—like old times.

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Wetmore is a small town—also Netawaka—both on No. 9 highway, which is being oiled by those towns.

There are some very good corn and wheat fields and quite a lot of hedge around Netawaka. Very few hogs and cattle around here.

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Whiting is a nice small town, is in Jackson county, has two railroads. There are good corn, wheat and alfalfa fields—no sweet clover, but quite a lot of red-blossomed clover fields.

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Muscotah is a small town. Some extra big tall corn in creek bottom land east of town. Quite a lot of red clover fields in full bloom. Ground quite dry down here.

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Saw five threshing machines at work west of Atchison, and only one field of stacked wheat. Lots of good corn fields in this region. Apple trees down here are well loaded with apples. Most all farm houses need repairing and painting, as they are older than in Marshall county. Wish they had got a rain down here like fell at Frankfort this morning.

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Near Effingham I saw one farmer mowing alfalfa and several farmers plowing wheat fields and some planting sudan on the plowed ground. The paved road north of Effingham is in bad shape—a good many broken places, some being repaired. Lancaster is a village north of Atchison. A nice big cemetery upon a ridge, northwest corner of Atchison.

Was in a big six-story hardware building in Atchison. It was here that father had his household good stored when he shipped them from Illinois in January, 1870. Then after homesteading near Blaine he ordered goods shipped to Elizabeth Station, southwest of Barrett.

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Saw six threshing machines at work in the hilly farmlands between Atchison and Leavenworth. One of them was an old steam engine thresher. The steep hillsides above the narrow creek valley land is a solid forest of good trees. Glad to see it that way. Only saw one field of alfalfa, but a lot of red clover. The federal prison is on a nice location, up on a ridge at the northwest corner of Leavenworth. The federal fort is at the northeast corner of Leavenworth, next to the Missouri river, and a military academy at the southeast with a long-distance view.

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Saw an advertisement on a building of root beer for sale, and the next building was a fruit house with a vast quantity of all kinds of fruit.

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There are 70 telephone wires on the poles west of Kansas City, Kan. There were a lot of trucks and cars and several passenger buses coming west on highway No. 73. The big wide bridge, with its approaches, over a half-mile long and wide enough so there are two sets of railroad rails at the north side of the bridge. The livestock sales yards are down below the high bridge on the south side, where a vast number of big trucks were hauling in cattle and hogs.

The first time I was in Kansas City, on January 10, 1870, when I was two years of age, there was no bridge across the Missouri river. A big long ferry boat hauled the locomotive across the river, then hauled two railroad cars across at a time until the whole train was crossed over the big muddy river.

The English brothers have a giant machinery building and the Graham-Paige business building is seven stories high. Sears & Roebuck have an enormous big building. There are two other paper plant buildings near the Graham-Paige Paper Company's giant building. There is a big steel cable manufacturing plant at the southeast corner of this city on the south side of the Blue river. Along a street in the east part of Kansas City there are big red-letter signs, "Beer for Sale," in a lot of places with plenty of customers coming and going.

There are so many cars going in all directions over the streets that it is hard for the street cars to get along their tracks in the street center—and very dangerous driving at street crossings. No wonder that so many accidents happen. There seems to be good business now in Kansas City. There is a lot of work being done by prisoners in our state prison at Lansing, Kan. The power plants are run by steam power as they have coal, mined out by prisoners down 600 feet below the surface. Corn is very small for 20 west of Kansas City on U.S. highway No. 40. In Lawrence at 10 o'clock at night, a lot of business houses were open—lights all through the big state university buildings, and hundreds of cars parked on the streets. At Topeka there were only a few open buildings at 10:30.

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Came through Silver Lake, then Tecumseh, then Rossville, where I had a well drill at work in 1902. At St. Marys a big drug store and some other business buildings were open at 11 o'clock at night. There is a world of traffic over the paved highway No. 40. In driving 120 miles over it, we met 47 trucks hauling all kinds of things, and there were hundreds of cars going both ways, and there are a lot of filling stations and tourist camping grounds in the country between towns. Came through Wamego where I slept the first night I was in Kansas. Corn in the Kaw valley and in the Blue valley above Manhattan is the tallest corn I saw in 320 miles drive. There was a heavy fog in the lower part of the Blue valley. We came up on the west side of the Blue river—got home at 2 o'clock, after passing through 45 towns and cities. Glad to get back to good old Marshall county.

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July 15

Was up in Barnes today. Mr. Weiters, grain elevator man, told us that wheat had gone up five cents on the market from reports he had heard from the grain exchange companies. There is a prospect this evening for some more showers in both the northwest and southwest—and also down below Kansas City. Hope we can have general rains all over the county. The wind has stayed in the southeast most all of the time for three weeks—which is a good thing, as there is more moisture in the air that comes from that direction.

## Published August 11, 1933

July 17

There is a lot of plowing being done, even though the ground is so dry it is hard to plow with mouldboard plows, but few farmers have disk plows, which are made to plow dry hard ground. Today I saw 25 plow lays in Mr. Brooks' blacksmith shop here in Blue Rapids which he said his assistant was sharpening. Saw 12 plow lays in Crane's blacksmith shop while quite a lot of farmers have a forge and anvil and do their own plow sharpening. Sure glad to see the farmers getting their wheat land plowed as the earlier it is plowed—then disked and dragged—the better the wheat can be drilled in deep, so it will come up and grow fast.

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Ben Wells and wife were up here last week from Wichita, Kan. They were former residents of Irving. Mrs. Wells is a daughter of Charles Hunter of Blue Rapids and her brother, Wm. Hunter, lives two lots north of my brother, John Ewing's home on Main Street.

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I bought some yellow shelled corn for chicken feed at the Farmers' Elevator today, July 17. I paid 60 cents a bushel for it. They were paying 98 cents a bushel for wheat today.

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I heard that Frank Dobrovolney, who has three good farms in Cottage Hill township, had an 18-acre field of oats that made 50 bushels per acre. Frank and his two sons are good farmers and take good care of the deep virgin soil on their farms.

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July 18

We had a quarter-inch shower here this morning. What we need is a four-inch rain, over a wide area, coming down gently so it will all soak into the ground making a good supply of subsoil moisture.

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Chinch bugs are doing quite a lot of damage to many corn fields over the county. They are a dry weather bug—so do more damage to farm grain crops when there is a shortage of rain. They do not like a high altitude location. While in Osborne and Rooks counties, Kansas, in 1914 and 1915, I looked in many fields of small grain, corn, cane, and kaffir corn, and

only found one chinch bug and never saw one in Colorado. They should be in Halifax.

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I just heard that W.F. Price of Topeka was up here on a visit a short time ago. Wish I had been home so I could have met him. The Price brothers came here in 1878 and built a big foundry and machine factory on the west side of the Blue river, below the big water power dam. They made feed grinders, cane mills for the use of sorghum molasses makers, also many other things including water well drilling machines. The first drilling rig I used was made by the Price brothers. They made all the tools, made the drill bits out of cast steel. I had 6, 8 and 10-inch heavy bits. They made all sizes of horsepowers for running drills, corn shellers, wood saws, threshing machines, feed grinders, and for all other purposes.

