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About Grant Ewing

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

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

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

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

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

About Grant's Columns

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

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

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

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

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

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

Happy hunting!

Published January 3, 1932

December 14

A light breeze from the west has cleared the skies and the sun is shining brightly and warming up—after a cold night.

Side roads are quite bad yet, especially where they were graded in late summer and early autumn. When I was a road supervisor we used to do most of the grading in the spring and early summer, so it would get settled by winter time.

In a dry winter late road grading isn't very bad, but a wet fall and with wet snows and rains in winter time, a late graded unsettled road makes a serious problem for all traffic, especially farmers who have to use the roads in marketing grain, hauling fuel, feed, etc.

Was up at the home of my son, Leonard, in Washington county today and glad to report that his wife, Ellen, is recovering from her recent operation for a broken appendix so that she is able to do part of her housework. She was operated on by surgeon Woods in the Marysville hospital and she sure enjoys giving Dr. Woods credit for the successful operation he performed for her and also the good and efficient care by the kindly nurses in Marysville hospital. When a person is near death from a serious injury or dangerous disease, they will never forget the surgeons and medical assistants who brought them back to normal health.

While the corn fields are so muddy that it is hard to pull a load of corn from the fields, especially where there are sloughs and depressions in the field—also with white frosts that don't get all melted off until the middle of the forenoon, so the huskers have to work with wet mittens from the frost moisture—yet the corn growers are anxious to get their corn crop out of the fields, so most of them are husking under these unfavorable conditions. Indications this evening are for warmer weather here with a sky line indication of several days of warmer more settled weather, with a chance of rain or snow east of the Texas panhandle, across Oklahoma, Arkansas and southeast Missouri.

December 15

Tom Fincham, my wife's brother, and his good wife Josephine, were callers here today. They own a

farm four miles east of Blue Rapids on No. 9—also property in Blue Rapids where they now live. Twenty-seven years ago they were farm tenants on the Lillibridge ranch, a mile north of here where a man named Buttermore now lives. Their two sons are both in business, one in Clay Center and the other in Manhattan, and their daughter and husband recently moved back to Blue Rapids from Barnes. These three young Finchams won gold medals for never missing a day from grade schools or never being late—and they were in different schools while in the grade—their father being a renter.

It is strange how dogs learn to like to ride in a gas wagon—as well as humans. Living in Blue Rapids and working for the Blue Rapids Mill and Elevator Company, W.H. Sabin has run delivery trucks for the mill company since the fall of 1915. He hauls flour and mill feed to retail dealers over a wide area of territory and has in all used two Fords, two Internationals, and now a Dodge truck. He drove one of the International trucks in all over 70,000 miles. He has a good-natured bulldog that rides with him in the truck and coming in contact with so many folks and seeing so many towns, cities and country, has made a real wise acting dog of him—so he is friendly with everybody unless they threaten to assault his giant master—then look out for a battle.

Saturday, December 19

This evening ends a whole week of fair warm weather for this part of Kansas. I was at the Ford garage in Blue Rapids today doing some work on my truck and while I worked outside the building the weather was like a May day—so it was a pleasure to work bare-handed out in the open. One thing I have enjoyed the past five weeks is that we have had no high winds—most days and nights just a faint breeze, which has been the main reason that we have had no heavy rains or snowfall as it takes high winds to blow up a real storm. Last night a heavy misty fog came up from the south, but no frost or freezing.

There was a tremendous crowd in Blue Rapids this afternoon and evening and the folks were in Waterville to the Santa Claus arrival and they said the town was completely crowded with folks from as far as 40 miles away, who came to see the annual arrival of Old Santa, who arrives in Waterville every year on the Saturday afternoon before Christmas.

The Gerard Motor Company—Walter and his son, Clifford, own the Ford garage. The big stone building is 100 by 150 feet, located at the connection of federal highways No. 9 and 77. The Gerards also own the Ford garage in Washington, which is managed by Oliver Moore and Rolly Winter, who are sons-in-law of Walter Gerard. Clifford Gerard is a World War veteran, having served in the infantry in the World War.

Christmas Day

Beautiful sunshiny day with a light southwest breeze—more like October than December. Side roads are getting better, which is greatly appreciated after 40 days of the muddiest roads for this time of year that we have had in 22 years.

Only once before, in 61 years, that I have ate Christmas dinner outside of Marshall county—that was in Pottawatomie county, 31 years ago—and today I had Christmas dinner with my son's family—and the dinner table was just 42 feet from the west line of Marshall county in the east edge of Washington county.

Of all the good Christmas dinners I have eaten, I never enjoyed any of them more than the one in 1873, which consisted of fresh buffalo meat, baked potatoes, cornbread, butter and sorghum molasses, pumpkin pie, baked beans and skimmed milk. It was a warm, dry, sunshiny day with a southwest wind—not a speck of snow had fallen up 'til that date—had been a dry warm autumn following a dry late summer.

In those days there was a saying: "A green Christmas and a fat boneyard (meaning cemetery), a white Christmas and a lean boneyard." Nothing to that saying as regards human health.

Going by the Victor Nelson farm, adjoining the Harbaugh schoolhouse on the east, this noon, I saw six autos near the beautiful farm house, which would mean a big family reunion and Christmas dinner.

The next farm house east of Victor's is one of the most beautiful farm homes in Marshall county. It is the home of Victor's father, Gustaf Nelson, who retired from farming 19 years ago and instead of moving to town he built a big modern house, barns, granary and other out-buildings, then planted evergreen and forest trees around them, which are now large enough to make good wind-breaks, shade and shelter—as beautiful a home as I ever saw in my lifetime.

I always enjoy the sight of Mr. Nelson's beautiful home and glad to see what a success he made of his farming in this county. Came from Sweden 61 years ago, came by rail to Atchison, Kan., then walked from there to Waterville, then the end of the Central Branch Mo. Pac. R.R. and homesteaded 80 acres seven miles southwest of Waterville. When he left Atchison, he carried nearly a hundred pounds of tools, cooking vessels, flour and clothing. After homesteading, he lived in a dugout, had no team of his own, had to work his way up financially from the grass roots, raised a large family, now has two farms adjoining on mail route number one and across the road from his home he has a fine improved half-section farm. Sure glad of his success.

Another very successful Swedish immigrant, who resided eight miles south of Waterville, came to America with his parents, passed through all the pioneer hardships and by steady work, good management and judgement, became a very wealthy American citizen. Mr. Anderson was called to his final reward this December. The financial success of these two foreign-born proves that those who are born in the old world and have learned the true lesson of economy in their native, over-crowded countries, then landing here in the western world, they see and take advantage of the opportunities that are overlooked by those who are born here and raised under extravagant living conditions.

My son Leonard lives in one of his uncle Richard Fincham's farm houses, and while up there today, we learned that Mrs. Fincham is suffering from kidney and stomach trouble and expects to be taken to a hospital unless she improves very soon. She is the mother of six children, four sons and two daughters. Hope she recovers without having to leave her home and family.

A drive up through Barnes last Sunday again recalled the fact of what a beautiful, healthy location it is on this highland townsite—with one of the most beautiful schoolhouse locations I ever saw. Stopping at the farm home of James Stohs, who owns a good farm northeast of Barnes, where he has become a very successful farmer and stock raiser. There is a long distance view to the east—can see 17 miles to the east.

Friday, January 1, 1932

Side roads had just got in pretty fair condition—as we had some windy, sunshiny days—then a 5/8-inch rain fell here last night, followed by a 3-inch wet snow—part of the snow melting as it fell, and the water and wet snow froze into a glaze of ice—so we will have bad roads again.

This is not a very cold day for January 1, cloudy with a damp northeast wind. The snow that fell was so wet and heavy that it stuck to building sides, trees and everything it came in contact with, but though it makes more muddy roads when it melts off, yet there is one satisfaction, a wet snow seldom drifts unless there is a very high wind. Hope this is our last snow for this winter.

As a boy, I had to wade through snow wearing high-topped leather boots, no rubbers or over-shoes then, and the boots would get so wet that it was a hard job getting them off at night—and a much harder job pulling them on in the morning. So with all the suffering from snow and cold in those pioneer days, it turned me against snow for time and eternity.

Wheat had made a good growth this wet, warm winter. Many farms have no wheat fields, as there is a big shortage in wheat acreage over normal. There is a 75-acre field of wheat on the Frank Dobrovotny farm three miles south of Waterville. It is the largest field I have seen this winter. Then there is 40 acres of wheat on the Cottage Hill township farm of Col. Whiteside, elevator man of Waterville.

Was sure glad to hear that Andrew Shearer of Frankfort has been honored by the American Farm Bureau federation as the foremost farmer of Kansas. Andy settled on a farm near where Frankfort is, five years before that city was started, when Barrett and Irving were the only towns in the south half of Marshall county. Good old uncle Andy has always been a steady worker and has used common sense in connection with nature study, so he has made a success of farming. He should have been elected governor of Kansas 40 years ago, then been sent to Washington, D.C., and kept there as a federal lawmaker. A man who would look after the interests of all the working and producing people and do everything he could for the best interests of the free nation of America.

Was sorry to read of District Judge Fred R. Smith's resignation, though it is a job that is hard on

the nerves and as Judge Smith has given good legal service to the residents of district number 21 for 17 years, so it is time he was having a vacation from this extremely trying mental job. As a partner of his sons in their law offices he can aid and direct his uprising sons so that some day they will be judges.

It is reported that Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, now living at Doorn, Holland, is worried for fear the Reds get control of the German government and relieve him of his many property possessions that are bringing the ex-Kaiser an annual income of 200,000 German dollars for rent. One thing that the Reds could help Bill with would be to relieve him from tax paying.

A recent newspaper survey of auto accident deaths in the U.S. shows that there has been an increase in fatal car accidents in most states above the number killed in 1930. The total list of killed for 1931 will run above 34,000. Kansas is one of the three states reporting fewer fatal auto accidents than in 1930. The number of injured in car accidents, no doubt will run up to a half-million or more. Quite a new system of reducing population—less expensive than wars, with most of the killed dying near home.

Michigan has a copper mine 9,600 feet deep with a temperature of 90 degrees and higher. That's going down quite a ways, nearly two miles, to get some copper for rivets, tea kettles, pennies, etc. Working in deep dug wells in mid-winter is an awful hot job, and a cold one in hot weather.

Recently, I read of the death of Dr. Snook, who came to Bigelow as a young doctor back in 1894 from Canada and later married a daughter of Andrew Colton, pioneer resident of Bigelow. Doctor Snook was an Episcopal minister, as well as a good honest doctor and could define Bible prophesies the truest of any man I ever met. He had a wonderful memory which was tried out by the late Henry Smith, brother of George T. Smith, former editor of the *Marshall County News*, who was a county commissioner at that time and who would hand the doctor an old newspaper or a book and tell him to read a column or page out loud once. Then Mr. Smith would take the paper or book and the doctor would repeat it word for word, exactly correct as it was printed in the book or paper.

It is publicly reported that there were 43 strong young men lost their lives in the U.S. in football games from September 1 until Thanksgiving Day. It was not reported how many were crippled, but there no doubt must have been thousands of them. Exercise is necessary and I like to see young men and boys play any game that is not dangerous—but I never cared for football as it is too dangerous a game. One death and several crippled for life is the result of the game in this country. Besides country boys who should go home soon as school is out to aid the home folks with the farm chores, are held on the high school grounds to practice football playing. A young man named Shannon of Clay Center was dangerously injured at a game in Marysville and two killed in one Nebraska county. Dangerous exercise.

A call at the Wm. Sedivy farm home seven miles south and four east of Waterville last Wednesday evening for some apples, found Mr. Sedivy able to be outdoors working and recovering his normal eyesight, after a serious eye injury by being struck by a piece of emory while grinding a tool. Local physicians advised Mr. Sedivy to go to an eye specialist and he went to Atchison, where he was treated for more than a week by Doctor Collins, a noted eye doctor, whom Mr. Sedivy reported had a lot of eye sufferers under treatment every day. He gave Mr. Sedivy proper treatment so he is coming back to normal eyesight. Mr. Sedivy produced a big apple crop and has an outside cave for apples where the fruit is banked in and covered with straw and hay, and the fruit is keeping fine. He is one of the plainest pen writers in the country.

In early day hard times the pioneer settlers all dreaded the thought that to evade death from starvation they might have to go to the poor house, now called the county farm—a proper change in names, which has made a more agreeable feeling among those who have to depend on county support. It is reported that in the state of Kansas, the counties spent over a million and eighty-two thousand dollars in the last fiscal year, ending last June 30, in caring for their poor citizens. Of the 105 counties, 24 do not have poor farms and three other counties have no poor farm inmates. They are Decatur, Hodgeman and Meade. Sheridan county has only one inmate on its 240-acre farm. Think they need some help on that farm. Some of us poor farmers might get a job out there, so let's find out at once.

Farmland virgin soil fades fast away from rolling prairie land by torrential rains which wash millions of tons of soil from each central state each year, leaving the owners to pay interest and taxes on the foundation of once-good farms. Of the more than 650-million acres of arable land in the U.S., around 21-million acres have gone out of cultivation because of destructive erosion alone. If the ravines and steep slopes had all been left in grassland, and a border of sod around each field, we would have had most all our virgin soil here instead of its being in the Gulf of Mexico. Wherever there is a ravine or depression at a farm field edge, the best thing to do is to haul rocks and make a rough dam of the loose rock, which will let the water through, but hold the soil back, then terrace all sloping fields. Save the soil.

The flour mills still in operation in Kansas and not owned by big flour corporations—those that are exchanging flour for wheat—are doing a big business. The old time grist mill of Dodge City is running day and night now and is giving employment to 25 persons. Glad of that.

Goff, Kan., is the popcorn queen city of the sunflower state. Several thousand acres of popcorn were grown near Goff this year under contracts of \$1.50 to \$2 a bushel. Sixty carloads of popcorn, worth about \$1,000 a load, were shipped from Goff each year.

In pioneer grasshopper years, folks would try to have a dishpan full of popped corn for the Christmas evening meal. Nowadays, most everybody has all they want the year around. Good.

Patterson Roff, of Newton, Kan., who was a pioneer settler of Harvey county, homesteading there in 1870, and is now past 90 years of age, was the first man to pay his taxes in his home county this past November. He is too old to do much work now, so all he had to do was walk to the county treasurer's office and pay his taxes. He, haw.

A lot of cattle, horses and mules have died this winter from cornstalk poisoning. I lost a good coming three-year-old heifer over in a corn field at Axel Johnson's. Jamie Steward lost a young horse today, and Wm. Smith on the Erickson farm lost a mare, and

scores of other farmers have lost several head each of livestock. Too bad.

When I was a kid, rice was considered a holiday food product, and mother tried to have a rice food dinner on the Fourth of July and Christmas Day. Later on, I read in histories that it was estimated that half the world's population lived on rice alone, chiefly Japanese, Chinese, British Indians and some African and South American tribesmen. Now it is classified as a very important everyday food product, containing 88 percent nutritive value. Rice is a cereal food product that is easily cooked and agrees with most everybody and is a cheap food product.

J. Ed Cabaniss of Katy, Texas, 80 miles from the Mexican gulf coast at Galveston, Texas, is the rice king of his part of the U.S. He is a pioneer rice grower and has been selling and shipping direct to consumers for 25 years.

Mr. Cabaniss wrote me a letter on December 31. Said the grass was green as it could possibly be—roses in full bloom and mulberry trees full of berries. Katy is in a semi-tropical country where they never have any real winter weather. The west part of the great Lone Star state is an arid, buffalo grass plains region, while the eastern portion of the great state is a timber region with good producing soil for most all kinds of crops and with plenty of rainfall. When I was down there, I was surprised so much oak timber in Texas. I bought my first 100-pound sack of rice from J. Ed Cabaniss 24 years ago—will have another one in a few days. Eat more rice and less pie and cake.

Judge, after charging jury, "Is there any question that anyone would like to ask before considering the evidence?" Juror, "A couple of us would like to know if the defendant boiled the malt one or two hours, and how does he keep the yeast out?"

This is the time of year when I like cornbread, cornmeal mush, and milk—nearly every meal. A good combination for baking powder bread is to mix equal portions of whole wheat flour and cornmeal together, which makes wonderfully good cold weather food with the cornbread. I like boiled beans which, like rice, are a high-test food product. I recently bought a 100-pound sack of brown Spanish beans from Mrs. Anna Howell of Marietta, who shipped in a carload of beans from her Colorado ranch.

One of the champion cornbread makers and all-around good cooks is Miss Anna Schreiber, whose parents live on the old David Griffis farm west of Bigelow. Miss Schreiber works in Marysville part of the time and is a good worker at whatever she goes at. Her aged father, August Schreiber, is a very active man and her 70-year-old mother is the greatest hustler for a woman of her age that I ever saw—can do all kinds of work, indoors and out.

Published January 22, 1932

January 2, 1932

The new year came in under unsettled weather, though we were lucky by not having a blizzard, as we are in for another stormy period of two or three weeks for as a rule if there is not a storm the first days of January, it will come on or before January 31.

Most folks think animals, especially hogs, don't know anything, have no feelings, as to their former homes. It is reported that Dave Wamock bought an expensive big brood sow for his ranch out in Oregon. She seemed contented for a while, then disappeared and he tracked her trail through the snow for 30 miles—found her in a river bottom farm eating bluegrass with a herd of cattle. She had been raised with cattle, got lonesome and trailed 30 miles back to her old home.

I had a big Spotted Poland China sow brought here from Pine Ridge farm—always seemed lonesome so she crawled out of the pen last Monday night and started towards her old home. Coming to highway 77, she wandered up to the Pine Hill home of Joel Moden, where he found her the next morning. Called us by phone then housed her up until I went after her.

This valuable sow was lucky in getting under the care and protection of a good honest man. Mr. Moden raises pure-bred Chester White hogs—has a male hog from Ohio, out of one of the best Chester White herds in the U.S. He also is a breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle of which he has a good herd. He is a successful farmer, takes the best of care of his good Pine Hill farm on U.S. 77, two miles south of Waterville.

The sun is drifting slowly northward, slightly increasing the day's length. Never like to see the sun go southward as it means the coming of extremely short cold days in the far north, where many humans perish from the severe cold—40 to 60 degrees below zero.

One thing nature does for an extreme cold remedy in the countries close to the Arctic region, is to develop only a mild breeze instead of high winds as it is here and further south.

Quite a difference between the Arctic region and the equator. Extremely long and short days and nights with the seasons' changes in the north land—while right on the equator, the days and the nights are the same length the year around—sunrise and set at 6 o'clock, while at noon the sun is straight overhead, no side-shadows.

Wednesday, January 6

Yesterday brought us a 10-inch snow, an extremely wet one. About two inches of the snow melted as it hit the ground in the early morning, then as it got colder the wet snow froze onto everything it came in contact with. Cedar trees were a solid mass of snow, bending the limbs groundward and breaking many of them. A low wind prevented extreme drifting, but even with the wet snow and low wind some of the side roads are impassible, so we didn't get our mail today.

It takes an average of 20 inches of dry snow to make an inch of water, but I melted the 10 inches in my moisture tester and it made an even inch of water. Not needed. Dodge City, Kan., reports 11 inches of snow there, and way down in Amarillo, Texas, they had 12 inches, while Kansas City had one-third inch.

Mr. Turner, editor and owner of the *Waterville Telegraph*, in a recent issue gives his wife credit for all the news writing in the *Telegraph* except here and there, written by Mr. Turner, who is superintendent of the Waterville high school, so hasn't time to do much work in the printing plant. Mrs. Turner is doing good, successful work as an editor—while five miles east of Waterville, Mrs. Coates has the main management and writing for the *Blue Rapids Times*, which is an extra good county newspaper. Seven miles west of Waterville, Mrs. Margaret Shannon is owner and editor of the *Barnes Chief* in Barnes, Washington county, Kansas, and publishes a good country town newspaper. These three printing plants are all in line in adjoining towns on the Mo. Pac. R.R. and highway No. 9, east and west. I always contended that women would make successful editors. Glad they do so.

Sunday, January 17

Last Monday, a warm southwest wind and bright sunshine melted off part of the snowfall, then we had a light snow and sleet storm and yesterday a drizzling cold rain from the southeast. So the coyote

hunt planned for this region for Saturday was called off this afternoon.

Russell Fincham and his neighbor, Mr. Plumber of Pleasant Valley, were here today, and last Sunday, James Shaw and Theron Farrar, businessmen of Blue Rapids, and their families were dinner guests here in Hungry Hollow.

