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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 November 22, 1929

While walking up the street at Arkansas City two weeks ago to go to Wichita over the bus line, a man stopped us and asked if we were going up north. We told him we were, and he asked where and when we told him we were going to Waterville he said, "Oh, that is west of Blue Rapids." He said his name was Tom Ford and that he used to live three miles south of Blue Rapids, three miles west of Irving and 6 miles east of our Pine Ridge farm.

He said his father, Sam Ford, settled six miles northeast of Marysville in 1872. Mr. Ford has been farming in Oklahoma but wants to get back up in Marshall county again where everything grows.

On the night bus to Wichita there were thirteen passengers (lucky number) among them being a lady resident of Wichita who said she knew Glen Thomas, a former Waterville banker's son, and brother of Mrs. Hazel Nelson, our near neighbors. Mr. Thomas is a civil engineer and architect of more than state wide reputation. His home is in Wichita.

On the night run between Arkansas City and Wichita at one point we passed an oil field where by starlight we counted 51 oil well drilling rigs scattered over what looked like two sections of land.

Among Wichita's numerous hotels we saw one ten story and basement hotel. At the Wichita Union bus station we met Tom Whiticker, bus time announcer and all around man who informed us that there were 70 buses in and out each 24 hours—passenger and freight buses. There are some giant buses on the Southern lines. One we measured was ten feet wide, 30 feet long and weighed 17,000 lbs. It is driven by a 250 horsepower gas motor. Wichita's streets are paved with brick and are 45 feet wide from curb to curb.

There are miles of suburban farm homes of a few acres each along the highways leading into the city. There are tourist cabins at many of these homes with filling stations and eating places, conveniently located. A world of trees of all kinds beautify this largest town in Kansas.

Northwest of Wichita we counted 52 oil well drilling rigs in one oil field and scattering test hole rigs here and there with a producing field between Peabody and Marion. At \$20,000 each for the Standard drilling rigs in view from Highway 77 there would be no fortune enough to satisfy us without finding any black gold.

The city of Newton, 25 miles north of Wichita now claims 17,000 population. Saw a Montgomery Ward and J.C. Penny store on the same street. A Montgomery Ward employee told us they had 500 of their stores scattered over the United States. Newton is the home of our old time friend Bert Williamson, who owns a dairy farm a mile west of the city. Five years ago when he was there he had a herd of 100 head of purebred Jersey cows, and he is still in the milk production business.

Mr. Williamson has been state and national president of the A.T.A., and is now chairman of our Kansas legislature committee.

The country from Hillsboro into Arkansas City lays fine, just enough slope for drainage but it has a sandy subsoil so the wheat fields were mostly bare, just a showing of wheat in spots until near Hillsboro, where there is a glacial surface with a white clay subsoil and plenty of lime in the soil and from there on north the wheat kept getting better until we arrived in Marshall county. In a day light ride from Wichita to Waterville, 180 miles, we saw only 127 head of hogs, most of them from Manhattan north. Saw many small bands of dairy cows but only two bands of beef breeds of cattle, Hereford and Durham, this is in the heart of the corn belt. Corn averages up better here than it does farther south.

With five and one-half inches of rain in October and three-fourths of an inch the first ten days of November, we have a foundation of mud and it looks like a repetition of 1877, 1883, 1909, 1913 and 1918.

Too much winter moisture is worse than not enough, as it causes the wheat to heave out by hard freezing.

Regarding the proposed location of a state lake in Marshall county, will say that no better location for said lake can be found in that section of Kansas than that on Golden Run, on the Louis Nelson farm two miles south and one mile west of Waterville. The land to the southwest is pasture land with timber lined hills, thus breaking the force and cooling the hot south winds of summer, reducing evaporation to a minimum.

The big springs that feed this branch have never failed since the pioneers settled here sixty years ago. The springs are deep-seated, fed from millions of tons of porous limestone, with a watershed under-draining four sections of land. There is scarcely any cultivated land in the immediate watershed, so there is scarcely any soil erosion to fill up the lake with sediment.

Another big factor in construction cost is the fact that building rock in great abundance is right at the proposed dam site, with solid rock foundations. The run-off from rains and snows, and the big everlasting springs and numerous smaller springs, will always insure a normal water level.

Some of the prettiest scenery in Kansas stretches away from the proposed lake site in a rainbow band on Coon Creek, three miles to the big Y.M.C.A. Camp Steeleway, the best camp we have ever seen in Kansas.

Just west of the lake is an ideal place for a state deer park. No better location could be found. Over 2,000 acres of native grassland with numerous spring branches, timber clad hills, white cliffs with cedar studded faces, tall, straight timber in the valleys, numerous nooks and glens suitable for campgrounds, and only three miles from the best towns in Northern Kansas, two miles south of the National White Way, one mile west of the corn belt, 77, both kept in first-class condition by patrolmen, and only twenty-two miles by auto to the proposed state auxiliary fish hatchery in the lakes made near Frankfort by burning ballast for the Missouri Pacific railway.

For twenty years we have advocated the making of public playgrounds in the country, that the young people of the towns could study nature while enjoying all the pleasures of bathing, boating and scenic beauty of woodland, hill and dale.

The Nelson dairy farm is a game preserve where Oriental pheasants are being propagated, and the Frank Thorne and Guy Steele ranches, two miles west are also state game preserves.

Let's all work for the lake and park. Louis Nelson, owner of the lake site, is one of nature's noblemen. The latch string of our watermelon patch will be out to the editorial fraternity of Marshall county when they spend their vacations at Silver Moon Lake on Golden Run.

Published November 29, 1929

Sunday evening, November 17.

The drizzling rain and wet snow flurries of the past week measured up a fraction over three-fourths of an inch of water, bringing the November precipitation up to 1½ inches.

The fields are a sea of mud and roads almost too muddy for mud turtles to travel over—let alone Ford's tin lizzies. Eleven years ago today it rained in the evening, after a day of southeast wind and cloudy skies. From that time until Sunday night, December 22, we had warm rainy weather much like we are having now. A heavy snow storm arrived December 22 and 23, but it did not get very cold and all fall sown wheat, no matter how early or late it was planted, went through the winter in fine shape and made a big crop the next summer.

Three weeks ago, the morning the three-day rain commenced falling, a flock of 76 Robin Red Breasts arrived here and finding good shelter here among the cedars and pines and plenty of cedar seed for food, they stayed here four days, then journeyed on southward.

Our good neighbor, Louis Nelson of the Blue Moon Lake farm, will have an auction sale next Tuesday, when he will dispose of his fine purebred Jersey dairy herd and other livestock and farm equipment. Mr. Nelson has one of the best dairy herds in the country and they should bring a good price. He is disposing of his stock so he will have time to build the dam for Blue Moon lake on Golden Run.

Theodore Johnson is remodeling his farm home and adding four more rooms. We haven't learned the exact date on which the wedding is to be, but it should be soon as the house is done.

Fifty-six years ago today—Monday, November 17, 1873—was warm and dry with a gale from the northwest that reached 60 miles an hour by mid-afternoon. It had been dry and warm all fall and we had not worn any shoes or boots until the morning of the 18th, when the air was quite cold, so we put on a pair of the old fashioned high-top boots, but it warmed

up so that by 9 o'clock we were outdoors barefooted again.

Forty-one years ago today (1888) father and I helped A.S. Warner thresh on his Wells Township farm. The Scriber brothers, George, Mat and Link, did the work with a 12-horsepower hand-fed machine. Cloudy day with a northwest wind. Just got through as it commenced a soaking rain at 4 o'clock.

Thirty-one years ago today—1898. It was warm and dry with a southwest wind. We went to Charles Mann's farm sale, cried by Captain Knox of Barrett. There were several stands of honey bees to be sold and Cap, in calling for a bid, tapped a beehive with his cane and they came swarming out, stinging Cap and several others. We all made a home run—Cap, so disgusted that he knocked them off to the bidder at 50¢ a stand.

Thirty-five years ago today, 1894. We were drilling for John Meyers, southeast of Barrett. We got up at 3:30, took our team and wagon, drove to Bigelow, seven miles, got the well casing and got back in time for breakfast at daylight. Weather was warm and clear with a straight west wind. Moved from Meyers' to the Uncle Ham Ineman farm, two miles west of Bigelow.

We were up at the Congressman Strong Holstein ranch, four miles north of Linn and six miles southwest of Washington, when C.J. Bickel of Linn came to test the milk. There are 26 members in the Washington County Dairy association—23 Holstein and three Jersey herds, numbering from 7 to 25—a total of 380 cows. Mr. Bickel is a fine looking wide-awake young man, who secured his education at Stillwell, Okla., with a special course at the Kansas Aggie college at Manhattan. He told us of a college employee named J.C. Nesbit, who bought a yearling Holstein heifer for \$185 for the college and was given a jacking-up for paying such a big price. The heifer proved to be a prize winner and sold at a state sale for \$3,500 to parties at Jefferson Barracks, MO. The average milk production of the association for 1928 was 9,000 pounds of milk and 375 pounds butterfat per head.

The pioneer county Holstein herd is on the J.L. Young estate near Morrowville. Mr. Young raised a family of six children, educated them and improved his farm from the income of his dairy herd. The dairy association now owns a \$60,000 creamery of their own in the town of Linn.

The Strong ranch of 320 acres—once the poorest farm in Washington county—a glacial sandstone formation mixed with volcanic rock evidently brought here in a glacial drift from Mt. McKinley, Alaska. The dairying industry has so improved the soil that it now has the best fields of alfalfa we saw in the county. Mr. Strong's nephew, Frank Trombo, who was raised at St. Marys, Kansas, drew a claim in the Rosebud, S.D., Indian land drawing in 1909, where he and his good wife, Florence, pioneered for 12 years. They have been on the Strong ranch for five years. There was a herd of 18 head of cows five years ago—now the herd, calves and all, number 82 head, with 180 head of Duroc hogs, 60 red turkeys and a flock of White Rock poultry. Mrs. Trombo is assisted by Mrs. Smith, her 79-year-old mother and Mrs. Smith's brother, Edwin S. Kettell, 84, natives of Peoria, Ill. These aged folks are very active and do a lot of work. Mrs. Smith and daughter, Florence, are splendid cooks and Mrs. Trombo assists in the milking.

The milk from the Strong herd is taken each morning by auto to the Linn creamery, where it is used as a starter to freshen the cream in butter making. The largest dairy barn we have seen in Kansas is located on the Strong ranch. It is 94x140 feet with basement in the south half, and room overhead for an immense amount of forage. The yard in front of the basement is paved with cement walks to the milk house. A big silo with feed troughs and water tanks stand in front of the barn. The water is pumped from a well to an underground reservoir on a hill, then flows through pipes to hydrants in all the farm buildings. An overhead carrier conveys the manure from the barn outside to a spreader where it is dumped and hauled direct to the fields. Mr. Trombo is a live wire—is stock buyer and salesman, milk hauler, carpenter, mason and plumber, besides milking, stock feeding and farming. He is ably assisted by Ernest DeGroff of Linn, who is a native of Washington county, Ark. He is a jolly good lad of the "Oh, Boy" type. Another helper was Michael Smith, a fine young man from south of Linn, who is not an Orange man.

We were there when Carnation Inka Matador and his six months old son arrived from the American Royal Dairy show at St. Louis, and he sure seemed glad to get home. He cost around \$1,800 delivered on the Strong ranch as a yearling and as grand champion of America at St. Louis, a breeder of Holsteins made an offer of \$25,000 for him. He was two years old October 28, 1929.

Mr. Strong has an older bull, that will weigh 2,200 pounds, whose sire sold for \$35,000, the highest priced dairy bull in America.

Mr. Trombo recently sold a 10-year-old cow for \$250, and four others for \$900. The Strong-Trombo ranch is an outstanding example of what can be done by using the right system, properly financed and correctly managed in conjunction with mental ability, plenty of elbow grease aided by good cooks, a loving wife's advice and helped by a couple of husky helpers who arise at 5:30 each morning and are out only one night each week.

On Monday, November 4, we had the pleasure of a short visit at the sorghum molasses making plant of D.W. Morrow on the west bank of the Big Blue river, two miles west and three north of Blue Rapids. Mr. Morrow commenced making molasses with an old time sweep mill, 14 years ago when he made 40 gallons. Last year he made 1,800 gallons and sold it all but 75 gallons. This year he planted 24 acres, which was buried by soil carried by a torrential rain. It was replanted, and again buried, and was planted again with small hopes of a crop as the 56-day drought held it back, then a drought breaking rain in September blew it down. A warm growing late autumn finally developed a fair crop which he finished working up on Tuesday, November 5, making a syrup yield of 1,327 gallons. A fair seed crop and the ground cane placed in a silo will make a lot of good winter feed for his Jersey dairy herd. Mr. Morrow has a power grinder, run by an eight horsepower portable gas engine. The evaporator is 3½ by 12 feet with a daily capacity of 120 gallons. Wood and coal are used for fuel--4½ tons of coal being used this season.

Mr. Morrow does the skimming and all the evaporator work and has become an expert sorghum syrup maker. He has shipped syrup to Los Angeles, Calif., to Massachusetts, to Texas near the Rio Grande, and all over western Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado.

Herbert Neuman feeds the grinder an average of 14 big loads a day and Mr. Spunaugle does the

furnace firing, while Mr. Morrow's sons and neighbor boys haul in the cane and haul the bagasse, ground cane, to the silo. The overhead expenses were high this year. The cane was blown down so bad it could not be topped by the machine and had to be done by hand. Our prediction is that all forage crop seed, especially sorghum, will be the highest price next spring that it has ever been. Mr. Morrow has had inquiries from several seed houses about the cane seed.

Dudley Morrow was born on his father's, John Morrow, homestead, two miles west of Barnes in Washington county, Kansas, where his father homesteaded in 1868 and sold out and bought land in the Blue river bottom in 1878, where he established one of the first Jersey dairy herds in the county.

We are the greatest sugar using nation on earth—over 100 pounds per capita—for every man, woman and child in the U.S., and more kidney ailments than any other people in the world. In the early days when there was no refined sugar—just the good old brown kind, and most of the sweetening used in cooking and on the tables as well as in school children's lunches and sorghum molasses making was a common industry, now almost a lost art—there was very little kidney trouble compared to present day conditions.

In days gone by we have crowned the following queens and kings: Miss Lou Goodwin, Hereford cattle queen of Kansas; Mrs. Rose Spratt, sand queen; Charles Ensign, sweet potato king; John Berry, swine king; and now we hereby crown Dudley Morrow, sorghum king of Kansas.

In the early days, before apples grew here, all our vinegar was made from sorghum molasses—one gallon of syrup to five of water, which made an extremely strong sour vinegar.

Our wife says there is one drawback to the Morrow made syrup—it is such good quality that it won't last—kiddies want it every meal.

Published January 31, 1930

Up to date, January 22, we have had over 12 inches of snow. Out in the open where the wind could strike it blew in drifts and packed down so it did not show up half that much, but here in a sheltered spot behind some large cedar trees in a weed patch it showed the true amount that fell.

Commencing Friday, January 5, with a warm high southwest wind, changing Saturday and Sunday to an almost straight wind, which by Sunday evening brought clouds from the south. Sunday night a cold northeast wind came down from the lake region, but upper air strata, which carried all the clouds continued at a fast rate coming from the Gulf of Mexico region about two degrees west of south, without any variation for 14 days, making a record here not equaled since November 1881. The nearest approach to it being in February, 1899, when we had 10 days with the upper strata coming from the same direction, ending up in the coldest weather ever recorded in the country—36 degrees below zero. This time the same condition must have existed clear across the nation, causing the heavy rain and snow fall with Kansas City in the center with the heaviest snowfall—15 inches and 100 per cent of moisture in the air.

The south wind is a lifting wind, while the north wind has a downward pressure, so that coming in contact with the moisture laden gulf clouds the cold north froze the mist into snow. Once in 24 hours, two weeks ago, we had blizzard snow—heavy powder fine snow with a fine mist that froze as soon as striking earthly objects. This was followed by two inches of sleet, then a sprinkle of rain, followed by frozen fog snow—great big fluffy flakes—so light that a wave of the hand two feet from where it lay would start it rolling.

Side roads have been blocked in some places, but not bad like it was last winter when some of the east and west roads were blocked for a month or more.

Some weather commenters stated that the last Christmas day was the warmest one since 1889, when butterflies were enjoying the spring like weather and robins singing in the beautiful sunshine. 1886 had early October weather on Christmas day, not even a frost.

In 1873 Christmas day was dry, warm and sunshiny with a southwest wind. Father, mother, uncle

Cy Ewing and we six kids had dinner at the Willard Sabin home, where there were eight members of three generations—making a total of 17 who sat down to a bountiful dinner of buffalo meat, boiled potatoes and corn bread and buffalo meat gravy, with sorghum molasses ginger bread and good old home-made star point cookies—the best Christmas dinner I ever ate.

Of the 17 who were present, but four now remain among the living. The youngest was sister Caroline, aged three, the oldest, Ezra Sabin aged 83, great grandfather of the Guy Sabin young folks now living in Blue Rapids.

Newspapers are commenting on reports that robin red breast song birds had come north the first of January—many of them doubting the report.