When the biggest flood we ever had here was on in 1903, it commenced May 19 and lasted 10 days—the Big Blue river cut a new channel across the river bend, coming in just north of the big foundry, finally wrecking it and a big flour mill on the river bank. That ended the Price brothers' business here, and it cost Blue Rapids \$15,000 to stop the flow of water through the new channel and make it go around by the county fair grounds in the old river bed and down over the double-arched dam, which is the only dam on the Big Blue river that has never been washed out by big floods. It was put in by a civil engineer named Professor Morse, a cousin of the telegraph inventor. Men asked how long it would last and he said for time and eternity. It is only 62 years old—is good as new.

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July 22

Was uptown at 10 o'clock tonight, where there was an extra big crowd with hundreds of folks of all ages—from small babies to old folks—drinking water at the drinking fountain in Fountain park in the center of the business square of Blue Rapids. The water comes direct from the big city water works well and is very cool and 99½ percent chemically pure—so there is no better drinking fountain in Kansas.

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I heard that a boy riding a bicycle down to his home near our home, drove over a man laying across the cement sidewalk. The man was under the influence of some drink stronger than 3.2 beer—which may have saved him from getting some broken ribs when hit by the bicycle.

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July 26

We had a quarter-inch shower here Sunday morning, but the weather is very dry—no clouds, hot sunshine—but the air is cool, and pastures are drying out again. Tom Copeland, who was out in Smith county, Kan., was at a public sale where 500 hogs and 500 cattle were sold and he said they were so poor that they could hardly stand up. The cattle were from southwest Kansas where it has been so dry all summer that their pastures are ruined. A bad thing for stockmen.

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There was a big crowd here this evening to the weekly band concert in Fountain park, which was put on by a good band from Randolph, Kan. Glad to see hundreds of families come to hear the good band music.

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The grain gambling on the stock exchange has forced the price of wheat down from 98¢ to 68¢ a bushel, and corn from 55¢ to 30¢ a bushel. This buying and selling millions of bushels of what I call paper wheat is an awful crooked gambling deal. Nobody has any legal right to sell things that do not exist, and a few years back there was sold in one year in Chicago over 100,000,000 more bushels of wheat than was produced in the U.S. that year. If the laboring and producing population would sell things that we did not have and get some money down on them, we could be arrested and convicted for obtaining money under false pretenses. All gambling is a bad deal.

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July 28

Read about a flood rain in northern Louisiana, where they had a 20-inch cloudburst that caused a lot of farmland to be flooded. Some folks were rescued by boatmen from their housetops in bottom lands. That big rainfall was the result of an ocean typhoon that hit the Texas coast last Saturday. It would have been a grand thing if the 20-inch flood rain could have been sent over a wide area of dry farm land in the form of an inch rain—thus making no flood and being a big aid to over 20 times as much land as the enormous cloudburst rain covered. A 2-3 inch clerk should operate—from 2 to 3 inches the biggest rainfall.

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It is reported by Blue river swimmers up above Schroyer that the Big Blue river had almost

ceased its heavy flow for a short time. They thought it was caused by a change in the river at Marysville, where a new channel has been made to run the water under the big new bridge, which was built on dry land—then a channel worked out under the new bridge for a new river bed, where highways No. 36 and 77 cross the river due west of Marysville. Hope the new channel will prove successful as the new bridge is the largest and best bridge ever built in Marshall county, where there are a vast number of bridges 54 creeks and four rivers in the county.

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July 29

We are drilling a well up on the high hill land in the pasture of Miss Anna Schilling's farm 2½ miles northwest of Schroyer. It is a very hard, rocky formation—glacial limestone on the surface, glacial flint rock and boulders farther down, and below the glacial formation in the Pennsylvania formation, which has a lot of hard rock, has caused much drill bit sharpening. In the glacial formation is quite a lot of rock with some gold, copper and iron in it and in the Pennsylvania formation we struck 11 stratas of oil shale, each one having a little coal-black crude oil in it. I always prefer to get water—so hope the oil stratas fade out and we get a big supply of water.

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A geologist from Lincoln, Neb., who used to live in Vermillion, Kan., his name is John Kraemer, has been searching along the Blue valley hills down to the Kaw valley to get a record of the various formations for the college students in a geological college. He stopped where we were drilling and said he sure would like to have a sample of the many varied formations below the hilltops. Down through here we have the most varied formation in the U.S. From a half-mile north of the gyp mill north of Blue Rapids, back down along the hillsides and along the river banks, up the river to the electric power plant about one mile, there are 73 different formations—and west of Frankfort there is a place with the same varied formations. Many things of value under this county.

Miss Anna Schilling's father, the late Frederick Schilling, was born in Wittenburg, Germany, came to America when a boy and worked for ten years in one of the big iron factories in Pittsburg, Pa. Then he came to Marysville, where he married Elizabeth Kirch, and they bought this farm where I am drilling. They had three children, Anna, John and Edmund. Miss Schilling set out a big orchard

and put a row of cedar trees around the orchard. The orchard has been gone for years, but there are 86 of the big cedar trees still there. There is a very good house, cattle and horse barns, and a blacksmith shop. Miss Schilling has a lot of chickens and has 80 turkeys. Her mother is 80 years of age and is living here with her daughter.

Mrs. Schilling came to Marshall county from Wisconsin 77 years ago, so she is a real pioneer settler. Mr. Schilling was 72 years old when he was called home. Anna Schilling won the top prize—a Ford car—from the *Marshall County News*, getting the most subscribers in a springtime contest in 1913. In another contest, she won a gold watch. Miss Schilling was a great friend of the famous medical man, Indian John, and went down to see him before he died. She is a nice strong woman, a good cook and housekeeper and a very kind-hearted lady. She is a descendant from what is classified in Germany as the high class Germans, which is true both physically and mentally.

Miss Schilling has a cousin who is a widow woman, 77 years old—don't look older than 50 years. She can do all kinds of work, both in and outdoors. She helps milk 18 head of good cows. Her father, A.J. Reiter, came from Germany to Marysville in pioneer days and settled 2½ miles southwest of Marysville. His daughter, Lizzie, the good cook and cow milker, is a cousin of John Brandenberger, who was a deputy sheriff for 19 years.

Miss Anna has two male farm workers—R.G. Dodge, a widower, has worked for her for four years. He used to be a blacksmith in Larned, Kan., is a good all-around worker, and does all their blacksmithing repairs on the farm machinery and does automobile work. He has a good threshing machine—does threshing for neighbors. He is an extra good horse man—also is a good man to care for all other livestock.

A young man named Bert Rickey, who was born in Minot, N.D., is a welterweight boxer. He went out over the western states, then to Texas, then up here where he likes to live. He is a good worker, a good boxer and swimmer.

Anna's brother, Ed, helps part of the time when there is lots of work to do. This family of widows, widowers, bachelors and maidens, are all good workers and kind-hearted, jolly jokers.