George Woodward came over last Monday and got a gun to shoot a fat steer that his father was butchering for their family supply of meat. Cheap cattle—good beef.

Most all fruits and vegetables have medicinal value—as well as being a food product. Apricots and peaches have a high copper content, which is a blood corpuscle builder. Cherries and onions have aluminum content. Beets have iron content, but none of them have gold or free silver in them.

I like sugar beets boiled and eat them like potatoes. I used to raise White French sugar beets for house use and for winter feed for chickens and hogs. For a green feed in winter, there is nothing better for chickens than the genuine sugar beets. In 1898 on an acre of good newly broken prairie sod land, I raised 20 tons of the big White French sugar beets, some of them weighed as high as 20 pounds each and two feet high. They are easy keepers, not easily frozen like the small red pickle beets. More sugar beets should be raised for household use.

As we are the greatest sugar-eating nation on earth, am sure glad to see our homeland folks produce their own sugar, which is much better for both producers and consumers, than to import it from Cuba and the Philippine Islands. It is now 26 years since sugar beet raising and sugar making was commenced out around Garden City in central Kansas, and it has increased until their crop of beets in 1931 totaled over 80,000 tons and their sugar mill is grinding up a thousand tons daily and they figure that the sugar from their factory will total close to 20,000,000 pounds from the 1931 crop. Ground beets, after the sugar is taken out, makes extra good feed for fattening sheep, hogs and cattle. Beets stand dry weather quite well and grasshoppers don't like them. In our garden the hoppers ate up all the vegetables except tomatoes and beets. Not one carrot left from a dollar's worth of seed.

One of the ideas of some folks of reducing government costs is to consolidate the counties—say

make 50 counties out of the 105 counties in Kansas—also discard all townships. I hope we can get by without doing that as it is now plenty far to drive to the county seat from the far corners of the county when the roads are bad and as the county seat towns are not always in the county center, it makes it a serious, long-distance trip for folks way back on bad side roads, and some folks don't have cars, and the discarding of county names would mean the changing of land and town property titles, which are now deeded as being in the present county named areas. Better reduce the salaries of the government officials, especially the high-price ones, and let counties remain as they are named and outlined in pioneer times.

Senator Capper's bill for the Federal Farm Bureau to turn over 40 million bushels of the 160 million bushels of wheat now stored by the government to feed the unemployed millions of our good citizens who are now suffering hunger from lack of work. The bill provides for the wheat to be delivered to the needy by some such organizations as the Red Cross society that will be sure to find and feed the millions who really are helpless to get food for themselves and families in this great world-wide depression that has caused ten million of our citizens to go hungry in this, the most modern, wealthiest, most civilized and Christianized nation on earth. I contended our government had ought to have used the 10 million bushels of wheat they sold to China on long time, for our poor citizens in the U.S.

Published February 5, 1932

January 19

This was a warm day and most of the 8-inch snow melted—snow water running down all the ravines, road gutters and hillsides, like after a summer rain. Lots of side roads were almost impassable.

Bert Irlant and sons had an auction sale on the old Lewis Weeks farm five miles east of Blue Rapids and many cars got stuck in the mud on the deep grade on highway No. 9. Several cars east from Blue Rapids and seeing other cars stuck in the mud they turned back and detoured around by Irving, three miles south then back northeast to the sale, where there was quite a crowd considering the awful bad roads. Mrs. Truxaw, widow of Wm. Truxaw of Riverside, Iowa, owns the Weeks farm—also the John Ewing farm adjoining the Weeks farm on the south.

Mr. Truxaw started in business at Humbolt, Iowa, where he ran a meat shop, after leaving his father's home in a large pioneer settlement of homesteaders who came from Bohemia and settled south and west of the present location of Humbolt. Later, Mr. Truxaw went to Iowa where he made good in the mercantile business—came to Kansas, bought a 320-acre farm in Nemaha county near Corning, section improved farm near Linn in Washington county, then later on bought the Weeks and Ewing farms—making three adjoining counties on what is now No. 9 highway. He bought these farms for an investment and rented them out while he remained in the mercantile business in Iowa. He was a strongly built man but developed kidney trouble that caused his death.

Lewis Weeks homesteaded part of the farm the fall of 1869, coming to Kansas from Illinois. He was born and raised near Katskill, N.Y., and was from the same neighborhood that Frank Thorne of Waterville was raised in, who is now one of the foremost bankers in northern Kansas.

Mr. Weeks weighed 240 pounds and was a jolly joker—so all his neighbors liked to meet him to be cheered up by his cheerful disposition. He was worshipful master of the Irving Masonic lodge in the 70s. When the first schoolhouse was built in district 49, now the Pleasant Valley school, the house was built on a high ridge on the west edge of the J.F. Ensign farm, close to the Weeks farm and the folks called it the Weeks school. Byron Weeks, meat cutter in the Short Grocery in Blue Rapids, Mrs. Perdue

Caesar of Frankfort and Mrs. Stewart of Atchison are the children of Lewis Weeks.

Abby Weeks, now Mrs. Stewart, used to ride a sorrel mare, named Betty, shortened up to Old Bet, while she attended the seminary academy in Irving. Riding to school and back home each day over a prairie trail and crossing the Big Blue river, making a ten-mile ride each day on the beautiful sorrel mare.

There was only one drawback to the good Weeks farm. They could never get a good supply of water. Three years ago I drilled a well there between the house and barn and got a supply of water that can't be pumped out by either an engine or windmill—a wonderful well.

Coming back from the sale I rode to Waterville with Fred Erickson and we came home by Irving. He came near going into the ditch on the muddy No. 9 and another car driver nearly ran into his car when it slipped and turned sideways—so he detoured coming home to miss No. 9. Mr. Erickson is a very careful driver—has driven his car since 1922—a good car yet.

January 21

Robert Reigel, who runs a barber shop in Waterville, gave me some shell bark hickory nuts from a sack that his brother, Logan, had sent him from his home farm near Mountain View, south of Springfield, Mo., in the Ozark mountains.

In Blue Rapids, had lunch at Mrs. Scott's café where Bertha Brooks is the head manager. She is a granddaughter of Moses Saville, who homesteaded east of Blue Rapids in 1858.

At Marysville we made a call on Lilly Stoneman, a daughter of Wm. Boyd, one of father's near neighbors. Mrs. Stoneman is caring for the daughter of a locomotive engineer, who recently lost his wife. Mrs. Stoneman is a cousin of George Fenwick, owner of the Fenwick Oil Co., of Marysville.

At Home City we stopped at the farm home of an aged pioneer U.S. mail carrier, who owns and extra good farm adjoining the city on the east. Extra good buildings, good livestock, and good farm land well cared for.

Beattie is a good town and has a good north and south highway which is a well-graded and graveled road that makes a good connection between highways 9 and 36.

In Frankfort I met James Chandler, a heavyweight man whom I had not seen for years. I drilled a well for his father, three miles southeast of Frankfort in October of 1894. James owns his father's old home place and a good farm adjoining it on the east. Mr. Chandler retired from farming several years ago and has a large modern home just north of the Frankfort high school building.

Came through Barrett, one of the oldest towns in the county. It was an important town 70 years ago when it had a lumber and grist mill owned and run by the Barrett brothers. Barrett was killed out by the building-up of Frankfort, so it has only been a flag station for many years. I always like to go through Barrett to get a look at the beautiful schoolhouse in district No. 1—the first school district organized in Marshall county.

A stop at Robert Millgate's hotel in Bigelow, where in the office I met Mr. Millgate, a big young bachelor, also an old bachelor farmer, Albert Neumeyer, of the Antioch neighborhood, who now lives at the hotel. Also met two of my old schoolmates, Grant and Dick Baird, bachelor brothers who were raised on a farm adjoining father's homestead. The Baird brothers now live at the Millgate hotel in Bigelow.

In Irving, stopped at the Blaney hardware store where I met Rudolph Hollenberg, whose father came from Germany over 70 years ago and settled on the south side of the Vermillion where the old Oregon Trail crossed the river, northwest of where Bigelow now is. Mr. Hollenberg grew up in the neighborhood where the first white child was born in Marshall county, the late George Thiele, who was born September 14, 1855, and died in Washington two years ago. Mr. Hollenberg lives in town, but owns a high upland 80-acre farm southeast of Blue Rapids and he recalls that only a few years ago the tax on the 80-acre farm was \$30, now the tax is \$80—a dollar an acre. A great cost for high graded main roads, extra high salaries for state and federal officials, causing the working-class property owners and awful cost in high

taxes. Sixty-two years ago the soil was all here and the land value was \$1.25 an acre. Now the taxes are that high—virgin soil gone.

Also met Walter Webb, son of one of father's old pioneer homesteaders, and who owns his father's old farm but has lived in Irving for many years—where he and A.L. Piper used to run a big livery barn. As a young man, Walter Webb worked for the Blue Rapids City colony—hailed rock and sand for pioneer city building foundations and got an idea he would like to plant a tree in the city, so dug up a small white elm tree on the Big Blue river bank, brought it up town and set it in front of the big state bank building on the west side of Main Street square, where it now is a giant tree over three feet in diameter. Later on, Walter and his brother, John, bought a horse-power threshing machine and threshed grain over a wide area of country. As a young boy, I used to cut bands for them—first hand-bound grain with straw bands, then wire bands, then twine.

Weather cold and stormy with awful rough side roads, so we came home after being in nine towns in three-fourths of a day. Marshall county has twenty towns.

Published February 19, 1932

January 27

An old time saying, "A January fog will freeze the hair off a dog." Our Monday night fog turned to a wet fine snow that stuck to everything it came in contact with—freezing fast, so it did not drift any, as only a mild breeze brought the fog snow earthwards. A south wind and sunshine melted off part of the three-inch snowfall, making side roads quite muddy. This evening's sunset said cooler weather for tomorrow. Hope it didn't get very cold as it will be hard on the late-sowed wheat, especially on thin soil that has a clay-gumbo or hard pan subsoil. The wet winter of 1909-10 had no severe freezing weather, but so much rain and wet snow and continuous freezing and thawing killed nearly all the wheat in the county except on sandy soil, like the Blue valley land where there is a sandy subsoil.

The breaking up of ravines and steep sloping land causes the surface soil to wash away by torrential rains, so that in the New England states and York state, now called New York, where the land has been under cultivation for a long time and the original virgin soil has all been washed away so that fertilizers have little or no effect on crop production, many farmers have been abandoned and some folks from this county went back east years ago to look over the cheap-priced improved farms—most of them returning to Kansas without buying an eastern farm. Governor Franklin Roosevelt's bill to re-forest abandoned land has become a law in York state. Owners could not make a living and pay taxes before this new law went into effect. York state had bought 69,863 acres of washy land farms at \$7 an acre, which is to become wild forest land and game preserves. Try and save the soil and plant more trees all around the world, is my motto.

In the last fruit year...June, 1930 to June, 1931...over sixty-six million dollars-worth of fruit were exported from the U.S. to foreign countries. Of this amount, \$35,996,000 was for apples. A gain of \$15,000,000 for apples over the previous year. Sure glad to hear that, as apples are a wonderful fruit—medicine and food combined—and should be eaten by every human on earth from early childhood to extreme old age, 365 days a year. Apple trees are a beautiful sight from blooming time until the many colored kinds of ripe apples are picked—besides the orchard trees help in making a wind-break around the

farm buildings. Plant more apple trees. Evaporated and even sun-dried apples make wonderfully good sauce and the peelings and cores of fresh apples make a good ration for chickens and swine in the wintertime, and to folks who like drinks, no man-made drink is better or more healthful than fresh sweet cider. It is a real bowel cleanser.

Old timers will remember the saying that used to be repeated among groups of men on the street sides when they met in towns on Saturdays, "In God we trust—in Kansas we bust." The saying originated in Illinois in pioneer settlement days and was repeated here in good old Kansas in drought and grasshopper seasons—but vanished ahead of the gas-wagon age.

In the 70s and early 80s homesteaders from western Kansas used to come here to get corn-husking jobs. The fall of 1882 among a lot who came to Wells township to get work, there were three odd-named men—one named Moses, one named Sheets, and the oddest name was Lovelady. Moses died of typhoid pneumonia while working in the Scriber neighborhood. A bad ending to a good job.

Lots of men and boys have been killed by gun accidents this snowy winter while hunting game. After the big blizzard snow that fell on November 22, 1898, there were seven men and boys lost their lives from gun accidents within three weeks time. One of the victims was a son of John Richard, whose farm joined father's farm and two strong young men southeast of Bigelow were two more of the victims.

You old-timers remember the Louisiana lottery, that sold tickets at \$1 each for prize drawing monthly. Prizes consisted of so many dollars in gold and was arranged so that a large percent of the ticket buyers won prizes. Finally, the federal government put the lottery out of business, saying it was a gambling device and that the lottery had taken in over \$5,000,000 in one year. Correct to stop such things.

But the greatest and worst gambling the world has ever known is the stock exchange of Wall Street, New York, and those billionaires are doing more to keep the financial depression on than any other cause and those big-money kinds should be placed under government control.

When my soldier son was in Japan, he wrote me telling how the Japs were in a very cramped-up situation in their island empire with farms as small as our gardens here in Kansas. Since then I have always contended that the Japs would start a war to secure more land for their people, so I believe they have that aim in view now so they will no doubt will hang on to a portion of Manchuria. They are good scrapping soldiers, as they proved to the world in their war with Russia.

Monday, February 1

Saturday morning and yesterday morning the temperature was down near zero out here, but it is warmer this morning, but very threatening with heavy clouds.

Was in Marysville Saturday afternoon and though it was very cold, there was a large crowd in town. When I went into the county treasurer's office, there were 12 men in there waiting their turn to secure car license tags. Too bad that the license fee could not have been reduced by half, as there are many folks who just won't be able to buy tags for their cars and will have to let them stand idle and go with horses or on foot. A county taxpayers' meeting had been held in Marysville, but as my son had to do some repairing on his car we did not get there to the meeting, but got our license tags. A big price for small pieces of red and yellow tin.

Suggestion for some Republican candidates:
For President of the U.S., Arthur Capper;
Vice-President, Charles Curtis; for Governor of Kansas, Ewing Herbert, editor of the *Hiawatha World*;
Lieutenant-Governor, Andrew Shearer of Frankfort;
for state senator, John Frost; county commissioner, Alva Stryker; for county treasurer, J.W. Ewing of Blue Rapids, who is 53 years of age, born and raised in Marshall county on his father's homestead northeast of Irving. He had charge of the roads of Wells township for several years and was classified as the best grader-man in the county. His farm residence was long detour by-road to school so he sold out and moved to Blue Rapids so his two daughters could get to school easier, and he is hauling gas and oil for the Farmers Elevator Company of Blue Rapids. He has been an officer for years in the Anti-Thief Association, also in the A.F.&A.M. and I.O.O.F. lodges. As sure he would be willing to cut the treasurer's salary 10 percent.

For state treasurer, Frank P. Thorne, successful banker of Waterville. For state printer, Maggie Shanon, editor of the *Barnes Chief*.

I have been urged to run again for sheriff, but have not decided yet. I was in the race four years ago and won third place of the seven Republican candidates in the race. I did no campaigning and never inquired what salary the sheriff draws. I was a deputy sheriff for 12 years, but my idea was to do all I could to help humanity to be better citizens. If I decide to be in the race I will take 10 percent less than the regular salary as times are so hard we should help reduce government costs, reducing all unnecessary expenses so as to reduce taxes as much as possible. Too many men consider the salary first—regardless of their ability to give good service to the citizens who placed them in office, expecting them to do their very best at all times to earn their pay.

February 6

President Hoover must have appointed a wet-weather clerk, as we had a 4-inch blizzard and snow last week. It was of the fine drifting kind—but the 4 inches made $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of water, so the roads are extra bad again. The wettest winter weather in 22 years. My son, Claire, has had to stay down in Waterville part of the time as the crossroads are so bad he can't always drive over them. He tried to drive home this evening but couldn't get over the crossroads, so had to come home on foot and will have to walk to school tomorrow, and I will have to walk to town as I can't get out of here with the old truck and as I have no horses, will have to walk wherever I go. What we need is warm, windy, sunshiny weather as it will soon be moving time and if the roads remain muddy it will be an awful job for the millions who must move March 1.

I have a lot of relics I will dispose of as I have no place to store them. Have two of the first washing machines ever built, 50¢ each. Two breaking plows made in Blue Rapids 50 years ago, both can be fixed so they will break sod, price \$1 each. Several school seat irons, used in the Pleasant Valley school 60 years ago, \$1 for the lot. Lightning hay knife 55 years old, I bought it of J.F. Ensign 49 years ago last March. Eight-foot U.S. map I got of Charles Curtis, vice-president of the U.S., price \$10. Big corn planter drive wheel, bought on a corn planter 52 years ago. Marble-bottom coal oil lamp, bought by the Weeks

family over 60 years ago, price \$1. Churn made by Carl Belknap for Mrs. Lewis Weeks 54 years ago, price \$1. Sorghum molasses skimmer, made in 1875, price \$1. Wagon wheel hubs off a wagon driven into Kansas over the old Oregon Trail 62 years ago, price \$1 each. Iron water well bucket, bought by Lew Weeks 58 years ago, price \$1. Post auger that John M. Winters bought in 1873, I got it of Mr. Winters October 10, 1886, and have used it to start every well I ever drilled—it does good work yet, price \$2.50. Plow hammer made by Bob Patterson, blacksmith in Irving, 60 years ago—it is good as new, price \$1.50. Other things too numerous to mention including chicken coops, steel chick feeders, etc. Want to sell at once. Grant Ewing, Waterville.

Published February 26, 1932

February 12

The past two days of warm south winds and clear sunshiny sky has melted off all the snow and is drying in the sideroads, but the weather is still unsettled, so it can easily come a rain or snow.

Frank Crane and George Hurlburt of Blue Rapids were callers here last Saturday. Mr. Hurlburt is an independent politician and should be a candidate for lieutenant-governor of Kansas, along with his friend, Doctor Brinkley, thousand-dollar goat gland specialist.

President Hoover's plan to help every citizen own his own home is a good plan, as homeowners are the best citizens because they are more interested in local, state and national laws, which comes from being real estate tax payers. Have heard men say, "I care nothing about tax laws because I'm not a landowner."

It takes 1,000,000 new mail bags each year to carry the mail in the U.S., while 4,000,000 are repaired annually. The bags are made of cotton canvas, with a carrying capacity of 250 pounds. The canvas is made by prisoners in the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., then shipped to Washington, D.C., where the mail bags are made and scattered over the U.S.

Financial depression has been hard on all classes of business including newspapers. The Kansas Farmer is now a semi-monthly. It has always been a weekly until last December. The following named states have changed from weekly to semi-monthly—Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Colorado, Oklahoma, Missouri, Texas and Kansas. Eleven states in the grain-producing area of the U.S. There are lots of farmers so hard up they can't afford any paper. Too bad.

I received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Chester Benton of Harrison, Idaho, which is in the panhandle of Idaho that lies west of Montana and joins Washington on the east. Harrison is about 75 miles from Canada and is on the east side of lake De Cour Alone, which has a shore area of 153 miles. The Bentons have a 320-acre ranch that corners against the lake, so they have their own boat landing. Sister

reports the coldest and most snow of any winter in 30 years she has lived in Idaho. Up on a high mountain road north of their home the highways were blocked with 15-foot drifts. There are 27 big lumber saw mills around the lake and half of them are closed and the rest run only part of the time. So the laboring classes are in bad shape. A federal highway from Mexico to Canada was built a few years ago. It runs right in front of sister's home. It raised taxes to a high rate.

Sunday, February 14

A wet, drifting snow and some showers of rain made $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch of moisture in my rain gauge. Yesterday was the first day in a month I could get out of here in a truck. Now we have the same bad roads again.

Just heard of the death of my old friend and neighbor, Charles Drennen, of the Fairview neighborhood, two and a half miles east of Blue Rapids on highway No. 9. Charles was a great student of nature, always saw at a glance everything in sight. He used to say, "We all have eyes, but most of us are blind, not using our sight to learn from nature and enjoy life." While enroute to Ireland with his sister, Katie Cottrell of Irving, Charles wrote to me from New York telling what formation of soil and rock he had seen along the railroads from Blue Rapids to New York. He was a dandy good friend and neighbor.

February 22

Snow melted off except drifts. Roads in an awful muddy condition. Two years ago yesterday, it was 71 in the shade—dry, windy weather and plowing was being done on nearly every farm, with horses and tractors. Farm work has been delayed by this extremely wet winter and it is going to be the worst moving time in years.