The return of robins is no indication of coming spring as red breast is a hardy bird—as a rule goes south early in October and returns any time from early January until April 1. They went south late last fall, and a flock of 74 stayed here during a three-day cold rain in November, then all but six went on south. These six evidently were raised here in a white cedar tree six feet from our front porch, where there were two nests hatched last April. The six stayed two weeks after the 68 had gone. Then they left and five came back January 2 and are doing fine—living on red cedar seed and sleeping close to the body of the large cedar trees, which give off heat, while other evergreen trees are cold. Tests made with thermometers show that it is three degrees warmer against the body of a cedar tree than in the average board barn.

Two big husky meadowlarks came in January and crawled into self-made holes in straw stacks overnight. Out in the west plains open prairie country the meadowlarks are not a migrating bird, remaining and singing their beautiful program of seven different songs. Our idea is that nature holds them there to entertain and encourage the settlers, who are trying to grow trees and convert the short grass cattle range into diversified farming region. A few larks remain in this country each winter, but most of them go south to southern Texas and northern Mexico.

In 1899 a flock of over 300 robins arrived at our old Cedar Ridge farm east of Blue Rapids, where we had several hundred cedar trees and they stayed there through the coldest 10-day period of weather ever recorded here, and seemed happy all the time. They are a game bird in most southern states where

millions are shot and sold on the market, so we don't blame them for coming early and braving blizzard winds and frozen fog rather than face shotguns in the hands of southern nimrods who enjoy the red breast fried rather than the cheerful, "cherry, cherry, sweet cherry" with which this hardy songster reminds us of the advancing springtime.

Yesterday was the farm auction day on the Merle Hubbard farm two miles east of Pine Ridge. We saw him in Waterville last Saturday night and promised him that the weather, though stormy looking then, would be fair on Tuesday, his sale day, which it was, though cold to stand around in the snow.

Bad weather, especially snow, doubled the work on farms, besides causing loss by livestock going backward in flesh, though eating twice as much feed as in fair weather. We have been too busy to write for the past five weeks—at a time when there are many things to write about.

A recent call at the John Berry ranch on Fawn creek, found John suffering from a bad cold and the pains caused by dental work.

John still has over 600 head of swine on the ranch, doing well. Winifred Reid Berry, who has been in rather poor health the past year, has improved very much, for which we are very glad, as she is a real helpmate to her swine king husband.

Our better half just came in and said a chickadee was singing out in the pine trees, while a squirrel was digging into the pine cones looking for something to eat. The shortest crop of walnuts, acorns and hickory nuts in years, owing to an April frost, has made hard picking for the squirrels, so some of them came up from Golden Run creek and crawled into the corn crib, helping themselves to our slim supply of corn. The first red bird to sing his "wet year, wet year" was on January 1, since which time he has been silent—eating lots of cedar seed.

Tuesday, January 27

To those who like a snow covered earth, this is ideal winter weather. Just a faint breeze, clear skies

with warm sunshine. Bright clear nights with the silvery twinkle of countless planets in the star gemmed heavens above us. That is here in the center of the U.S in good old Kansas land, while it is raining all across the south from Texas to Pennsylvania, snowing in the lake region and raining west of the Rockies. Hooray for the Jayhawker state.

The ground has been completely and evenly covered with snow longer than any time since the winter of 1892 and 1893, when there were more sleds of all kinds in use than ever before, or since in the past three score years.

The reason for the quite even snow blanket is that after the first drifting period and more snowfall, came a shower of rain, freezing to the snow, followed by two inches of sleet, making good sleighing, but there being no gasoline sleds, therefore we have not seen a single sled on the roads or in use on the farms. Wake up, Hank Ford, and take notice. A big field for Model T gas sleds.

Again when the 15-inch snow hit Kansas City came the newspaper report of the awful hardships of the city in clearing streets for traffic and the terrible biting zero weather, concluded with the statement that the farmers were sitting around their fires with a happy smile on their lips and a knowing look in their eyes as the snow, bringing much needed moisture to their growing wheat, which meant prosperity for the soil tillers.

A quarter inch of rain was all the wheat needed as the ground was plenty wet except for an inch on the surface and here that inch is still dry under the snow. Besides in cold snowy weather livestock require twice as much feed and care and then go backward in flesh. Besides all the hard work in clearing feed places, pathways and roads and twice as many steps in detouring around drifts in choring, getting in fuel, etc.

A letter from our old friend and neighbor, John Cottrell of Irving, who is, we think, the largest and most persistent cattle feeder in Marshall county, stated that in caring for his 450 head of stock, the snow and cold weather had doubled the work. This from a 60-year resident of the county who has taught school,

is now president of the Marshall County Mutual Insurance Company, has farmed and raised and fed stock on a large scale for 30 years.

If we were weather clerk the sun would shine continuously in winter time in the Arctic and temperate zones. But that wouldn't suit the chicken thieves or hold-up men who need dark nights for their operations.

Published April 4, 1930

Driving down the timber-lined lane between our two pastures yesterday afternoon we saw a big opossum digging grains of corn from a nubbin that had been tramped into the ground. We gave chase when he crawled up a giant cottonwood tree, crawled out on a limb 50 feet up in the air, lay there looking so much like a ground hog that, fearing he would see his shadow on the morrow, we sent a bullet from our 38 police special gun up through his head so he will not see his shadow today so we will not have 6 weeks more winter. The Scotch highlanders hail an old time saying that they would rather see their best friend on his bier than see a fair February. We are not that radical, but a fair February is frequently followed by a wintry March.

November and December of 1905 was very nice weather which, continued up to January 10, 1906, when a northwester blew down 5 inches of snow. Warm weather came right on the heels of old Boreas and continued until March 7. Just at noon snow commenced falling. George Scriber and Pete Stimbaugh came down after a load of hay and before they had half a load on the rack the gentle falling snow turned into a furious, blinding blizzard. From then until March 15 we had cold winter weather and drifting snow. Here's hoping that weather history doesn't repeat itself.

Three years later George Scriber brought a load of millet in from the field, dropped a pitch fork over the side of the load then slid down off of the load. The pitch fork was leaning against the load and Mr. Scriber struck it with force, the pitch fork entering his rectum and causing his death. Pete Stimbaugh had worked for the Scriber brothers for ten years. He is now working on the George Dean big Blue river ranch north of Blue Rapids, where he has worked for over 20 years. The Scriber family were early day settlers in the northwest part of Wells township.

There is good fishing over on Prairie Ridge, 6 miles south of Blue Rapids. Frank Lamb, the tallest man in Blue Rapids township, called to bring some fishing tools and came over to his farm. Arriving there by truck with a thousand pounds of extracting instruments, we made a cast, had two bites and then a catch. It took all the power of Carl Beacham and Junior Soudek, pulling with a rope and triple blocks to raise the catch which proved to be 140 feet long.

A pump that had slipped into a 5¾ inch well, drilled by Frank Soudek, 30 years ago. While most of the formation there is rock, there is a glacial sand deposit in the bottom, where a good supply of water was found.

We received the sad news last week that our schoolmate, Rodman Lewis Weeks had died suddenly. He was the last of our old school mates still living in our old school district, Pleasant Valley, No. 49, six miles east of Blue Rapids. On April 1st, 1892, we traded him a good threshing machine for half interest in his nearly new well drilling rig. We were partners for a year, when we bought out his interest and he went to farming. The evening of his death he had eaten a hearty supper, sat down to read a daily paper, and glancing out of the window he saw one of their cows that had not come in from the field at chore time and was out near the barn. He went out and put her in the cow corral, closed the gate and started towards the house, when he had an epileptic stroke and fell face downward in the snow, where he passed away without a struggle. Not coming in when he should, his wife and youngest son went out to look for him, stumbled over his body nearly concealed in the snow drift. Carrying the body to the house, they worked desperately trying to revive him. No phone, and nearly a quarter of a mile to the nearest neighbors. He was laid to rest beside his parents in Greenwood cemetery, east of Irving, which is one of the most beautiful and historic cemeteries in Kansas, an old Indian camping ground where the Kaw, Pottawatomie and the Otoe Indian tribes met in an annual three-day conference for the exchange of presents and a renewal of their three tribal peace treaty of a long existence. Our old friend and neighbor was a good law abiding citizen.

Another old Pleasant Valley friend has been called home from his earthly residence in Colorado Springs—Sam Cook. He came with his parents from Iowa in 1960, whose old pioneer home is 3 miles east of Irving. When only a lad he carried mail from Atchison to Irving, and when the Missouri Pacific railroad reached Irving he carried mail from Nebraska City to Marysville for several years. He rode a big mule and once, caught in a fierce blizzard and losing all sense of direction, he let the mule have her way, though it seemed wrong to him, and after hours of suffering from the severe cold, she landed him safely in Marysville. It was Mr. Cook who in 1874 organized

our first Sunday school in what is now Pleasant Valley district. The school house then stood on a high hill on the James Ensign farm, now the Netz estate and the school was locally known as the Killgubben school. Mr. Cook named the Sunday school Mount Zion, so known until 1893 when a new school house was built in the Judge G. Goodwin farm where it now stands. In times of sickness and death, Mr. Cook was always ready to aid and console his afflicted neighbors. His parents are resting in Antioch cemetery, a few feet from where our father, mother and sisters are sleeping their long last sleep. Goodbye dear old friend Sammy.

We have just heard of the death of Mrs. James Millgate of Bigelow. Her maiden name was Emma Caffelt. We boarded with them while drilling the North Bluff Creek school well and while drilling for Hughie McCormick in 1901; also when we drilled for them on their farm northwest of Blaine. Later they moved to Bigelow where Mr. Millgate engaged in livestock buying and feeding and running a meat market. Mrs. Millgate has run the Bigelow hotel for 18 years aided by her son, Robert, who has shipped in more cars of fruit and vegetables than any other man in the county and is a large shipper of grain. Mrs. Millgate was a large strong woman and has been constable for a number of years making an efficient peace officer.

We also read in the *Marshall County News* that Mrs. Frank Knight of Clay Center had passed away. She was an old schoolmate of ours, her father, Mr. Wade, having rented the Lynch farm where Rod Weeks recently died as described above, and two of the girls came to our old Killgubbin school. After her marriage to Frank Knight of District 76, six miles south of Bigelow, they lived on the old Knight farm close to the Pottawatomie county line and cornering with the old homestead of the late James Blaney, grandfather of Ruth Alexander, aviation queen of the world. Frank Knight was the son of an old time lake sailor captain. Frank's younger brother, who had spent his boyhood days on his father's sailing vessel, ran away from home to see the world, returning two years later from a tour around the world, having worked his way across the seven seas as a sailor. He was then content to stay home and in 1887 he and the writer grubbed heavy timber for Sam Short on the Vermillion southwest of Bigelow. We met Sherm in Irving eight years ago while he was there on a visit from

Oklahoma. The once roving sailor boy had developed into a quiet dignified Masonic member who was enjoying the evening of life.

The Captain Knight farm house was on a high wind-swept ridge, close to the north and south road coming from Pottawatomie county, north by the 76 school district, then dividing. One road went northwest to Irving, the other northeast to Bigelow. It was customary in the early days to have a large hitching post set deep in the ground next to the road so settlers passing by and wishing to stop could tie their team and stop for a few minutes visit. Captain Knight, used to long distance views while sailing on the seven seas selected the home site as it commanded a wonderful view of the surrounding country. Blessed with a keen sense of humor, the Captain on a very windy spring morning, looking south saw James Blaney, grandfather of Ruth Alexander, aviation altitude queen of the air, coming up the road from his homestead in route to Irving. No gas wagons in those days—very few spring wagons—most all had lumber wagons. The Captain secured a piece of rope, went out to the roadside hitching post, placed his back to the post and then securely tied this rope around his body. When Mr. Blaney came along he halted his team and exclaimed, "What in the world has happened, Captain?" Captain looked up, smiled, and replied, "I tied myself to this big hitching post to keep these blooming high speed southwest winds from blowing me away."

From newspaper reports, cold weather waves have extended farther south than usual. Things in nature seem to indicate a rather early spring here with a dry windy March. With reports of over a million-ton shortage of hay and roughage feeds last year in Kansas, an early spring will be a great blessing to Kansas stockmen.

Published April 11, 1930

March came in like a half grown sheep and went out like a small lion. March was a very dry month, but there is plenty of sub-soil moisture so early sown wheat is doing well and making quite a lot of pasture.

Our good neighbor, Charles W. Johnson, who has been in Miss Olive Thompson Brock's farm for 25 years, has been ailing with kidney trouble for some time, is now away taking treatments at a hospital. We hope for his speedy recovery and return home.

A call to the Theodore Johnson home last Monday morning found Mr. Johnson and his handsome, strong young bride out in the cold windy weather planting a patch of potatoes on new prairie land. Theodore is a hustling farmer and has a real helpmate in his bride who is from Denver, Colorado.

Harbaugh cemetery's first auto victim was buried here on Pine Ridge farm last Wednesday. Mr. Nelson was known locally as Long John Nelson, being tall and straight. He was a splendid citizen—a great worker and good farmer and noted for the good improvements he put on his different tracts of land.

Glad to report that Harbaugh school is open again after being closed a week owing to a mild case of scarlet fever in the district.

The following were last Sunday callers at Pine Ridge farm: Meybrunn brothers, Oketo; Charles and Lena Whipky and Leona May Davis of Washington; Ruby and Wayne McMillan of Blue Rapids; Sharon Farrar's wife and son Wayne of Blue Rapids; Morgan Wanklyn of Frankfort; and James Shaw and wife and daughter, Mary Beth and son, Howard.

It was forty years ago March 1st, when we first commenced pushing a pencil for newspapers—the first being for our late friend, Hugh Thompson, editor of the *Irving Leader*. Hugh was the son of John Thompson who was founder of the old *Irving Blue Valley Gazette*—the first newspaper taken by father in

the early 70s—later taking the *Blue Rapids Times* and the *Marshall County News*.

Blackbirds arrived here March 10th, their normal time, and the mourning doves came last Saturday and are singing their boo-hoo-hoo, meaning that spring has arrived.

On March 17, 1875, came one of the most blinding snow storms we ever saw. One could not see but a few feet into the storm, and many men were lost in the storm in trying to care for their livestock.

A lady school teacher in District No. 76, six miles south of Bigelow, was lost in the storm, while trying to go from the school house to her boarding place at the James Blaney homestead. Mr. Blaney was grandfather of Ruth Alexander, now aviation queen of the world.

Cy Barrett, early day strong man and famous wrestler, told us a year before his death that he was station agent at Hanover during the St. Patrick's Day blizzard of 1875, and stayed overnight in the depot. Late at night he heard a noise at the door and got up and opened the door. A man stumbled in and collapsed. Placing the strange man on a bunk, he worked at recovering him, who proved to be a homesteader who lost his sense of direction and drifted 30 miles with the storm to keep from freezing and when nearly exhausted was lucky in finding the depot.

On March 17th, 1904, what a blizzard, but not quite so bad as the 1875 storm. We were drilling a well for James Rhodes of Frankfort on his section 7 ranch, south of Reserville and fighting our way down a ravine to a shallow dug well to water a team. The storm was so bad that we had a severe struggle to get the team there and they would not drink, just fought and struggled to get back to the barn. We let them lead the way back through the blinding blizzard. Snowdrifts piled up 5 to 6 feet high.

Today, April 1st, is 38 years since we bought our first well drill. Since that time we have owned 20 rigs including a steam traction and built-in gas traction rigs. Have drilled many holes through the map of Kansas and there is room for many more wells. Have

bought over \$30,000 worth of machinery in the past 40 years. Surely this is a machine age.

Saw two lumber saw mills working today—Grauer Hearn at Waterville and another one south of Virginia, Nebr. The latter mill was sawing up a bunch of walnut logs, 18 inches in diameter, from seed planted by a pioneer settler, and some 4-foot cottonwood logs. Frank Meybrunn wanted to see the saw work so we stopped and a tiny cinder from the steam engine fell on Frank's back and set his jacket on fire, so he doesn't like a saw mill.

Published April 18, 1930

Weather still dry, surface moisture needed—plenty of subsoil moisture. Wheat on early plowed land that was drilled in deep on or before September 15th doing fine.

Gus Nelson, 80-year-old retired farmer, has been quite sick from a severe attack of erysepelis. We hope for his speedy recovery. Mr. Nelson was father-in-law of Charles Peterson who was found dead in his barnyard a week ago from shotgun wounds.

Wm. Fulton, produce dealer of Waterville reports that the largest check he ever made out for eggs was to Mrs. Winifred Berry last month for \$75, for 30 dozen cases of hen fruit. Don't know how many hens she has now, but a year ago her flock numbered over 800 and her husband had 800 head of swine on their Fawn Creek ranch.

C.K. Amelgrath and his brother and father of Scandia, Kansas, were last Tuesday evening business callers at Pine Ridge farm.

Our garden planted a month ago is most all up now. Potatoes planted the same time are well sprouted. Deep sowed oats are up but need rain.

Ira Hart is working for the Lindquist brothers. He won't hurt anything except weeds.

C.W. Johnson is in a Topeka hospital where he was operated on last Tuesday for kidney ailment. Mrs. Johnson went down to be with him during the operation. Their son, Frank, is at home alone with a lot of livestock to care for and land on four farms to work. He is a busy boy and will need all the energy of his stalwart 6 feet and one-inch body to carry on. Here's hoping for his father's speedy recovery and return home.