## Published September 15, 1933

August 14

Had a shower here—one-third of an inch—with some hail, while east of here six miles they had a lot of rain and hail. Sky lines indicate unsettled weather with a downward pressure, which should bring showers and cooler weather for several days.

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August 15

We are up on the Ben Bull farm, 8½ miles northwest of Marysville, where we started drilling a well. This is the location where a colony from England came and homesteaded land in 1869. Ben Bull's father, Reuben, and his uncle, Joe Bull, were in the colony and Ben's father homesteaded 80 acres joining the farm now owned by Ben—on the west—where Ben was born 63 years ago. Ben married Peas Travelute and they are parents of two daughters and one son. The eldest daughter, Francis, taught school in Marsville, then was a teacher in the agricultural college in Lincoln, Neb., where she met Lawrence Wilson, from northwestern Nebraska. Later they were married and now live 183 miles northwest of Lincoln, Neb., where Mr. Wilson is superintendent of a public school. They have a 2½-year-old son, extra large and strong for his age. They are down here on a visit now. The other daughter, Phyllis Bull, is a teacher in the Marysville schools. The son, Harlan Bull, is a college student and is a good helper to his father in all kinds of farm work on the good 289-acre farm that has a lot of bottom land along the Deer creek valley. They have a nice big house with a good orchard and garden back of the house, a big basement barn on the west bank of Deer creek. They have a big double corn crib, a good garage building, a big farm implement storage building, and a good workshop and storage building. There is lots of good timber on the creek bank so the dairy herd and hogs have shelter and shade.

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In pioneer days when the English colony settled here and a Scotch settlement east of here and a German settlement northwest, there was lots of game and there being so many deer along this creek it was named Deer creek. Now as there is no game and there is lots of good timber, it is a dear creek to all the adjoining land owners.

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Mr. Bull was a state representative for four years, and was a good official. When in the race for

the office, his opponent was Ben Bell, who lives at the northwest edge of Marysville and it was a strange thing to have two candidates with names so near alike—Ben Bull and Ben Bell. Mr. extra good farm is well located, adjoining U.S. highway No. 77, with the farm buildings less than a half-mile west on a good mail route side road, and is only 2½ miles to Herkimer.

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August 16

Mr. Wilson drove us up to Beatrice, Neb., in a model A Ford sedan. Saw a man in Wymore hoeing a late-planted garden that was making a good growth from being irrigated. Blue Springs has an extra good park with the right kind of shade trees. Saw one early-plowed wheat field that is now getting green from volunteer wheat that the last week's rain up here has caused to grow and has been some help to late-planted corn and forage crop fields.

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There is one good-sized farm vineyard four miles west of Wymore. Wish there was more of them as grapes are extra good fruit.

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We were lucky in getting a windmill supply of water for Mr. Bull. Just 21 feet from his old well. Hope it always lasts as water is the most important thing on earth. Without water there could be no life on earth, no beer, milk or nothing else.

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August 18

We moved the drill to the farm of Mr. Spealman, whose family lives in Marysville, but a year ago he put in a filling station at the southwest corner of the farm, on highway No. 77, and where the graveled road that goes east to Oketo connects with No. 77. He also keeps food products and drinks for tourists. He is now digging a cellar and will build a fair-sized room over the cellar, as they are very short of room in the filling station building. Mr. Spealman's parents came here in pioneer days and later moved to Wymore, Neb., where they both died the same year, just 10 weeks apart. Their old home in Wymore is now occupied by one of their sons. A lot of people stop at this good country filling station, which is very hand for gas cars and trucks as it is nine miles from Marysville and 10 miles from Wymore. There is a good baseball diamond adjoining the filling station, where it is very handy for folks to come over good

roads to witness contests between good prominent ball players.

Mr. Spealman used to be a lawyer and lived in Stockton, Kan., county seat of Rooks county, for 26 years. His filling station farm home is surrounded by a lot of good neighbors—two farm homes within 100 yards of the filling station. Today several men stopped here to see if we were going to hit water or not. One man was R.W. Russell, who came to Marshall county in 1912 from the mountain region of West Virginia, where he was born. Later he went out to Jewell county, Kan., then returned here. He is now a teacher in the Marysville high school. He is a good man.

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August 19

We got a windmill supply of water in one day's drilling. It is in a good sanitary location and the well is only 54 feet deep. We are now drilling 7 to 8-inch wells instead of 6 inches so we can complete them so they will be more sanitary than smaller holes.

Mr. Spealman went to Wymore and Beatrice this morning and I went with him. Sky lines yesterday showed a rain at Lincoln, Neb., and on east to Iowa. At Beatrice the Big Blue river was up a little above normal and a lot of boys swimming in the muddy water. When coming out of Beatrice, we met two aged men driving a single-horse buggy, and another aged farmer driving a big team of bay mares to a farm wagon, hauling in some eggs and cream with which to buy groceries. Lots of folks can't afford to drive gas wagons.

While coming home, it commenced raining, making roads slippery. We had to cross the big new bridge west of Marysville and with the deep newly-graded approach to the bridge being unsettled and very deep, it was hard to get over it, even in low. We lost a piece of galvanized corrugated sheet metal roofing between the filling station and Marysville. It is 28 inches wide and 12 feet long. Finder notify me. When we got home it rained heavier and they had a shower here in the afternoon. Indications all day were for a pretty good general rain over this region, so hope it comes as it is badly needed.

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August 20

It rained here this morning, making an inch of rain overnight. Heard they had 1½ inches at Barnes and 1½ inches at Greenleaf, which was caused by a heavy rain going up the Republican valley.

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Our guests today were Lew and Gloria Wentz, their two-year-old son, Dewayne, and their 10-year-old daughter; Leonard and Ellen Ewing from south of Greenleaf; Lillie Fincham from west of Barrett and her friend, Leslie Walstrom of Randolph.

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Lots of melons being hauled around for sale. Yesterday in Wymore, I saw a big truckload from the A.L. McGehee farm in the Kaw valley, joining Manhattan on the south. They have 25 acres of watermelons and 11 acres of cantaloupes this year. Good quantity and good quality for a dry year—no irrigation.

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August 21

There were showers of rain here last night and again this morning. The weather is warm—real growing weather.

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August 23

We had a heavy rainstorm here last night. We have chicken houses close to a dry ravine, and the water was so high that it was over a foot deep in the chicken houses. If this rainy weather could have come a month ago, it would have done a world of good to pastures and all growing crops.

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August 24

Was over in Cottage Hill township at the home of Axel Johnson who has a herd of young hogs that, for the lack of creek water and short dry alfalfa, had been getting poor in flesh. Now the alfalfa is green and growing and the swine are out eating it and are improving.

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Was in Frankfort this evening. They had a big rain here last night and some of the late-planted corn fields are greening up and new ears are developing with the silk pushing out, a though the ears will be small yet, they will be a help for cattle feed. Early-plowed wheat fields are all covered over with volunteer wheat and weeds, and annual grass coming up.