Fifty-one wild geese went north over here Friday afternoon, February 19th. Sure wish they were as plentiful as 40 to 50 years ago, when for days at a time both spring and fall, there were big flocks of geese, brants, ducks and cranes and some swans in sight and hearing all the time, day and night. I never killed but very few of them, as I got more pleasure out of seeing and hearing their calls than I did from eating their meat. Would rather see and hear a big band of geese than go to a show.

It was 200 years ago today since George Washington was born. The legal holiday which prevents us rural residents from getting our mail over rural mail routes. If the late year officials of this republic had followed Washington's advice, we would not be in our present financial condition. His warning was, don't get mixed up with any foreign country in any allied treaty so our army would have to go overseas to aid in wars, and not get any foreign territory or islands, as we had a large enough country to look after and develop—advice that should have been followed.

These will be the last "Notes by the Wayside" to be written here on Cedar Flat farm. If times don't improve, I will have to go to the state legislature and do all I can to aid the producing classes.

Published April 1, 1932

March 1

March came in with a spring-like day—though yesterday was much warmer than today—the maple and elm trees came out in full bloom. The peach and apricot fruit buds are swelling up so the next cold spell will kill them.

Side roads are just getting dry enough to get over since the big snow drifts melted off a few days ago—has been an awful bad time for farmer tenants to move—the worst moving time since the spring of 1910.

On February 21, two years ago, the temperature was up to 73 degrees and in driving 32 miles I counted 41 farmers plowing ground for oats, saw one man drilling in oats in the Blue valley. Last winter a lot of plowing was done in January and February, while this winter has been so wet no plowing could be done.

On February 24, 1930, the temperature went up to 81 degrees, being the warmest February weather ever recorded in Kansas. Forest trees were in full bloom and by March 1 pear trees were in bloom, but no freezing weather followed the summer heat wave—so we had a good fruit crop. Last year was the fourth year in succession that we had a good peach crop here, which established set a record for this part of Kansas, as in years gone by, if the peach buds went through the winter unharmed by the cold one year in three, it was the best we could figure on. Twice I have seen peach buds withstand 28 below zero when the weather was dry and three times they have been killed when it was just four degrees below zero—that when it came a wet snow after a warm spell. This is the kind of a winter when fruit can be easily damaged.

March 5

A rain here yesterday turned into a snow storm and high winds have made many bad snow drifts two to five feet deep, blocking many of the side roads. A very cold wind is blowing from the northwest with a zero chill in the air, making bad weather for both humans and animals. Saw in today's paper where there were 500 farmers snowbound in Wisconsin. They were short on food and had very little feed for their livestock.

It is reported there are hundreds of farms in South Dakota that all the livestock has perished for want of feed, where an extreme drought and grasshoppers destroyed all the crops, so the farmers were left with very little feed. Then they have had the coldest, snowiest winter in years. We feel bad off here, but we have some food, feed and fuel—so are luckier than Dakotans.

We moved March 1, onto the old Tom Strange homestead, 3¾ miles east of Blue Rapids, which corners with my old Cedar Ridge farm, from which I moved over to Cottage Hill township 12 years ago this spring. This Flint Hill farm is in the east edge of Blue Rapids City township, on R.R. No. 1, where our good county clerk, Clyde Rodkey, used to be mail carrier. Earl McAtee is mail carrier on this route now. We are on the Blue Rapids phone line—our phone number is 12F03. Long distance phone messages come over the Bell lines. We are just one-fourth mile from Wells township, in which I spent most of my life on and near father's old homestead. Mrs. Charles Strange and son, Virgil, and his wife and son, live close by west of here. Walt Bigham and family live on the old Senator Frank Paul farm across the road south, and James Fincham and family live on one of his farms joining this on the east.

March 19

The big snow drifts are most all melted off and the side roads are getting so light loads can be hauled over them. Moving is very expensive and I would like to see everyone own their own homes. So many farms, and city and town homes have been lost to mortgage companies that it is a safe estimate to say that at least ten million families had to move this spring into different homes.

We are 8¾ miles east of Waterville and as his is our 16-year-old son, Claire's, last year in high school, it makes him quite a way to go to school. In going over bad muddy roads last Sunday he damaged his car motor so had to stay in Waterville this week. He had to go to Clay Center today to a students' contest, so his good cousin, Walter Montieth, owner of the White Way garage, loaned Claire a car to make the trip to Clay Center. Thanks, Walter.

The last week's blizzard and snow storm covered a wide area of country, the snow going as far south as Amarillo, Texas, and the nine days of continuous cold northwest wind carried the cold wave away down the Rio Grande valley doing a world of damage to all growing crops. Main truck crops were damaged 75%, growing snap beans were damaged 90%, valley potatoes 50%, cantaloupes 95%, valley tomatoes 75%, valley green corn 75%, cucumbers total loss, south Texas watermelons all killed, strawberry fruit and blooms were frozen, peaches, pears, plums and apples were severely damaged—that will make vegetables and fruits high priced the coming spring and summer. So many people think snow is beautiful, because it is white. In my opinion it is one of the worst things that ever come down onto the earth as it causes extreme suffering and many deaths, both humans and animals.

The migratory wild waterfowls are getting very scarce—see but one flock now where we used to see thousands of them. Saw a flock of 51 wild geese go north on February 19 and on February 29 saw a flock of 72 brants enroute to Canada. Saw one small flock of ducks go north on March 10.

The unsettled weather has caused lots of folks to be afflicted with colds and flu this winter. In December there were 348 deaths in Kansas caused directly from the flu, classified as the lagrippe epidemic. The use of garlic or onions, eaten raw, or if you can't eat them, chew a small piece, getting the juice and odor in the throat and around the teeth—this is the greatest flu and cold germ killer there is. I can't eat raw onions, but I carry a raw onion in a pocket and frequently take a chew of it, especially before going into a crowd for protection against flu germs.

Onions and garlic have extra good medicinal value in every way they are prepared for eating, but for colds and flu germ killing they want to be raw. But as a health food they should be on the table every mealtime the year 'round. Lots of folks fear somebody will smell the onion odor from their breath. Have heard tobacco and booze users say, "I hate to eat onions because folks will smell it on me." I would prefer the smell of a million tons of onions around me day and night in preference to a pound of tobacco. If you are afflicted with toothache get a five-cent package of stick cinnamon, break off some small pieces, put them in your mouth back of the aching

tooth and in a short time the cinnamon will become soft enough so you can chew it and get the fine pieces to the bad tooth. It is a sound tooth preserver if used in small amounts every day.

From this Flint Hill farm house we can see the electric lights of Irving, Blue Rapids and Waterville. We are three miles north of Irving, the first Marshall county town I was in as an infant kid. The Irving *Blue Valley Gazette* was the first county paper my folks subscribed for in the early 70s, and the *Irving Leader*—owned and published by the late Hugh Thomson, whose father was owner and editor of the *Blue Valley Gazette*—was the first county paper I wrote for, commencing to write the Pleasant Valley items on March 1, 1890. Friend Hugh had been urging me for a long time to write for his paper so I finally did and kept it secret from my own folks for six months and had some fun in *Leader* readers asking me who the educated writer from Pleasant Valley was. I had no schooling above McGuffey's third reader, so they knew it wasn't I.

Monday, March 21

This is the first day of spring and we are having an awful blizzard—cold 40-mile-an-hour wind sifting frozen fog and snow into everything—drifts here three feet deep this evening. It commenced to rain last midnight. This will continue the bad sideroads, keep them unsettled until summer heat and warm winds dry them out. It will delay all farm work, so all crops will be planted late and there is a lot of wheat fields that are badly damaged by the continued freezing and thawing weather.

Published April 15, 1932

March 22

This is the anniversary of my departed father's birth. He was born March 22, 1827, in Perry county, Pennsylvania. He was named after his grandfather, William Alexander Ewing, who came to America in 1750 to do civil engineering work for the British government. Two of father's 12 children, six boys and six girls, were born on the 22nd of the month. Anna was born on June 22, 1864, and the youngest one of the dozen kids, J.W. Ewing, now living in Blue Rapids, was born on August 22, 1878. My first child died on August 22, the day we were celebrating her uncle John's birthday.

Have seen more brants go north this spring than any time before for 35 years. Last Saturday forenoon there were nine flocks passed over here, ranging in number 23 to 123, with an average of 52 in each flock. Yesterday five more large flocks went north. They are a most wonderfully beautiful game bird with their dark brown body bright silver-white wings.

Brants in size are on a line between large ducks and geese. They have been increasing in numbers the past three years. Previous to 1929 I only saw one flock in nine years, where in early days they passed over here in vast number of flocks, and as wild duck and geese are both getting very scarce, I sure am glad to see and hear the beautiful silver-winged brants, which I hope will continue in numbers.

April 1

This is a lovely spring day, warm and sunshiny. Sure nice after the 60-mile-an-hour southwest wind dust storm last week, which did considerable damage over the country, blowing shingles from house roofs, blowing down cattle sheds, breaking limbs from trees, etc. On the Swift ranch, north of Blue Rapids, where George McHugh lives, the roof was blown off one cattle barn and the great big horse barn and cattle barn was shoved partly off the foundation. The board fence along each side of No. 9 highway where it approached the Blue river bridge was all blown down. The air was full of sandy dust brought up here from the sandy soil in southwest Kansas. One field on Miss Olive Thompson's farm south of Waterville lost a lot of good black soil by the gale.

The wind storm here was the result of a cyclone in Texas on Monday. The high warm drying

wind dried the fields out on top so farmers are now cutting stalks, disking and drilling in oats and planting potatoes in the dark of the moon. We plant our spuds in the ground, as it is too far to go up to the moon to plant and dig the early Ohios and Cobbler spuds.

Of the many good bakeries in Marshall county towns, one of the best ones is in Waterville—owned and operated for 14 years by George Brown, aided by his good wife, Martha Brown. They also have a lunch counter in connection with their bakery and the prices of their bakery products are the most reasonable of anyone in the county. A good sanitary bakery is helpful to all food consumers.

Forty years ago today, April 7, 1872, a southwest wind storm blowing over 60 miles an hour, blew down a lot of windmills over the country, unroofed buildings and blew down small outbuildings, completely wrecking many chicken houses, pulling up many orchard trees, etc. The ladies' hall in Irving, now owned by the Masonic Lodge, was unroofed by that storm. Only one other farmer, besides myself, rode on horseback into Irving to see how much damage the storm had done. All the business houses were locked up. All residents being at home, close to their cyclone caves.

Brants are still going north—saw several flocks today—and the first black birds arrived here today. In a normal spring they get here from March 10 to 20—unsettled weather has made their arrival late.

Visitors here at Flint Hill farm last Sunday were Leonard and Ellen Ewing from near Greenleaf, Everett Shimmel and wife and daughter from Greenleaf, and Everett's mother, Mrs. Maud Shimmel; Tom Finchams; Lou, Gloria, and DeWayne Wentz from the Fred Stocks cattle ranch; Theron Farrar and wife, Alice, and their son, Wayne; James Shaw and wife, Kate, and daughter, Mary, and son Howard; and Ruby McMillan.

Horse and cattle hides are the lowest priced they have been in years, yet all leather products, shoes, harness, etc., are all way high in price compared to farming equipment necessary to produce grain crops and livestock. Wish all necessities could be a more level basis.

Published April 29, 1932

April 10

A flock of over 100 black birds that arrived here from the sunny southlands on April 1, are still here in the trees around the buildings on Flint Hill farm. Black birds are great insect eaters, but most all other songbirds fear the colored birds, as they are great scrappers.

Saw the first pair of doves up near the Blue river on No. 9 highway. This is their regular time to arrive here, but they don't commence singing 'til around May 1. Folks used to say it is time to plant corn when the turtle doves commence singing their beautiful songs.

Have not seen a meadowlark this spring. Years ago have seen them come here as early as February 20. The prairies used to be alive with them, but they are getting very scarce.

Early-sowed wheat is making extra good cattle pasture, which in connection with the bluegrass on most farms is reducing the feeding cost for livestock on farms that are lucky enough to have early fall sown wheat and bluegrass pasture.

Most all farmers are very busy disking corn stalk fields, drilling in oats and getting their corn ground ready so they can commence planting corn by May 1. Most folks have potatoes and garden started.

Seedling peach trees are in full bloom and there are a few budded peach trees that have some blossoms that were not winter-killed. Cherry and plum blossoms are all alive and will soon be in bloom. Hope they all develop fruit as it is reported that 90% of the peach buds in Missouri were winter-killed.

We are having dry windy weather in April—very much like March weather. We can expect a windy spring—following one of the most windless winters ever on record in this part of Kansas.

On April 8 we plainly heard the Antioch school bell which is five miles southeast of here. There was a light breeze coming this way carrying the bell toll, which was a long distance to hear a country school bell.

In pioneer days when the only school bells were small hand bells that could only be heard a hundred yards distance and a few town churches had

large bells and homesteaders used to listen on Sundays to hear the bell call for church time services. Mothers would watch the clock and say to the children, "It is time for such a town's church bell to ring. Go out and listen. Call me if you hear it."

Frogs and toads are getting very scarce—haven't seen a toad for five years. In early days they were very plentiful. One evening in May, 1876, my sisters and I walked around our father's garden and early potato patch and we counted 50 toads on the acre of ground. They were a great help as they were great bug and insect eaters. Have watched them eat bugs until they would be twice their normal size. In plowing farmland, hundreds of toads would be plowed out of holes they had dug through the ground to get bugs and worms and sometimes their nest of eggs would be plowed up. Wish they were plentiful now.

The earliest I ever heard a frog screech was on February 14 in 1878. The first ones I heard this year was on February 27. Used to be in springtime evenings thousands of frogs could be heard in every direction—now only one occasionally. Too bad.

April 15

Cherries, plums, lilacs and red wood in full bloom. Boxelder trees and lilac bushes both have full-grown leaves. Alfalfa is very large, especially the fields that were planted last summer. The wet, warm autumn gave it a splendid start. Many farmers are sowing alfalfa this spring and sure glad to see more alfalfa grown here, as it is a sure crop in this part of Kansas with three to four crops a year. At \$6 to \$10 a ton it is the most paying farm crop we can raise here. Besides the hay crop, it makes good winter pasture and is a soil improver. When a hail storm hits a small grain crop it gives the farmer a year's set back, while with alfalfa in six weeks another crop will be ready to cut, so there is at least three chances for a season's crop with alfalfa over grain crops, besides it is one of the best cattle winter feeds in existence, and the blossom is a honey source for bees.

Dandelions were in full bloom April 12. They are the first wildflower to bloom and the first to ripen seed, and though condemned as a pernicious weed, their yellow golden flowers show up very beautiful, especially in a dark green bluegrass pasture.

Met my old friend Sam Edwards in Blue Rapids last Wednesday evening. Mr. Edwards lives in Blue Rapids, but his business is a farmer and livestock producer on the big Edwards ranch located in the river bottom at the junction of the Vermillion river with the Big Blue river, four miles southeast of Irving. A man named Zellers was a pioneer settler on a part of the Edwards ranch. As a kid, I was there with father's family for a Sunday dinner in the Zellers' log cabin 58 years ago. Mr. Edwards is a candidate for state senator and will make a good officer as he has had several years' experience as a state law-making official.

These notes are being written in the grave-digging tool shack in the Antioch cemetery, where I eat my meals and sleep on a canvas army cot overnight—close to the graves of a lot of old time neighbors and friends from Wells and Bigelow townships. I sure enjoy sleeping close to the last resting place of such a lot of pioneer settlers and their families. There are five pioneer settlers, who came here in 1858 and one who came in 1860, sleeping here now in the Antioch cemetery, which is located close to the west bank of the Vermillion river, a mile west of Bigelow and four miles straight east of Irving. There is a wonderful view from this cemetery—the historic Twin Mounds are 1½ miles south, and we can see the hills down the Vermillion valley, and the Pottawatomie and Riley county hills along the Blue valley. Can see up the valley to Frankfort. Can see Bigelow and a fine view up the Corn Dodger creek valley and over the prairie northwest to father's old homestead.

It is 62 years ago today since I was brought into Marshall county from Sherman's sawmill on Bluff creek in Pottawatomie county. Father brought his family—mother, four sisters and myself—in a covered wagon, crossed the Vermillion on the old Oregon Trail. When we got within a hundred yards of the new home on father's homestead, a heavy April shower broke down with large-sized hail stones and lots of thunder and lightning, badly scaring the team of high-lifed horses. Got them stopped back of the house and mother got us kids out of the wagon. We were all wet to the hide before getting inside of our future home. The house is still in good condition—I re-roofed it 31 years ago. The farm now belongs to James Wilson, who owns and lives on the Milo Weeks farm on the banks of the Corn Dodger creek. There is a

score of Civil War veterans buried here in Antioch cemetery.

April 17

Coming home last night to Flint Hill farm, I drove into an April shower about a mile wide, then came out where there had only been a light sprinkle, not enough to lay the dust. No. 9 highway is sure hard to drive over as there is much more loose coarse gravel on the road than is necessary when it is dry. It is hard on car tires and on horses' feet—and hard walking for hobos, also for school kiddies. A hobo named Boyne from Ohio enroute to Salina, stopped here last Wednesday to get a bite to eat. Has walked all over the U.S. looking for work. Said it was sure hard tramping over heavy-graveled roads. Picked up another tramp today going to a ranch in Colorado, took him as far west as Waterville. South of Waterville four miles they had a good shower of rain last night and packed the gravel down so it was easy driving over it.

On account of cheap eggs and poultry we do not see many young chicks over the country this spring. Mrs. Schreiber near Bigelow has a flock of young White Rock chicks size of grown quail. At the George Pishney home we saw 300 white chicks the same size. Sure glad to see some nice young flocks of future preacher food. George is a good working young farmer—and all he needs to make a complete success of his farming is a good lady housekeeper, who is willing to change her family name to Pishney.

Met Ed Alderson on highway 11. He lives on one of Frank Dobrovolsky's good Cottage Hill farms. Ed bought a good 80-acre farm near the Prairie Ridge schoolhouse and just through sowing a field of alfalfa and some sweet clover when a good shower of rain fell out there yesterday evening, which will sprout those soil-building legume seeds so they will get an early start.

Frank Dobrovolsky, who owns three extra good Cottage Hill farms and who has a good young bearing apple orchard, has planted an acre into pear trees this spring. Sure glad to see more fruit trees planted out, as fruit is something that every human being on earth should eat—for health and strength.

The prettiest sight in the country is the Blue Valley Nursery of Ed Nevins and son, James, in Blue

Rapids where they have vast numbers of all kinds of young evergreen trees. From now until May 6 is the best time to set out evergreen trees—and a row of evergreen trees around the building site on every farm makes a windbreak that is a great protection against cold snowy blizzards in winter, and dust storms and high wind rain storms in summertime. Evergreen trees make valuable timber as well as protect and beautify farm homes. Plant more evergreen trees.

April 19

A married man was here yesterday looking for a farm-hand job. He has been farming but lost all his work horses from corn stalk poisoning—was not able to buy any more, so had to quit farming and work out. Too awful bad.

Mississippi is called one of the richest farmland southern states but 60,000 farms, one-fourth of the state, have recently been sold for non-tax payments. So my prediction, that 20,000,000 folks would lose their homes in the U.S. this year, is pretty sure to win. It is awful to lose one's entire life's savings to big mortgage companies and for high taxes. Heading back to tribal day conditions, minus the game that made plenty of meat for tribes and paleface pioneer settlers.

We have had a drizzling rain all day—muddy roads, but it is good for oats, potatoes, gardens and wheat fields, also pastures.

Published May 6, 1932

April 20, in the Antioch cemetery tool cabin

It was 31 years ago today since my son, Levi, was born. He lost his life in the Philippine Islands and the federal officers offered to return his body for burial in the National Military Cemetery at Washington, D.C. His mother and two sisters were buried here in Antioch cemetery, so I had his body returned here, where he was laid to rest beside his mother on Decoration Sabbath 10 years ago. My departed soldier son is surrounded by the graves of 25 Civil War veterans and one Confederate veteran soldier. One of the Union soldiers, Levi Schooley, who was a lieutenant in the volunteer infantry from Illinois, came to Waterville in 1872 and in 1873 bought railroad land adjoining father's homestead, where he lived until 1892, when he sold out and went to Chicago, where he died. His body was returned here for burial beside his 21-year-old son, who died in 1888.