W. Bohnenblust, produce dealer of Marysville, reports that there is an emmence demand for potatoes even at the present high prices. Mr. Bohnenblust is an uncle of Mrs. Ernest Lindquist adjoining Pine Ridge farm.

While we were at work on the W.C. Woods farm a mile east of Marysville last Friday, a car was wrecked close by on U.S. highway 36, killing an aged woman. The wreck was caused by the car striking loose sand in the road.

Springtime flowery shrubs are in bloom now, while peach, pear, plum and apricot trees are in full bloom. We hope we have a good fruit crop to reduce the cost of living.

Our old friend and neighbor, W.S. Boyd, was laid to rest in Antioch cemetery west of Bigelow last Sunday. Mr. Boyd came with his parents to this country in 1866, where he and his father, the late Samuel Boyd, homesteaded on the Corn Dodger creek. Both father and son enlisted and served in the Union army. After the war, Mr. Boyd served in the army in Indian battles on the western plains after which he went back to Kentucky and returned to his homestead with his bride who was Miss Belle Pollott. They raised a family of seven boys and four girls, all living and married. Mr. Boyd was near 90 years old. He left 38 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren. Six of his grandsons were pall-bearers. The funeral procession from Irving to Antioch was over two miles long. Mr. Boyd was an exemplary citizen, and a splendid neighbor. Our first grain cutting, threshing and well drilling and butchering away from home was done on his homestead for Mr. Boyd who has been our life-long friend.

It is reported that Charles Peterson, who was found shot to death in his barnyard a week ago, had lost nearly \$10,000 in the stock exchange. Before the stock break, he owned three good farms, one in Dakota, another in Texas and one of the best here in Cottage Hill township, all clean of debt. Since his loss,

he had mortgaged his home farm for \$3,500. Mr. Peterson was a good man, as good as we ever met, and we are inclined to believe that his death was from accidental shooting instead of suicide. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to his bereaved loved ones.

Published April 25, 1930

April 16, 1930

These notes are being written in the Marshall County courthouse in the court room in front of the judicial bench of our long-time friend, Fred R. Smith of Manhattan, judge of the 21st judicial district. We came here to write in seclusion while an electrical expert is repairing a magneto for our drill engine.

We are drilling a well for W.C. Woods of Tulsa, Okla. Mrs. Woods is a daughter of the late Peter Schoyer, and they now own her father's old home farm across U.S. highway 36, south of the Marysville country club grounds, the latter consisting of high land with gold links and other means of recreational sports. A wonderful modern clubhouse of mammoth size, commanding a grand view of the surrounding country.

Dominic Ring and son till the plow land on the Woods farm and are assisting Mr. Woods in refencing and building chicken yards, etc. A new chicken house 20x40 has just been completed. A Marysville contractor named David Hoones, with assistants, did the wood work. Martin Life, formerly of Beattie, had charge of the cement work.

Mrs. Woods planted a lot of fruit trees last year and is putting out more this spring. She has set out a large bed of strawberry plants and plans on raising 1,000 Rhode Island Red chickens this year. She expects to raise some swine and start a dairy herd as soon as suitable buildings can be erected. Both Mr. and Mrs. Woods are great lovers of nature and enjoy the change from being housed in the city to recreative country life. May success be theirs.

While working with the drill last Thursday, the high speed southwest wind caused us a breakdown that made a two days delay and a trip to Beatrice, Nebr., for repairs. Charles B. Dempster, owner of the Dempster Mill Mfg. Co., was in his factory office and is a very active man for his age, 79. We first met him in 1895.

While working in the high wind last Thursday, we kept thinking what a bad time it would be for a fire—everything bone dry, with a temperature of 90 in the shade, and a southwest gale blowing. That evening we saw a good residence burn in northeast Marysville. Lucky it was at the outer edge of town with the wind blowing the fire away from other buildings. On Saturday afternoon we saw another big building burn

in the south edge of Marysville. Too bad to have good buildings destroyed by fire—nothing to salvage.

Dry coarse sand and gravel is sure hard on auto tires and footwear. Enroute to Beatrice by truck on U.S. highway 77 we noticed that the tractor-drawn road maintainers used daily in dry times scrape the larger gravel up on the surface so does much more damage to tires than when left packed down as it would be after a few days of heavy car traffic.

Arriving in Beatrice, we found 11 gravel size of hickory nuts wedged between the tread of a new tire. At a point where we had to detour three miles on ordinary township dirt roads which were hard and dry, the truck ran much easier and on slopes coasted easily where with the same slope covered by a thin strata of loose sand and gravel, it would not coast at all.

Sand and gravel packed with clay make a wonderful road, but constantly scraped out on the surface, it is a bad tire destroyer.

Last evening we had a light dust-laying shower here in Marysville. One fourth inch fell in Waterville, a half inch at Pine Ridge farm, heavier east at Irving, on to Frankfort, where one and a half inches were reported. Three miles west of Waterville it was bone dry. Monday night's rain at Pine Ridge totaled 1¼ inches.

The high temperatures of last week warmed the soil down to farming depth and the warm rain following has rushed vegetables along rapidly. Our potatoes planted March 9th are coming up and doing fine.

The plains Indians used to say that when the small night bird they called "Pul Gut" arrived from the south, it was time to plant corn. We heard the first one call Sunday night so planted a quarter acre of sweet corn Monday.

The old time saloon liquor used to make drinkers mentally drunk and their legs wobbly, but the new long-time leg drunkenness caused by the Ginger Ale sheep dip is a corker and should be spelled and sold as Ginger Ail.

Sheep are getting scarce here as a year-around farm product, but at the George Heiserman farm north

of Home City we recently saw a flock of 110 head of fine ewes, most of which have lambs. Sheep are great weed eaters and good soil fertilizers.

Last Friday we saw another suicide in Waterville territory. This time west of town. The victim was Andrew Weitzel, who had been failing in health for some time past. He used a shotgun, same as our good friend, Charles Peterson of Cottage Hill. Hope there will be no more imitations of these two sad cases.

The warm weather brought the soft maple trees into full bloom on February 21st when honey bees were swarming over the trees searching for nectar. Freezing weather later killed the bloom so there will be no maple seed. All other forest and fruit trees are alright with a fine prospect of a good fruit and tree seed crop.

A record has been established by the peaches escaping winter bud killing for four straight winters. Young trees both seedling and budded had enough bloom for a full crop. Owing to dry mid-summer weather last year the older trees that bore a heavy crop did not develop fruit buds properly so they will have a very light crop.

Seedling peach trees will have bloom at three years of age from the pit. Peach tree wood, though a soft wood, makes as hot a fire as any hard wood.

We had the pleasure of a good dinner and being shown through the very modern home of Raymond Ellenbecker, one mile west of Marysville. Ray has a wireless station in the basement from which he has heard as far away as Saskatchewan, Canada. He saw his first wireless station in 1912 and for four years has been a licensed broadcaster. Raymond informed us that there are 16,880 broadcasting stations in the United States. He also has his own electric lighting plant run by gasoline engine power, but is now installing an aerial power system to reduce the cost of production. He is going to build a well house over his new well and put a storage tank on top for a complete farm building water system, and to water their kitchen garden in dry times. Raymond's wife was Miss Nellie Wolfe. She is the proud mother of a beautiful daughter who was a year old March 30th. Raymond Ellenbecker's beautiful home is located on his father's 240-acre farm near his father's mansion. It is one of

the best improved upland farms in the county, the numerous buildings being sheltered from storms by hundreds of trees of many varieties all planted by John D. Ellenbecker who is a noted pioneer history writer. Among the trees are a lot of hard maple, which make beautiful house yard trees.

Walking in the spring branch west of the country club grounds east of Marysville on April 7th to find the source of spring water we heard the first frog call of the season and the first springtime song of the mourning dove just returned from the southland. Then there was several pair of robins, two squirrels, cottontail and Jack rabbits and at the upper end of the gravel creek bed where the water started, we saw a grand sight—21 bobwhites, drinking water from the gently flowing stream and there on the bank in back of the quails, was a bunch of lions. They were tawny in color and were real dandy lions. Sure would make a good place for a Boy Scout camp.

Southeast of the farm we found an old neighbor, Roy Messick, who used to live 2½ miles from our old Cedar Ridge farm in Wells township. Mr. Messick's father, Joe Messick, used to be in the produce business and he shipped in the first egg cases we ever saw. This was in the middle 80s. Before that time, farmers had to pack their eggs in bran, short wheat and sometimes in shelled corn, though oats were the best, sometimes in washtubs, boxes, half-bushel measures, kettles, etc. It seemed wonderful to put each egg in a pasteboard cell and get 30 dozen in one small case.

Published May 2, 1930

Friday, April 26

A cold drizzling rain is falling today and the upper cloud strata which has been coming from the east indicates a wet weather period covering a wide area of country. Hope this is wrong as it will seriously interfere with corn planting.

A lot of corn has been planted the past week, but this cold, wet, cloudy weather lacking sunshine, coupled with lots of low test seed corn, may mean much replanting.

If it were possible to plant all the corn on the first day of May, it would be fine, as that is the right time for this latitude.

A 10-day wet weather period would delay the last corn planting until the middle of May, so we hope the sky lines spell wrongly but every wet weather and flood period has been prophesied by certain cloud formations.

One of our close neighbors, Victor Nelson, commenced planting corn last Monday using a 15-30 tractor to pull his lister. Last year in one long day's work on mile rounds, he listed 30 acres—a good day's work.

We are camped in a steel grain bin 10 feet in diameter, the round kind. It is old and has some leak holes in the roof. When the door is closed in the daytime, it is so dark we have to light a lantern and when cloudy and cool, the metal draws the cold so it is so cold in here now it is hard to hold a pen in hand. On sunshiny days it draws the heat so in a few minutes it gets steaming hot. Our steel bunk cabin is on Pleasant View farm east of Marysville.

We are glad to report that our good neighbor, Charles M. Johnson, who was operated on for kidney ulcers is improving and will soon be home. Miss Olive Thompson of Waterville, on whose farm Mr. Thompson has lived for 25 years, received a letter from him last Tuesday stating that the doctors had just let him have all the food he cared to eat and he felt much better. Mr. Johnson used to work for Frank McKee, who lived in the southwest corner of Center township—while his older brother, August Johnson, lived on the Dr. Hawkins farm nearby. Later C.U. went west and was a gold miner for 13 years, first at Cripple Creek, Colo., then in Oregon and Washington.

Miss Olive Thompson, great naturalist, who has lived on the same property in Waterville for 54 years, has a most beautiful floral yard, having both tame and wild flowers of any kind that grows in this latitude, also shrubs and trees of all kinds, planted over her home lots. Miss Thompson also protects and in bad weather feeds song birds. We told her we were on our way to Marysville to our iron bunk house and she laughingly replied, "I didn't know you were in jail." Ha, ha! The joke's on us, Miss Ollie.

Claire Ewing, 14-year-old second high school year Lone Scout, sprayed trees for Jay Thompson, Waterville banker, Saturday of last week. His teacher, Professor Wells called at the Pine Ridge farm last Friday evening. Come again, Mr. Wells, when you can stay longer. The name Wells sounds good to us as we were raised in Wells township, where our old friend, Bob Wells, still lives and where we dug our first well with spade, shovel, mattock hand drill and blasting powder, 45 years ago. Have owned 21 well drilling rigs since then and still have some wells for sale.

Leonard Ewing brought his wife, Ellen, up here to Dr. Rogers today for eye treatment. Ellen is a niece of Mrs. Dominic Ring, 2 miles east of Marysville.

Last Monday evening, Carl Walker, Jr., grade scholar in Harbaugh school, was galloping up through Pine Ridge to school. We said, "Hello, Junior, isn't this a lovely day?" Slacking speed, he replied, "I'll say it's fine weather for playing baseball." Have known 4 generations of the Walker family—Junior's great grandfather, Carl Walker, Union war veteran and pioneer ox team freighter on the old Santa Fe trail, hauling goods and government supplies from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe, New Mexico. The Santa Fe trail led through the tribal territory of our fiercest plains tribes, Apaches and Comanches with which tribes freight train drivers had frequent conflicts. Carl's eldest son, Wesley, as a boy used to drive over the old trail. The family arrived in Irving 50 years ago where Union war veteran, Carl, died 7 years ago. His widow is still living. Wes lives in Waterville. His son, Carl, was wounded in the Argonne forest battle. He now lives adjoining Pine Ridge farm on the old Major Monroe homestead. Although left for dead on the battlefield in France, and a message sent here to his

parents that he was dead, his good constitution pulled him through. He returned home, married a strong Dutch girl, and now they have Carl, Jr. Three Carls, happy minded, without a snarl, that we have known four generations of this historic family.

Tuesday morning, April 30th, at 4 o'clock in the morning, in iron hut on Pleasant Ridge. Still cloudy and raining. Friday and Saturday rains out here totaled an inch. Downtown the reports at three places we asked were $\frac{3}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 inches. We didn't inquire further for fear of a flood. Last night rain out here measured one inch. None of this rain was needed down home, as the ground was plenty wet. On Saturday, April 12, at Pine Ridge, one-half inch fell. Monday, the 14th, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, next night a dashing rain with some hail, totaling $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, making $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in three days from cloud appearances they got plenty of rain down there in the past four days.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods received their shipment of 1,000 chicks last week and received and set out a lot more grape vines and other lot of fruit trees. They are both high-class artists, owners of the Bass Studio of Tulsa, Okla. Mr. Woods learned his trade of cabinet maker, which he followed for five years in Iowa, then went to Tulsa, Okla., 16 years ago when it was a small village. It now has a population of nearly 200,000. They have decided to make a permanent home here as both are students in the great outdoor school of nature. Mr. Woods has never farmed, but has a definite 5-year plan for orchard planting, building, beautifying and restoring the soil by growing legume crops. There is a 10-acre field of fine alfalfa planted a year ago, and another field sowed this spring. This yearly planting to be continued this spring, then each field is to be hog pastured and the rotation continued to maintain the built-up soil. A mighty good program that old time farmers would do well to follow.

We received a pleasant call on Saturday of last week from our old friend, Joe Guthrie from near Boise, Idaho. He had been to Kansas City to market a band of 2,500 head of grain-fed sheep, had hit a low market and lost money. His elder brother, Claire, is feeding sheep for a later market. Joe is still in the fruit production business, still having 20 acres in apple orchard from which he sold 7 carloads of apples last fall for 92¢ per bushel. Joe used to be in the hardware business with his brother-in-law, Robert Moore, in

Irving, and Joe used to make well casing for us over a period of years. He is a brother of Claude Guthrie, county coroner, and son of the late St. Claire Guthrie, sheriff of Marshall County.

A mistake was made in the article last week about Roy Messick. It was Roy's grandfather who was in the produce business in Irving in the middle 80s. Roy used to live in Wells township and ran machinery for W.C. Netz, township trustee, and Roy is now the most expert gas and steam engine man in the county.

Published May 16, 1930

April 30, at steel granary east of Marysville.

Twenty-three years ago today a raging snow storm hit this section of Kansas, there being drifts on the hillsides three to five feet deep. It cleared up in the evening and we took our family for an hour's sleigh ride. We have a picture taken the next forenoon of the Irving business men shoveling snow from the sidewalks. The next morning, May 2nd, Mrs. Helen Stiles, Irving photographer, took a long distance picture of remaining snow drifts on the south slope hill sides on the Fred Cottrell ranch.

We finished planting corn that year on May 14th and next morning there was ice thick as window glass in the rain barrel, and a slight shower of snow was reported in northern Nebraska.

Cool weather continued throughout May followed by good growing weather and fairly good crops.

That same year, 1907, brought the hottest March weather ever recorded here. Commencing on March 22nd, at 90 in the shade, it continued for 5 days, getting up to 105 and 115 in the shade. Hot nights as well as hot days. At seven o'clock the night of March 25th a thermometer at the Charles Overbaugh home on Irish Creek, where we were drilling a well, was standing at 80 degrees.

All stock as well as humans suffered from the intense heat, and it was reported that thousands of fat hogs perished in stock cars enroute to market. Fruit trees bloomed and asparagus grew up three feet in those 6 days. Then it grew gradually cooler followed by an unusually cold month of April. The unnatural high temperature was caused by the end of a big comet streamer coming close to the earth. It was the most penetrating heat we ever felt—the air having a slight sulphuric odor. A few miles nearer and no life would have been left on earth.

Watching Mr. Woods and his wife plant both fruit and forest trees here on their Pleasant Ridge farm recalls of this county when all land owners devoted every spare moment of the early spring days in setting out trees and hedge plants for fencing, shade and protection from wind storms. We have planted out over 10,000 trees and with our own hands, besides an immense amount of fruit and forest tree seeds and at 12 years of age had learned how to propagate all kinds of fruit and forest trees by budding and grafting and from cuttings. We have always contended that on any

160 acres of land in the county there should have been 40 acres left in natural grass, and where no natural forest existed, there should have been at least 10 acres of forest trees planted. This would have made a more beautiful, useful and valuable farmland county.

Two miles straight west of this ridge we can see the John G. Ellenbecker farm home surrounded by a wonderfully beautiful grove of fruit and trees. Old time prairie pioneers like Mr. Ellenbecker appreciate the blessed privilege of living in an area where many kinds of valuable timber spring up spontaneously when not destroyed by fire or the action of mankind which often interferes with nature's plans.