O.H. Foye and family left Frankfort Monday for Colorado on a visit. They will come back in ten days. Mr. Foye and sons own a garage in Frankfort and also farm the land on the old time Foye homestead

north of Frankfort. This rainy weather is bad for tourists, in making fast drives with an auto on a long-distance trip, especially when they have some side roads to drive over.

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Was in Marysville today. Was in the big bakery owned and operated by G.M. Ware and wife. Among the many varieties of food products produced by them is an extra good quality of whole wheat bread. Mr. Ware is mayor of Marysville and county home loan agent for the federal government.

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Was in Oketo, where I called at the home of my long-time friend, Wm. Farrant, who has a splendid home and good garden land in the northeast part of Oketo. He owns and operates a harness and shoe repair shop and is a good workman.

Went west across the Blue river which is nearly bank-full of flood water. Lots of logs and other things were floating down the river. I heard there had been a nine-inch cloudburst in Nebraska, causing a flood.

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Saturday, August 26

We drilled a well this afternoon for Wallace Bull at his farm home on Deer creek on U.S. highway No. 77, two miles south of the Nebraska state line. Mr. Bull was born on this farm in October of 1884. It is an extra good farm, formerly owned by Mr. Bull's father. Mr. Bull and wife are the parents of four children, two of each sex. One daughter is married and lives on a farm west of Oketo. Mr. Bull has a lot of purebred red hogs. He sold 30 shoats to the federal government and they are to be delivered at Omaha, Neb., next week.

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Sunday, August 27

We had a rainy day here in Blue Rapids. Had a half-inch of rain and the soil is so wet now that a lot of the slow-falling half-inch rain ran off the soil surface. Late gardens, forage crops, tomatoes, sweet potatoes and bluegrass are making a good growth.

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Was over in Cottage Hill township at the home of Elmer Mann, who used to be one of my neighbors in Wells township. One of Elmer's sons, Robert Mann, a big strong young man, has been attending a college in Wichita, Kan., where he is a high-class football player. He will attend the Wichita University again the

coming term. He is learning to be a civil engineer, which is a good profession.

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We came north on the Marshall-Washington county line road, then on the road that comes down Coon creek by the Nick Bramer ranch. Mr. Bramer is a bachelor whose father was one of the first settlers on Coon creek. The Coon creek road has been well graded and graveled down to where it connects with U.S. highway No. 9.

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Was at the Charles Ensign farm home in the Little Blue river valley one mile northwest of Waterville. Mr. Ensign was my schoolmate at our first term in school in the Pleasant Valley district six miles east of Blue Rapids. He is the Sweet Potato King of Marshall county, and while the dry weather has held them back, they are now making a good growth since the rains commenced the soil two weeks ago.

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Went on up the Blue valley to the farm where Pat Knudson, his brother and parents, are farming 70 acres of good bottom land, and they have good hill pasture land. The older Knudsons used to live up here, and then went to the Ozark mountains in southern Missouri, but didn't like that region, so they came back here last spring to live in Kansas.

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Stopped at the Ben Shaw valley farm land at the northwest corner of Waterville, where Ben has been raising watermelons, sweet potatoes, and tomatoes for several years. Ben moved out on his big farm in Sheridan county, Kan., last spring, and he hired other men to raise watermelons on his old farm, and even this dry year they have very large melons. There were three ladies in charge of the business at their melon-selling station next to the highway at the north end of the Blue river bridge, where they have a melon storage room, seats and stands where they cut melons and give everybody that stops there a free melon feed. Two years ago today, I stopped there, ate melons and bought one that weighed 68 pounds.

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We had another shower of rain here this morning. While going to Marysville in a Buick coupe with a trailer behind it, we met the road maintainer on highway No. 77, which is hard to pass in a narrow place. As we met them we had to get so close to the roadside that the outside trailer wheel went outside of

a big post, causing it to be wrecked, so we had to bring it back home. There were a vast number of cars and trucks on highway 77 on account of the Blue river bridge celebration at Marysville. Saw several cars and trucks hauling melons and cantaloupes to sell to the big crowd of bridge celebrators.

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August 30

This is the clearest day we have had here in 17 days. Another big crowd in Marysville attending the second day of the bridge celebration. There were several families came down from Nebraska to see the big new cement bridge. There is one drawback, and that is the gravel on the new-made grades approaching the big bridge. There is a large amount of glacial flint stones that should have been screened out of the sand as they are sharp-edged stones, almost as hard as steel, and cut into car tires, causing lots of damage. In the past two years, I have had five tire blowouts on my truck from cuts received from those kinds of sharp flint rocks on highways. Those flint stones should be scraped off into the roadside gutters.

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Ivan Hogelucht who has a cow pasture along the St. Joseph & Grand Island R.R., lost one of his good Holstein milk cows—killed by being struck by a railroad train. It is too bad, as his herd of Holsteins is like those owned by ex-Congressman J.G. Strong on his dairy farm in Washington county.

Mr. Wallace Bull drove up to Beatrice, Neb., to have some special-sized casing made to complete his well, which had caved in. While up there, we met a well driller who lives 30 miles east of Beatrice. He said it was the driest year they have had there for many years. They had only one inch of rain in May and have less rain recently than we have had in Kansas. It is a good farm land region, but he says they have very light farm crops. Not a cloud in sight today.

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Was up in Nebraska on the west side of the Blue river where one farmer was shelling a crib of corn. They have good farm land and pasture up there, but pasture grass got short from the drought and that farmer had to pasture an oat stubble field, and there was some poison weeds in the stubble which caused the loss of four of his good milk cows which is a bad thing in a short crop year when times are so hard. We went with Mr. Bull over to Oketo this evening where he went to attend a meeting of farmers about reducing the wheat acreage for next year. The water power dam

on the Blue river where the Oketo grist mill was burned down several years ago is in as good condition as ever. It is built with a sloping cement top so logs and other junk flow over it readily.

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September 8

The high southeast wind developed a downward pressure and developed the third strata of clouds, cyclone conditions, but the wind is in the wrong direction to make a twister here, so there will be heavy cloudbursts and hail in some places.

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Mr. Spealman got an engine today and commenced pumping water out of the new well we drilled for him two weeks ago. It cannot be pumped out, so he can irrigate his garden from it.

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We moved the drill over to Oketo. Just got into town when a heavy rain came down making the ground so muddy we could not get the drill into the soft ground. So we had to come home. A real northwestern storm developed south of here caused by the thunderbolts coming down to the ground, so the storm was very long distance, going to the southeast and it looked like they were getting hail in southeastern Kansas, and wind storms in the Missouri Ozarks.

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On September 1, 1909, after a dry August, we had a two-inch rain here from a northwester. Then it kept on showering until September 13, when it cleared off. We had ten inches of rain here in the 13 days. Then no more rain until November 14, when we had cloudburst rains for three days, causing flood conditions. The Vermillion river at Bigelow was the highest ever known up to that time. The water raised up over the valley farmland and came a half-mile in width clear up to Bigelow, and the water was four feet above the bridge plank floor on the bridge north of town. Water got up over the Blue valley corn fields south of the Vermillion and Blue river junction, which ruined lots of corn.