The financial depression is causing many aged folks to do all their own work—can't afford to hire any help. Here on the old Davy Griffis farm, now owned by Mattie Potter of St. Joseph, Mo., the tenant, August Schreiber, 67 years of age, is doing all the field work using four head of horses and mules in a team. He and his aged wife are very active and energetic workers and their daughter, Anna, is a splendid housekeeper and extra good cook and a great helper for her aged parents.

Andrew Lynch, just west of Mr. Schreiber's, is old enough to retire from active labor, but he has to do all his farm work, aided by his good younger wife. Just west of here is the home of Aunt Mary Griffis, who came to Marshall county 74 years ago and has lived in her present home on the Corn Dodger creek bank for 66 years. Her maiden daughter and two bachelor sons do all the farm and house work on their large farm.

The first man buried in this cemetery was James Stephens, buried here 60 years ago. I planted the second cedar trees set out here—the first ones were set out by the late Sam Koch on the corners of his father's lot in the spring of 1880. He got his trees from a negro nurseryman in Blue Rapids. The spring of 1881, which is 51 years ago now, I went up to the old James Self homestead farm and bought four cedar trees and set them out here on father's lot. They are

now 16 inches in diameter. Under the shade and shelter of those large cedar trees, my parents and three sisters are resting in peace.

Among the sleeping Civil War veterans is a father and son, who both served in the same company. They were Samuel Boyd and his son, Wm. Boyd, who came to Kansas from Bath county Kentucky and homesteaded near here. One of Wm. Boyd's seven sons, John, is mail carrier on route one from Irving. His route goes by his father's homestead and by here.

April 24, at Flint Hill farm

We had a rain here this afternoon. Made the newly graded and graveled No. 9 highway quite muddy. This surface moisture is good for spuds, oats and grass.

Our close neighbor, Virgil Strange, drove down to Hutchinson, Kan., taking his wife and son to her father's home. Mrs. Strange's parents were up here recently and her father is going to Texas on a month's vacation. He is a railroad man and he wanted his daughter and grandson to go with him to the Lone Star state. Virgil Strange used to teach school near Hutchinson and he hopes to get his old job back for next fall. This Flint Hill farm was homesteaded by his father and his great-grandfather homesteaded the adjoining farm, where Virgil and family have been living with Virgil's mother, Mrs. Charles Strange.

The Antioch school term ended on Friday, April 22, and they had a program and a big dinner for the district members. Most all attended. I was invited to go, but had to go and get a gasket for an engine, so could not attend—for which I am sorry as the Antioch district is one of the most historic in the county. The present school board is P.B. Sabin, Fred Tebbutt and Wm. Johnson. Mr. Tebbutt is also president of the Antioch cemetery association. The schoolhouse is a two-room, two-department school and one of the largest and best-made schoolhouses in Marshall county. One of the first four scholars that went to school when the district was organized in 1860, A.A. Koch, is now living on his farm, the farm house being 100 yards east of the schoolhouse. The first house was a mile south of the present one, joining the Antioch cemetery. The location was changed in 1881.

In a field on the old Jackson homestead 2½ miles east of Blue Rapids, where the Fairview schoolhouse stands—the farm is now the property of Grant Baird of Bigelow—about 200 yards south of highway 9, there are two big piles of snow-white stuff that cause motorists to wonder what it is composed of. They are egg shells—two truckloads hauled out and dumped there from the Hanna Egg & Poultry plant in Blue Rapids. Close up to the dump is an awful anti-perfume smell—rich enough in decayed nutriment to improve corn land.

In this gas-wagon age, motor cars and trucks are used for many purposes. Today on highway 77, I passed Ed Alderson leading a big black horse behind a grain-bed truck. On No. 9 this evening we met a big car trailing a big team of horses over the heavily coarse-graveled and flint rock slopes. Wonderful changes.

Among numerous callers here today was Ralph Spratt and two of his five sons. Mr. Spratt lives in the Blue valley up near Schroyer. His father used to own the farm west of Blue Rapids on which the big gravel plant is now located. Mrs. Spratt is a daughter of Charles Ensign, who was born on his father's homestead a mile east of here and he and I were seat mates during our first school term and our school ma'am, Miss Emma Smith, is now living in Washington county, while my old time school seat mate lives northwest of Waterville and is now the Sweet Potato King of Marshall county.

Met scores of cars today headed for the Big Blue river banks where they did their best to catch fish, or at least get a bite on the fishhook bait, often caused by mud turtles and frogs. Many fishers had a time getting home over muddy roads caused by a rain this afternoon.

Our Sunday rain was the result of cyclone conditions southeast of here and it will cause a few days of cooler weather.

A few weeks ago a 16-ounce son was born to Mrs. St. John of Kansas City, who is a sister of my daughter-in-law. The one-pound baby was named Charles Bernard, and held the championship as the light-weight baby of Missouri until two weeks ago

when a 14-ounce baby was born in Abesville, Mo., to Mrs. G.A. Henderson. So Billy Gene is now the light-weight champion Missouri kiddie.

Newspapers report that a litter of kiddies was born to a woman in Germany—six boys and four girls. If true, it looks like a newly discovered method of producing an immense supply of cannon fodder for another world war. Reports are that France has the lowest per capita birth rate and Ireland the highest, 10 to 1, of all the civilized nations.

White grass flowers and morning glories were in full bloom here this morning and dandelion flower seed is nearly ripe enough to grow.

April 20, Beatrice, Neb.

Farmers are busy disking corn ground up here. Oats are coming up pretty well. Wheat is a light crop here this year, in acreage, and most fields are rather thin—so it looks like it will be the lightest crop in years. There are quite a lot of alfalfa fields and it is extra good. Most of the farmland will be planted to corn this season. Cherry trees are in full bloom and don't seem to have been damaged by the frost of last Wednesday morning. Most all the pasture grass up here is bluegrass—and being most all farmland, there are very few beef cattle—just a few head of dairy breeds, Jerseys and Holsteins, on every farm. Very few hogs, not many chickens.

Published May 20, 1932

May 1- Twenty-nine years ago this morning all the fruit was destroyed by a hard freeze—even the prairie grass was frozen so it turned brown. There was an extra good prospect for a big fruit crop of all kinds—all fruit trees, vines and plants were loaded to the limit and all of it was completely destroyed. A light rain fell in the night, then a cold freezing wind came down from the northwest and at daylight the wet ground was lightly frozen and all treetops a glare of ice where the rain had frozen on the tree limbs. I had 20 acres of orchards and 2,300 grape vines. The only fruit I had that year was grapes—they were all frozen off, but the new growth of vines bloomed and produced a good crop of grapes, only the bunches were just half as large as the ones frozen. Grapes are the surest fruit crop grown here.

Twenty-five years ago last night a heavy snow storm fell here and on May 1, I hauled out ton-loads of rotted manure on a large cast-steel bobsled, all day, and in the evening took my family out for a sleigh ride around a 30-acre prairie hay meadow—the roads being blocked by big drifts. I have a picture taken in Irving that day, where the businessmen were all out shoveling snow off the sidewalks of Main street. At 9 o'clock May 3, a lady photographer in Irving came to my well-drilling rig in the north part of town and asked permission to stand up in my tool wagon while she took a photograph of big deep snow drifts that had drifted off the level high pasture land and made the deep drifts on the upper edge of the long south slope. The drifts were on the old Collister homestead, owned by the Cottrell brothers, three miles northeast of Irving. The hillside drifts were three feet deep that morning.

In pioneer days very few fields were fenced, so there was very little corn field pasturing. Some few men hired helpers to herd their cattle in stalk fields. There were no corn stalk cutters then, so on cold days, when there was no snow and the ground was frozen solid, farmers would break their stalks off—some using an old railroad rail with a team hitched to each end, while most of them used home-made stalk breakers, some just a heavy-weight round tree timber a foot thick, while others took a six-inch timber, bored a two-inch hole through it every foot, then took long, slim, bushy-topped young trees, hewed the one end down to go through the two-inch hole and with 10 or 12 of the brush poles in the heavy timber, made a good stalk-breaker—called a stalk breaking drag. A heavy board was laid across the long brush stems and the

driver stood on the board while breaking down corn stalks, which were often over six feet tall on good soil.

A home-made corn stalk rake was made 10 feet wide by hewing a round, straight young tree timer down to six inches square, then boring a three-inch hole through the hewed timber every 12 inches, then taking straight smooth pieces of tree limbs, four feet long, hewed one end down to a sharp point and the other end so it would fit into the three-inch hole in the six-inch square timber, where they were wedged in. Then two strong poles 16 feet long were hewed square on the bottom end, then bolted onto the nine-foot timber containing the four-foot wooden rake-teeth. The long poles were put on with a slope, just like a one-horse buggy shaft. Then the box was taken off a high-wheeled farm wagon and the shafts of the corn stalk rake were laid over the of the rear bolster. There was a cross-timber bolted across the shafts, to go on the front side of the wagon bolster, leaving a space of three feet between the wagon end and the rake teeth. The front end of the two rake shafts extended to the front bolster and were about two feet apart. The driver stood between the shafts on a plank with the lines tied together around his shoulders, with a hand on each shaft. Driving the team across the field opposite from the direction the stalks were broken, the rake gathered all stalks and weeds and when full, the driver pressed downward on the shafts, lifting the rake up high enough to pass over the big dump. It was quite a job to guide the team with the shoulders and hard to dump, especially when the rows of rakings were straddled and raked into big bunches. Then, after supper, the farmer would go out and burn the stalks, using a cornstalk with a husk on it to carry fire from one bunch to another.

As a kid, I used to set fire to the bunches, and often large flocks of prairie chickens would come into the corn fields and scratch through the ash piles, looking for partly-burned ears of corn to satisfy their hunger.

Was sure glad when the corn stalk cutters came out—and as the surface soil became thinner, being washed away by torrential rains, and the corn not growing near as tall as when all the virgin soil was on the farm land—then folks began to cut up and plow under the corn stalks to help build up and keep the soil from washing away so bad—for which purpose it is a great help. More stalks have been burned this spring for many years. All straw and corn stalks should be worked back into the soil, aided by all manure that can be secured from domestic animals—then half the land kept in sweet clover followed by alfalfa and grain

crops, also terracing sloping land and where there is a gutter or ravine in a cultivated field, a dam of loose rock across the ravine at the field edge will let the water through and hold the soil back. Made of loose rock six to eight feet wide at the base and sloping up to the top from each side, it is easy to make and is a great help in saving soil. Mulberry trees are a good help where rock are not handy to get, and when the trees planted close together like hedge get a little size, then place straw or stalks against them and they stop a lot of soil washing. One foot of good surface soil is the main feature in crop production—so every method possible should be used to save what virgin soil remains and to build more producing soil by raising more legume crops. The year I was 21, I hauled ear corn to Bigelow, got 10¢ a bushel—it made 80 bushels per acre. Now the same land in a good year would make only 20 to 30 bushels an acre.

Today, May 1, there are boxelder sprouts that are 12 to 16 inches long. They are the first trees to leaf out in the spring and last to shed in the fall—are a fast-grown tree, make extra good stock pasture shade and shelter trees and very good stove wood. Trees of all kinds are the most wonderful thing that grows out of the earth—making shelter, fuel, transportation means, and food supplies for the human race all around the world.

In pioneer days, state and county officials, realizing the value of timber much more than they do today, made laws that for landowners who planted out hedge, cultivated and cared for it so it had a good start, they got a refund on their land tax for three years and if they planted a row of trees beside the hedge row, they got an extra tax refund for that. Homesteaders didn't have to pay taxes for seven years—until they got their deeds. Land buyers paid taxes from the start.

More buggies and wagons are on the roads this spring than for years. Lots of folks who have cars can't afford to buy licenses and gas and oil and tires and repairs for their gas wagons, so have to go back to the horse-power age again.

A plan to consolidate three to four counties into one don't sound good to me as a county 60 miles wide with so many bad narrow side roads would make it an awful trip to the county seat, especially to those who have no cars or can't use the one they have. It

would be a long trip over good roads in good weather, but bad roads and stormy weather they could not go. A better plan would be to reduce county officials' salary and cut down all county expenses low as possible and let the counties stand as originally laid out. Consolidated counties and townships wiped out would mean the working over of all land deeds to be legal.

May 4- Saw the first fireflies this evening up near Waterville. They are awfully scarce now compared with 60 years ago. They were called June bugs by some folks then, while others called them lightning bugs. Most prairie homesteader families had only one coal oil lamp in those days—used only one gallon of coal oil in three months. We kids used to catch several lightning bugs, put them in an empty bottle to make a little light to go upstairs at bedtime in father's homestead house.

An acre of rye in the residence portion of Waterville at the foot of Lamoroux hill on U.S. highway No. 77, is the tallest grain I have seen this year. It was two to three feet tall and heading out on May 1. It is on land that had been in alfalfa for several years. More rye should be raised as it makes wonderful pasture and a valuable grain crop.

Joel Modene, two miles south of Waterville on highway No. 11, is a good farmer—takes extra good care of his farm land. He has had two crops on one good field this year. In April he husked a corn crop off the field—now there is a good crop of oats growing.

Over half the rubber raised in the world is used here in the U.S. Eighty percent of it is used to make tires for the 26,000,000 gas wagon cars and truck owners. A large quantity is used for human wet-weather footwear.

A Change in Diet

A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles, Calif., was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene along with a lion. "You get into this bed," ordered the director, "And we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you—it will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me?" yelled the darkey. "No suh, not a-tall. I quit right now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. He was raised on milk."

"So was I brought up on milk," wailed the negro, "but now I eats meat."

Published May 27, 1932

May 8

My 16-year-old son, Claire, and I drove 15 miles over to the Elmer Mann farm, six miles southwest of Waterville, where the Harbaugh baseball diamond is located, adjoining the Washington county line. The weather was threatening, which later developed into showers of rain and hail, but a large crowd was there to see the game between Harbaugh and Afton. A very interesting game was played, ending in a tie in the ninth inning, so the game continued—Afton winning in the tenth inning, the score being 14 to 17. Elmer Mann as a small boy used to live over here northeast of Blue Rapids in the early 80s, then his father went out to western Kansas and homesteaded, then to Cottage Hill township, where Elmer now lives, from where he was called to his final rest ten years ago.

The ball diamond is a pretty location close to Silver creek in a good pasture. In 1922, when I was superintendent of the Harbaugh baseball team and Elmer Mann, captain, we established a good record in winning games—played games in three counties that year. Won a game played with a well-known team, named the Blue Valley Grays. We played on the Marshall county fairgrounds in Blue Rapids, winning the game 27 to 0—causing the Grays to disband. The first game we played on the present diamond, three of my best batters each knocked a long-distance hit, sending the ball off the diamond, across a four-rod-wide mail route road, over into Washington county. It sure tickled the vast crowd present to see the ball sent so far outside the diamond from Marshall county into Washington county. Baseball develops both physically and mentally.

Elmer Mann, my brothers and other Wells township boys organized a baseball team years ago—all green country boys—and they won most all the games from their opponents, including prominent town teams.

Elmer's sons are good all-around athletes, having won records in various athletic contests, local and county, which is doing extra well for boys raised in the backwoods, on side roads, far from town, where they got the foundation of their mental and physical ability from living a simple life and studying nature, which is the original foundation of all earthly knowledge.

As this is the bicentennial of George Washington's birth, it recalls that the higher up he climbed as the ruler of a new nation, the more interested he became in properly farming his Virginia farm, and in raising livestock. Such men make best Presidents.

Yellow dock weed is one of the earliest and best weed plants to cook into green food for the benefit of humans. It is now up to a height of two feet and headed out. The lower leaves make the best greens, and if the plants are now cut off close to the ground, the new growth will make better greens. Greens of all kinds, properly prepared and eaten frequently, are a great aid for good health, as they contain bodily nutriment and internal cleansing qualities.

In pioneer days there was very little yellow dock around here—more sour dock—so everybody was sure pleased when the lamb's quarter weeds got large enough to be cooked in greens, food for the early-day settlers. Mother used to send us kiddies out to the corn fields in search for lamb's quarter weeds big enough to cook for a noon-day meal and we sure enjoyed eating them.

May 15

Twenty-five years ago this morning, 1907, there was a very cold northwest wind—a light rain with some snowy sleet. In a rain water barrel at the house corner there was ice thick as window glass. Gardens were badly damaged by the freeze. On low bottom land the damage was greater as a test had proved that on cold mornings the temperature was five degrees lower in the river bottoms than on the high upland nearby. That morning it was reported there was a three-inch fall of snow and sleet in western Nebraska with quite a show of the same in Lincoln, Neb. On May 9, 1923, there was a severe killing frost here that froze all potatoes to the ground, completely killed out string beans, badly damaged strawberries, and wheat and alfalfa was badly damaged. Some fields of wheat were plowed under and planted to corn. Hope it won't repeat.

Insects and flies are getting thick as the summer weather advances, and as flies especially carry disease germs into drinking water and food supplies, it is very essential to human health that we guard against their disease-germ carrying. On many farms and town homes there are very unsanitary closets from which

typhoid fever germs as well as others are carried by flies and other winged insect pests. Lime is a splendid disinfectant, but cook-stove ashes make a good substitute. I always keep a big pail or can of ashes in the closet with an old discarded long-handled water dipper in the ash pail, and every time the closet is used, take a dipper full of ashes and swirl the ashes down the closet, making a complete ash cover over the deposits. Flies fear and hate ashes and keep clear of the applied ashes, which is an effective and cheap method, as most homes have the ash supply.

We have no radio, so just saw in the daily paper where the kidnapped Lindbergh baby had been found dead. I have always had intuitions and warning about most all things all my life and ever since the child disappeared I have felt and said the child was close to the Lindbergh home, and a week ago it came to my mind strong that he was within five miles southeast of his home—which I told several persons who asked my opinion—and today I read that the body was found 4½ miles south of the home. Most folks would say south even though it be a little to the southeast or southwest. If I had been there and had a chance to use my system in such a case, the child's body would have been found the day after he was carried down the ladder with a strangle tape around his throat so he could make no cry, then taken to the roadside timber, his skull broken and the body covered over with dead brush and tree leaves.

Several years ago, a sick lady disappeared from her home and after 24 hours I was called and was told all the surrounding territory nearby had been searched. I had an intuition she was not very far southeast of the home house—and as there were several men there and more coming, I told them to line up at a certain point, several men to walk south a half mile, going in a straight line, each one about 12 feet apart—while a like number went north, until they had covered a strip a mile long and a half-mile wide. The father wanted me to trace up a bare-footed boy or girl track that had been seen north of the home along a road that led to a cemetery 3½ miles away where the girl's mother was buried. I was on a good saddle horse, made the trip, found a young man who had made the tracks, then was told that a thinly-clad person had been seen walking along the east bank of the Blue river, north of the bridge on highway No. 9, a mile east of Blue Rapids. Several persons thought it might have been the girl planning on plunging into the river to end her earthly troubles. I galloped up there after calling up

more folks in both country and nearest towns to come out to the farm and search and re-search carefully, especially where there were big clumps of weeds and brush and be sure that not even a square yard had been overlooked. Getting to the Blue river, I went on foot, found bare-footed tracks, followed them along the river bank, then through a corn field, up to a highland farm home, where the track maker proved to be a farmer's son. Racing back to the home, I arrived there just as the girl was being carried to her home, laid on a cot outside, where a doctor gave her treatment, but she passed away in a short time. Two of the older men I had called out from several miles away to help in a re-search had found her body lying close to the base of a tree in a small thicket of brush and big sunflower weeds. It was a boot-shaped clump with a path on each side and dozens of searchers had passed on each side, and the finders went by on each side, then one asked the other, "How far could you see into those brush and weeds?" "Not very far." So one insisted to the other they better creep into the weeds and brush. Not expecting to find anything but weeds and plumb-brush thorns, they were greatly surprised to find the long-searched-for lady right there on the ground. It was very warm on a Saturday morning when she went out in a thin gown, bare-footed, and it was supposed getting very hot in the blazing sun and warm southwest wind, it was in harvest time, that she had crawled under the trees for shade and shelter, then the damp coolness from the ground had chilled her. Not having strength enough to crawl out of the thicket, she was confined there for 31 hours, less than one-fourth mile from her home, direct southeast.

My motto has always been in doing detective work as an officer, to make a thorough search and overlook nothing, and in the Lindbergh case, that should have been the first thing, after sending out reports to officers all over the county, to have organized many bands of men under trained army officers, and marched them back and forth, each band searching a section of land until at least 10 miles in each direction around the Lindbergh home had been thoroughly searched. That would have meant the finding of the child before decay commenced with a chance of finding finger prints on the body that would have been positive evidence against the child's slayer.