Out in Rooks county the spring of 1915, a prairie farmer built a \$5,000 house on his section where he had farmed for 15 years. "What do you think of my new home?" he asked. "You have a fine house but not a home," was the reply. "Why so?" in astonishment he asked. "Because you do not have a tree or even a rose bush on your farm, and I would rather live in a log cabin surrounded by trees than to live in a million-dollar mansion without trees for flowers." Modern Woodmen plant trees and Axemen spare the young growing trees.

A stretch of private road, hilly and freshly graded, connecting this ridge with highway 36 is now so muddy that we cannot get out with a car or truck. Walked down town Monday to get some food and met Sheriff Kirch who kindly volunteered to bring us out to the ridge in his big car, thus saving a mile walk through a drizzling rain. He reports only two prisoners in jail at present.

Lem Guffee, who used to make well casing for us when he lived in Irving, is now running a tin shop here in Marysville. Adolph Dratchovil, another Irving boy, now has charge of the neat department of the Piggly Wiggly store, and James Barlow, formerly of Elm Creek, who was a schoolmate of our wife at the Major Patterson school, four miles northeast of Blue Rapids, is owner of the Barlow grocery store. George Fenwick, owner of the Fenwick Oil Co. plant, was raised three miles southeast of Irving and three miles straight south of father's homestead. A son of Ignatz Pishney of Cottage Hill, works for the Imes-Dague motor Co. This young man is a good mechanic, as also were his brothers, one of whom now works in the Ford

garage in Washington. These young men were born on our Pine Ridge farm in Cottage Hill, then owned by their father.

Another former Wells township farmer, Miles Kelley, is running a filling station for the Sinclair Oil Co. His old home farm is near the Allison school house near the west Filly home, old time Hereford cattle king of Marshall county.

In the courthouse last week, we met our old Blue Rapids route one mail carrier friend, Clyde Rodkey, who spent his boyhood days on his father's homestead in the short grass region of western Kansas. Among Clyde's relics is an old skinning knife found on the prairies where it had been left by buffalo hunters. Clyde never forgets when we meet to remind me that we were world war comrades and of our first battle of Scandinavian Creek in 1918. Several good young men who took part in that battle are sleeping their long last sleep under the sod—imbedded in the bosom of Mother Earth.

Another old timer whom we met in Marysville was David Conger, who was born east of where the town of Winifred now stands. His father was a pioneer homesteader near where Vliets now is—that was before the birth of Frankfort. Mr. Conger remembers the starting of Vliets by Tom Ewing who named it Ewingsport, he being a great wheat grower, had a siding put in on the Missouri Pacific so he could load wheat there to save hauling to Vermillion or Frankfort. Later on as a town grew up an official name was wanted. One of the VanVliets wanted the town to bear his name so they cut off the Van and named it Vliets. Mr. Conger's sister, Mrs. Sam Trosper, died in Bigelow a few years ago. Mr. Conger knew all of the old timers in Wells, Vermillion, Clear Fork, Bigelow, Center and Rock townships and is well versed in pioneer incidents of Marshall county.

Tuesday, May 6

Came home Saturday night and ran into a fierce wind and rain storm at the edge of Pine Ridge farm. Such a fog of rain fell that we drove in low a half mile without a glimpse of the road—could barely see the timber on each side of the road to guide us by. We found that more than twice the amount of rain had fallen here than at Marysville, both hog and cattle fences across ravines and creeks being washed out and Louis Nelson adjoining this farm said Golden Run

creek was the highest it has been in the eight years he has lived here.

Several hogs were washed away in our timber that were on ground high enough to evade any ordinary rain rise on Golden Run. Water went over the top of a high bridge between Pine Ridge and the Golden Run dairy farm.

It rained $\frac{1}{4}$ inch last night and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches today, so if no more rain falls it will be another week before corn planting can start again. Most of the early planted corn will have to be replanted. We heard that one of the Estes boys northeast of Blue Rapids had 112 acres of corn planted and would have to replant all of it except eight acres. Good seed corn is scarce and high in price and will be hard to get for replanting.

Over 6 inches of rain have fallen here in the past 24 days—and the sky lines indicate an all-night rain and continuation of bad weather for tomorrow.

It has rained much more out here and southward than in Waterville. There has been enough rainfall in 24 days to have furnished all the moisture necessary for crops for a period of 90 days.

We have always contended that within a few years, man will discover the key to unlock the aerial atoms of energy around 300 H.P. for every square foot of air and when that time comes, which it surely will, then generate within the aerial roof of the earth which from a test we made on a September midnight when we were 16 years old, is about 20 miles above the earth. Then man will control the precipitation of moisture.

Ministers and churchmen have razed us for this idea, saying, "Would it not be an awful thing for man to control rainfall." Our opinion is that only a certain amount of moisture concentrates in the air which, if brought down at regular intervals, would eliminate both droughts and floods. Man could not make a worse mess of rain control than is now done by nature, long burning droughts followed by land and life destroying floods.

Our idea of the dawn of this millennium will be when man has learned how to utilize and control this vast store of unseen power that spends its force in lightning bolts, ocean typhoons, cyclones, high straight winds, torrential rain, snow and hail storms. Several civilized nations now have knowledge material and power to generate poison gas sufficient to wipe whole nations off the earth overnight and are keeping this power under control. So, we believe they would not misuse the moisture control power if they had it in

their power. This power, when it comes, will be through man-made electric machinery and can be kept under area control. In our opinion, the aerial moisture that generates here, if brought down weekly, would amount to an inch.

Glad to report that our good neighbor, Charles M. Johnson, has returned from the Topeka hospital and is getting along fine.

Two of our good neighbors report an increase in our good Cottage Hill population. A baby girl was born at the Everett Lindquist home and twin boys at the Robert Jacobson home.

Monday, May 120

Six years ago Friday, May 9th, we had a freeze that froze potatoes down to the ground, killed out string beans and other garden vegetables and badly injured alfalfa. At day-break wheat and alfalfa fields were so white with frost in the low lands that it looked like a covering of snow. This was followed by good crops and nobody starved to death.

The death of Mr. Cummings of Blue Rapids was a great shock to all who knew him as he was a fine man and highly respected and loved by all who were well acquainted with him. Stories circulated around by gossipers for the past 2 years that the bank was going to bust up no doubt injured the bank's deposits. As kind and good hearted a man as Colonel Cummings will be hard to replace. A large man of strong physique—it was always a pleasure to meet him. Sincere sympathy to his bereaved family.

Many kinds of vegetables are abnormally early this spring. Rye was heading out on May 10th. Cottonwood seed was ripe on May 11th and at the Blackney home in Marysville from a nice bed of progressive strawberry plants they had their first mess of ripe berries and when we were there Monday, May 12, there were lots of ripe berries. While downtown the stores were selling southern-grown strawberries. Mr. Blackney is an uncle of Art Blackney, famous auctioneer of Frankfort.

North of Center street in Marysville, we saw a strong aged lady busy hoeing potatoes that were a foot high. The lady was Mrs. Hawkins, who has several patches of good potatoes in northeast Marysville.

Nothing like utilizing these small waste patches for gardening, flowers and berry production, both strawberries and dew berries, and grapes are a sure crop every year and will do well anywhere here on well-drained soil.

Three inches of rain fell here at Pine Ridge the first of last week making a total of 7 inches in 24 days. A man living a few miles southwest of here said they had 7 inches over there before last week rains, making 10 inches in all.

While this wet weather period of 3 weeks covered a wide area embracing several states—yet the cyclonic conditions which continued for 8 days straight caused so many cloud divisions that the rainfall was very uneven.

Never in our life time have we seen so long a period of cyclonic weather conditions and over so wide an area of country. In normal weather there are two stratas of air capable of producing clouds, but there has to be three layers of clouds to develop twisters.

Barn swallows arrived here May 12, a sign that summer weather has come. They are the last of the migrating birds to come north and first to go south, fearing cold weather. In a backward spring they have arrived here as late as May 20th.

The biggest, brightest sun dog we ever saw appeared last Saturday evening. This was caused by aerial twisters in the middle cloud strata, causing a frozen mist that reflected the sun's rays that caused the cold wind on Sunday.

In pioneer days we had ox team chains, now we have chain stores—next will be chain banks, then chain farms—all controlled by money kings of Wall Street. Then Canada or Mexico for us. Strike hard Congressman Strong, and knock out the chain bank propaganda.

Published July 4, 1930

The rain Wednesday night of last week totaled 1¼ inches here. It rained harder farther west. Tuesday night of this week we had ⅝ of an inch. Sky lines and the color of the lightning showed a bad storm north and west of here.

Lindquist brothers commenced cutting oats June 24th. We have some oats that were sowed March 12 that were ripe enough to cut by June 22. Fred Stewart, adjoining Waterville on the east cut a field of rye June 22. Early planted wheat is now ready for the binder.

The extra early planted corn is ready to lay by but lots of fields had to be replanted owing to heavy washing rains. So some fields of corn of three or four sizes making hard tending.

Frank Johnson is driving a new Ford coach.

Theodore Johnson has rented the Cal Whiteside farm to farm in connection with his own adjoining farm next year.

Otto Nelson and Clair Ewing searched Silver Creek after the 4-inch rain to see if there was any cold-blooded water life left. They reported finding only two crawdads.

Thos. Green formerly of Harbaugh, who bought the Nemecheck Blue-river bottom farm northeast of Waterville, has 130 acres of corn and 35 acres of wheat. It keeps him pretty busy.

Frank Dobrovotny has bought the farm now occupied by Sander Larson. This makes three farms adjoining on the west side of U.S. Highway 77 owned by Mr. Dobrovotny.

Cal Whiteside, same age as Mr. Dobrovotny, bought 90 acres of the Nemecheck farm, making him three farms. He and his brother, Cloy, own their old home farm in partnership. One of Mr. Whiteside's farms is here in Cottage Hill township, close to Pine Ridge farm. Both these land owners have always been good workers and savers which brings success in time.

Ernest Seal, who lives on the Whiteside's home farm, is also a great worker. He farms over 200 acres of land besides milking 15 cows. He is ably assisted in his farm work by a good, faithful wife and children who are now getting large enough to help along with the many farm jobs.

Published July 11, 1930

Weather hot and dry. We need an inch of rain real badly.

Jimmy Stewart commenced threshing last Saturday, July 5, finishing the following Tuesday forenoon. Brammer and Herrin did the work, using a steam tractor rig.

Fred Stewart, joining Waterville on the east, brother of Jimmy and who has over 100 acres of good wheat, rye and oats, commenced threshing Monday, July 7. Grover Hearn is doing the work with his gas traction rig.

Who lost a new force-feed oil can east of Waterville last Tuesday?

P.S. Reitzel, prominent farmer and stockman of Coon Creek, was a Monday caller at Pine Ridge farm.

Wm. Miller & Sons, who farm the John Berry ranch on Fawn creek, in connection with their own Blue River valley home farm, harvested their wheat crop with a combine.

Frank Dobrovotny & Sons of Harbaugh—here in Cottage Hill township—who farm a lot of good land, cut their oats with a 10-foot binder and combined their wheat.

One of the largest wheat fields out this way is on the Col. Whiteside Cottage Hill farm—a quarter mile east of Pine Ridge—where there is an 80-acre field of good wheat. This land has been farmed by Ernest Seal, who lives on one of Mr. Whiteside's Little Blue river valley farms.

There are more hobos on the highways looking for work than for years past. Some of them are aged men with snow-white hair and beards.

Early planted Irish potatoes were most all ripe by July 4. There seemed to be some microscopic parasite that caused the vines to die off earlier than usual, though there is a fairly good crop of spuds.

The dry hot weather, though ideal for threshing and curing alfalfa hay, is hard on garden truck, especially on the late planted stuff, and on the late replanted corn. The early planted corn is most all

laid by and is deep rooted enough to keep growing from the subsoil moisture.

Here in Marshall county where all kinds of grains, grasses, vegetables, fruits, flowers and trees grow better than in any lands we ever saw with diversified farming, it sure poles up a lot of work at this time of year. Corn to plow, small grain to harvest, and the second crop of alfalfa all to be cared for at once. Alfalfa will make four crops this year. With an unusually dry March this year when wheat needs moisture to cause it to start, yet most wheat fields have more shocks per acre than for a number of years. Some of it looks good for 25 to 30 bushels per acre. A wet March would have caused the wheat to start so there would have been twice as many stalks per acre.

Oats are extra good this year. They require cool wet weather to do their best, which conditions existed here this season.

Harvey Shirk, R.F.D. mail carrier, living in the east part of Waterville, has a field of wheat about five acres that has the greatest number of shocks per acre that we have seen in 40 years. This recalls that our old friend, Carroll Smith, lawyer, owns a 10-acre farm in the Gem City, Blue Rapids, where he used to raise record yields of grain especially wheat. Better 10 acres well farmed than 100 acres poorly tilled.

The rich men—wheat farmers who farm on a large scale—while they make money, even at present low prices are a detriment to the country as a whole. These heavy producers in connection with Wall Street finance controllers seem determined to put the one-horse farmer and our two-legged federal farm board on the rocks.

All forage crop seed, cane, kaffir, milo, maize, feterita, sudan, millet, etc., have been the highest priced this year of any time in the world's history from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per bushel, and the poorest quality we ever saw. We have raised and sold lots of cane and millet seed as low as 25¢ per bushel. The combine has put an urge into the plains farmers to discard row crop seed raising and put it all into wheat, which is the lowest in price since 1914, when it started in at 75¢, went down to 60¢ and by October 30 the world war boosted it back up to \$1.00 per bushel.

Published August 1, 1930

July 13

After three weeks of dry, hot weather, being part of the time up to 100 in the shade, it tried to rain here last night. Just a light sprinkle, but a cool north wind is coming down from Canada which is a great relief from the south wind heat.

Threshing and combining show a fair yield of small grain. Oats are good, both in yield and quality. Oats do best in a damp, cool climate with not much sunshine, and in April and May the weather was ideal for this important farm crop.

Walter Shirk, a Blue river farmer, joining Waterville on the northeast, was a Sunday caller at Prairie Ridge today. Mr. Shirk weighs 240 pounds and is as strong as he is big. He is a great booster for the farmers' union. Mr. Shirk was accompanied by his wife and son and daughter.

France is now paying the long price of the World War in the lowest child birth of any nation on earth. There are 10 women to each man in France today. General Wm. Tecumseh Sherman was right when he originated the saying, "War is Hell."

There are nearly 25,000,000 car owners and 20 million radio owners in the United States today, and millions more being sold annually. This is sure the gas and electric age.

"Grocery butter is so unsatisfactory," said the young city wife, "that I have decided that we would make our own butter." "Oh, did you," said her husband. "Yes, I bought a churn and ordered buttermilk to be left here regularly. Won't it be nice—really fresh butter?"

Wise young wife.

Mrs. W.T. Blaney of Irving, mother of Ruth Alexander of California, aviation queen of the world, used to live here in the Harbaugh district. Her father, David Longbon, came from Michigan with his family to Cottage Hill township buying a farm 1½ miles southwest of Prairie Ridge farm. They arrived here in 1880 from Delta, Ingam county, Michigan. The Longbons were of English blood.

Lillian Longbon, now Mrs. Blaney, went to school at Harbaugh school, here on Pine Ridge farm. After she graduated from high school Lillian taught two terms of school at Cottage Hill then taught a term here at Harbaugh, boarding here at Pine Ridge. Her husband, W.T. Blaney, was teaching school at Pleasant Hill, two miles east and one north of Cottage Hill and four miles from Harbaugh. It was here on our Pine Ridge farm where their courting was done as they were married soon after their term of school was out.

The Blaneys came from Pennsylvania and are of Holland Dutch descent. Edward, James and George were the three brothers who came here 60 years ago. These three brothers, as well as Mr. Longbon were Union army veterans of the Civil War, 1861 to 1865.

Ed Blaney homesteaded 160 acres southwest of Bigelow, a mile southeast of Robert Smith's homestead. Mr. Smith was the oldest of the Smith brothers, early day pioneers. A younger brother was owner of the *Marshall County News* and his oldest son was one of the first soldiers to lose his life in the World war in France.

James Blaney, grandfather of the Aviation Queen, homesteaded a quarter adjoining the Pottawatomie county line, five miles south and one mile west of Bigelow. George Blaney homesteaded over the Pottawatomie county line southeast of James Blaney's. Both were in school district number 76 in Marshall county. George Blaney had a fine spring on his homestead as also did his brother, Ed, near the Twin Mounds and both built good spring houses and made butter which they used to take to Blue Rapids, a distance of 15 miles. W.T. Blaney grew up on his father's homestead and from early childhood has been a great naturalist. Even now they make trips out to our old Cedar Ridge farm to hear the beautiful songs of the many birds that nest in the 960 cedar trees that we planted in the old Halbbrook homestead. In his old age, James Blaney sold his old homestead and bought property in Irving where W.T. finished his education. He became a school teacher and later a hardware merchant. Ruth Blaney was born in Irving on May 18, 1905, where she spent her childhood days except three and one-half spent in Texas, where they were engaged in the lumber industry, in a semi-tropical forest.