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September 2

Another northwester came down over this region before daylight this morning, making us one and half inches of rainfall since yesterday afternoon. The Creator must have just learned that we have a beer-wet country again, so is sending a lot of good soft

water down all over our nation to replace the high priced bottled beer. Newspapers report floods in New Mexico, where they almost always have very light rainfalls the year around. One river was raised so high a railroad bridge was damaged, causing a train to go into the river, causing the deaths of ten humans.

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Heard there was a country club celebration out at the Pleasant Valley schoolhouse last night and the side roads were muddy. The big crowd was there including businessmen from Blue Rapids who enjoyed the ice cream supper.

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September 3

I read in the *Waterville Telegraph* where a son of one of my neighbors in Cottage Hill, Ignatz Pishney, had committed suicide with a 22 caliber rifle. Ignatz, Jr., had been in bad health, causing the sad act. His father used to own the Harbaugh farm, later on my Pine Ridge farm, and it was on that farm where the departed young man was born. Mr. Pishney's present farm is two miles south of the Harbaugh schoolhouse on my old Pine Ridge farm. Sure sorry to hear of a young man losing his life. If it were some of us old codgers, it wouldn't be so bad.

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I heard this morning there had been a car accident last night at midnight on the combined highways Nos. 9 and 77, just west of the Arnot farm, a half-mile west of Blue Rapids. Kenneth Griffie was driving his six-cylinder Oakland car and on the front beside Mr. Griffie was Arthur Brice and Rollin Mayer. In the rumble seat was Darrel Wagor and Gene Critchlow. The high-powered car was going fast when suddenly they overtook a grain-box truck and turned out to go around it and just as they started to turn out, the right side of the car struck the truck on the back corner, wrecking the body of the car, instantly killing both Brice and Mayer, and seriously injuring the other three young men. It was a very sad affair and I extend sincere sympathy to the injured men and to all relatives of the dead and injured young men.

## Published September 29, 1933

September 4

We were out in Cottage Hill township. Had a great dinner at the Elmer Mann home, who is a sorghum molasses maker and is a township official. He has been having his nice farm house repaired. His sons, aided by a carpenter from Waterville, are doing the work which is completed today. This is Labor Day, a legal holiday, so all store buildings are closed.

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Went to Irving, then down to the Sam Edwards ranch four miles southeast of Irving. It is all Blue river and Vermillion bottom land. Mr. Edwards, former state representative, lives in Blue Rapids. There are four houses on the big ranch. Mr. W.J. Williams is ranch manager. One of nephews, Ray Ewing, is one of the ranch workers. His wife is a daughter of Mr. Williams and they have a three-year-old daughter. Mr. Edwards' son, William, has been working on the ranch. He was recently bitten by a copperhead, but has fully recovered from the bad snake poisoning.

There are 15 acres of good orchards—apples, peaches, pears and cherry trees—on the ranch. There are 200 head of hogs on the ranch and they have 150 head of Hereford cattle on full feed, being held back from market on account of low prices of cattle. Another nephew of mine, Forest Ewing, works for Charles Neal, who lives north of the Edwards ranch. This is good farm land down here. Saw some extra good corn on the old Frank Edwards ranch east of the Sam Edwards ranch.

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Was at the Sam Hunter home in Bigelow this evening. He is a World War veteran, has a good wife and a son and daughter. He is an extra good hay baler, and has been baling hay from the fields which he does each year.

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Was out to the Wilbur Rhinehart farm home on Clear Fork creek two miles east of Bigelow. He is putting up his prairie hay now and has quite a lot of it each year. A year ago he lost 20 tons which was burned when a thunderbolt struck the stack on a night when there were showers of rain and high wind. The hay had just been baled and was stacked up until it could be hauled home and stored in the big barn.

The alfalfa fields are all making a good growth and are very green, and where they are used for hog

pastures, are doing hogs a lot of good in health and growth.

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This afternoon I saw the 700 hogs on the Morgan ranch at Blue Rapids, where there is an 80-acre field of alfalfa and the big swine herd was out over the 40 acres of the field eating the green growing alfalfa.

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We had two tire blowouts this evening on the Buick coupe. Each was caused by the tire striking a sharp flint stone on the highways. Flint rock is a bad thing for auto tires, and horse and mule feet, and bad for any humans to walk over, especially school children. Flint rock is very hard to drill through in drilling wells, causing lots of damage to the best drill bits.

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September 6

We commenced drilling a well for Mr. J.H. Moore, banker at Oketo, who has an extra good home on the east edge of town. His house is real mansion, two stories high with an attic above. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are the parents of one child, a daughter. Mr. Moore's father, the late L.H. Moore, started the Oketo bank in 1889. In 1903 he built a mansion house for his family home which is just north of J.H. Moore's home where we are drilling. His widowed mother is now 83 years of age and lives in the big two-story mansion which has a basement and attic rooms above the two stories, so it is the same as a four-story house, and covers a lot of ground. I have never seen as large residences in Marshall county as these two Moore mansions in the good town of Oketo, three miles south of the Nebraska line.

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September 7

We are boarding and lodging at the home of George H. Guise and wife, who live at the southwest edge of Oketo. He used to live on Elm creek, then later bought a farm in Wells township four miles east and two miles north of Blue Rapids. It is now 21 years since they sold their farm and moved up here. They have four children, two boys and two girls.

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September 9

Went up through Barneston, Neb., which is about the same size it was the last time I was up there ten years ago. Went on up through Wymore, then on

up to Beatrice, where I saw one man driving into the city in a one-horse buggy with scores of cars driving around the buggy. Saw one old man and a boy going out of the city, driving one horse to an old buggy.

Coming home, we overtook two hitchhikers and offered them a ride. Both wanted to know if I was going to Marysville. I said no, that I was going to Oketo. They said they would walk, being afraid of losing their way if they got off highway 77. A mile further on, we passed another young hitchhiker and we gave him a ride of six miles. He said he was from Lincoln and was on his way over the state line into Kansas to try to find work on a farm, as he had heard crops were better down here than around Lincoln.

Got down into Blue Rapids at 10 o'clock Saturday night when there was a vast crowd of people in town, cars being parked all around the square and on side streets. Weather warm and fair.

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September 10

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Finks were visitors here today. They live on a good farm five miles southwest of Blue Rapids. After the oil pipeline was put in from Wyoming to Kansas City, Mo., it came across Marshall county, then Mr. Finks was a pipeline walker—to see there was no break in the pipeline. He walked from Blaine in Pottawatomie county up to Washington, then back again each day. He was a good walker and a good officer.

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Lou Wentz and family were here today. Lou and his employer, Fred Stocks, both have swollen limbs from coming into contact with the numerous quantities of three-leaf poison ivy, which has made a rank growth since wet weather came.

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September 11

Weather hot and dry, but sky lines indicate there will be a downward pressure soon with lots of rain over a wide area of country, as a result of the ocean typhoons striking Louisiana and Texas.

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I did drill-bit sharpening today out of doors in the hot sunshine. That, in connection with the forge heat, makes one of the hottest jobs in existence. Went to Frankfort this evening, calling at the Foye home which is in a nice location with good buildings, big pine trees in the front yard, two blocks north of Main street.