Judging by the history of Colonel Lindbergh and that of his good wife and her highly-honored parents, and of the newspaper pictures of Junior Lindy,

especially of the one in last week's issue of the *Marshal County News*, his build would have made a powerful physical man, and the size and shape of his head showed a wonderful mentality, while his nose, mouth and chin showed an extra amount of nerve strength, will power and determination. So if he had not been stolen and murdered, he would have grown up and developed into one of the outstanding men of the world.

Many folks in this gas wagon age never heard of pre-natal culture, commonly called birth marks, but anyone who has studied along the line of nature knows that all humans and even the animal kingdom is strictly controlled by the mother's condition previous to the birth of their descendants. A mother can put the physical and mental ability in her unborn child to become an expert along any line she keeps her mind and desire on continually.

Fifteen to twenty years after the Civil War, there were more murders committed in proportion to the population than ever before. As most men of war age and ability were in the war, and mothers constantly worrying about their soldier husbands and sons and hating the opposing armies, created a desire in the mind of their unborn children to take human life, which is one of the long prices of war. So one of the sad things in this case is to think of the mental suffering of Mrs. Lindbergh and a prospect of her awful mental and physical suffering causing a mental defect in her unborn child—which we hope won't happen as the dear mother is a woman of extra strong will power. I hope her next child is a duplicate of her late son. I couldn't rob a mother of her child for all the world's wealth.

In my opinion the big gangsters hired some cruel-minded common crook to capture and kill Junior, knowing that it would be hard to keep him concealed anywhere in the world, so had him killed. Then many bands of the big national gangster association expected to collect many large ransoms for a promise to return the child. The plains Indians used to punish kidnapers by scalping them alive and burning them at the stake. If kidnapers got hold grownup billionaires and held them for ransom, it would be bad enough, but when they take an innocent child or young person for a money ransom, they should be captured, convicted, and hung in the old-fashioned way on a high ridge, a

tall tree, or on top of a high building where vast crowds could see them pay with their life for their inhuman crime. The only class of kidnapers I could be lenient with and give a light sentence would be where a woman who could not be a mother and like children and fell in love with a child so strong that she could not control her mother's love—took the child and treated it just like it was her own, doing her best to care for the child. Of course it is a crime, but nothing compared to premeditated murder for a money ransom.

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May 9

Forty-six years ago this morning, after two days and nights of steady southeast wind, a heavy rain and hail storm developed out west in the Republican river valley and came straight east—the center being through the north part of Wells township—the hail falling over a strip of country 12 miles wide and 60 miles long. Solid round hail stones the size of big apples came down with great force, killing 27 calves, hundreds of chickens, and injuring lots of full-grown stock in Marshall county—and where the big hail stones hit house roofs between the roofing boards, they went through the shingles, causing many ruined roofs so a lot of them had to be re-shingled. L.A. Schooley, living a mile north of father's homestead, had 37 head of Hereford cattle in his pasture and the big hail stones forced them to crush down three good barb wire fences and come under father's orchard and forest trees to get protection from the high west wind hail storm.

That early morning it was light as usual—then at six o'clock it began to get dark, and an hour later it was so dark that lamps had to be lit so women could see to do their housework. When this dark high wind wave came down from a heavy, low flying coal-black cloud wave, two nearby farm families who had no cellars, came running to father's home to get into his big cyclone cave. One man was so scared by the darkest day he had ever seen, and when the great big hail came down and rolled down the slope by the cave, he yelled, "Oh, I believe the world has come to its end." Father never feared storms and he and I never went into cyclone caves on account of bad storms. So father said, "Don't worry, Mr. Richard, this old world will be here for millions of years after you and I are gone and forgotten." They are both now in their last resting places in the Antioch cemetery.

That was the same day, May 9, 1886, that E.F. Nevins and Edith Morgan were married in Marysville. Mrs. Nevins' father, Walter Morgan, owned a farm joining the Fred Cottrell cattle ranch on the west. Mrs. Morgan's father-in-law was the first man who brought Hereford cattle to America from Herefordshire, England, sending a car-load of the third importation to Irving, to his son-in-law, whose ranch was 1½ miles north of Irving. Settlers went long distances to see the new breeds, and seeing the cattle's whole white face, for years they were classed as white-faced cattle and extended over this area in such large herds that 25

years after the first herd was shipped in here this area was correctly classified as the Herefordshire of America. Fred Cottrell's and his wife's folks, the Drennen brothers' big Hereford ranches with the two largest round cattle barns in Kansas, are a good monument to the Herefordshire center of the U.S.

After their marriage, Edward F. Nevins and wife bought 160 acres of land adjoining the Morgan ranch and there started their first nursery—later moving into Blue Rapids, where they now have the best all-around nursery there is in Kansas—raising all kinds of fruit and forest trees, small fruits, ornamental shrubbery, flowers, etc., and have 80 acres of bearing orchard. Mr. Nevins' partner is his son, James—a World War veteran. A bad stormy wedding day did not discourage them, so they have done the citizens of Kansas and adjoining states a lot of good in developing fruit raising by producing good nursery stock of all kinds. After the big rain on May 9, 1886, we had a very dry season. On June 20 had a light rain storm—after that, just local showers. Most of the corn did make over 10 bushels an acre.

May 17

Saw the first pair of barn swallows today in Blue Rapids. They are the first migratory birds to go south in the fall and the last to come north in the spring—as they cannot stand cold weather. In pioneer days, they were very plentiful—now they are almost extinct. Folks used to think that when swallows built their mud nests under the eaves of the house roof that they were the cause of bedbugs in the house, so urged the kiddies to get long poles, punch down the nests, smash the eggs and kill all the swallows they could. Swallows are insect eaters—catch the insects and flies while sailing around the building and over the gardens and fields. Fred Cottrell and the Drennen family protect the birds of all kinds, so have more swallows than any other farm around here. Was sure glad to see a picture in the Kansas Farmer of nine Marshall county boys who have a Bird Lover's club and recently had a bird-house building contest. Thank you, good boys, for protecting and helping to increase the bird families.

Three dozen years ago today, May 17, 1896, it was my wife's birthday and we were invited to drive to her mother's farm home, 12 miles from our home and 6 miles south of Bigelow, adjoining the home farm of Henry Smith, who was Marshall county commissioner

and brother of George T. Smith, editor and owner of the *Marshall County News* at that time. There had been three days and nights of continuous southeast wind and at one o'clock that day the wind changed suddenly to the southwest and began to develop cyclone conditions. Driving home in a good top buggy, pulled by a big active team of year-old horses. The first shower of rain came down while coming through Bigelow and when 1½ miles northwest of Bigelow, it commenced to hail, but once in a while one that would weigh four to six pounds each, mostly flat, that were formed by the smaller hail stones freezing together in clumps. Had about decided to drive into the basement of a big brand-new barn on the George Walls farm, but the clouds indicated that was in the path of a coming twister, so drove on. In half an hour the cyclone came across the Blue river southeast of Irving, wrecked the Wm. Ervin farm home, passed by the George Walls house, then turned up in between the two big basement barns and completely wrecked both of them, killing one horse and some hogs that had gone into the basement of the barn I had planned to drive into. When we got a mile up north, a small cyclone came down in the road right towards us. I turned the team around and started them on the gallop and when the twister was almost up to the buggy it struck a boxelder tree at the roadside, causing it to raise up and head on into the main twister. Nearer home another one came down and when 50 feet away in the road ahead, it raised up over a hillside. Three narrow escapes in one hour.

The main cyclone destroyed the Watson schoolhouse then wrecked the Foster farm buildings, then tore a path through the residence part of Frankfort, then destroyed a lot of property on up into Iowa. Many small twisters came down three to ten miles on each side of the main storm—leapt up and down, doing lots of damage—while drawing into the main storm, which they connect up with, making it larger as it travels on. Close to where the side-line storms start, lots of hail comes down, some of the big rough chunks of ice also come down. That Sunday afternoon, a traveling salesman walked out in the street of Home City to look at some of the odd-shaped hail stones on the street when he was struck on the head by one of the extra large ones which killed him. The next time my wife's birthday came on Sunday, 29 years ago, she was called to her heavenly home, leaving me two small children to care for.

I was married on Sunday. My first child was buried on Sunday. The second child was born on Sunday. The next one died on Sunday. The youngest boy died on Sunday, March 3, in the Philippine Islands. His body was brought back over 10,000 miles of ocean to San Francisco, then brought to Blue Rapids by train and buried in the Antioch cemetery on Decoration Sunday, 10 years ago—sleeping by his mother's side, who died on Sunday, May 17, 1903, and was laid to rest in Antioch cemetery.

In 1930, 2,020 people were killed by trains while crossing railroads, and 5,517 more were injured from the same cause. Thousands more folks are now killed and crippled while driving fast over modern, graded roads in high speed gas wagons than were in the horse-drawn wagon days when drivers used to often stop their teams and look and listen to know if a railroad train was near the road crossing.

Life insurance companies, railroads, and many other big corporations pay their presidents as high as \$100,000 a year salary, when \$10,000 a year would be a sufficient pay for any man with the business ability to govern any such business company. With other under-officers highly overpaid, it is a hard thing for the working classes, as the life insurance policyholders and the passenger, express and freight users pay all this extra high unreasonable salary to the big guys, who control the companies.

What do you know about this? Since 1919, our annual consumption of cigarettes has increased 115,000,000,000. A few years ago the women smokers were curiosity—now more cigarettes are smoked by women than were smoked by men, boys and women 10 years ago. Before the World War, cigarette smokers could not enlist in the army as they cause heart weakness. To get cannon fodder for the World War, the government gave the new soldiers hundreds of tons of cigarettes, both at the training camps and on the battle fields. That was the start of millions of both boys and girls commencing to use this poison weed—to numb their sense of danger, not only on the battlefield but in everyday life. The American Tobacco Company paid their president \$1,000,000,000 in salary in 1931, and he also received a commission on top of his million salary—having turned in a net income to the company of 46,000,000,000 last year. It used to be a pioneer joke when homesteaders took a few eggs to

town at 3 to 5 cents a dozen, and some butter at 7 to 10 cents a pound, and with a hungry, poorly clad family at home, the family head if a tobacco user would buy some tobacco first then would only have money enough left to buy a very small fragment of what his family needed. Many tobacco users raised their own tobacco, smoking the dried leaves.

Father's brother, Cy Ewing, raised homegrown tobacco, made his own cigars, also his own chewing tobacco, using sorghum molasses to stick the leaves together. Then when it was an inch thick, he put it under a board pressure weight until it dried then had plenty of chewing tobacco for himself and friends.

Whenever the grasshoppers came, the first thing they lit into was tobacco bushes, eating them all up and going down into the ground after the roots. Grasshoppers always had a brown-colored liquid coming from their mouths that looked just like man-made tobacco spit and stained garments the same—could not be washed out. A strange thing how in 500 years since white man found this fake weed in America, it is now used all around the world. Billions of dollars-worth each year. It has spread over a larger area than the American Indian corn.

May 18

The weather was just exactly like it was 52 years ago today. On May 18, 1880, a warm southwest wind, bright sunshine, rather dry ground. My mother died that afternoon and was buried in the Antioch cemetery the next day. The tame single-leaf yellow roses were just in bloom—and the prairie land was covered with red wild roses and the snow-white bloom of the red root plants. The Otoe Indian chief and three of his family came down to the funeral. Their pony trail was close to father's homestead and they often stopped there to visit with my parents. The Otoes were taken to the Indian territory a year later—in the spring of 1881.

John Ewing has the tallest potatoes I have seen this spring—are now in full bloom. John selects middle-sized seed potatoes, puts them close to cellar heater until they have 3-inch sprouts, then in loose deep soil. He digs a hole with a spade, sets the potato in, covers it lightly and it is soon up and grows rapidly.

May 21

Fifty years ago today, or rather the early morning, we had a frost here that killed the tops of the growing corn and some damage to potatoes, but it was an extra good crop and fruit year—one of the best I have ever seen. A year ago, I camped in the Marysville city park, slept in the truck. A cold northwest wind blew all night and the next day some folks reported their tomato plants slightly damaged by freezing. Later we learned there had been a three-inch snow in northwest Kansas and heavier all over western Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana. Maple seed is now ripe enough to grow and cottonwood seed is drifting through the air like light snowflakes. It was claimed by railroad men in western Nebraska that they know of one place in the highlands where a high-speed lifting wind carried cottonwood seed 50 miles and a lot of it grew up into trees.

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May 25

Was over to the Charles Musil farm, two miles southwest of Blue Rapids. Mr. Musil has a splendid second bottom farm with the Mo. Pac. R.R. on the north side and a high range of hills on the south. This has always been a great hog producing farm, but like most all other farmers, the swine production has been greatly reduced. Thirteen head of heavy hogs were shipped to Kansas City today from this farm, where the price for that grade today was \$2.20 per 100 pounds. Cheapest price in 36 years. Four big sows lost their litters of pigs in the March blizzards. One brood sow will weigh over 600 pounds. A band of sheep and a dairy cow herd and a big flock of poultry are kept on the Musil farm, where with the help of his good wife, sons and daughters, they have made a success of general farming and stock raising.

Mr. Musil is an agent for the Farmers Alliance Fire, Lightning and Tornado Insurance Company. Mr. Musil has just come out as a candidate on the Republican ticket for trustee of Blue Rapids City township. If nominated and elected, he will make a good trustee.

Lots of farmers are stacking alfalfa hay and several farms were they were baling the hay and loading cars to be shipped to Kansas City hay market, where good alfalfa is the highest priced hay. There are 120 acres of alfalfa on the United States Gypsum Mill Company's big farm, joining Blue Rapids City on the southeast. They are baling the crop out of the windrow and shipping it to a city hay market.

The U.S. Gyp farm, a half section, is the old Ike Yarrick farm, where the big long high hill called Capital Bluff is located, just east of the half-million-dollar finishing coat gyp plaster mill stands in a narrow ravine valley, just a half-mile southeast of the Blue Rapids Milling and Elevator Company's big grist mill, the only one that is now in operation in Marshall county. Mr. Yarrick used to take extra good care of his farm before it was sold to the gyp company. He kept large herds of cattle, fed some every winter—used lots of straw for bedding, making all the manure possible, hauled it out onto the farm land and one year when he had an extra amount he had a lot of well-rotted manure hauled out on a 40-acre prairie meadow. By preventing the soil from washing away, he built up the soil fertility to a great extent.

Went to Blue Rapids to the band concert this evening, which proved to be a wonderful good free musical entertainment for a vast crowd of people who enjoyed the instrumental music put out by 26 musicians—16 boys and young men and nine young ladies. The youngest member was Robert Kendall, aged nine, and the oldest was Gerald Giled, aged 20, an extra strong well-built young man from Waterville. Walter N. Nelson, band leader and instructor, was born near Whiting, Kan., 38 years ago, where his parents are still living. His father is 73 and his mother 71 years of age. Professor Nelson is five feet and eight inches high, extra broad shoulders, deep chested, active man of 225 pounds in weight. Considering his great physical strength, size and activity, he could have been a champion heavyweight boxer and winner of prize fights—but as the most successful band organizer and instructor I ever saw, he is doing much more good for humanity than if he was a champion heavyweight knockout man. Prof. Nelson is instructor of a large number of bands over a wide area of country and being of a jolly happy disposition and a great lover of children and young folks, also a born naturalist with love and appreciation of all things in nature—therefore his band students love, respect and honor him with a feeling of youthful fellowship that could not be developed by a stern, cranky-acting instructor.

With the ability he possesses, Prof. Nelson should be a federal army band instructor at Washington, D.C., or teacher for the Boy, Girl or Lone Scout organizations of the United States.

The first band organized in Marshall county was in Blue Rapids in the early 70s, called the Blue Rapids Brass Band. The band was composed of about a dozen middle-aged men. Spencer Holbrook, the first agent and telegraph operator for the Mo. Pac. R.R. in Blue Rapids, was one of the original members. A part of my old Cedar Ridge farm was Mr. Holbrook's homestead, five miles east of the Gem City, a side name for Blue Rapids—classified by many folks when they saw the beautiful fountain park centering the public square, where there is one of the nicest bandstands and places for public speakers I ever saw. Near the bandstand is a fish pond with a flowing center fountain, which is a source of instruction and pleasure for kiddies to learn the habits of fish by watching a band of gold fish in the clear water pool. At the pool side is a splendid drinking fountain.

All young folks should learn to develop and use their musical ability for both vocal and instrumental music, as it is something that will always do them good as there are very few people who do not enjoy music, and children while learning music are led away from mischievous pleasure seeking and their ability as musicians often aids them in securing good jobs.

One of the great drawing cards at the Marysville and Frankfort fairs, newspaper fair ads stating that the Blue Rapids Brass Band would furnish music for fair visitors and soon as folks arrived on the fairground they would look for the band members—each clothed in a gray-colored uniform with three large yellow letters on the breast of the uniform, B.R.B.

Folks would say, "When are you going to commence playing?" "We came to hear you play the band." "Won't you play soon?"

May 26

We had a three-fourths-inch rain here early this morning, which was badly needed. Skylines indicate we will have a rainy weather period for several days. Quite a lot of alfalfa hay yet in the fields. Wish it could have all been in barns or stack before this rain fell as it is one of the best winter-time hay feeds for cattle that grows here.

This is the 71st birthday anniversary of my mother-in-law, Mary Margaret Newbury of Council Grove, Kan. She most always comes up to Irving each year to attend the Decoration Day services in Greenwood cemetery, where her two departed ex-Union war veterans are at rest. There are 32 ex-soldiers buried in the Irving cemetery and 28 in the Antioch cemetery, 2¾ miles straight east of the Greenwood Irving cemetery. In pioneer days, a cemetery was called a boneyard, then a graveyard and later on given the present name which is a correct name.

May 27

Was up at my son's home south of Greenleaf today. An inch of rain fell there yesterday morning. Corn is coming along in good shape—most all fields have a good even stand. Saw some extra good wheat fields between Greenleaf and Barnes. There is less clay and gumbo subsoil up there, more of a sandy

subsoil, so wheat is not injured by winter freezing quite as much as down here. Saw several farmers stacking alfalfa hay as the weather is cool and threatening rain so they are trying to get it in before another rainfall. On three farms, saw farmers' wives and children out in the fields helping to load the hay—as farmers are not able to hire help, so our farm home cooks and housekeepers are aiding their heavy taxpaying family heads with their field work in emergency cases, such as planting, cultivating and crop harvesting. Thanks, gurlies, thanks.

At the Chris Herman farm home I found them building a Palisade hall at the roadside 200 yards south of their farm house. The hall is 24 by 48 feet—the main room with two smaller rooms connecting on the west side. It is located in the northeast corner of a pasture with nice bluegrass sod on a gentle eastern slope, with a nice creek valley east and a high range of hills east of the valley. The hall will be used for dances and other hall purposes, and would make a good hall for lodges, Farmers' Union and Taxpayers' League meetings. The hall is well made of extra good material—oak floor and plenty of windows for light and scenery views. It is located seven miles northeast of Barnes, nine miles northwest of Waterville and 11 miles south of Herkimer. Mr. Herman is a good farmer and a truck man and this great big country hall is a credit to him as an up-to-date enterprise.

Pleasant Valley A.T.A. Lodge No. 515 will have an ice cream social tonight for their members and families. There is a high cold northwest wind blowing, so they will need a good hot fire in the Pleasant Valley schoolhouse, where the meeting will be held. If they had known this cold wave was coming down, it would have been more agreeable to have had a hot oyster soup feed.

Enroute home I stopped at the Charles Ensign home to get some sweet potato plants to set out here on Flint Hill farm. Mr. Ensign's farm is northwest of Waterville 1½ miles, in the valley of the Little Blue river. Charles is the sweet potato king of Marshall county, but will only set out 15,000 plants this year—only a drop in the bucket to his crops of former years. He was born on his father's homestead 5½ miles east of Blue Rapids and one mile north of my father's homestead.

May 28- Cold and windy with a quarter-inch shower this morning. Mulberry trees have a heavy crop of berries, commencing to ripen now. The make good chicken and bird feed as they ripen and fall to the ground—and while ripe still on the tree limbs they are one of the cleanest and best tasting berries that grow here—while the trees make good fence post timber, besides extra good stove fuel. More mulberry trees should be grown on all farms.

Strawberries are an extra good crop this year and are very reasonable in price so that everybody should be able to enjoy the pleasure of eating all they want of the big home-grown strawberries.