As a wee child, Ruth was a great student and lover of nature. We remember seeing her breaking and riding wild young horses, many of which were so wild that not many young men would care to tackle them. On one of her vacation periods, we saw her 20 miles from home riding a wild young horse on a dead run,

trailing a lasso rope from the saddle horn. She was canvassing the county for the *Country Gentleman* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. The hot, dusty day we saw her riding the wild horse 20 miles from home she surely was enjoying life with a happy smile on her beautiful young face. She, like her soldier ancestors, feared nothing on earth, but was not foolhardy in her fearlessness, always using good judgement. Miss Ruth attended college at Baldwin, Kansas, and if we remember correctly, she was an instructor there for a short time. She was married to A.P. Alexander of Olathe on July 8, 1926. While breaking a wild horse in Olathe she had a shoulder broken when the horse went down on frozen ground. She was using a poor saddle as her own good saddle was at her parents' home in Irving. She went to California in October, 1928, and took her first lesson in air travel in September, 1929. She has a brother now past eight years of age, who is one of the brightest boys we ever met. Ruth has not only set a world record for altitude flying, but we doubt if there is another girl in the world who has driven oxen, horses, automobiles and airplanes. Her uncle, Ira Longbon, a Spanish-American war veteran and who went to school here at Harbaugh, died a year ago and was buried in Waterville.

Published August 8, 1930

Tuesday, July 29

Last Sunday, July 27th, was the hottest day we have felt since 1913. With a hot wind blowing from the south-west combined with the fierce sun rays, the heat was unbearable. It sure was a corn cooker.

The next day's cool northwest wind was an appreciated relief, followed by a half-inch rain Tuesday morning. An excessively wet May is generally followed by a dry July. This drought should break this weekend.

Last Sunday we picked up six hitchhikers and gave them a lift. This in driving a distance of 19 miles. Two of them were old men going north looking for work, while two were going west and the other two were headed south, one to Oklahoma. They were travelling each one alone. It is a sad thing for me to see these men out in the world looking for work without a home, food or shelter. On account of the fear of picking up a hobo who will kill or wound the driver and take his car, but few car drivers ever give hikers a lift. I never pass one up either day or night. One night I gave three of them a lift of five miles—and was glad to help them.

Although the ground is awfully dry and hard much plowing has been done by both horse and tractor plows. Several persons have prepared fields for seeding to alfalfa as soon as it comes a good deep soaking rain. We are glad to see more alfalfa seeded as it is a wonderfully paying crop as well as a soil improver.

During the past week, we have seen several fields of alfalfa where the third crop of hay needs being harvested, and with a good soaking rain soon there will be another good crop. Then a lighter one which makes splendid winter hay field, when put as hay or left standing in the field, it makes good early winter pasture for cattle. The cuttings of three crops this season were all on upland that has been farmed for 60 years. All our land has sufficient lime in the rock to produce good paying crops of alfalfa which is a more profitable and surer crop than any grain crop. If a hail storm destroys a grain crop, it means the loss of a year's time before another chance while with alfalfa the rain that comes with the hail storm will make another crop in a month.

Gus and Ranges Nelson, two bachelor brothers, farmers of Harbaugh, had a yield of 20 bushels of wheat per acre. The Nelson brothers live on one of their father's farms. This is one of 320 acres mostly farmland. Their father, August Nelson, came from Sweden 60 years ago, coming to Atchison by rail then, being short of money, he walked out here to Cottage Hill. It was a distance of 105 miles, leaving Atchison carrying some clothing, tools, a sack of flour and some cooking utensils, about 100 pounds in all. He homesteaded out here, married, raised a large family, and now owns three farms close to the Harbaugh schoolhouse. Mr. Nelson who is now in his eightieth year, retired from active farming 15 years ago, built a large beautiful house, good barn, corn cribs, granaries, garage, etc., and surrounded the buildings with a beautiful grove of evergreen trees. In this beautiful country home Mr. Nelson and his good wife are spending the declining years of their long and useful lives as good exemplary American citizens.

We believe that Cottage Hill as a whole has more successful farmers than any other township in Marshall county, which is one of the best all-around farming and stock raising counties in Kansas—the best state in the Union.

Herman Lindquist had wheat that made 25 bushels per acre. This is on a run-down farm that he bought 12 years ago, over next to the Washington county line. By sowing sweet clover alfalfa and rotation of crops he has built up the soil so it is a productive farm. The great blessing here is that sweet clover grows spontaneously in any soil and is a soil builder.

John Seaton, joining Waterville on the east, had six sows that farrowed 43 pigs and raised them all. These sows are descended from two thorobred spotted Poland gilts that Mr. Seaton bought of us three years ago that farrowed 19 pigs and raised them all.

The Zellers brothers, Edwin and Melvin, have a fine band of 54 head of shoats, all even sized of Hampshire blood. They are from seven brood sows. The Zellers brothers are good workers and successful farmers, living on their father's old home, now the Zellers estate, one and one-half miles northeast of Waterville. The brothers are bachelors.

Another successful bachelor farmer is John Kossek, living on his father's old homestead six miles

southwest of Irving in the Poverty Knob school district. John has a herd of 33 head of good Hereford cattle and six horses. He has raised no hogs for six years. He says they eat too much and take too much care.

John Berry, swine king of Marshall county has over 500 head of hogs on his Fawn creek ranch after having sold two head of young hogs that average 325 pounds each and 250 older ones that average 454 pounds each.

Frank Katopish, living southwest of Irving, said he has seven surplus cats to kill and recalling the old saying that it brings seven years hard luck to kill a cat, Frank reckons he will have seven times seven years of hard luck due him for this cat cleanup.

Shorts are selling at \$1.30 per 100 pounds and bran at \$1.20, while wheat is 65¢ per bushel. That would mean that wheat is 1/12¢ per pound; shorts nearly 1/3¢ and bran 1-1/5¢ per pound. This is paying more for the outside hull of wheat which has very little nutriment, than the whole grain costs. No wonder farmers are grinding and feeding wheat to their livestock in preference to buying a farmer's waste product.

Published August 15, 1930

The Sage of Coon “Crick”

Out in the wilds of Coon “Crick,”
Out where the coyotes howl,
And the lonely call of the owl.
There dwells the sage of Coon “Crick”
A man of versatile skill,
Who works both brain and brawn,
And operates pen and drill.
He gouges the ribs of Mother Earth
With a ponderous iron prod,
And brings up aqua pura
From its depths below the sod.
Then he takes up his trusted pen
And his thoughts flow on and on
As he touches on this and that,
And on things long since gone.
He brings us pure water to drink
That sunk from a thousand rills,
Then writes to make us think—
This man on the Coon “Crick” hills.
So here’s to the sage of Coon Crick,
The man with the drill and the pen,
As to which of the two is the mightier
We’ll leave to “Uncle Ben.”

--D.J. McManis

In Waterville Telegraph.

With apologies to Grant Ewing.

July 30, 1930

Weather still hot and dry. The excessive rainfall here in May packed the ground so hard that the hot winds and burning sun has cracked the ground the worst we ever saw it in 60 year’s time in Marshall county. Early planted corn that did not get washed out is standing the weather fairly well, but the replant is in bad shape.

Seventy years ago today in 1860, a long drought was broken by a hurricane—or old fashioned northwester speeded up to 60 miles an hour, with torrents of rain and big hail. Scores of squatters’ cabins were destroyed, as well as part of the buildings in Marysville and Irving were blown down. The town of Barrett was protected from the storm by the timber on the Vermillion river, as the town was built on low land in a bend of the river. Irving had just been founded that spring and the severe drought and destructive storm so

discouraged some of the townspeople that they returned to their old homes in Iowa.

A drought in 1870 was not broken until September and the 1881 drought lasted until November 20 when a wet heavy snow soaked the ground up. The temperature only went to four degrees below zero that winter—on January 10, 1882, and the mild winter was followed by a wonderful crop year—vegetables, fruits, grains, and hay in abundance. Ear corn sold from 25 to 27 cents per bushel that early fall, whereas we paid \$1.00 per bushel for corn to feed the work horses in producing the crop.

A month drought was broken on Sunday, August 1, 1880, by a three-inch rain and a destructive hail storm that did much damage to growing crops and killed some calves, pigs and chickens.

In the long drought of 1890, the ground did not get a good soaking till January 1, 1891, when a heavy wet snow fell, followed by plenty of moisture and an ideal crop year in 1891.

Eighteen hundred ninety-four and 1895 were both dry years, so bad that it drove 100,000 settlers from western Kansas and Nebraska, and was hard sledding here. This was followed by a bumper crop year in 1896, when we had corn sell at 13 to 15 cents per bushel, and wheat at 50 cents. The cheapest grain in a big crop year was in 1889 when corn sold at 10 cents, oats 25 cents, wheat 50 cents and potatoes 20 to 25 cents and apples at 10 cents per bushel.

In 1917 a bad drought was broken on August 4 by a three-inch rain and the corn was worse hurt than now. It staged the greatest comeback in the history of the county. Many farmers had turned their starving cattle in their corn fields, but following the big rain there was three weeks of the greatest growing weather ever seen here—foggy night weather and showery days and corn with dead tassels and dry leaves sent out suckers and new tassels and ears and many fields made from 20 to 40 bushels per acre where the owners had declared it would not make a bushel, even though it rained for a month.

Marshall county against the rest of the world for a great comeback under favorable weather conditions.

In the Little Blue river bottom north of Waterville on the Col. Whiteside farm there is corn that has not been effected by the drought very much, owing to a sandy soil that does not crack much under hot weather and where there is an under-flow and also

sheltered on the south by the river break timber. This land is farmed by Ernest Seal and was well tended.

1913 was the worst drought year we ever saw. Fairly good small grain and first cutting of alfalfa, but corn all over the county would not average a bushel per acre. On September 1 the heat was relieved by a light shower and cooler weather—but no heavy rains came till the Saturday night following Thanksgiving day, when we had a three-inch rain.

Four years ago we had a three-inch drought breaker on the last night of August. As a rule, if droughts are not broken in mid-summer from July 30 to August 10, they will continue to September 1 or for the entire growing season.

A letter from a friend in southeast Missouri said they were having a drought—never known there in the Mississippi valley before. Even old Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia have had a drought extending back as far as last December.

August 12

This is being written in the county courthouse at Marysville, a drizzly forenoon following a two-inch rain last night.

I am here doing some well work. An old well that the owner thought was only 65 feet deep and wanted drilled 25 feet deeper, when tested out proved to be 113 feet deep with 70 feet of water, with five feet of sediment including skeletons of snakes. It is easy to keep a drilled well sanitary if properly completed and there is only one kind of real sanitary well platform and that is one made of cement.

In the old days of dug wells with native lumber board platforms, we have seen many a dead toad, rat, mole and snake and sometimes a skunk pulled up in the old oaken bucket—but it is much easier now to keep wells sanitary with lots of cement and sand for shutting out vermin and surface water. Good water is life.

Am suffering from the effects of a cracked jaw bone received in an accident and followed by gas poison, while using a poison gun to exterminate some moles in the garden—so began to feel as old as Methuselah.

We slept two nights in the Marysville city park, which is shaded and sheltered by 150 large trees—oak, elm and a few locust. These trees are 45 to

60 feet high, tall and straight and far enough apart so there is plenty of camping room. The city auditorium located in the party center has an outside measurement of 450 feet at the base.

Bread is now selling at 5¢ a loaf up here—more in keeping with the price of wheat—but dried beef is still 70 cents a pound, while cattle have been going downward for over a year.

There is an old time saying that losers are weepers and finders are keepers, which I have always contended was wrong, as every person should have what belongs to them so have taught members of our association to always try to find the rightful owners of anything they find that has been lost. Have often hung up the found article on a post or tree by the roadside with a tag telling when found and left there for the owner. A hammer and oil can recently found were claimed by the rightful owners, Col. Whiteside and Walter Shirk, after reading in weekly papers of our findings. This morning while suffering intense pain we left our watch in the basement of the courthouse. It is a high-priced watch, but fortunately, one of our good county commissioners found and returned it to us here in the courtroom where we were doing this writing. This recalls that we have a good pipe found two miles northeast of Waterville.

A trip to Winifred last Sunday near the Clyde Rodkey farm, gave us great pleasure to see some mighty good corn in the West Fork Vermillion valley where there is an under-flow and where the timber and higher land has protected it from the hot winds.

A stop at the Clayton Fincham home gave us the information that he has lived continuously on the same farm for 13 years.

At the Morgan Wanklyn home, we saw the results of continuous hard labor and persistent efforts to improve farming conditions.

At Home City we had the pleasure of meeting A.F. Tangeman, oil station owner, who was born in that community 57 years ago and whose father was a pioneer settler in that region. Mr. Tangeman is a fine man and is doing a good business at his filling station on the newly graded and graveled U.S. highway No. 36.

One of the beautiful homes in Marysville, which is both a city and farm home, is Lilac Home, the beautiful home of M.M. Schmidt and his sister, Miss Jennie. There is an immense grove of pine and cedar

trees as well as lots of deciduous trees and flowering shrubs that surround an immense house and numerous outbuildings. It was up on this rocky ridge in the east outskirts of town that Moody Schmidt's father started this home by planting trees nearly 60 years ago—that was when he and Mr. Koester were Marysville bankers. It took a man of good courage who had learned the true lesson of economy in Europe to have faith in his ability to grow trees and create one of the beauty spots of the town on a windswept ridge. It is the last city residence joining the Schmidt farm south of highway 36 at the east edge of Marysville. Mr. Schmidt owns over 300 acres of farm land.

There are several good dairy herds surrounding Marysville. Saw 41 head of good Holstein cattle on the Sam Schmidt dairy farm and 16 head at Mr. Messick's home. While walking down Spring creek south of town we ran into a herd of over 30 good Jersey cows, belonging to Frank Yaussi. A strange sight met our eyes there in seeing scores of Buckeye trees in the pasture. Years ago nearly all the Buckeye trees were destroyed in the south part of Marshall county as it was claimed that stock eating the leaves would poison the stock. Many incidents of cattle deaths were laid to Buckeye poisoning.

The poem, "The Sage of Coon Crick" was written by Mr. McManis of Waterville, who is of Scotch blood born and raised in Ohio where he received his start in education from McGuffey's old readers. He taught school for 17 years, starting in Ohio then following his profession in eastern Kansas. Mr. McManis is a strong exponent of the good honest teachings of Dr. McGuffey's school books and though he and his good wife have nearly reached man's allotted period of earthly life, they are both in good physical and mental condition and good living examples of what a good clean moral Christian life will do for we mortals here below. Although they have endured trials and tribulations—had a son die recently who was an invalid for 40 years—yet they are both pleasant, happy minded people. Mr. McManis is in the cream buying business in Waterville.

Published August 22, 1930

August 17, 1930

At the George Scholz farm home, six miles north of Frankfort and 4 miles south of Beattie. We have had several rains here since last Monday, which has made a wonderful comeback in all vegetation especially corn and pastures. Night before last we had a 1¼ inch rain and last night a one-inch rain with a terrific wind from the southwest and a half-inch shower today.

We are drilling a well here in a beautiful grove on Snipe creek where many local picnics are held and where the Marshall County Farmers' Union picnic is to be held next Wednesday.

This is the old homestead of one of Marshall county's early pioneer settlers, Carl Scholz, who with his wife and five children came here the fall of 1854 direct from Germany, where Mr. Scholz, aided by his family, built a log cabin on the south edge of the homestead.

Just across the road south of their cabin, there was a section of school land with plenty of good oak, walnut and many other varieties of good timber. Mr. Scholz bought a quarter of the school section, where he got the logs to make his pioneer home. A year later, being a good stone mason, he commenced quarrying and cutting limestone for a permanent home, which he started in 1858 and continued to work at in spare times for four years, when he completed a wonderful cut stone house—a mansion in those days and which was so well built by Mr. Scholz, ably assisted by his two older sons, that it is standing today just as solid and well preserved as though it had stood 10 years instead of 68 years. It was here in this beautiful home that their last child was born, a son named Louis, who was killed in a railroad accident three years ago. He left a widow, six sons and three daughters. His widow is living here in the old home—a strong hearted, happy woman. Her maiden name was Annie Olbrecht from Nebraska.

The Scholz estate now consists of over a section of good prairie and creek bottom land located here in the center of Rock township. A son named George married Miss Rose Seematter of Winifred, who is the mother of two young daughters. George is assisted by a bachelor brother named Raymond. Two of their sisters have been up here on a visit from Manhattan, where they are attending the Agricultural college. There are ten farm buildings here including a modern electric light plant. A lot of livestock is raised

here as well as grain, alfalfa, other forage crops and a cattle pasture of 160 acres. This is a wonderfully beautiful home, where with the two young girls, there has dwelled four generations in the past 72 years.

Three years ago the Scholz brothers had a Beattie man bring his sawmill down here to their ranch and saw 20,000 feet of lumber from trees grown on their land. This lumber is being used as needed in the woodwork construction of their newer farm buildings, the outsides being made of cement.

Last Thursday at Marysville we met Peter Messick, a son of Joe Messick, old time produce dealer of Irving, Kansas. Mr. Messick recently returned from La Junita, Colo., which is located in the Arkansas river valley, 60 miles east of Pueblo, Colo. The weather has been dry out there and truck growers have been hard hit—one firm, the Barrett brothers, had 30 acres of cantaloupes sun baked to a complete loss. Mr. Messick has spent a year in Alberta, two years in Saskatchewan and eight years in British Columbia and likes that country pretty well. While in those provinces, he worked for former Marshall county residents who are now farming in Canada. Mr. Messick recalls hauling feed to a herd of cattle for a week when the thermometer stood at 67 degrees below zero. He said it did not seem very cold, as there was no wind and it was a dry time. He is now staying with his nephew, Roy Messick, one of our old Wells township neighbors who for a period of years has been farming one of Moody Schmidt's farms on Spring creek adjoining Marysville on the southeast.