Went to Vermillion, then to the farm home of A.J. Gershaer, who owns a good 240-acre farm adjoining the Nemaha county line. Mr. Gershaer was born in Missouri, south of St. Louis in the Mississippi river valley where all the land was covered by heavy forest trees which had to be grubbed out so it could be farmed. He went to Nebraska where he had a farm west of Lincoln, then later he sold out and went to western Nebraska where he bought a ranch close to the corner of Colorado and Wyoming where he could walk over the edge of three states in 30 minutes. It is hard to raise trees out in that dry plains country, so he sold his ranch and came to Marshall county, Kansas, six years ago where he has plenty of good timber, good farm land and good pasture land, and a lot of all kinds of buildings on the farm. All the buildings are painted white. He has a good dairy herd and a lot of chickens. They have three sons and two daughters. The oldest daughter is now teaching her first term of school south of Vermillion. Claire and I had supper with them. Mrs. Gershaer and daughter are good cooks and housekeepers, and enjoy living in the country where all kinds of trees, fruits and vegetables, grass and grain crops grow good.

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We stopped at the Fred Howe home eight miles east of Blue Rapids on highway No. 9. Mr. Howe has a good farm, a good dairy herd, and raises many hogs. One of his daughters teaches school at the Pleasant Valley district, two and three-fourths miles west of her home. She drives back and forth each day, boarding and lodging at home.

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September 15

They had over four inches of rain up around Oketo, which washed a lot of soil off plowed fields where there was slope, and especially where the plowed field had ravines. The flood rains did a lot of damage. The Blue river was nearly full of muddy flood water. We went up to Beatrice, Neb., where they had 2½ inches of rain.

Coming home, the truck motor went wrong near Wymore so had to stay there overnight to have repair work done on the truck. It is ten years since we stayed overnight in Wymore. There seems to be a pretty good business now in this town of 3,000 population. This is my birthday, and the clouds are breaking away, so we will have fair weather.

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September 16

A bright, clear, cool day with a southwest wind beginning to dry up the earth's surface a little. They have Saturday night dances in Oketo and when we got down home it was 10 o'clock. There was a big crowd here in Blue Rapids to attend the dance which lasts until after midnight.

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September 17

Nice clear warm day. The Fincham family had their annual family reunion out in the Wm. Fincham farm, five and one-half miles east of Blue Rapids, which is the old Levi Schooley 240-acre farm, just across the road south of the Pleasant Valley schoolhouse.

There are 12 of the Fincham family, six boys and six girls. The oldest one is 68 and the youngest one 42. One lives in Utah, one in Arizona, nine in Marshall county, and one in Washington county. Their parents came from England in 1877, and settled southwest of Irving, then up on Elm creek, then moved into Blue Rapids where they died two years ago. Seven of the children were born in England and five in Kansas. It is nice to have family reunions, and a noon-day picnic, as the Fincham family had their lunch in the timber on the Corn Dodger creek a ways south of the Wm. Fincham home. Hope they will all meet at many more family reunions.

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September 18

Rained last night and this morning, heavy washing rainfall from extra thick clouds. Looks like it is cloudy and storming over most of the U.S. Wish this weather had come in the month of July, then there would have been a good corn crop, good forage crops and good pasture grass.

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There were two men here from Pottawatomie county who are going into the sorghum molasses business. They have 40 acres of cane that they mean to grind the juice out of and cook it into molasses. Beginning to be like pioneer days, when settlers couldn't afford to buy sugar, had to raise cane and have it made up on shares.

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September 19

Still cloudy with fog-like moisture coming down. Was in Irving and Bigelow, and the graveled highways are hard to drive over. So much rain has

made the ground so soft and wet that it takes more power to get over them.

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Heard today that James Fincham, who lives on one of his three farms four miles east of Blue Rapids, is ill again and is in a hospital in Frankfort. A year ago he was afflicted with rheumatism that he was in a hospital quite a while. Got some better and has improved, but now has a backset again. He is not able to walk.

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The wind has gone to the northwest and it is getting cooler, but cloudy and misty. We went to Oketo this afternoon. While crossing the Big Blue river bridge north of Blue Rapids, we overtook a young hitchhiker who had come from Netawaka, Kansas, and was going back to his home in Brown county. We gave him a ride four miles east of Marysville on highway 36 where he had to start on foot for his long journey.

In Marysville, we picked up another hitchhiker and hauled him up into Oketo. There was a big crowd at the Russell circus at the south edge of Marysville when we went through there. Bad roads and stormy weather didn't keep a lot of folks from the circus.



## Alphabetical Listing of Names

<a href="#"><u>Allen</u></a>	23
<a href="#"><u>Arnott, Marshall</u></a>	21
<a href="#"><u>Avis, A.H.</u></a>	25
<a href="#"><u>Baird, Dick</u></a>	15
<a href="#"><u>Baird, Frank</u></a>	15
<a href="#"><u>Baird, Grant</u></a>	15
<a href="#"><u>Baird, Malcolm</u></a>	34
<a href="#"><u>Bell, Ben</u></a>	49
<a href="#"><u>Bigham, Walter</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Blackney, Art</u></a>	21
<a href="#"><u>Blinn, Nora</u></a>	3
<a href="#"><u>Blodgett, Tom</u></a>	38
<a href="#"><u>Bloomberg, Alice</u></a>	36
<a href="#"><u>Bradford, Dr.</u></a>	15
<a href="#"><u>Bramer, Nick</u></a>	51
<a href="#"><u>Brandenberger, John</u></a>	48
<a href="#"><u>Brice, Arthur</u></a>	53
<a href="#"><u>Brooks, Mrs. Frank</u></a>	20
<a href="#"><u>Bull, Ben</u></a>	49
<a href="#"><u>Bull, Francis</u></a>	49
<a href="#"><u>Bull, Harlan</u></a>	49
<a href="#"><u>Bull, Joe</u></a>	49
<a href="#"><u>Bull, Phyllis</u></a>	49
<a href="#"><u>Bull, Rueben</u></a>	49
<a href="#"><u>Bull, Wallace</u></a>	51
<a href="#"><u>Bull, Wallace</u></a>	52
<a href="#"><u>Bullock, Leroy</u></a>	22
<a href="#"><u>Bullock, Merle</u></a>	13
<a href="#"><u>Bullock, Merle</u></a>	18
<a href="#"><u>Calderhead, Emma</u></a>	35
<a href="#"><u>Car brothers</u></a>	25
<a href="#"><u>Ceaser, Ruth</u></a>	15
<a href="#"><u>Clark, Tom</u></a>	24
<a href="#"><u>Cogswell, Walter</u></a>	31
<a href="#"><u>Cogswell, William</u></a>	31
<a href="#"><u>Conz, Oscar</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Albert</u></a>	3
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Albert (obituary)</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, C.A.</u></a>	28
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Charles</u></a>	3
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Charles</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Charles</u></a>	15
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Edna H.</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Etha Fern</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Frank</u></a>	4