In the early days there were no tame, and very few wild, strawberries here and we kiddies used to hunt among the tall slough grass to find a small patch of wild strawberries with just a few small berries—tickled to get a taste of even one ripe berry. Some change.

May 29- Decoration Sunday came in with more rain and threatening weather today. Aunt Maggie Fincham with her brothers and sisters went up to the Blue Rapids city cemetery to decorate the graves of their departed parents. There are 12 children of them, six boys and six girls, all living. One girl in Arizona, another one in Utah, one boy in Washington county, Kan., the other nine in Marshall county. Aunt Maggie is working for me. She gets the cream for milking the cows and the chickens and the eggs for raising the poultry and doing house work. More girls could help out bachelors by getting a good salaried job like this one—with cream, eggs and chicks at a long time record price. Big Bill Walters, farming and batching on a farm two miles south of Bigelow wants to hire a good housekeeper as he has more than he can do. The farm is located just east of the historic twin mounds. Some good idle colored lady should help the old gent out.

May 30- An inch of rain fell here this morning making a bad day for Decoration Day services—but we can depend on the American Legion members going to the last resting places of all departed soldiers and honoring their memory by erecting a U.S. flag on a steel flag pole at the head of the graves of our departed defenders of our country in all wars from the Revolution, War of 1812, the Mexican war, the Black Hawk and many other Indian wars, the Spanish war, and last the great World War—left the Philippine war out. That is plenty of war for the most civilized and

most Christian nation of the world to be engaged in within 156 years.

Of the 28 soldiers sleeping in the Antioch cemetery, 26 were Civil War veterans from the Union army, one from the Confederate army, and my son from the regular U.S. army. Battle line defenders of their country can't be honored too much—we should all appreciate their service.

Twenty-five years ago today Dr. Boyakin of Elm Creek was the Decoration Day speaker at Marysville. That was Doc's 100th birthday and he made a five-column sensible speech of historical interest to all present at the service. Doctor was in the Union army during the Civil War in which he lost the sight of his right eye. He used to be one of the outstanding speakers at the annual reunion of the old settlers of Marshall county.

Fifty-three years ago today, a neighbor's wife, Mrs. Rod Lake, was laid to rest in the Antioch cemetery. We just got home when it commenced to rain. I went to the barn to care for a sick colt, when a cyclone partly destroyed the buildings in Irving, killing several persons. Two cyclones crossed each other's path in Irving. The first one started west of Salina, wrecked a lot of buildings in Irving, went down east of town and picked the big, long river bridge up, turned it bottom side up, dropping it down on a sandbar 300 feet below where it was taken off the piers.

The twister then went on east doing a lot of damage until it faded out near Westport, Mo. The other storm started out near Clifton, came through Irving while the citizens were out picking up the dead and wounded from the first storm. The second one did more damage in Irving, then came northeast, crossing the river just below General Warder's big grist mill, then right on out over father's homestead, scattering out a lot of things from the wrecked buildings in Irving—furniture, clothing, dishes, pails, a wash boiler and a wash tub and some boards 12 to 16 feet long were scattered over the farm. It raised up so it just unroofed the outbuildings, missing the house, then came down, got the Milo Weeks farm buildings, then Ira Sabin's, Earl Green's, Heleker brothers, Morris Fitch's and David Webb's homes, then killed a man west of Frankfort, then headed on up into Iowa. Two Civil War veterans were killed in Irving, who had just got home from decorating graves of dead soldiers. I

had a narrow escape when the barn roof blew off while
I was with the sick colt.

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June 4

In pioneer days the settlers in country school districts could not afford to buy the large house-top bells—the schoolhouse. After the districts were organized 15 to 20 years, the settlers became interested in the big long-distance bells—so they got up entertainments and suppers to earn some money to aid their districts in buying school bells. I helped three districts get their bells, then we got the idea of getting organs for schools as Sunday school, church service and singing school were held in schoolhouses. The spring of 1880 I started to get up entertainments to get an organ for our home school, Pleasant Valley, six miles east of Blue Rapids. Forty-two years ago tonight we put on a 10¢ show—sold 100 tickets. Had music, slight of hand tricks, plays, etc. I was face-blackened to represent a darkey in two old southern plantation plays. I had tamed a big snake, had it tied up in a flour sack and at the end of the show took it from the sack, tied it around my neck like a necktie, then let it run down inside the sleeve of my linen duster coat, then caught its head between my teeth, swayed it around—it was only four feet long—then hung it up on a nail in the wall where it swayed around while I played a banjo and sang "Old Black Joe." While fooling with the snake, I heard Steve Inman and Levi Schooley say, "I knew that Grant was an animal tamer, but didn't know he was a snake charmer."

A week later, June 10, we had an ice cream social—sold \$18 worth of eats. It was poor dry year, but we a Thanksgiving supper the next November, then a December play—getting money enough to buy a slightly used organ for \$70—new ones cost \$100. Pretty high priced in those days.

The organ was a great help to our country school children, as well as Sunday school, church service, lyceums and all other country schoolhouse meetings. The residents of our district then helped several other districts earn money by putting on public entertainments and big feeds, the ladies donating cakes, pies, cookies, doughnuts, jelly, etc., and when the feed was over the surplus was sold at auction to the highest bidders. The selling of cakes, pies, etc., was one of my jobs and was sure glad when many districts had both big school bells and good organs. In early days school teachers worked for a low monthly salary, ranging from \$15 to \$30—not many of them above \$20 a month. Sometimes the teacher was boarded by

one of the school board, if they had room enough to keep the teacher.

Many teachers rode back and forth from their homes to their school on horseback. The first teacher that I went to school to in April, 1874, 58 years ago, had to ride six miles from her father's homestead, near the county village called Reedsville, down to our school, which was up on a high hill called Mount Zion, then back home in the evening—making 12 miles a day. Our school ma'am, Miss Emma Smith, was a big strong handsome girl, well liked by the 40 scholars. She is still up in Washington, where her presence should be greatly appreciated at the coming 4th of July celebration, where governor Woodring and Congressman Strong are to be speakers. If it was a nice day I would like to have our pioneer day school ma'am sit on an old school chair with an old McGuffey first reader in her hands—with Charles Ensign and I down on our knees in front of her learning our ABCs—as we did 58 years ago last April.

Shipping canned fresh eggs to market instead of shipping them in crates as they come from the hens is getting to be quite an industry, where there is a poultry and egg plant in Blue Rapids. On the Grant Baird farm, where the Fairview schoolhouse is located, 2½ miles east of Blue Rapids, there are six big piles of egg shells close together in a cultivated field. On a sunshiny day, I have had a plain view of those white egg shells from three miles distance. Would like to know how many million egg shells are in those big piles.

There is a good long-distance view from a corn field in the center of this Flint Hill farm. Looking west we see Blue Rapids, Waterville and the north part of Barnes in Washington county, while to the south can see Irving and on down the Blue valley can see into Riley and Pottawatomie counties, can see Fostoria on a high ridge on the L.K.&W.R.R. in Pottawatomie county.

Beatrice, Neb., June 12

Coming up here today I ran into a heavy rain storm north of Blue Rapids and stopped in Marysville 'til the storm was over, when I came on and highway 77 was so wet it was hard driving over it, but when three miles south of the Nebraska-Kansas line I came to the north edge of the storm area and from there on

up here farmers were working in the corn fields. Corn is smaller up here, because planted later than down home. Oats are a fairly good crop. A few fairly good wheat fields, but most wheat fields are rather thin and below normal height—so it will make a light crop. Potatoes are extra good up here—also most gardens in both county and towns are in extra good condition. A few cherries, but not much fruit of other varieties except strawberries, which have made a good crop of good quality berry fruit this season. The Beatrice city park is a place of beauty now and always.

June 14 in Bigelow

Just a light rain fell here Saturday, so farmers are out plowing corn. Dan Armstrong, living at the south edge of town, has an acre of extra good alfalfa—has just put the second cutting in his big barn. He gets enough alfalfa hay from the acre to winter two head of good milk cows. Mr. Armstrong is of Scotch blood and is a good businessman. He owns the old James Millgate farm five miles northwest of Blaine, on which I got a flow of gas while drilling a water well in November, 1903. Mr. Armstrong has nice young fruit trees growing on a hillside back of his house and he saves the wash and rinse water on wash days, which has a soap and lye content in it, and he carries it up and pours it around the fruit trees, thus destroying the insects and worms and preventing others from coming in to damage the trees. He has a drilled well of extra good quality water with a porch roof over the well.

Years ago there used to be two men in Bigelow each named Dan Armstrong—no relation to each other. This Dan Armstrong had yellowish-brown hair, while the other one had black hair. So local residents, in speaking of them, in order to let others know which man they spoke of, classified them as Yellow Dan and Black Dan. Black Dan has been gone for years, but our good old friend Yellow Dan and his good wife are still here. Their seven children are all grown up and out in the world. One daughter, Mrs. Harry Potter, has been post-mistress of Bigelow for several years. Her husband farms on his father's old home farm northeast of Frankfort, driving back and forth morning and evening. Their residence is in the back end of the P.O. building. They have bought a nice location adjoining the Armstrong home and will build a house in the near future. It is a nice location with a good well of water.

At the north edge of Bigelow on the old Zerbe property, lives Sam Hunter and his good wife and their young son and daughter. Mr. Hunter is a civil engineer—is a World War veteran, was in France 10 months during the war. He used to live with his father near Blaine in Pottawatomie county. His wife's maiden name was Vivian Folery, native of Missouri. She has a splendid garden, had peas early in June and string beans large enough to cook now. Mr. Hunter is an expert hay baler—has baled hay for 10 years with a good big hay baler. It is a good plan to bale hay as three tons of baled hay can be stored where only one ton of loose hay can be stored. If hay is baled a little green or damp in storing or shipping in box cars always set the bales up edge ways and leave an inch space between the bales and it will not heat—as I have had lots of experience with it. Mr. Hunter was called to Frankfort to do some work in the electric plant, which work he likes to do.

Bigelow has two middle-aged lady ministers staying here while they are holding a revival meeting—nightly sermons—out at the Reserville schoolhouse five miles southeast of here. Their names are Irene Leesenden, who has done missionary work in South America, and Elizabeth Loan. Both are nice, tall, fine-looking women and are doing good religious service as non-denominational missionaries.

Was down here last Thursday when funeral services for the late Elmer Gumm were held here, and he was laid to rest in the Antioch cemetery. Elmer was from an extra good family, who were pioneer settlers here in Bigelow. One of his uncles, Frank Gumm, used to be a railroad superintendent for the Missouri Pacific, then later on was a railroad official in Arizona. Elmer's grandfather and grandmother, Uncle John and Aunt Mary Gumm, were as fine a couple as I ever met in my lifetime.

June 20

We had 1½ inches of rain here Saturday night and Sunday. Early sowed wheat, especially in bottom land where the soil is all there, is nearly ripe enough to harvest—will be cut by the end of this week. It is a pretty sight on a clear sunshiny day where you can see a long distance to see the shiny gold colored fields up to ten miles distance—and up to five miles it is easy to see which is the ripest field, as the colors vary from light golden color to dark reddish yellow color.

Joining Bigelow on the north is a big Vermillion bottom land corn field, about 50 acres of check-row corn—the only field I have seen in the county this year. It is farmed by W.W. Carlson and last Saturday there were four men with one-row cultivators cultivating the corn, which is free from weeds, is a good height and will be ready to lay by in a week.

After two extra dry years in eastern Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, owing to light snow falls in the mountains followed last winter by the heaviest snow in the mountains there has been for several years, weather conditions here very much like they were in 1915, when there was the most floods in western Kansas ever known by white men—and we had the wettest harvest weather ever known around here. There were extra large areas hailed out in central and western Kansas in 1915. Heavy rainfalls are coming down now west of here, so we may have a repeat of 1915. Hope not.

Cornered

The attorney conducting the cross examination had grown disgusted with the evasive answers of the witness. "Answer question yes or no," he admonished. "Your question can't be answered yes or no," replied the witness. "Any question can be answered yes or no," expostulated the lawyer, "ask one and I'll prove it." The witness replied, "Have you quit beating your wife?" No answer.

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June 20

After today a five percent tax will be added to the unpaid last half of the 1931 taxes. Many property owners won't be able to meet their tax dues today owing to low prices of farm products and lack of money-paying jobs among town and city homeowners. Many farmers plan on getting their June 20 tax money by selling some of last year's corn, or a few fat hogs—both of which are at cellar bottom prices. There should be a change in the payment dates of taxes. The first half should be due December 1 with no interest penalty until January 1 and the last half due August 1 with a five percent interest after September 1. Billions of dollars loaned to foreign countries have been extended by an interest and principal moratorium, but when it comes to our own producing citizens, their homes and farms are taken away from them, often for a one-third property value—leaving the owners homeless.

One of the main things that will wipe out the present financial depression is a rise in farm products as 75 percent of our nation's population is composed of farmers, their families and public laborers—so whenever their buying power and debt paying ability is increased by a raise in prices, it will return financial conditions back to normal.

Farm products have had a decline in values of 65 percent while the land has gone down half in value in the past two years, while most all machinery, especially that made from iron and steel has remained close to peak of war prices, caused by the big steel corporation ruling the steel products all around the world.

My prediction on January 1 was that if the depression lasted the entire year, millions of American citizens would lose their homes and farms for not being able to pay taxes or interest on mortgages, and after six months of a world record loss, I sure hope for a change that will save homeowners losses.

While in Blue Rapids today I counted 54 beautiful goldfish in the fish pool in the center of Fountain park. There is a pure drinking-water fountain beside the fish pool with cool water direct from the city water well. The water tests 99½ percent chemically pure. A big electric light above the fish pond makes night-time light enough so the fish can be seen almost as plain as if in the sunlight. It is a good place for young boys to learn fish tribes' habits.

Fountain park has 54 trees growing over its area—18 of them were planted around 60 years ago, the others set in later years—so the entire park is almost completely shaded by the 54 trees. The first trees in Fountain park were planted by James Self, who was a homesteader in Wells township, five miles east and one mile north of Blue Rapids—the farm now owned by Charles Miller. Mr. Self was a nurseryman in York state, so was a great tree and hedge planter here in Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Finks live on and farm Mrs. Finks' father's farm, the John Burnett farm, three miles south and two miles west of Blue Rapids. Mr. Finks is a native of Missouri. He used to be an oil line walker for the Harry Sinclair Oil Co., on which job he was a very trustworthy man and was given a higher-up job from which he resigned, married Miss Esther Burnett and they are now successful farmers. Mrs. Finks raises lots of chickens, turkeys and ducks, besides a good garden. The oil pipeline over which Mr. Finks was an overseer, the one running from Wyoming to Kansas City, was leased by a gas company and now is used for piping natural gas. There are places along this pipeline, covering a distance of 40 miles, where gas and oil pools can be found, but no holes have been drilled in the right place or an honest test made—the drilling just done as a money-making scheme.

Was in Blue Rapids when a two-year-old girl named Ellis was brought up to a doctor's office on account of being bit on the neck by a year-old coyote belonging to a neighbor. It don't pay to keep tamed coyotes chained around a home, as in years gone by I have known four children to be attacked by the tamed wolves as their love for fresh meat is stirred up at sight of a small child. Better have a young calf, goat or lamb on the lariat than a meat-eating vicious wild beast.

White men learned to make maple sugar from a tribe of Indians back in Massachusetts. Some of the old maple trees tapped by the Indians when that state was settled by pale-faces are still standing. A good monument to the original maple syrup and sugar makers.

Some of the Federal Farm Board officials are drawing a salary of \$20,000 a year. One dollar an hour would be a big salary for their services.

June 24

Was in Bigelow where we had the heaviest rain last night of the spring-time. Rains have been lighter there than up here all spring, 'til this one, which was only a half-inch here at Flint Hill farm and just a sprinkle in Blue Rapids.

Cyclone conditions are developing and sundogs this evening show that the upper strata of clouds that are coming from the northwest, have a fine, foggy snow in them—so we should have a cool wave here in a day or two from Friday evening.

In Bigelow I saw a four-car freight train go east, and later another long freight train go west with four hitch-hikers riding in an empty coal car—going west to get harvest jobs. On the Blue Valley U.P.R.R. today at noon, I saw a freight train over a half-mile long going south. The railroad companies claim not much business, but there are lots of long freight trains in action. Can't all be empty cars hauled just for fun.

An old-time saying, that when a majority of the children born were boys and the calves were most all bulls, that it was a sure sign of a coming war, as nature was sending boy babies for future cannon fodder or rather to replace those killed in a nearby war—and the bull calves for bull meat food for the battling boy soldiers. More boy than girl children are being born the past two years and on many farms and stock ranches from half to three-fourths of the calves have been males—so nature must be preparing for a big future world-wide conflict between civilized nations by furnishing a big supply of boys and bulls. Hope the old prediction is wrong. Let the Russians, British Indians and the Yaller Peril—the Japs and Chinamen—scrap out their own disagreements, while our boys butcher the bulls to feed our hungry World War veterans now camped in Washington, D.C.

June 27

We had a half-inch of rain here Sunday afternoon. Saturday evening cyclone conditions developed in the cloud strata, but the wind was in the wrong direction to come down here, so the clouds centered northeast of here towards Omaha, Neb., where there was a storm developing, causing the throw-back rain on Sunday. Yesterday evening the largest, brightest rainbow showed up in the southeast that I have seen in a long time, and a cool northwest wind wiped the sky clear, so this morning we have a

cool, windy morning. Most of the wheat crop has been harvested, some early-planted corn has been laid by. Oats are not yet ripe, as the wet March weather made late sowing. The second crop of alfalfa is now ready to cut. The heavy rains have destroyed lots of the young grasshoppers, though in our garden they are doing a lot of damage to growing carrots, especially carrots.

Plenty of rain has made a good potato crop which is a big help in food products for all families. Potato bugs are quite bad here on Flint Hill farm. In pioneer days it was claimed the potato bugs came here from the west—they were then called Colorado potato beetles. There was no spraying in those days—bugs had to be picked off the plants by hand. Father used to raise lots of potatoes, especially the late peach blow varieties. On July 3 in 1877, four sisters and I picked bugs all day from two acres of Garnett Chilli peach blow potatoes, and at 6 o'clock in the evening we had three gallons of bugs packed in tin cans. We built up a big pile of dry slough grass, made a depression in the center, placed some paper over it, dumped the bugs in the depression, covered them over with paper, then more slough grass, then set the big grass pile on fire all around the edge. After it got to burning right good some of the poison bug smoke blew in my face, causing it to swell by July 4th morning so I couldn't go to the celebration in the Gem City.

Sunday visitors here were Leonard and Helen Ewing; Everett and Bertha Shimmels and their year-old daughter; Louis Wentz and his wife, Gloria, and their year-old son, Dewayne. Leonard Ewing lives south of Greenleaf, and Mr. Shimmels lives in Greenleaf, where he is an employee of the Mo.Pac.R.R. Louis Wentz lives on the big Fred Stocks cattle ranch where a lot of grain and hay crops are raised. Mr. Stocks had a finger on his right hand injured in an accident a month ago, so Claire Ewing is helping with the ranch work. Now that he is graduated from the Waterville high school, he will have to farm until times are better so he can earn money to pay for a college course as he wants to be a civil engineer as that has been the main profession in the Ewing family for several generations. Claire's great-great-grandfather surveyed for the British government, 182 years ago.

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July 1, in Bigelow

Saw Lymon Chitty harvesting his large wheat crop with a combine today in the Vermillion valley. One drawback in using a combine is that the grain has to be let stand until it is much riper than it has to be when cut with a grain binder—so a heavy rain or hail storm might destroy the crop after it was ripe enough to cut with a binder and not ripe enough to cut and thresh with a combine.

Frank Rhinehart has a 10-acre suburban home in the southeast corner of Bigelow. It is a rolling hilly land—most all used for cow pasture. Mrs. Grace Rhinehart is a daughter of Dan Armstrong and is a sister of Mrs. Lena Potter, postmistress of Bigelow. Rhineharts have two children—a girl named Theda and a boy named Mark—both are keen mentally and good students of nature.

Frank Rhinehart has a splendid good residence and lots of good out-buildings, including a machine shop and garage. Frank has three tractors, a three-bottom plow, large tandem disk-harrow, a big tractor grain drill 14 feet wide that plants 20 rows of grain, also a big corn sheller and a 10-foot grain binder with which he can cut 175 acres of grain this harvest and a big modern all-steel threshing machine 33 feet long, called the Humming Bird thresher, made by the Wood Brothers at Des Moines, Iowa. Frank does farm work for whoever needs it, with these big machines, using the tractors for pulling power and belt work. He has three good milk cows, could pasture more, but his is road and bridge builder for Bigelow township, so they just keep enough milk cows for their own use. Frank's father, John Rhinehart, is a pioneer settler and a kinsman of the late John D. Wells, who was the first settler in Wells township.