Recently we had a short visit with Frank Hutchinson, oldest son of Captain Perry Hutchinson, pioneer settler of Marysville, Kansas. Frank was born in Marysville 71 years ago and clearly recalls incidents of his boyhood days. His father won his military title as captain of a cavalry company from Marshall county in the Union army during the rebellion, 1861 to 1865. Later he put in a dam on the Big Blue river and built the first feed and flour mill at Marysville, in which business he and his sons were engaged nearly a half century.

Wednesday, August 20th at the Marshall County Farmers' Union picnic in the Scholz grove in Rock township.

It has rained every day here for five days, but the weather clerk reserved a beautiful day for the

picnic. There is a large crowd here and all seem to be enjoying themselves. They are being entertained by foot races and other athletic exercises, to be completed by a baseball game. Milo Reno, state president of the Iowa Farmers' Union, and Congressman Jas. G. Strong of Blue Rapids were the speakers. The refreshment stands are doing a rushing business and though a cool day, a vast quantity of the good old water was consumed from the new well just completed to a depth of 52 feet. Glad to see the food creators get together for a day's enjoyment.

Published September 5, 1930

Friday, August 22

Fifty-two years ago today, 1878, was a beautiful day, bright sunshine with a southeast wind, plenty of ground moisture—a good corn year. That mid-day our youngest brother, John Ewing, now of Blue Rapids, was born. He was the last one of a family of 12 children, 6 boys and 6 girls. Doctor Tenney of Irving was the attending physician assisted by Caroline Sabin, wife of W.H. Sabin, pioneer house mover of this county—and mother of Mrs. Charles Overbaugh of Frankfort and Philip Sabin still living on his father's old homestead, three miles northwest of Bigelow. A brother of Mrs. Sabin who used to run a barber shop in the basement of Frank Thompson's big store in Irving, in 1884 and later moved to Arcadia, Neb., where he acquired several hundred acres of good farmland, passed away last winter. He was one of six sons of Louis Kraemer of Cherry Valley, Illinois, who was a noted violinist, much in demand at public entertainment as a musician. One cold stormy day father saw Mr. Kraemer go by with a team and wagon to the Kishwaukee river where he cut a load of wood. Getting warmed up he caught cold while going home which developed into pneumonia causing his death a few days later. A pair of twin boys were born a short time later. An only daughter married Eldon Giffords' son who moved to Chicago 81 miles east and became a successful businessman. When Mr. Kraemer died at Arcadia, Neb., last winter, the twin brothers were the last survivors of the seven children. They attended their brother's funeral. Frank, from Illinois, a happy-minded musician in good health, returned home, was taken sick, died and was buried just a week from his elder brother's funeral day. All six brothers were outstanding violinists and Wm. Kraemer will be remembered by old timers.

At the Farmers' Union picnic we met Wm. E. Haslett of Frankfort who, with his father, came to Marshall county in 1865 to the homestead north of where Vliets now stands.

34 years ago today was a nice day with a southwest wind. A year when we had sufficient rainfall the whole growing season. That was in 1896. The afternoon of the 22nd our first-born child was called to the great beyond.

This is being written in the Grimes schoolhouse, district 43, located in the Vermillion valley north of Winifred, and ten miles northwest of Frankfort. The teacher's desk and chair are just exactly like the ones used in our old Pleasant Valley school house 57 years ago and it is sure a pleasure to sit in the oldtime chair and do this writing on this desk of 60 years ago, when this district was organized. We are here drilling a school well. There are two wells here, but bad water, which we found to be caused by a three-foot bed of peat 8 feet from the surface which has a stream of water flowing throughout. This gives the water a rotten wood taste. There is a glacial drift bed of sand and boulder at 28 feet down where there should be good water. In our boyhood days we used to take an old heavy wooden water pail and two of us boys, selected by the teacher, would go down the Corn Dodger creek from pond to pond, looking for the cleanest pool, then get a pail of water and carry it back from a quarter to a mile. This would have to be done two or three times a day as there would be 30 to 40 scholars. On the homestead there were the old dug wells where rats and other varmints often fell in and drowned, causing bad water. It is no wonder there was lots of typhoid fever in those days, with such bad drinking water—for pure water, fresh air and sunshine are the foundation of life.

Morgan Wanklyn, director of this district, and also trustee of Rock township, is one of six sons of Peter Wanklyn, who came from England to Pennsylvania where he resided for a year then came here to Rock township where he and his good wife and their children reside now, owning several farms. It is now 42 years since Mr. Wanklyn settled here. One of his sons is a dentist in Frankfort, where he has had a good trade for several years.

The mail carrier on this route No. 1 from Frankfort, is John Auld, son of Hamilton Auld, and grandson of D.C. Auld, who came to Marshall county in 1854, homesteading southeast of where Frankfort now stands. There he built the first log house in that part of the county, later he went east for a while then returned to his homestead where he lived to a good old age. In our boyhood days, we always liked to meet the father and grandfather of mail carrier John Auld, for the stories of their pioneer experiences were very interesting.

Otto Wullschleger, 44 years old, who lives 200 yards east of the Grimes schoolhouse, has the largest collection of antique pioneer day and Indian relics we ever saw. He has four of the large early day ox yokes, including one used by Captain Perry Hutchinson at Marysville 70 years ago. An upstairs room is filled with these interesting relics. Mr. Wullschleger has the only yoke of oxen now in this part of Kansas, a pair of red colored high grade shorthorn 3-year-old steers which he broke to drive last winter, and which he drove up here to the school house today, hitched to a 2-wheeled cart and we had the pleasure of riding in the cart and driving them back down home, a quarter of a mile by road. It was 51 years ago last May since we drove and rode behind an ox when the guiding commands to the oxen was "gee up" to start. Right turn was "gee haw," left turn "wuh haw," stop was "whoa, back." Our youngest son, Lone Scout Claire, had his first ox team ride behind this young ox team. In old days called a yoke of oxen. So this has been a wonderful day for both son and me, the 22 of August, 1930. We met the first actual settlers and saw the wonderful collection of pioneer and Indian relics and drove a yoke of oxen while an airplane hummed overhead, automobiles rushed over the highways and tractors roared in farm fields, pulling plows, turning over soil that was broken up the first time 60 to 70 years ago by ox teams with 12 to 14-inch wooden beam hand-held breaking plows.

This yoke of oxen pulling a covered wagon should by all means be an exhibit at our Marshall county fair at Blue Rapids next month. Driven around the race track twice each day, they would be the greatest drawing card at the fair and would be historical and educational interest to the younger generation, an event never to be forgotten. There should also be a building on the grounds to exhibit pioneer and historical relics.

Published September 12, 1930

Sunday, August 31

We are sitting at the old teacher's desk in the Grimes school house in the Vermillion valley three miles south and two and one-half miles east of Home City. Finished a school well last evening. There are two other wells here, both having bad water caused by a bed of old decayed wood. We found a bed of seven feet of sand and a four-foot bed of boulder, generally called colored heads. This formation is hard to go through but there is a strong flow of water in this glacial drift. Have been eating lunches on this old desk of the 60-years-ago style, where scores of teachers have eaten their noon-day meals in the past 60 years. Slept on the floor several nights, and last night slept on the ground in the center of the school lot. Sure enjoyed a night's rest on this old historic Indian camping ground until driven inside by a shower of rain this early morning.

Otto Wullschleger has just gone by with his three-year-old yoke of oxen in a truck hauling them to Marysville where they will be used in a Labor Day demonstration tomorrow, September 1. Up on top of the truck cattle rack was a top set of wagon side-boards with a set of wooden bows attached that will be placed on top of a farm wagon, covered with canvas to represent the old pioneer emigrant wagon of 60 years ago.

If this truck with the oxen riding in behind in a stock rack with a set of bows up above the oxen had come along this road 60 years ago when most of the settlers owned and used ox teams, they would have been scared white as it would have been an unearthly appearance then when the gas wagon day was an undreamed of thing—so now hurrah for both the oxen and the gas wagons.

The Marshall county fair board should see Mr. Wullschleger and get him to bring his oxen to the county fair at the Gem City next month.

Mr. Wullschleger has been driving the young oxen four miles each day to a farm wagon, getting them better trained. They started to run away the day before yesterday, but soon came under control. He has put brass knobs on their horns the same as used before dehorning days when folks frequently put the knobs on the horns to keep cows and oxen from goring each other and other livestock.

All of father's hogs, except four small pigs were burned to death on November 17, 1873, and a

long-horned milk cow hooked and disemboweled two of them before knobs were secured, screwed down on the horns three inches and the sharp point of the horn sawed off that stuck through the knob. The last cattle team owned and used in our old Pleasant Valley neighborhood was owned and used by John Morrison from 1883 to 1885 on the old Spencer Holbrook homestead five miles east of Blue Rapids, later our old Cedar Ridge farm. They were a pair of large shorthorn bulls which Morrison, a renter, had broken so he could get some jobs of breaking prairie. He broke seven acres of prairie sod for father in May, 1883. I drove the bulls while he held the breaking plow, and did the cussing, promising the bulls repeatedly that if they did not behave and go right that he would butcher them, cook and eat their meat, wear a contractor to keep their meat in his stomach for three weeks, so as to punish them for their meanness.

No bridles were used on oxen in those days, once in a while rope lines being used, tied around their horns, but most of them were guided by the use of a long lash—short handled whip—made of heavy braided leather. It had a buckskin cracker on the end. They were called black-snake whips.

One of the teachers who used to sit at this desk, Charles Preston, homesteaded one and one-half miles northwest of Irving in 1870, was a grandson of Mrs. Walter Morgan, whose father brought the first Hereford cattle to America from Herefordshire, England, the third shipment being brought to Irving for his son-in-law, the late Walter Morgan, whose old home farm joined the present Fred Cottrell Hereford ranch on the west. The Hereford cattle were called whitefaces by we settlers who had never seen any such looking cattle before. Marshall county was later called, and correctly so, the Herefordshire of America, as it was the place in America where Hereford cattle were raised on a large scale. The first herd was just two miles west of father's old homestead. The other cattle were chiefly crosses of shorthorns with Texas longhorn, with a few Jerseys.

A strange coincidence is that this Grimes school is district No. 43, where we are writing, while the Harbaugh school on our Prairie Ridge farm in Cottage Hill township is district No. 44, the next disorganized after this one and both organized 60 years ago.

Coming north from Frankfort last Thursday we saw two men working on a schoolhouse. We

stopped and learned it was the Little Timber creek, organized the same year as Pleasant Valley, district 49, where we went to school. Their first schoolhouse burned down, while our old schoolhouse was sold to Charles Cook, now of California, who used it for a barn, rented the farm and the tenant's boys playing with matches in the building, set it on fire, completely destroying the building. It was in 1883 that the location of our schoolhouse was changed from the Ensign pasture to the district center on the Judge Goodwin farm.

One of the men we saw at Little Timber schoolhouse proved to be Joseph K. Musil, director, who was raised southwest of Blue Rapids and used to go to school at the Cooley schoolhouse three miles south of Blue Rapids. Later, Mr. Musil owned the old Holbrook farm west of Blue Rapids near where the big sand pit is now located, was raised near Vliets, later lived at Blue Rapids and helped Bruce Tryon of Irving thresh. Bruce was an old R.R. fireman and the pioneer steam thresherman of this county. Mr. Warren is a cousin of W.W. Warren of Blue Rapids, whose brother, Forrest Warren, was a former editor of the *Blue Rapids Times*, and whose son, Forrest, Jr., made a nation-wide reputation as a small boy singer and musician in large city playhouses. Forrest, Sr., is now an outstanding writer and editor in California, living near Ruth Alexander, aviation queen of the world, who was reared in Irving.

Monday, September 1, at home

This lovely morning it was warm, but by nine o'clock the wind suddenly blew up from the northwest and had a cold damp feeling as if coming from a distant snow storm. Many people go to holiday celebrations unprepared for sudden changes in weather, so we guess there will be lots of people suffering from the cold north wind today at Marysville. Here, so close to the geological center of the United States, where we have sudden changes of the wind and weather, it is well to go prepared. Our father was raised in a Pennsylvania valley, sheltered by mountains. He came to Illinois, lived there for 15 years then came to Kansas and he used to say to be prepared for our weather changes, one should carry a fan, an umbrella and an overcoat on all trips away from home.

Enroute home we stopped at the A.S. Warner home in Pleasant Valley, 6 miles east of Blue Rapids. Mr. Warner is 83 and his wife 79 years of age. Mrs. Warner recently rode to Frankfort with her neighbor, Mrs. Doug Drinnen, and when a mile west of Frankfort enroute home at a turn, the road was slippery from rain and the car skidded into a roadside gutter, turned bottom side up, and slid 30 feet with the two women clinging to the seats inside the sliding car. It was a miracle that both were not killed, but were fortunate in escaping with slight bruises. The Warners are the last aged couple living in Pleasant Valley school district where they have resided since 1885, coming there from Auburn, Neb. Mr. Warner lost his right hand in a buzz saw accident on April 15, 1918.

Coming home we learned that a neighbor, Theodore Johnson, living a mile straight east from our Pine Ridge home, had lost one of his barns by fire caused by a bolt of lightning, causing a loss of 750 bushels of oats, 250 of wheat, 350 of corn, six tons of baled prairie hay, two calves and three dozen chickens. There was some insurance on the barn, but the personal property was a total loss.

Two of our successful farmers adjoining Pine Ridge farm have discovered a means of reducing the wheat surplus by grinding and feeding it to cattle and hogs. Wm. Nelson has fed 1,000 bushels the past two years and his cousin, Victor Nelson, has fed most of his surplus to livestock with success, as wheat is cheaper than corn it seems to be a good plan to follow.

A year ago we learned that our first day at school teacher, Emma Smith Dexter, was still living up near Washington, so are now planning on having a Pleasant Valley school reunion on Sunday, September 14, with our old teacher's chair on the old foundation where the schoolhouse stood that day, the first week in April, 1874. There are seven of us first scholars still living in the county and three more within 130 miles and we would want all later day scholars and their relatives and friends to attend. The old schoolhouse site is on the Netz estate five and one-fourth miles east of Blue Rapids on highway No. 9. I want to stand at our old teacher's knee and have her point out the ABCs as she did 56 years ago. What do you old scholars say to this reunion?

Published September 19, 1930

Monday, Sept. 15, at home

The past ten days of showery weather with foggy nights has caused the early planted, sun baked corn tassels and leaves to start to decay—turning a dark brown color. The replant corn has responded to the wonderful growing weather by starting new ears at nearly every joint from the ground up. We counted from six to twelve ears to a stalk—some joints having three to five ears in a cluster—none of them much good. Had this weather come in early July it sure would have made a bumper corn crop.

Those who got their alfalfa sowed two weeks ago report it up and making a wonderful growth. Alfalfa is one of the neglected crops in Kansas. Before the World War, Kansas was third state in alfalfa production, now we are ninth with even Nebraska ahead of Kansas. With three to four crops a year, we used to make money selling alfalfa hay at \$3 to \$7 per ton. For years it was sold from \$10 to \$25 per ton.

Alfalfa growers will do well this year. A good first crop of hay, then those who left the second crop for seed got five to seven bushels of seed per acre, which sold readily at \$14 to \$15 per bushel to adjoining farmers. The third crop is harvested with a fourth crop now growing, which in all, for those who had a seed crop, will bring over \$100 per acre.

All the farmland in Marshall county has sufficient lime, iron and nitrogen to produce paying crops of alfalfa. Our shortage on this crop is one of the long prices of the World War, when we were asked to plow up all meadow land, raise more grain to feed our soldiers so as to win the war. After the war, alfalfa seed was scarce and high priced so but little reseeding has been done. Now we have had 10 years business depression as another long price of war. General Sherman was right.

In our opinion, we will see a big come back next year as there will be such a shortage of corn that the surplus wheat crop will be used up in feeding livestock, so that even if a big grain crop is produced all over the country, it should bring good prices. The same is true of all fruits and vegetables, and especially of livestock, poultry and dairy products, as so much livestock is being forced on the market owing to

shortage of feed that fat hogs and cattle should bring a price next July equal to the highest war-time prices.

Other crops neglected are fruits, vegetables and annual forage seed crops. All forage seed has been the highest priced the last two years it has ever been in the world's history. Cane seed, \$2.50 to \$3.50 per bushel, against 50¢ to 75¢ per bushel a few years back. Peaches \$2.55 when we have sold them from 10¢ to 50¢ per bushel.

We have good orchard land in Marshall county, but since the gas farming age has arrived we have neglected the side lines. There used to be 20 acres of orchards here on Pine Ridge farm and we used to have 20 acres on our old Cedar Ridge farm east of Blue Rapids. If we had 20 acres of peach orchard now, even seedlings, we would be setting pretty for the few trees we have were a solid mass of good fruit.