<a href="#"><u>Cook, Harold A.</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Hazel M.</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Jennie</u></a>	3
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Joseph</u></a>	3
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Joseph</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Orville A.</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Cook, Reginald</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Copeland, Tom</u></a>	47
<a href="#"><u>Cottrell, Fred</u></a>	21
<a href="#"><u>Cottrell, Fred</u></a>	32
<a href="#"><u>Cottrell, Katie</u></a>	32
<a href="#"><u>Cottrell, Roger</u></a>	30
<a href="#"><u>Critchlow, Gene</u></a>	53
<a href="#"><u>Dalrymple, Elva</u></a>	17
<a href="#"><u>Dempster, Charles E.</u></a>	26
<a href="#"><u>Denton, James</u></a>	11
<a href="#"><u>Denton, James</u></a>	14
<a href="#"><u>Denton, Mrs. James</u></a>	6
<a href="#"><u>Dobrovolney, Frank</u></a>	46
<a href="#"><u>Dodge, R.G.</u></a>	48
<a href="#"><u>Drennen</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Drennen family</u></a>	32
<a href="#"><u>Drennen, Edward</u></a>	23
<a href="#"><u>Drennen, James</u></a>	23
<a href="#"><u>Edwards, Frank</u></a>	54
<a href="#"><u>Edwards, Sam</u></a>	54
<a href="#"><u>Edwards, William</u></a>	54
<a href="#"><u>Ensign, Charles</u></a>	15
<a href="#"><u>Ensign, Charles</u></a>	51
<a href="#"><u>Erickson, Fred</u></a>	28
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, C.C.</u></a>	4
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, C.C.</u></a>	6
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	7
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	16
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	24
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	29
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	30
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	33
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	35
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	36
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	37
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	38
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Claire</u></a>	55
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Cyrus</u></a>	14
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Ellen</u></a>	7
<a href="#"><u>Ewing, Ellen</u></a>	24

<a href="#">Ewing, Ellen</a>	29	<a href="#">Foye</a>	55
<a href="#">Ewing, Ellen</a>	50	<a href="#">Gershaer, A.J.</a>	55
<a href="#">Ewing, Faye</a>	31	<a href="#">Goodwin, G.G.</a>	15
<a href="#">Ewing, Forest</a>	54	<a href="#">Granger, Charles</a>	22
<a href="#">Ewing, Dr. Henry Z.</a>	17	<a href="#">Griffee, Kenneth</a>	53
<a href="#">Ewing, John</a>	15	<a href="#">Griffis, Dewit</a>	23
<a href="#">Ewing, John</a>	46	<a href="#">Griffis, Oscar</a>	23
<a href="#">Ewing, Leonard</a>	4	<a href="#">Guise, George H.</a>	54
<a href="#">Ewing, Leonard</a>	7	<a href="#">Habagger, Charles</a>	43
<a href="#">Ewing, Leonard</a>	24	<a href="#">Hale, Tom</a>	24
<a href="#">Ewing, Leonard</a>	29	<a href="#">Hall, George</a>	16
<a href="#">Ewing, Leonard</a>	50	<a href="#">Hall, George</a>	38
<a href="#">Ewing, Myrtle</a>	29	<a href="#">Horalek, Alice</a>	30
<a href="#">Ewing, Ray</a>	54	<a href="#">Horalek, Evelyn</a>	30
<a href="#">Ewing, Zacharia</a>	17	<a href="#">Horalek, James</a>	29
<a href="#">Farrant, Albert</a>	15	<a href="#">Horalek, James Jr.</a>	30
<a href="#">Farrant, Alfred</a>	14	<a href="#">Horalek, William</a>	30
<a href="#">Farrant, Frank</a>	19	<a href="#">Heath, Eugene</a>	24
<a href="#">Farrant, J.P.</a>	14	<a href="#">Heath, Frank</a>	24
<a href="#">Farrant, Lilly</a>	15	<a href="#">Heath, George</a>	24
<a href="#">Farrant, Wm.</a>	15	<a href="#">Hill, John</a>	42
<a href="#">Farrant, Wm.</a>	19	<a href="#">Hill, Roland</a>	42
<a href="#">Farrant, Wm.</a>	51	<a href="#">Hogelucht, Ivan</a>	52
<a href="#">Farrar, Alice</a>	13	<a href="#">Howe, Fred</a>	55
<a href="#">Farrar, Romero</a>	7	<a href="#">Hula, Angeline</a>	26
<a href="#">Farrar, Theron</a>	13	<a href="#">Hula, Charles</a>	26
<a href="#">Farrar, Theron</a>	27	<a href="#">Hula, Ivan</a>	26
<a href="#">Farrar, Thomas J.</a>	27	<a href="#">Hunter, Charles</a>	46
<a href="#">Fincham, James</a>	4	<a href="#">Hunter, Sam</a>	54
<a href="#">Fincham, James</a>	56	<a href="#">Hunter, Wm.</a>	46
<a href="#">Fincham, Lillie</a>	50	<a href="#">Huston, Frank</a>	18
<a href="#">Fincham, Lloyd</a>	31	<a href="#">Inman, Jennie</a>	4
<a href="#">Fincham, Maggie</a>	13	<a href="#">Johnson, Axel</a>	50
<a href="#">Fincham, Stephen</a>	13	<a href="#">Kinkaid, James</a>	34
<a href="#">Fincham, Tom</a>	4	<a href="#">Kinkaid, W.D.</a>	34
<a href="#">Fincham, Wm.</a>	4	<a href="#">Kirch, Elizabeth</a>	47
<a href="#">Fincham, Wm.</a>	7	<a href="#">Klein, Louis</a>	24
<a href="#">Fincham, Wm.</a>	13	<a href="#">Knudson, Pat</a>	51
<a href="#">Fincham, Wm.</a>	28	<a href="#">Konanda</a>	4
<a href="#">Fincham, Wm.</a>	56	<a href="#">Kouhl, Carl</a>	19
<a href="#">Finks, Louis</a>	55	<a href="#">Kraemer, John</a>	47
<a href="#">Forbes, Bert</a>	3	<a href="#">Lake, Rod</a>	33
<a href="#">Forbes, Bert</a>	18	<a href="#">Lamb, Earl</a>	15
<a href="#">Forter, Emma</a>	35	<a href="#">Lathrop, Mrs. H.C.</a>	28
<a href="#">Forter, Sam</a>	35	<a href="#">Lathrop, Horace</a>	28
<a href="#">Foye, O.H.</a>	50	<a href="#">Lathrop, Horace</a>	38