Mrs. Rhinehart is a good cook and housekeeper and a kind mother. She raises a good garden, and has over 500 chickens. She lost 100 chicks this spring—mostly killed by weasels. She has 15 big geese and 10 half-grown ones. She raises geese to get their feathers to make pillows and bed mattresses. With all the vast amount of work necessary in and around such a home, yet she has time to take an old-fashioned small hand sickle, walk around over the 10 acres and stoop down and cut off all the bad weeds. Nothing like having health, strength and ambition in this world.

Harry Potter, who expects to build a new home at the foot of the quarry hills in south Bigelow in the near future, made a good deal last week when he bought a vast amount of good used lumber—several thousand feet—for \$50 from a road, bridge and culvert contractor, who was leaving here. The lumber will be a big aid in building the new home buildings.

Ed Harrison, who lives adjoining the Frank Rhinehart home, used to be a great stone quarry dynamiter and for a number of years he was the champion road grader of Marshall county, being a good road superintendent until he was fired by the county engineer, who was recently fired by the county commissioners.

Bigelow is located in the glacial drift center, with lots of glacial lime-flint stone and boulders on the hills. The boulders are of all sizes—many of them most beautiful colored stones, commonly called niggerheads—but as it is close to an area, including Frankfort where lots of colored folks live, it is proper to call the boulders colored heads. On the Rhinehart 10-acre home there is a big lot of extra nice size and colored boulders that would be nice for making building foundations, for walls around flower beds, and many other things in house yards. Bigelow is close to where the old Oregon Trail crossed the Vermillion river.

Saturday morning, July 2

This is a nice cool day. The upper cloud strata has been unusually cool for the past five days, but this morning the sunrise showed the upper strata was moving up, which means a downward pressure, which after five days of sundog conditions in the upper air strata, means a quick push down of the aerial electro force that will develop cyclone conditions—three stratas of clouds, which if a real southwest cyclone does not develop—there will be heavy rains and cloudbursts over a wide area of the country.

Saturday evening in Blue Rapids

A vast crowd of people are here in town—many talking of their plans for Monday's Decoration Day services. Hope it will be a nice day, but sunset showed there would be a breakdown of showers tomorrow near here. In 1876 there was a big crowd of pioneer settlers here at the centennial

celebration which was under the management of the Farmers' Grange organization. It was a beautiful day with a southeast wind.

July 3 at Flint Hill farm

Cloudy all day. We had $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of rain here, but much heavier showers in sight of here. Sunset indications are that an old-fashioned northwester rain storm will develop for tomorrow. Hope not, as I always like to see a fine 4th of July day, so everybody can go to a celebration.

The weeds were mowed off along highway No. 9 yesterday. It is reported that this road is to be oiled this month—which is a waste of money as this road is well graded and graveled and the money spent for oil should be used to improve other roads that badly need grading and widening out. Oiling a road is costly, is hard on rubber tires, is so black at night it is hard to drive over even with extra strong lights, besides it makes the road sloppy for a while. The only thing is, it is a help to the big oil companies.

July 4

Sunrise indications are for a northwester this afternoon or evening. Scores of cars are going west by here this morning to the celebration in Blue Rapids. I would like to go up to Washington, but my truck is in bad condition and it is a long trip if it comes a bad storm, so will have to stay home. Brother John was here—just left—going up near Winifred to deliver oil and gas to a combine user. He was over to his brother-in-law's home near Reserville yesterday. Said they had a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rainfall there.

John and I had both ought to be at the Washington celebration today, as we each have a son-in-law living there. Washington should have a big crowd as this is George Washington's bicentennial birthday, and this being close to the center of the U.S., with a county, township, city and park all named after the father of our country—so the celebration should be of historic interest to all who can possibly attend the celebration.

Tuesday, July 5

We had a bad wind and rain storm here last evening. One and a half inches of rain fell here and limbs were broken off of trees. A lot of corn stalks broken off and late-sown oats pushed to the ground.

Scores of cars are coming by here, headed west, most of them going up to Washington to see the wreckage caused by the two suction clouds that came together there in the big northwester storm yesterday evening. It is too awful bad that such a storm should come to end a good celebration—causing loss of life and destruction of trees, homes and public buildings in such a beautiful county seat town. It will not only be a big loss to property owners and residents of the city, but it will also be a hard blow on insurance companies in this bad period of financial depression. We heard there were seven killed by the storm and the courthouse and school buildings destroyed—such a sad ending for Washington's Bicentennial celebration.

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July 11, in Blue Rapids

Weather hot and dry with sky lines showing we are going to have a dry spell through the corn belt of the U.S. After a wet winter and lots of flood-producing rain storms in the springtime, we most always have a dry hot spell when corn is tasseling—at the very time when we need cloudy, showery weather so the corn tassels will not dry out—as it not only damages corn, but is hard on gardens, fruits, pastures and hay crops. Early-planted corn is just ready to commence setting ears now and this is a crucial time for if we do not get rain soon the crop will be greatly damaged.

Saw a lot of kiddies in Fountain park watching the goldfish swimming around the pool, which is 22 feet across, with a human-sized goddess of the deep built up in the pool center holding a water tube which throws a spray of water into the pool continuously from early spring until late fall. Beside the pool is one of the best public drinking fountains in the world. Cold water coming directly from the big city water well on the Marshall county fairgrounds, where the vast underflow of 99½% chemically pure water is filtered by nature through 25 feet in depth of quicksand, taking out all bad-tasting and disease germs—so Blue Rapids has an extra good water supply.

The water is pumped underground for a mile up grade onto a high hilltop south of town, where a big reservoir was dug in the clean sanitary rock formation, then cemented over and an arched cement top built over the reservoir, keeping the water pure and cool in summer time and preventing it from freezing in winter time. Nothing so important as having a big supply of pure water. Blue Rapids has it.

Down at the bathing pool there was a band of half a hundred children enjoying the big new pure water bathing pool, while a lot of grown-up folks were there with 20 cars parked nearby.

The snow-white three story Albion hotel just north of Fountain park is a pretty sight. Fountain park is round as a dollar and is 87 yards in diameter.

Same day in Waterville

This town has what has for years been classified as two of the best banks in northern Kansas. Frank Thorne, president of the Merchants State Bank, came to Kansas in 1876 from the Catskill Mountains

of New York. His old schoolmate, Milo Weeks, had come out to live on 160 acres of railroad land on the Corn Dodger creek in Wells township, so Frank came out here and worked at any kind work he could get to do and he now owns several good farms that he rents out, while he has one of the most beautiful homes in Waterville. Have heard several young men say that Mr. Thorne is the best natured man they ever met, as he speaks pleasantly to everyone he meets, even though his long years of work have pulled down his health.

Waterville has an exceptionally good active young looking man, James Bartley Edwards, who was born in Chester county, Penn., 79 years ago. Came to Illinois, then to Kansas. His children are out in the world, his wife was called home long years ago, so James has been batching for years. He is tall, straight as a gun barrel, square shouldered and is a fast walker, does not look over 45 years of age. He is very active, loves to box, and all the boys, young men and even kiddies like to meet him and all say, "Hello, Jim." The boys all like to box with him and very few of them can put their fists into Jim's face. When it comes to wood cutting, garden digging, he can do as much as a young man. He is of Scotch blood and is a brother-in-law of the late Colonel Gordon, a famous auctioneer.

Waterville has a prominent man in the person of Frank Fitzgerald, who runs a big lumberyard, has been a city official for years, and who should have been a federal official years ago. He is an extra tall, square shouldered man, straight as a telephone pole and a lot better looking than the Rocky Mountains, has such good business judgement that so many folks go to him for business advice that for years it has been a common saying, "Ask Fitz." An uncle of Mr. Fitzgerald did most of the carpenter work on the Pleasant Valley schoolhouse where I went to school, when it was rebuilt in 1883. He is also related to the McKee family, who came from Canada 62 years ago. Big Frank Fitz is of Scotch highland blood, and is as good and nice looking a man as I ever saw.

Same day in Marysville

In the *Marshall County News* office I had the pleasure of meeting Raymond E. Smith, son of the lately resigned District Judge, Fred R. Smith, whom I have had the pleasure to have known for the past 40 years and who was an exceptionally good judge.

Raymond is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative of the 40th district and here's hoping he is nominated and elected as he will make a good official.

There was a large crowd in Marysville for a Monday—many getting groceries for threshing help as the weather being dry it is a good time to get the wheat and oats all threshed or stacked before it rains again.

While in the News office, I was given some of Congressman James G. Strong's political cards. I have known James for 40 years—when he came to Blue Rapids and started practicing law. Years later—after serving as county attorney for several years—and while at one of our A.H.T.A. meetings, I urged him to get into the race for congressman, as there seemed to be no chance to reelect another of our members, Guy T. Helvering. Mr. Strong seemed to think there was no chance to be nominated or elected—but we got him into the race and he was nominated, then elected by nearly 10,000 majority—and he has been a very active congressman and his weekly reports of what congress is doing published by district newspapers is read and greatly appreciated by the voters and their families—as all voters like to know what our lawmakers are doing while in the national capital.

July 12, at Flint Hill farm

H.A. Watters stopped here while on his way to his home in Blue Rapids. He is a candidate for Representative of the 39th district. He is a member of the Taxpayers' League and if nominated and elected, he will do all he can to have taxes reduced and other government expenses reduced.

July 14

John Kramer and his son, Louis, of Kansas City, Mo., called here this afternoon. Mr. Kramer is a native of Ohio and is now a prominent businessman of Kansas City. His nine-year-old son, Louis, is a great lover of nature—sure likes to get out on a farm where he can see and play with calves, cows, horses and dogs, and enjoy all things in nature. Louis has the same shaped head as that of the kidnapped son of Col. Lindbergh, and this good boy has the mental ability to make a good future government official, which I hope he will be when he grows up to be a good big man like his father.

July 15 in Bigelow

Up on a high ridge in the south edge of town, can see away up north close to Home City—can see the Poverty Knob schoolhouse, three miles south of Irving—also the Prairie Ridge schoolhouse on the old Jay L. Judd farm close to the old Frank Edwards Vermillion valley farm and the Senator Sam Edwards Big Blue valley ranch. Can also see the Antioch schoolhouse and the Fairmount schoolhouse up in Wells township. Weather continues hot and dry—hard on corn. Sky lines show there is a slight downward pressure far up in the north and that it is coming this way—on a side line as the main part is going eastward, so if there is condensation and a breakdown here, it will be light showers.

Saturday, July 16

Slept in my old truck here on the hilltop, 1¼ miles south of the historic twin mounds. Two barrels of water setting here in the sunshine were so hot that at 10 o'clock last night it felt hot teakettle water. In starting to dig a well, struck the edge of a big boulder—had to dynamite the edge off of it before I could start spudding in with the drill bar. Will sleep up here again tonight. Sure enjoy sleeping out in the open air these hot nights. This ridge is two miles east of the old Otoe Indian trail and two miles west of the old Oregon Trail. Want to go up on the twin mounds some night and sleep there where some of the victims of a battle between 300 white men and 2,000 Indians were buried 88 years ago last June. The white battle victims were buried on top of the two mounds and their graves covered over with a pile of glacial limestones.

July 17 at home

Visitors here today were Tom Fincham and Lew and Gloria Wentz and their son, Dewayne, who is my grandson. Another grandson, Wayne McMillen, was here and will stay several days.

One of my wife's nieces, Ella Fincham, died yesterday at her parents' home on the old William Strange farm, two miles north of here. Ella was born 26 years ago, never was able to use her limbs, had to lay in bed all her life, had to be fed as she never could use her hands. Her condition made a lot of extra work for her parents, Ike Fincham and his wife, but all the family liked the poor little wrecked girl and was

always kind to her—and they will miss her when she is laid to rest in the Blue Rapids cemetery tomorrow.

Nearly all the newspapers give the corn crop a write-up, that it is the best prospect in years. Years ago, when the surface soil was all here—now most of the virgin soil on rolling land has been washed away by torrential rains—the corn used to be tasseled and the ears set by July 4. Now the corn is not all eared out by August 1. In 1894 there was plenty of rain all spring, the last good rain came on July 4—and all the corn fields were eared out and as good a prospect for a big corn crop as I ever saw—then on July 27 hot winds commenced blowing from the southwest and in three days the corn ears were wilted and hanging down, and out west 50 miles the corn was laying down on the ground. There was no feed out west for hogs or cattle so they had to be disposed of. Lots of farmers from this county went from 50 to 100 miles west of here and bought spring calves as low as \$1 a head and several carloads of stock hogs and brood sows, weighing as much as 300 pounds each, were bought by stock raisers and shipped in here from the west, costing them one dollar a head on the western Kansas ranches. Farming is such an uncertain business that we are never sure of a crop until it is raised, sold and the money spent.

If the wets win out and bring back the saloon business—and if 27,000,000 men went to drinking and each one spent just a dime a day the year round for booze—that would be \$36.50 from each man for a year's drinking—which would figure up close to one thousand million dollars a year for the 27,000,000 drinkers.

I am a wet—I drink all the good water I can hold—get great pleasure, comfort and health from drinking lots of good water, but no alcoholic drink for yours truly. A big howl is coming from the wets of how much money it costs to enforce the dry law, and how much revenue the government would get from distilleries and breweries. In saloon days it cost the government a lot of money to collect the revenue, especially from the mountainside hooch makers, and also cost the lives of lots of federal collectors—as the hooch makers' motto was shoot to kill any officer who interfered with their jug-filling business, which was made chiefly from poor-grade corn.

But a few of the billionaires realize that laws should be made and enforced to aid the working classes, especially the food producers. Suppose that every man, woman and child in the world should wake up tomorrow and find \$1,000,000 in gold money under their hands, and every human on earth would say, "I am a millionaire now, I won't work any more." No one to produce food products, bake bread, butcher meat-making animals, no milk or butter, no clothing makers, no car repairers, in fact no one to do any work—as we would all be rich. In a year's time, half the world's population would be under the sod, and the rest of them naked and in a worse condition than tribes were 2,000 years ago. It is absolutely necessary to have food producers, clothing makers and all other classes of laborers—so all lawmakers should consider benefits to the producing classes above all others.

Coming up the Corn Dodger valley today, I saw a pretty sight—twelve nice round stacks of wheat in one setting. They were on the old Milo Weeks farm, now owned by James Wilson and farmed by his son, George, who is an extra good farmer and does two men's work. James Wilson came here a poor young man and he now owns the Milo Weeks 160-acre farm, the Jim Robbins 80 acres, the John Richards 40 acres, Wm. Ewing 120 acres, and the judge Goodwin 240-acre farm—five farms in all. Shows what a good careful man can do on good land—one who has learned the true lesson of economy in his native land across the Atlantic ocean in Ireland, where snakes, toads and frogs do not thrive—and the Irishmen live on baked and boiled spuds.

I read in the *Barnes Chief* where an auto wreck was caused by a pile of loose gravel on highway No. 9. Lots of accidents are caused by the same thing over the country. I knew several folks who had cars wrecked and saw one woman killed in a road gravel wreck. Highway No. 36 east of Marysville was graveled two years ago, was oiled a year ago, and it is now the bumpiest road to drive over there is in this county and they are now going to oil it again—and are going to oil No. 9 by here—and it has just got settled in a perfect condition with all the gravel needed and if oiled it will be 100 times worse a year from now. Fresh oiled roads are slippery and so black at night that they are dangerous to drive over and the oil is hard on car tires, doing them a lot of damage.

When roads are oiled there are spots where the oil didn't settle down and when it rains those spots get soft and cars driving over the roads dig the wet spots down so that in a year's time there are hundreds of these worn down spots from the size of a dinner plate up to as big as a car bed—most of them three to four inches lower than the rest of the road bed, and going deeper as every rain storm fills them up with water. Have talked to men from other states and they all tell the same tale of people being disgusted with oiled roads. In the *Kansas City Journal-Post* I read where judge E.I. Purcell warned folks not to drive over slippery fresh-oiled roads as it was dangerous. In his county 500 miles of roads had been oiled in the past two weeks, taking 2,000,000 gallons of oil. This road oiling is a money-making scheme of the big oil companies.

Many of the dry good garments that have been reduced in price recently are made of poor quality goods—also many things in other manufactured goods are made the same way. A farmer can't pull off any such stunt, as when he takes grain of any kind to market it is all tested and if any bad grain mixes in, it is given a low test and a cut in price to correspond. It is the same way with all farm products—livestock, poultry, eggs, milk, cream, fruits, vegetables, hay, etc.

Sky indications are that there will be a slight cloud breakdown in the northwest tonight, but not much rain as the downward pressure has been too slow, so there is not much prospect for relief from the hot dry weather at once.

Published August 5, 1932

July 19

Six miles due east of Blue Rapids, close to highway No. 9 on the old Stephen Ingman 80-acre farm, now owned by Joseph Wilson, a road grading contractor established a big camp a year ago, while grading No. 9, and the camp has been maintained there up to date with a big lot of road graders, wagons and all kinds of grading equipment and a lot of good horses and mules—idle all summer. As I drove east this morning several of the workmen were driving a band of the work stock east along the highway—like as if they were being taken to Frankfort to ship out—maybe to a fresh pasture.

On the Joe Wilson farm I saw several good sized stacks of small grain and on the Louis Pacha farm there are six big round stacks in one setting. Most of the grain is being threshed as it is a good dry time to thresh—but pretty hard on men and work stock, owing to the extreme sun heat.

A few bottom land fields and some on sweet clover land is making a fair yield of 20 bushels per acre or more it is given a good write-up by local editors and the grain gamblers can use these reports of high wheat yields as an aid in pulling the price of wheat down in their grain exchange gambling for profit taking.

Frank Rhinehart of Bigelow is threshing and finds that lots of wheat fields, even some on bottom land, are only yielding about six bushels per acre, many fields more injured by the continuous freezing and thawing winter weather, and most all farmers pastured their wheat field from early fall to late spring for the benefit of their cattle as they expected a low wheat price for this year's crop—and 28¢ per bushel is being paid by most local buyers—when there is a big shortage in the wheat crop all around the world. Grain exchange gambling has a lot to do with low prices. Think of the Chicago Grain Exchange selling as much as 18½ billion bushels of wheat in a single year—more wheat than was ever raised any year over the entire world. Most all paper wheat—worst gambling in the world.

A short time ago I read about the government destroying several of the big coast defense cannons—brand new ones that had never been used. I

saw some of those big guns that were 30 feet long and each cannon costs a huge fortune—then to destroy them, then if there are any indications of a war, then millions of dollars will again be spent by the war department in replacing the destroyed cannons. In years gone by I have read of battleships being taken out on the ocean and being destroyed by burning or sinking them. These things done chiefly as a disarmament plan—then in a short time a contract would be let for the building of one or more new battleships, costing millions of dollars. Looks like a scheme of the big money-making contractors.

A man living near Vincennes, Ind., phoned me last Sunday night—after 11 o'clock—about well drilling and though he lived 800 miles from here I could hear him as plain as though he lived in Marysville, Kan., 20 miles away, by phone line. The telephone is a wonderful invention.

The first phone line built through here was put up by a company for the town businessmen to use in phoning orders for merchandise and getting prices from dealers in St. Joseph, Mo. The first local line was built by a Greenleaf doctor, who later sold the line to James Strong. We had no organ then, my wife was sick, so I called up Mrs. Charles Cook, a mile away, had her play her organ and sing a church hymn while I held my wife up to the phone to enjoy the music. That was 30 years ago. Mrs. Cook was a sister of Wm. Farrant of Oketo.

Governor Woodring is making quite a campaign for re-election as governor of Kansas. Wood would ring if it could, but it takes good metals of certain kinds to make a musical ring—so let's try out a new tax-reducing candidate for governor. But whatever we do—let's not for a moment consider the goat-gland man—as it is the money to be made from the office that he considers. Two years ago when he was in the race for governor, according to newspaper reports, he got fewer votes around his home town where he was best known than in any other part of the state and men who lived near his home said he was a money-making goat-gland schemer, so would prefer to put a corn raiser in for governor of our state.

Reports are that farm families buy 40 percent of the manufactured goods made and sold in the United States.

Better prices for grain, livestock and all other farm products would increase the buying power of the farmers at least 30 percent—which would be a big help to manufacturers.