A call at the Wm. Sedivy home on the county line south of Blue Rapids showed that the hot winds of July had damaged the pear crop to quite an extent. Mr. Sedivy has a small lake with an apple orchard below it so it is sub-irrigated, thus standing dry weather quite well. As a result of their big new modern chicken house, built last winter, the Sedivy family has 1,200 young White Rock chickens besides their large last year's flock. Nothing succeeds like success so here is to the Pear King of Marshall county.

Over 2½ inches of rain has fallen here in the past week. It came slow, so most all went into the soil. Farmers having rye sowed for early fall pasture are lucky as it is making a fast growth. We finished digging an acre of potatoes on September 1 and sowed the ground to Sudan seed for fall calf pasture. It is now up three inches. In this latitude Sudan makes two crops a season—a big hay crop followed by a good seed crop.

The house on our old Cedar Ridge farm east of Blue Rapids, 4¾ miles, now owned by Walt Bigham, who lives on the old Frank Paul farm adjoining Cedar Ridge farm, was destroyed by fire last Friday morning, the fire being seen by neighbors at 3 o'clock. A thunder storm had gone along farther south with a light shower where the house was burned. It is not known whether it was struck by lightning or set on fire by a

cigarette stub left by midnight carousers who it is reported stopped there occasionally. Sure sorry it was destroyed.

A letter coming by air mail from Ruth Blaney Alexander of San Diego, Cal., aviation queen of the world, just after her return from her airplane flight from Canada to Mexico on Labor Day, informed us that she would like to have been here on Labor Day to carry out our suggestion that she be here to drive a yoke of oxen, then a team of horses, then a car, finished with her airplane. We doubt if there is another girl of her age, 25 years, who has performed all the above feats as she has done in her short lifetime. A visit at her parents' home in Irving last March showed her Arabian saddle horse and big police dog in the back yard.

On her record flight from Canada, a nation of 18,000,000 population, across our nation of 120,000,000 people, into Old Mexico with a population of over 20,000,000, when she flew over 1¾ miles every minute for over 15 hours, sure must have been a very trying one as the wind comes mostly from the southwest on the Pacific coast and her trip was north to south.

The steady rains for a week water-soaked the fields on the Weeks farm so that cars would have mired down in places, so we had to call off our old time school reunion set for Sunday, September 14. The old school ground is on a high ridge, a beautiful location, but only one way to drive in with a car and that from the west across the old Weeks homestead and as it would be more comfortable for old folks and small children to sit in their cars, was the reason we wanted them to drive up on the ridge. It was with great sorrow that we called it off, as we had arranged for a very historic reunion. Sunday was a threatening day with clouds and thunder and a light sprinkle of rain here. An old couple living nearby said they didn't believe people cared for any pioneer reunions or things of historic interest, but we think that many folks, even quite young people, like to realize how many changes have been made in so short a period of time.

Last Sunday morning we picked up a middle-aged hobo south of Marysville. He claimed to be enroute to Wichita. He said he could always get a ride while on federal highways. We let him out in Blue Rapids and later picked him up west of Blue Rapids

after scores of cars had passed him by. He then admitted that it was hard to get a ride up here, but claimed he could get a ride easy from Wichita on south to the Rio Grande, though he said there was as many robberies there as up here. He said it was easy traveling now to what it was a month ago, as there were lots of roasting ears now in the corn fields.

This recalls that an old time doctor, while eating dinner with us 25 years ago, when our better half apologized for having cooked corn on the menu. He said when the Strip opened in September, 1892, he, his family and some neighbors left Iowa early in August to be in the race for homesteads, and he laughingly remarked that they lived on roasting ears nearly all the way enroute to Oklahoma and he said it was good healthy food and that it saved him giving any of the party any pills.

Published October 3, 1930

Monday evening, Sept. 22

Came home Sunday evening from west of Winifred. Was headed west near the old Mayor Patterson farm on Elm Creek, when the sun went down over the horizon straight west.

Which recalls that seven years ago the same date and on Sunday evening, we were driving west from Lillis near the Tom Tagerty farm at sunset. I had Wm. McAllister, his wife and daughter with me.

When the sun crosses the line going north in March, we are always glad; and always sad when it crosses the line in September, warning us of coming cold weather and fast shortening days.

Considering the freak season, we should have nice October weather with a late date frost which would be a big help to farmers.

It pays to advertise. We advertised for a used corn binder and received a letter from H.R. Howell of Marietta enclosing an old clipping of a binder for sale by a Seneca woman.

Some farmers are cutting early planted corn for fodder while others are eating roasting ears from late planting. Most of the wheat has been drilled in while those who sowed rye for early fall pasture have green fields.

On the Frank Dobrovolny ranch here in Cottage Hill township we saw a field of summer sown alfalfa a foot high, a nice even stand, while across west of the new field several men with hay racks were hauling in and stacking the fourth crop of alfalfa hay, where several big racks were standing from former cuttings. It sure is a wonderful crop.

Tomorrow is the first day of the county fair at Blue Rapids and the weather gives promise this evening of being dry and windy with cooler threatening weather for the week end. A light rain would be of benefit for wheat and late forage crops and bluegrass pastures.

While in Frankfort two weeks ago we met Jack Rogers and his son, Charles—farmers on the Vermillion north of Barrett. Charles was quite badly bruised up by falling from the hay loft down across the horse manger below, while putting down hay for the work horses late in the evening. Having a strong

constitution saved him from more serious injury and will aid in his recovery.

The quail crop is light owing to the flood rains in hatching-time, drowning the newly hatched ones and driving mother birds from their nests.

Gangs of men with teams are working on U.S. highway No. 77 south of Waterville getting it ready for gravel.

They are again talking of changing U.S. highway No. 9 to run from Lillis to Marysville. After spending a fortune to cut down hills and grade the present No. 9 route it better be left as it is and spare the extra money on another route as improving the old No. 9.

An old saying that when a county has been settled for 60 years and families inter-married for years, you don't know who is who. Doing some well work for Ray Harry west of Winifred, who was recently married, we learned his wife, Aletha, was a daughter of our old friend, Fred Gim, formerly of Bigelow. Mr. Gim now lives on the James Mason farm three miles northwest of Frankfort. The late James Mason, former merchant of Frankfort was a brother of Walt Mason of California, nationally known writer.

Some of our businessmen have realized that we have a good county here to spend their vacation in. C.C. Stephenson, formerly of Axtell, and now in the garage business in Sterling, Nebr., with his family, is spending a vacation in a farm house on Tom Wanklyn's farm northeast of Winifred, and west of the Scholz picnic grove. Mr. Stephenson is an expert mechanic.

A lady living near Cleburne close to the Marshall county line, who had been back to her old home in Pittsburgh, Pa., on a visit told us that this section of Kansas looked better with greener fields than any place from here to Pennsylvania. Many tourists have told us the same story. All we need is to put in several lakes here in Marshall county to have a wonderful change of scenery in connection with many things of historic interest.

A farm sale was held today west of here by Mrs. Nider, whose husband, Ollie Nider, died two weeks ago leaving his good wife and two small children besides other relatives and many friends to

mourn their loss in the calling home of this good young man.

In a recent letter from Ruth Alexander, aviation queen of the world, the poor girl said she hoped to be home long enough this fall to meet all her old friends and now she has been called to the great beyond after a quarter century existence in this old uncertain world. For the past three months we have had an intuition that she was going to have a fatal mishap by flying her plane, and as the days went by it was a dread thought that we would never see her again and now the heart-breaking news has come of her premature death. It was here where this writing is being done that her mother used to live while teaching school here, and having known three generations of both families, all good citizens, it is with utmost sorrow we record her premature demise. Ruth's aviation feats were a great credit to Marshall county, and we all extend sympathy to her heart-broken brother and parents.

Published October 24, 1930

After 15 days of warm weather with a continuous south wind, the wind suddenly flopped to the north on Sunday evening, went to the northeast, blew all day from there and today is in the east with good prospects for our long delayed, much-needed rain.

There is lots of late-sowed wheat on late-plowed ground that will not come up until there comes a rain sufficient to soak the surface soil and pack it down. Some fields of wheat sowed early on early-plowed ground is covering the ground completely over with a beautiful coat of green and will make a much needed pasture for cows and calves and pigs.

Most always the early-sowed wheat wins out over late-sown, even though there is a moderate loss from Hessian flies.

We were up in Washington county last week doing some well work for Wm. Rencin who lives seven miles north of Barnes. Mr. Rencin's father came to Iowa from Austria, bought 80 acres of Iowa land, then sold it for enough to buy 160 acres of land in the Little Blue river bottom near Ballard Falls mill, a pioneer flour and feed mill of 60 years ago.

Wm. Rencin was born on his father's pioneer farm in Little Blue township 59 years ago and has spent his whole life in that township. His present farm is just a mile south of where he was born and is a wonderfully well-improved farm with splendid buildings for all purposes. He has owned the farm for 30 years.

Mrs. Rencin was Anna Skalla, daughter of Joseph Skalla, who was an early day settler on D. Chase's creek three miles southeast of Bigelow. Mr. Skalla had a good farm and was known as blind Joe, being nearly blind, and was aided in farm field work by his two daughters, Anna and Emma. Mrs. Rencin is a wonderfully good cook and housekeeper and is ably assisted by her married daughter, Ada, wife of Sydney Vogler, who with their two-year-old son, make their home with the Rencin family.

The 25-month-old son, Robert, is a hustler. He has two one-quart pails with which he carries feed and water for the chickens, goes on the run, looking for something in the work line that he can help with.

Sydney Vogler was raised near the Rencin home and is a son of Theodore Vogler, a well-known

melon grower of the Little Blue river valley, who is a brother of Hugo Vogler, tame rabbit raiser of near Afton.

Our first and only well-drill partner, the late Rod Weeks, drilled a well for Hugo Vogler 39 years ago and Mr. Vogler told Rod that in the early days he drilled his first well using a railroad rail for the bar and a spring pole to churn the rail up and down. Nothing like trying.

While in Barnes last Saturday, we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Shannon, owner and editor of the *Barnes Chief*, which is a good newspaper issued from a well-equipped office for a small country town.

Barnes has a very beautiful schoolhouse located on a lovely site with a long-distance view, which recalls that we could see the Barnes schoolhouse from our old Cedar Ridge farm five miles east of Blue Rapids and recall that we saw their schoolhouse burn down on the last night of January, 1914, when the thermometer registered 18 degrees below zero the next morning.

At the L.W. Hanson home northeast of Greenleaf, we saw 500 buff Orpington chickens and 80 red hogs. Mr. Hanson's brother, Walter, a mile northeast, has 150 head of Duroc hogs and is feeding a couple of carloads of cattle. Fat cattle and hogs should bring good prices next spring, so here's hoping that feeders win out.

Now is a good time to start in the cattle raising industry as calves are the cheapest they have been in years. Ray Harry, living two miles west of Winifred, who farmed and batched on a poor rolling farm for several years, starting without capital, has by continuous work and saving, acquired a herd of 35 head of good cattle.

Ray's father, Sam Harry of Beattie, came from England 49 years ago, and said his first 80-acre farm cost him \$7 per acre and that it was the hardest to pay for of the several farms he and his sons now own. It takes money to make money and the first \$1,000 is the hardest to get.

North of Winifred lives Peter Wanklyn, who came from England 35 years ago and now he and his six sons own several farms. Those born in the European countries learned the true lesson of economy

in their native lands, so succeed when opportunity raps at their door. A rolling stone gathers no moss, and those who stay on their job without chasing the rainbow for pools of gold are the ones who win out.

Tuesday, October 21

Well, we got our rain, a full inch followed by a killing frost and three mornings when it spit snow which recalls that four years ago we had a light snow storm the last week of October, and that on October 17, 1898, we had a heavy snow storm.

A Mr. Baird was here last Saturday, wanting to see the location of Blue Moon lake on Golden Run creek. Mr. Baird liked the looks of our beautiful scenic country and says there surely will be a lake put in here as it is a splendid location.

Margaret Ewing and son, Lone Scout Clair, went up to Burchard, Neb., by auto last Saturday to visit relatives and returned home Sunday evening.

Published November 21, 1930

Weather is rather dry for wheat, especially late-sown on late-plowed ground. A few early-sowed fields on early plowing have made a wonderful growth and are now being pastured. Fred Stewart and John Seaton adjoining Waterville on the east are early sowers, always get a lot of fall and spring pasture and a good grain crop. Going by there yesterday we counted eight head of good Jersey milk cows in the Stewart field grazing down the fast-growing wheat and rye which covered the ground with a solid blanket of green.

In early days, fall wheat was sowed from August 20 to September 7, later on from September 1 to September 15; then it changed to September 15 to October 7th. Then the agricultural experts set October 3 as fly-free date—too late for wheat to shoot properly except in an unusually warm rainy October which doesn't often occur.

Louis Wentz and wife, Gloria, and his uncle, Filo Wier of near Burchard, Nebr., were Pine Ridge callers last Sunday. They report some pretty good corn in that region—also that a former resident of Marshall county, Frank Jones, is living up there. Frank is a son of Monroe Jones whose wife was a daughter of James Webster who homesteaded the farm now owned by Burton Winters, three miles east of Irving. Frank is a nephew of George Washington—Shot Gun Jones—a former meat market proprietor of Waterville, who died four years ago in the Missouri Ozarks. Frank Jones used to run a well drill on shares for us while living in Waterville. Frank's wife was a Vermillion girl who is now the mother of three grown up children. Frank's mother and younger brother live east of Bigelow and his brother, Louis Jones, has been a R.R. mail carrier ever since a route was established out of Bigelow.

Every Wednesday and Saturday night the year around are open nights in Waterville. Always a big street crowd and we have heard more men talking politics recently than for years past. Some arguing for Doc Brinkley, others against the famous gland specialist, who, if elected, would do more for the farmers and laboring classes than ever before recorded from any administration, so we will all be on easy street, and if ailing and penniless, will receive free medical and surgical aid, so says his platform. But we mortals are hard to please. One man asked an Irishman

if he didn't think it would be nice to get some goat glands gratis. Mac said, "No, what I want is elephant glands." Doc has some good ideas which, if he could put them into effect, would put us all in a position so we could own a new model tin Lizzie.

We have seen a lot of folks digging their potatoes the past ten days. Our potatoes were planted March 10th and August 30 and September 7th and stored in a cement-floor cellar under the kitchen where they have kept fine. The ground was sowed to Sudan and made a fair sized hay crop by the first killing frost.

Some late-planted sweet potatoes, where a crop of rye had been grown, made a wonderful growth after the drought was broken in August, producing 20 bushels of potatoes on eight square rods of ground. On another 2-acre field after a rye crop, cane was sowed, grew up and ripened seed and made a lot of green hog feed and six big loads of cured forage. Wonderful county this is when farmed right.

Tuesday, November 4

This is a beautiful day—warm and sunshiny with dry roads so that all legal voters can only blame themselves if they do not go to the polls and exercise this right. If you stay away from your election precinct today and Doc is or is not elected, blame yourself, glands or no glands.

Charles Garrett is assisting Leonard Ewing to stack forage crops. Mr. Garrett has been helping grade U.S. highway No. 77, which is soon to be graveled.

While enroute to Holton 10 days ago, we found a large gang of Federal road graders at work one mile north of Onaga and among them was Geo. Bucher, a former farm tenant, well known in various parts of Marshall county, where he lived for many years.

In Holton we called on Frank Dixon, Strawberry King of Kansas, who now has 50 acres of strawberries and 2,000 apple trees. His apple and pear orchards cover 40 acres of land. Mr. Dixon has lived in Jackson county 49 years. He is a member of the State Agricultural Board, and just recently returned from Washington, D.C., where they were in conference with the Federal farm board. Mr. Dixon's fruit farm is named the La-France fruit farm.

November 10, 1930

This makes seven days of continuous south wind weather, warm and dry, ideal for shucking corn, doing road work and many other dry-weather farm jobs, such as hauling out manure, hauling in a winter's supply of wood, shredding fodder, dehorning cattle, terracing farmland fields, recounting Brinkley's thrown-out votes, etc.

Archie Buel, Cottage Hill township trustee, moved the township road-making equipment down here on the half-mile timber lined lane between our two pastures where Golden Run crosses R.R. No. 1, where the road is to be widened out. This is a much needed improvement as this north and south road coming west from highway No. 77 is the road over which heavy traffic will pass when Blue Moon Lake will be built on Golden Run adjoining Prairie Ridge farm.

From the *Frankfort Daily Index*, we get the information that our nephew, Ray Ewing, met with a serious accident while working on the Edwards Ranch, four miles southeast of Irving, where he was driving a team of horses hitched to a hay stacker when they became frightened and ran away, throwing Ray down between the wheels and forks where he was dragged quite a distance resulting in a broken arm, cut face, scalp wound, and many bruises, making him unconscious for several hours. In these days of many hundreds of auto accidents reported daily over the United States, it sounds like pioneer days when most accidents were caused by run-away teams and bucking saddle horses.

At a ladies' club Halloween party held at the Clarence Smith home east of Cottage Hill, two little girl cousins had a narrow escape from death when they opened a side door which they thought led upstairs, but which proved to be the basement cellar door, and the girls both fell to the cement floor, receiving numerous bruises. The fall was modified by their striking a basket, otherwise it might have been fatal.

The cousins were Vivian Nelson, daughter of Victor Nelson, and Virginia Lindquist, daughter of Albin Lindquist.