<a href="#">Lathrop, Leona</a>	28	<a href="#">Reiter, Lizzie</a>	48
<a href="#">Mann, Elmer</a>	54	<a href="#">Rhinehart, Frank</a>	15
<a href="#">Mayer, Rollin</a>	53	<a href="#">Rhinehart, Wilbur</a>	18
<a href="#">McCoy, Frank</a>	18	<a href="#">Rhinehart, Wilbur</a>	54
<a href="#">McGehee, A.L.</a>	50	<a href="#">Richard, Bill</a>	15
<a href="#">McKee, Rennie</a>	23	<a href="#">Rickey, Bert</a>	48
<a href="#">McKelvey, W.P.</a>	38	<a href="#">Rodkey, Jess</a>	11
<a href="#">McMillan, Clyde</a>	43	<a href="#">Roper, F.T.</a>	38
<a href="#">McMillan, Wayne</a>	24	<a href="#">Rose, Julian</a>	4
<a href="#">McMillan, Wayne</a>	30	<a href="#">Rucker, Lucy</a>	15
<a href="#">McMillan, Wayne</a>	31	<a href="#">Russell, R.W.</a>	50
<a href="#">McMillan, Wayne</a>	37	<a href="#">Sabin, Andy</a>	7
<a href="#">McMillan, Wayne</a>	40	<a href="#">Sabin, Francis</a>	30
<a href="#">Meyers, H.H.</a>	42	<a href="#">Sabin, Guy</a>	7
<a href="#">Miller, Carl</a>	21	<a href="#">Sabin, Ira</a>	4
<a href="#">Montieth, Sarah</a>	13	<a href="#">Sabin, Niles</a>	4
<a href="#">Moore, J.H.</a>	54	<a href="#">Sabin, Phil</a>	4
<a href="#">Moore, L.H.</a>	54	<a href="#">Sabin, Phil</a>	30
<a href="#">Morgan, Ed</a>	16	<a href="#">Sabin, Phil</a>	31
<a href="#">Morgan, Ed</a>	21	<a href="#">Sabin, Phil</a>	40
<a href="#">Morgan, Ed</a>	35	<a href="#">Sabin, Robert</a>	7
<a href="#">Morgan, Ed</a>	41	<a href="#">Sabin, Robert</a>	40
<a href="#">Morgan ranch</a>	43	<a href="#">Sabin, W.H.</a>	4
<a href="#">Murphy</a>	19	<a href="#">Sabin, W.H.</a>	6
<a href="#">Murphy, Jim</a>	24	<a href="#">Schafer, Alfretta</a>	7
<a href="#">Musil, Charles</a>	21	<a href="#">Schafer, Charles</a>	22
<a href="#">Nauman, Bernard</a>	18	<a href="#">Schilling, Anna</a>	42
<a href="#">Nauman, Irving</a>	18	<a href="#">Schilling, Anna</a>	47
<a href="#">Neal, Charles</a>	54	<a href="#">Schilling, Ed</a>	48
<a href="#">Nelson, Walter N.</a>	34	<a href="#">Schilling, Edmund</a>	47
<a href="#">Nelson, Walter</a>	43	<a href="#">Schilling, Frederick</a>	47
<a href="#">Netz, Wm.</a>	23	<a href="#">Schooley, Arthur</a>	15
<a href="#">Nevins, Ed</a>	4	<a href="#">Schooley, Levi</a>	7
<a href="#">Newberry, Al</a>	24	<a href="#">Schooley, Levi</a>	28
<a href="#">Otis, Charles</a>	37	<a href="#">Seawall, Lawrence</a>	16
<a href="#">Overbaugh, Frances Sabin</a>	40	<a href="#">Shaw, Ben</a>	51
<a href="#">Overbaugh, Nelson</a>	30	<a href="#">Shaw, Katie</a>	13
<a href="#">Owens</a>	17	<a href="#">Shannon, Mrs.</a>	31
<a href="#">Peterson, E.M.</a>	3	<a href="#">Shimmel, Everett</a>	24
<a href="#">Phelps, Ben</a>	29	<a href="#">Shimmel, Oral</a>	24
<a href="#">Pishney, Ignatz</a>	53	<a href="#">Ship, Ambrose</a>	38
<a href="#">Powell, R.M.</a>	42	<a href="#">Shroyer, Emma</a>	34
<a href="#">Price, W.F.</a>	46	<a href="#">Shroyer, Peter</a>	34
<a href="#">Radcliffe, Freemont</a>	21	<a href="#">Slinch, Guy</a>	38
<a href="#">Reder, H.C.</a>	7	<a href="#">Smith, Elsie</a>	3
<a href="#">Reiter, A.J.</a>	48	<a href="#">Smith, George T.</a>	24

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<a href="#">Spealman, Mr.</a> .....	49	<a href="#">Weiters, Herman</a> .....	38
<a href="#">Spealman, Mr.</a> .....	52	<a href="#">Weiters, Herman</a> .....	42
<a href="#">Stenton, George</a> .....	12	<a href="#">Weiters, Mr.</a> .....	45
<a href="#">Stevenson, Frank</a> .....	36	<a href="#">Wells, Ben</a> .....	46
<a href="#">Stevenson, James</a> .....	36	<a href="#">Wells, John D.</a> .....	23
<a href="#">Stevenson, J.H.</a> .....	36	<a href="#">Wells, Robert</a> .....	23
<a href="#">Stewart, Abby</a> .....	15	<a href="#">Wentz, Dewayne</a> .....	24
<a href="#">Stocks, Fred</a> .....	7	<a href="#">Wentz, DeWayne</a> .....	40
<a href="#">Stocks, Fred</a> .....	21	<a href="#">Wentz, Dewayne</a> .....	50
<a href="#">Stocks, Fred</a> .....	55	<a href="#">Wentz, Gloria</a> .....	24
<a href="#">Strange</a> .....	4	<a href="#">Wentz, Gloria</a> .....	50
<a href="#">Stryker, Alva</a> .....	43	<a href="#">Wentz, Lewis</a> .....	21
<a href="#">Swim, Jim</a> .....	19	<a href="#">Wentz, Lewis</a> .....	24
<a href="#">Sullivan, J.J.</a> .....	26	<a href="#">Wentz, Lewis</a> .....	40
<a href="#">Summers, Marian</a> .....	15	<a href="#">Wentz, Lew</a> .....	50
<a href="#">Sutton, Mrs. Ed</a> .....	36	<a href="#">Wentz, Lou</a> .....	7
<a href="#">Tenopir farm</a> .....	29	<a href="#">Wentz, Lou</a> .....	55
<a href="#">Thomas, Nora</a> .....	25	<a href="#">White, Walter</a> .....	13
<a href="#">Thomson, Frank</a> .....	3	<a href="#">Willets, Walter</a> .....	38
<a href="#">Thomson, Frank</a> .....	11	<a href="#">Williams, J.W.</a> .....	11
<a href="#">Thomson, Grace</a> .....	11	<a href="#">Williams, W.J.</a> .....	29
<a href="#">Thomson, Jennie</a> .....	11	<a href="#">Williams, W.J.</a> .....	54
<a href="#">Thomson, Hugh</a> .....	3	<a href="#">Wilson, Nettie</a> .....	17
<a href="#">Thomson, Hugh</a> .....	18	<a href="#">Wilson, Rilla</a> .....	17
<a href="#">Thompson, John</a> .....	20	<a href="#">Wilson, Wes</a> .....	17
<a href="#">Thompson, Merle</a> .....	20	<a href="#">Winters, Burton</a> .....	15
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