Twelve years ago tonight, enough ammunition went up in harmless smoke which, if used at close

range and correct aim, would have decided the World War. On November 11, 1918, we had taken a band of our Anti-Horse Thief lodge members and gathered the corn crop of A.S. Warner, who had his right hand cut off by a buzz saw on April 15 of that year. Just before noon, while out in the corn field, we heard church and school bells ringing and the gypsum mill steam whistles blowing in Blue Rapids, five miles away so we knew something of importance had happened. That night we went and helped the Gem City celebrate the end of the cruel World War.

On a stretch of recently graveled road east of Centralia, on U.S. highway, the sand and gravel must have been graded. Most of the graveled highways have a lot of coarse sharp-edged glacial gravel, lots of it big as a hen's egg, which is death on auto tires. Three trips to Beatrice, Nebr., last spring for well drill repairs nearly ruined two new front tires on our Ford truck, caused by the loose lying coarse gravel on the solid dry road bed. When arriving at the Dempster plant one trip, we found gravel wedged between the tread of one tire and five in the other. Gravel the size of wheat, shelled corn and beans is best, as it is not scraped up in bunches and streamers by the patrolmen's road drag.

U.S. highway No. 77, recently graded for graveled south of Waterville, the first two miles have just been resurfaced and there are tons of sharp flint and limestone, some as big as grapefruit, scattered over strips of the road. Many blow-outs are caused by motorists striking the larger chunks. One occurred this evening on the above-mentioned road and we have seen several fast-going cars have tire blow-outs by striking solid chunks no larger than a man's fist.

Word just came that Melvin Zellers, one of the two bachelor brothers living on their father's old home farm in the Little Blue river valley east of Waterville, had married a woman from North Platte. Melvin spent a week vacation up there last July. Glad to know a lady has come south to a beautiful home and has married a handsome home-loving young man.

Published December 5, 1930

November 14, 1930

Weather warm and dry. This is the eleventh day of continuous south wind—long enough to bring a lot of April moisture from the Gulf of Mexico—which will soon condense in the form of fog-colored clouds, then we will have a wet weather spell.

21 years ago today noon, it commenced raining. It was Thursday and it rained until 9 o'clock Saturday night, when the Vermillion river was out of its banks. That was the highest it ever has been at Bigelow. It covered most all of the bottom land, water being four feet above the bridge floor across the Vermillion north of Bigelow. Below the junction of the Vermillion and the Big Blue river, below Irving the low lands were all submerged and most all the corn crop still in the fields was ruined. North of Blue Rapids the storm was lighter, the river remaining within the banks. Drizzly light rains followed, then wet snows, not very cold, but the roads were the muddiest all winter of any time in the past 60 years. All field-stacked hay was wet from top to bottom.

Less than 10 percent of the wheat was sowed early enough to make any fall pasture. On a trip to Beatrice, Nebr., today over highway 77, which is now being graveled northwest of Marysville, we found the wheat in Nebraska all late-sown and much in need of rain.

West of Wymore, there is some good upland fields of corn. One young man said his field was husking out 30 bushels per acre. This was on late-planted fields, same as down here.

On a trip to Beatrice the end of last June, a big gas company had gas pipe strung out across the country from southwest to northeast, enroute from West Fox to Omaha, Nebr. It was the largest gas pipe we ever saw. It was two feet in diameter. It is now all under the ground with wheat growing over it in many places. Some of our local wild-catters who are trying to discover pools of oil and fields of gas, could find it pretty shallow by spudding in on top of that big gas line.

Sunday, November 16

It rained a half-inch yesterday evening and a half-inch of snow fell last night. Bright and fair today.

Fifty-seven years ago today the wind was in the southeast. The weather was warm and dry, no rain during the entire autumn. We kiddies, in those days they were called young ones, walked a mile across the prairie to Sunday school at Mount Zion schoolhouse. Father and mother drove down to the Short farm in the Vermillion valley, five miles from home and brought home a 55-gallon barrel of sorghum molasses and a two-gallon jug of vinegar, made from sorghum pan washings. This was from cane raised on father's homestead, and made up on shares, the maker getting half for his work. Every settler raised a patch of cane for molasses in those days, some of them hauling it as far as 20 miles from their homesteads to have it worked into molasses which was used for bread and pancake spreading and for all purposes where sugar is now used. There was no granulated sugar then, only brown and homesteaders could not afford to buy it.

Monday, November 17

A bright, beautiful day, warm and calm, like a perfect spring day. The shower of rain and snow came after 13 days of continuous south wind, and have brought a horde of aerial moisture up from the Caribbean Sea, and when there are clouds in the sky they are pressing downward each day so we are sure to get more moisture soon, either rain or snow.

There are enough gas cars in Kansas so that all the state's population can ride easy. One car for every three and one-half persons. These cars used 581,223 gallons of gasoline in 1929.

Old time bridge signs, "\$5 fine for driving or riding faster than a walk," are not in use since the advent of the 60-mile-an-hour gas wagon. The sign meant riding on horseback.

In London, England, the largest and most crowded city in the world, auto accidents kill an average of four humans and wound 176 each day. Pretty high price for fast riding through the fog of smoke and mist.

Fifty-seven years ago today, Monday, November 17, 1873, the wind went to the northwest and blew 60 miles an hour. There was bluestem prairie grass 6 feet high, bone dry. A prairie fire started on the Otoe Indian reservation near Oketo and it came down

through Wells township, jumped the Vermillion river west of where Bigelow now stands and was stopped near Wamego in the Kaw valley, being a strip 70 miles long and 10 to 20 miles wide. A lot of settlers lost all their improvements, machinery and livestock and two men lost their lives, while others were injured by burns. Father's homestead was two miles west of the main fire, which went through at half past 11 o'clock at the rate of a mile every five minutes. At four o'clock an old one-legged silly went out in the hurricane and tried to burn a fire-guard around a stack of prairie hay, which he burned up and it was his fire that burned everything off father's homestead, except the house. Even the corn fields were burned over, not a spear of grass or straw or a corn stalk being left on the farm. All the hogs were burned except four little pigs that were running outside.

Published December 12, 1930

Thirteen days of continuous south winds have brought the much-needed moisture, though it came in a torrential form, two and one-half inches in short order.

Marysville is having community auction sales on Saturday afternoons. Nearly all towns used to have their weekly community auction sales, where town residents could dispose of surplus articles and farmers could bring in anything they wanted to sell, which was convenient for all parties, and had a tendency to bring good crowds to town each Saturday.

Thirty-two years ago tonight a real blizzard snow storm blew down from the northwest, piling out a foot of snow, some of which was on the ground until February. This storm came following an unusually fine autumn, warm dry weather, following an early snow storm on October 17th. After the December storm there was good sleighing and hunting, and inside of three weeks, two young men and three boys in Marshall county lost their lives from accidental shooting. The two men near Bigelow, one boy near Vermillion, another at Reedsville and the other one adjoining father's farm.

Owing to a shortage of rough feed as well as grain and financial depression work stock around here has been selling cheap. A recent report of a horse and mule sale at Springfield, Mo., was that 300 head sold on an average of one head every three minutes and brought \$49 to \$150 per head for good big young horses and mules. They are getting scarce, as but few colts are being raised. We have seen but one young colt this year, that one being owned by Leo Hoefer on the Wallace Hutchinson farm northwest of Marysville.

Henry Plegge, aged farmer, two miles northwest of Marysville, has sold his good farm to Mr. Reaman Eknean of Wymore, Nebr., who will move onto the farm in the near future, when Mr. Plegge moves to Marysville, where he will spend his declining years.

Charles Thompson, son of Ed Thompson of the firm of Thompson Brothers, has tired of town life and has bought out a renter's farm equipment and will move on the farm on Horseshoe creek, northwest of

Marysville. Mr. Thompson is a great lover of horses and has 27 head now. He has been buying and selling work stock.

Farming is the very foundation of existence, and all great men of real merit have realized this fact and, according to history, the German Emperor was the first empire ruler who realized this to the extent of giving tillers of the soil government aid in their struggle against the elements of nature which make and break farmers according to freak weather changes, either wet or dry at the wrong time.

George Washington said, "My greatest pride was to be thought the first farmer in America."

Abraham Lincoln, "No other human occupation opens so wide a field for the profitable and agreeable combination of labor with cultivated thoughts as agriculture."

James A. Garfield, "at the head of all science and arts—at the head of civilization and progress—stands not militarism, the science that kills, not commerce, the art that accumulates wealth, but agriculture, the mother of all industry and the maintainer of life."

Theodore Roosevelt, "We are founded as a nation of farmers and in spite of the great growth of our industrial life, it still remains true that our whole system rests upon the farm, that the welfare of the whole community depends upon the welfare of the farmer. The strengthening of country life is the strengthening of the whole nation. Men and women from the farm stand for what is fundamentally right and best and most needed in our American lives."

Published December 26, 1930

December 4

Forty-five years ago today, the wind blew a 60-mile-an-hour gale from the northwest. The weather was dry and warm, no clouds, but the air was filled with pulverized real estate, moving at a rapid rate. The ladies' hall in Irving was unroofed, many windmills and light buildings were blown down. The big skating rink building in Irving, under construction, was smashed flat.

Four days later our first snow arrived, 4 inches—melted off in three days—then was warm and fair until New Year's Day.

Newspaper reports say there will be a federal investigation to learn why bread is selling for ten cents a loaf, when it used to sell for five cents when wheat prices were on the low level they now are.

While they are investigating the bread problem, they better find out why bran and shorts sell for more per 100 pounds than the whole wheat.

This would be a good time to try out the late Wm. Jennings Bryan's free silver plan as there is plenty of cheap crude silver which could be molded into dollars, dimes, quarters and halves. A few billion of them handed out as Christmas presents to the needy ones who could then buy food and clothing and pay their debts would relieve the financial depression. There would be no loss if the silver was coined to represent its commercial value.

Some folks think we need another world war to give employment to idle hands and raise prices, which is a bad idea. In our world-wide financial and commercial depression, we are paying one of the long prices for our recent World War, which directly and indirectly cost 25,000,000 human lives.

Mike O'Toole, wife and 12-year-old son, were here this week. Mr. O'Toole says his mother's brother was the first settler to take a squatter's right claim in Marshall county. His name was Wm. T. Madden and his claim was on section one in the northeast corner of Marshall county. Mr. Madden wrote to relatives back in Ireland and Joseph O'Toole and family came to Kansas. Mike O'Toole owns a half-section farm in Center township, south of Reedsville. It was the old Frank Barrett farm, later owned by Frank Ellenbecker.

Mr. O'Toole is ably assisted in his farming by his only son, a strong 12-year-old boy, and his good wife, and have made a success of farming. Their only daughter, a 20-year-old, well-educated young lady, died in a Marysville hospital over a year ago, so the parents are sad and lonely.

Alphabetical Listing of Names

Alexander, Ruth	12	Davis, Leona	13
Alexander, Ruth	26	DeGroff, Ernest	6
Alexander, Ruth Blaney	40	Dempster, Charles B.	17
Alexander, Ruth	42	Dexter, Emma Smith	38
Amelgrath, C.K.	15	Dixon, Frank	45
Auld, John	35	Dobrovolny, Frank	41
Barlow, James	21	Dobrovotny, Frank	24
Barrett, Cy	13	Dratchovil, Adolph	21
Barrett, Frank	50	Eknean, Reaman	49
Beacham, Carl	11	Ellenbecker, Frank	50
Berry, John	7	Ellenbecker, John D.	18
Berry, John	9	Ellenbecker, John G.	21
Berry, John	25	Ellenbecker, Raymond	18
Berry, John	29	Ensign, Charles	7
Berry, Winifred	9	Ewing, Caroline	8
Berry, Winifred	15	Ewing, Claire	19
Bickel, C.J.	5	Ewing, Claire	24
Bigham, Walt	39	Ewing, Claire	36
Blackney	23	Ewing, Clair	44
Blaney, Edward	26	Ewing, Cy	8
Blaney, George	26	Ewing, Helen	19
Blaney, James	12	Ewing, John	35
Blaney, James	26	Ewing, Leonard	19
Blaney, Ruth	27	Ewing, Leonard	45
Blaney, W.T.	26	Ewing, Margaret	44
Bohnenblust, W.	15	Ewing, Tom	22
Boyd, Samuel	15	Farrar, Sharon	13
Boyd, W.S.	15	Fenwick, George	21
Bucher, George	45	Fincham, Clayton	31
Buel, Archie	46	Ford, Sam	3
Caffelt, Emma	12	Ford, Tom	3
Conger, David	22	Fulton, William	15
Cook, Charles	38	Garrett, Charles	45
Cook, Sam	11	Gim, Fred	41
Cottrell, Fred	37	Goodwin, Lou	7
Cottrell, John	9	Green, Thos.	24
Cummings	23	Guffee, Lem	21
		Gutherie, Claire	20
		Gutherie, Claude	20

<u>Gutherie, Joe</u>	20
<u>Hanson, L.W.</u>	43
<u>Hanson, Walter</u>	43
<u>Harry, Aletha</u>	41
<u>Harry, Ray</u>	41
<u>Harry, Ray</u>	43
<u>Harry, Sam</u>	43
<u>Hart, Ira</u>	15
<u>Haslett, Wm. E.</u>	35
<u>Hawkins</u>	23
<u>Heiserman, George</u>	17
<u>Hoones, David</u>	17
<u>Howell, H.R.</u>	41
<u>Hubbard, Merle</u>	9
<u>Hutchinson, Frank</u>	33
<u>Hutchinson, Perry</u>	33
<u>Ineman, Ham</u>	4
<u>Jacobson, Robert</u>	23
<u>Johnson, August</u>	19
<u>Johnson, Charles</u>	13
<u>Johnson, Charles</u>	19
<u>Johnson, Charles</u>	23
<u>Johnson, C.W.</u>	15
<u>Johnson, Frank</u>	24
<u>Johnson, Theodore</u>	5
<u>Johnson, Theodore</u>	13
<u>Johnson, Theodore</u>	24
<u>Johnson, Theodore</u>	38
<u>Jones, Frank</u>	45
<u>Jones, Louis</u>	45
<u>Jones, Monroe</u>	45
<u>Jones, Shot Gun</u>	45
<u>Katopish, Frank</u>	29
<u>Kelley, Miles</u>	22
<u>Kettell, Edwin S.</u>	5
<u>Knight, Frank</u>	12
<u>Knight, Sherm</u>	12
<u>Koester</u>	32
<u>Kossek, John</u>	28

<u>Kraemer, Louis</u>	35
<u>Kraemer, Wm.</u>	35
<u>Lamb, Frank</u>	11
<u>Life, Martin</u>	17
<u>Lindquist, Albin</u>	46
<u>Lindquist, Ernest</u>	15
<u>Lindquist, Everett</u>	23
<u>Lindquist, Herman</u>	28
<u>Lindquist, Virginia</u>	46
<u>Longbon, David</u>	26
<u>Longbon, Ira</u>	27
<u>Longbon, Lillian</u>	26
<u>Madden, Wm. T.</u>	50
<u>Mann, Charles</u>	5
<u>Mason, James</u>	41
<u>Mason, Walt</u>	41
<u>McAllister, Wm.</u>	41
<u>McKee, Frank</u>	19
<u>McManis, D.J.</u>	30
<u>McManis, D.J.</u>	32
<u>McMillan, Wayne</u>	13
<u>Messick</u>	32
<u>Messick, Joe</u>	18
<u>Messick, Joe</u>	33
<u>Messick, Peter</u>	33
<u>Messick, Roy</u>	18
<u>Messick, Roy</u>	20
<u>Messick, Roy</u>	33
<u>Meybrunn, Frank</u>	14
<u>Meyers, John</u>	5
<u>Miller, Wm.</u>	25
<u>Millgate, James</u>	12
<u>Moore, Robert</u>	20
<u>Morgan, Walter</u>	37
<u>Morrison, John</u>	37
<u>Morrow, D.W.</u>	6
<u>Morrow, John</u>	7
<u>Musil, Joseph K.</u>	38
<u>Nelson, August</u>	28

Nelson, Gus	15	Sabin, Guy	8
Nelson, Gus	28	Sabin, Philip	35
Nelson, Hazel	3	Sabin, Willard	8
Nelson, Louis	4	Sabin, W.H.	35
Nelson, Louis	5	Schmidt, M.M	31
Nelson, Louis	22	Schmidt, Jennie	31
Nelson, Otto	24	Schmidt, Sam	32
Nelson, Ranges	28	Scholz, Carl	33
Nelson, Victor	19	Scholz, George	33
Nelson, Victor	38	Scholz, Raymond	33
Nelson, Victor	46	Scriber, George	5
Nelson, Vivian	46	Scriber, George	11
Nelson, Wm.	38	Scriber, Link	5
Nesbit, J.C.	5	Scriber, Mat	4
Netz, W.C.	20	Seal, Ernest	24
Neuman, Herbart	6	Seaton, John	28
Nider, Ollie	41	Sedivy, Wm.	39
Olbrecht, Annie	33	Seematter, Rose	33
O'Toole, Joseph	50	Shannon (Barnes editor)	43
O'Toole, Mike	50	Shaw, James	13
Overbaugh, Charles	35	Shirk, Harvey	25
Paul, Frank	39	Shirk, Walter	26
Peterson, Charles	15	Skalla, Anna	43
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