Sears and Sawbuck claim they have 12,000,000 customers that buy all kinds of goods of them—from their big mail-order houses over the U.S. Never heard of anyone ordering goat glands from them.

\$500 tax on a Vermillion valley 240-acre farm. No wonder that farm owners are losing their homes for non-payment of taxes and loan interest. Farmers can't be blamed for forming taxpayers' leagues.

The high wind and heavy rain storms thinned the apple crop by shaking part of the crop off the tree tops. Sorry to see any fruit crop damaged.

The state of Florida raised and shipped out 115,000 cars of fruit and vegetables last winter and spring, which brought 68 million dollars to the growers. This did not include the big winter watermelon crop Florida produced. The orange crop totaled 12,100,000 boxes with a gross value of \$25,000,000. Over 20,000 carloads grapefruit were shipped out of the state. A lot of R.R. hauling for a state with 15,000 miles of hard-surfaced graded roads and the first town settlement of white men in the U.S. is St. Augustine. Florida also has the highest automobile gasoline tax of any state—7 cents a gallon.

Two years ago I took a broken walking beam to a city factory to have it rebuilt and when the work was completed, and the cost given, I told the superintendent I could have bought the right material and had the work done in one of our hometown machine shops for half the price they charged me. He said you are right about it—as the folks in small towns don't know what overhead expenses are, which the city men have to figure in on all our bills. City businessmen have overhead expenses—so have the farmers—radio, telephone and electric lights—and hail storms, hot sun and hot winds. Also underfoot expenses—cultivating the soil, then having moles, gophers, bugs and worms destroy crops—besides besides the heavy underfoot farm land tax.

July 20, in Bigelow

Weather hot and dry, 101 in the shade. Sky streamers show there is going to be a downward pressure commencing up north tonight—so we should have some rain in a few days. I am up on a narrow ridge south of town. It is one of the most beautiful locations I ever drilled on. I have named it Bigelow's Beautiful Boulder Butte. Two barrels of water setting here in the hot sunshine were so hot at 9 o'clock tonight that it is too hot for comfort to put a hand in it. I sleep on an army cot in my truck—sure enjoy being up here in the pure air with the moon and millions of stars casting their light down around this dry and wet world. Mosquitoes don't like the high land—they prefer to stay on low land, especially near ponds where they hatch out.

July 22

A week ago today the light breeze changed clear around the circle 12 times from daylight 'til dark. Sometimes it went around in a minute—again in five minutes—then in a half hour. Most of the time it was in the southeast—just a faint breeze. On low lands the frequent changes could not be noticed, but on a high ridge with no trees or buildings it is easy to notice the changes. Today the wind is unsettled with a downward pressure with an indication of cloud development tonight which show breakdown in eastern Nebraska and Iowa. Early-planted corn is being damaged by dry ground and extreme heat. We need two inches of rain to come down slow so it will all go into the ground.

Monday morning, July 25

Had $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch of rain here Saturday afternoon and a quarter inch again this morning. Saturday and Sunday were cool and cloudy with indications of heavy rains in eastern Nebraska and heavier west of here up around Washington and westward along the Republican river. The rain here this morning came down in the form of light showers—what farmers used to call corn tasseling rains—meaning that showery cloudy weather was much more beneficial than dashing rains—then clear hot windy weather again.

Published August 19, 1932

August 8, in Blue Rapids

Here at the Farmers' Elevator, a lot of wheat was being brought in from farms—mostly hauled in old-fashioned high-wheeled farm wagons pulled by horse and mule teams, hauling 55 to 60 bushels per load of extra nice-looking high test hard wheat. The price has gone up some—they are paying three dozen pennies a bushel—while oats are worth about 15¢ and corn 20¢ per bushel. This good elevator, farm machinery, gas and oil company is under the management of Dale (Big Boy) Wanamaker, brother John Ewing is the oil and gas hauler.

In Bigelow, same day

Last Saturday I stopped in the south edge of Bigelow where a large crowd was watching Harry Potter with several helpers, using horse and mule teams hitched to road scrapers, to haul the clap, slate and rock up out of a 30x32 foot basement, over which a new house will be built. The basement is on a north slope, at the foot of the high stone quarry hills, and just a few feet from the level valley on which the town of Bigelow was started 50 years ago—called the stone quarry town—as the hills on the east and south sides of the valley had millions of tons of extra good building rock and there was a good demand for building rock for years after Bigelow was started in 1882.

The Missouri Pacific R.R. bought hill land joining Bigelow on the east and built a R.R. ballast plant. They drilled holes 30 feet deep, put 100 pounds of black blasting powder in each hole, then put two five-pound sticks of high-test dynamite in on top of the powder, had the dynamite double capped and fused, then filled the hole full of dirt and small rock, then when several holes were loaded, a man hurried from one to the other setting fire to the fuses in each hole—and then came the cannon roar as each loaded hole was exploded, causing a terrific upheaval of earth and rock. I used to watch the big explosions from father's homestead four miles northwest of here—seeing the high column of dirt, smoke and flame and hearing the thunder-like blast.

A big Omaha-Iowa contracting firm had a quarry here for several years, where they got extra large rocks for bridge piers and for big buildings. As Iowa only has one big stone quarry and Nebraska as a state has few rocks, the big contracting firm had a big demand for the good rock from their Bigelow quarry.

There were privately owned quarries in operation at the same time—so there were vast quantities of building stone shipped out. The R.R. company built up a solid column of dirt and rock so rock haulers could drive up on a level with the flat-car tops and make it easier and quicker to unload the heavy wagon loads onto the cars. When I first drilled wells in Bigelow 38 years ago last February, there was a great crowd of quarrymen and expert rock cutters working in the big quarries.

The Mo. Pac. R.R. still owns its old quarry land, which is under the care of Ed Harrison, and is used for pasture and hay land—40 acres are now being mowed. It is handy for town residents to pasture their milk cows in the R.R. quarry pasture land.

These old stone quarries did a big business in the lime and sand made mortar days—but with the finding of big beds of cement clay near Paola and Iola, Kan., and the establishment of cement mills there, which was started in 1895 and builders found out in a few years that cement and sand made a substitute for rock—and as Marshall county had billions of tons of the right grade of glacial sand and gravel to make ideal cement—so stone quarries were abandoned and the deep rock-bottomed caves and mounds of surface soil and glacial rock is now all sodded over and completely shaded by timber—cottonwood, elm, boxelder and some ash and mulberry trees—where 35 years ago there wasn't a tree of any kind or size. Some of the mounds now look like old time mound builders' work—all done by timber and grass covering them over in a third of a century.

Thursday, August 11

The hot dry spell was broken here this evening by a high south wind bringing down a half-inch of rain in a half hour. Cyclone conditions existed this evening, but the wind was in the wrong direction to develop a twister—so it came down in the form of a cloudburst. The heavy part of the storm went to the northeast, showing that western Iowa was getting a big rainstorm.

Friday, August 12

It commenced raining here in Bigelow at 4:40 this morning and rained steady until 12:30, during which time 1¾ inches of rain fell. Only a faint breeze and the rain coming down slow and steady, so it nearly all went into the soil—making 2¼ inches of rainfall in 16 hours—the heaviest rain here this year. I was lying

on an army cot my old Ford truck, covered over with corrugated iron casing, so I could hear the rain as it fell—and that is the way all rain should come down—slow so it will make no floods and wash no soil away and does a world of good for all farm crops and pastures. This storm today is covering a wide area, so will do a lot of good. Just the kind of an old time corn-tasseling rain that was needed all over the country.

Perry Wells, who lives in the west part of town, came up here where I was drilling and he had his old family dog along—that is old enough to vote, and though aged, he is a very smart animal and wants to be close to his master. Perry is a kinsman of the late John D. Wells, and has served as a bank vigilant committee deputy sheriff for several years. He is still a bachelor and his twin bachelor brother and a handsome maiden sister all live in their beautiful home at the west line of Bigelow on property that was owned by the late Minnesota Belknap when he was a school teacher 38 years ago. I drilled a well for Mr. Wells 30 years ago and got him a windmill supply of extra good water. In dry times he irrigates garden and potato patches with water pumped from the well.

Saturday, August 13

Went on a trip with Frank Rhinehart today—even graveled roads were muddy. It is cloudy with fog in the air—just like in August, 1917. Stopped in Blue Rapids and was told they had the same amount of rain as Bigelow, 2½ inches. In Marysville was told the rainfall was under 2 inches. Conditions along highway 77 showed a good rainfall and at Beatrice they had over 2 inches and up the Blue river a man told me that a three-inch rain came down. Corn in Nebraska is a little later than in Kansas—most of the tassels and silks are bright colored—so the big rain came at just the right time. Most of the wheat ground is being plowed—some fields just started, others partly plowed. Some fields of nearly ripe sweet clover are being plowed under to sow to wheat this fall.

I went into the big Wilkes bakery to get some whole wheat bread, but it was all sold out—nothing but the white kind in stock—so I came out breadless, as I prefer the brown bread.

Saw three peach trees on a farm south of Beatrice that were full of fruit, and all apple trees near

the roadside showed quite a crop of apples, but the pear trees had no fruit as a late frost got them.

Fruit trees seem to do very well up here, but most farm homes have very few fruit trees. Grapes do unusually well up here—and glad to see quite a lot of them on both farms and city homes, especially in Wymore.

Wymore and Blue Springs suburban and city homes are surrounded by beautiful flowering shrubs and annual flowers. A big tent was in action in Wymore with a good crowd present.

A man who lives in the last residence in the southeast corner of Wymore has a lumber sawmill with which he saws native timber logs into lumber.

Sunday, August 14, in Bigelow

Saw Frank Walls, who lives on his father's old homestead joining Bigelow on the southwest. His father, Wm. Walls, was a Union war veteran whose father, James Walls, came to Kansas in 1859 and bought the land where the old Oregon Trail crossed the Vermillion river. Wm. Walls married Rachel Strange, whose parents came to Kansas before the Civil War. Wm. Walls died in 1882 and later Mrs. Walls married another Civil War veteran named Marshall, who was called to his final resting place several years ago. Rachel is now 81 years of age and lives on the old homestead with her son, Frank, who has a daughter and two sons. Their home is in the outer edge of the Vermillion valley. A real good farm.

A rain storm came down here this afternoon with a high south wind—1¾ inches of rain fell in one hour—causing a big run-off. This makes four inches of rainfall here in three days. The wind blew so hard and the rain fell so heavy that while sitting in the truck cab with a good board roof, the rain came through so bad that my clothing was completely soaked. I got Mr. Rhinehart a good well of water and would like to see an oil well test made on his land as indications for oil are extra good. Coming home this evening I stopped where Mr. Potter had just completed the cement work yesterday in the basement of his new home. I got Potters and extra good well of water, close to the house foundation. An engine was used to pump water Saturday while mixing cement with a big power mixer and the engine could not pump the water supply out. A

big supply of good water will be fine for the new home.

Harry Potter farms his father's land three miles north of Frankfort. Mrs. Potter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Armstrong, live in a nice suburban home joining the new Potter home—so Mrs. Potter will be close to her old home and her infant daughter, Helen Potter, will be close to her grandparents.

The report is that Frankfort only had a light shower today, while on the old Robert Smith homestead, three miles southwest of Bigelow, three inches of rain fell. The road to Irving was quite muddy, but at Blue Rapids only a light shower fell, while out here on Flint Hill farm the same amount as in Bigelow fell—four inches in three days. Tom Fincham had his brother, James, thresh his sweet clover on Thursday—just before the big rainfall.

Claire Ewing plans on going into the cream station business in Blue Rapids in the near future.

Published September 2, 1932

August 17

Read in a daily paper today about an 11-inch rainfall coming down in 13 hours at Enid, Okla. My son, Leonard and his wife, Ellen, of Greenleaf, went down to Enid last Saturday to visit Ellen's parents and brothers. The reports are that over a million dollars worth of property was destroyed. Several people drowned and a thousand families homeless—and that water was two to three feet deep in most of the buildings in Enid and that the flood water got up to three feet deep in the jail cells and the prisoners had to be turned out. The 11-inch cloudburst was one of the many bad storms caused by the ocean typhoon hitting the gulf coast of Texas—doing a lot of damage, then spreading out, causing a lot of bad storms.

The worst cloudburst we ever had here was on July 1, 1920. At my Pine Ridge farm in Cottage Hill township, the storm started in the form of a slow-turning cyclone, then changed into a cloudburst. Four inches of rain came down in forty minutes. Washed shocks of wheat off of low places in the fields—washed a lot of soil off of the fields, and washed the fences out at every ravine and creek. In Waterville, only 2½ inches fell—at Cottage Hill, six inches fell; at Blue Rapids, two inches; Irving had five inches; on the Drennen ranch two miles east of Blue Rapids, 10 inches fell; and five miles east and one mile north of Blue Rapids, on the James Fincham farm, he had a new steel water tank set out in the open and the three cloudbursts that came down in the afternoon measured 12 inches; while at the Griffis home, 1½ miles west of Bigelow, 16 inches of rain fell. Just below the Griffis home, the Mo. Pac. R.R. bridge across the Corn Dodger creek was washed off and nearly a quarter-mile of railroad ties and rails washed off the grade. Twenty acres of shocked wheat on the old Cook farm further up on the Corn Dodger creek was washed away and other field crops destroyed.

Frankfort had a big cloudburst the same day, which extended on east and north so the water raised up over the banks of the two Vermillion rivers and the water was deep enough in the business part of town for light boats to be used.

Three miles west of Waterville, only a light shower fell and at Greenleaf the sun shone all afternoon, while our cloudbursts were from 4 to 16 inches.

When cyclone conditions exist and the wind of the lower cloud strata changes wrong to bring down a real twister, then it changes to cloudbursts and light suction clouds that frequently come low enough to damage property. Rain is a wonderful thing when it comes down gently and in sufficient quantities to wet the soil to a good depth—but cloudbursts do a world of damage to surface soil, property and life.

August 18

I had the pleasure of driving my truck across the new Vermillion bridge on the change on No. 9 highway, two miles southwest of Frankfort. The bridge is a concrete structure—no arches or overhead parts and is extra wide, so it is a lasting structure and a safe bridge to cross. A high grade was being completed at the east end of the bridge today. It is only a short distance from the new bridge to the Mo. Pac. R.R. and No. 9 follows the R.R. northeast—then crosses the south Vermillion again, then goes north to Frankfort. It was here where the wagon bridge and the railroad bridge are close together, where there used to be a power dam and a grist mill years ago—but in dry times the water got too low to develop sufficient power to run the mill, so it was abandoned, same as the Barrett mill, two miles southwest.

Went up to the old Henry Foye farm, which he homesteaded in 1862. It is three miles north of Frankfort and is a good farm, well located. It is now owned by his son, Oliver Foye, and he and one of his good sons were terracing a stubble field that has a slope to the southwest. Mr. Foye was using a road grader to do the terracing with—and his son was pulling the grader with a Fordson tractor and they were doing a good job. Oliver Foye was born here on this farm, where he lived until 14 years ago when he moved into Frankfort where he still owns and operates a good garage, where his sons rebuild and repair cars, as they are expert mechanics.

Corn crops are very good up in this vicinity and if the weather remains favorable it will make a good yield.

Coming back I drove down to the old John D. Wells homestead in the Vermillion valley two miles southwest of Barrett. This was the first land settled on in this township. It is now owned by Robert Wells—youngest son of John D.—who still enjoys

living on and farming this pioneer homestead, which has many things of historic interest. John D. had the first Kentucky fox hounds in Marshall county and hundreds of pups have been raised and sold, and Bob still has a big band of the descendants of the pioneer fox and wolf hounds. Sure glad to see them.

Weather today and evening quite cool with a northeast wind and when I camped out on a ridge east of Clearfork creek, it felt more like October than August. This cool wave was drawn down from the northwest by the ocean cyclone.

August 20, in Waterville

A vast crowd here in town—like there always is on Saturday and Wednesday nights, which are open business house nights the year around. Saw Jack Larson, implement dealer, sitting on a modern high-powered motorcycle across Main street from his business house, explaining the high improvements on the modern motorcycle to boys and young men who are interested in one-man gas powered conveyors—substitutes for the old riding ponies and horses.

Scott & Thomas, hardware firm, have a giant three-department store on the south side of Main street that has the prettiest front of any store in town—all glass so you can see their goods from across the street. While across the street north, Walt Montieth's big White Way garage, has the same kind of a front—sure looks fine, besides it makes the inside much lighter in daytime.

August 21

My wife and her sisters, Alice and Sarah, and brother Stephen Fincham, drove to Kansas City, Mo., where their youngest sister, Kate Shaw, was operated on for a bowel tumor, and was so weak at the end of the operation that they had to transfuse blood from her husband, James Shaw, to save her life.

A lot of folks were here today at Flint Hill farm—among them was Lester Fincham from Manhattan, where he owns a garage.

The Bigham brothers and my son, Claire, and grandson Wayne McMillan, went east of Pleasant

Valley to see a ballgame between Pleasant Valley and Barrett teams.

Christ. Herman and three companions from Washington county were here, as well as over a dozen other callers.

It is a nice cool day—like September weather.

August 22, in Marysville

A big crowd in town for Monday. Prices on rubber goods have made a slight advance—as wheat had gone up three cents, then down, so flour and many other goods had to go up in price and stay up. The excuse is that farmers can make an easy living on farms, saying it don't cost them much for their living—just a little work.

Came home to Waterville. Stopped at Ben Shaw's farm north of town, where he has 10 acres of watermelons. He is the melon king of Marshall county.

My wife came home tonight. Her sister, Katie, is worse again and will have to be operated on again. Katie is the youngest one of 12 children—six boys and six girls—children of the late Wm. Fincham and wife, who passed away within 18 months. All 12 children are living—one girl in Arizona, one in Utah, one boy in Washington county, the other nine in Marshall county.

Published September 9, 1932

August 27

Stopped in Bigelow this afternoon at the Wagor store and there I met Charles Neal's seven-year-old son, who is an extra strong, broad shouldered, deep chested, heavy muscled lad, who is of the type that makes champion heavy weight wrestlers. I had the merchant, Mr. Wagor, weigh the boy and he weighs 96 pounds. There are six children of the Neal family and this heavyweight seven-year-old lad is the youngest one. The Neal family lives four miles southwest of Bigelow.

Also saw Miss Bessie Hazen, who has taught three terms of school five miles due south of Bigelow in district No. 76. Miss Hazen boards with Robert Hale on the old Henry Smith farm home. Mr. Smith used to be a county commissioner and was a brother to George T. Smith, old time owner and editor of the *Marshall County News*.

Also met Mrs. Hattie Porter of St. Joseph, Mo., who came up on the Mo. Pac. passenger train to go out to her farm west of town. Miss Porter is a middle aged lady, born and raised in St. Joseph and has taught school there for the past 15 years in the Mo. Rabidoux junior high school. Miss Porter is an unusually well built, handsome woman and as very few marms escape being love captured by the many men who want a school marm for their wife, so they can have an educated assistant in business—so it seems strange that Miss Porter has escaped matrimony so long.

At noon today I saw a band of men close to the Mo. Pac. depot pitching horseshoes and a tall brother of the next sheriff of Marshall county was the crack shot pitcher of the band.

Miss Anna Schreiber who lives west of town on Miss Porter's farm is a good photographer and a mile north of there is Miss Hazel Cook, also a good artist, and southeast of the Cook farm is the farm home of Fred Tebbutt, who has been an expert photographer for many years. He has been called to Fourth of July celebrations and many other places where picnics and other meetings were being held to take pictures of large crowds. Fred completes the pictures himself at his farm home in any size. He is a member of the Antioch school board in which district the three artists live.

Weather is warm and dry—good hay making weather—but rain is needed to keep the corn from ripening before the ears are fully developed.

It was here in Bigelow where Miss Emma Hudson was the Mo. Pac. R.R. agent 40 years ago, and in the hard times of 1894, Miss Hudson jokingly remarked if we humans didn't have to eat anything or wear clothing we might save some money. Correct. Same way now.

Going through town I stop and get a drink and fill my water jug either at the Sam Hunter home in the north edge of town or at the Harry Potter property in the south side of town, where I stopped today and where nine men were working on the big new home the Potters are building. The well I drilled there is close to the east side of the new house and is an extra good quality—can't be pumped out with an engine. I drilled Mr. Hunter's well on the north side of his house—it is the same as the Potters' well. Hunter's old well is south of their house.

There are not many hobos on the highways now like there was last May and June, when in three days I gave 36 of them a ride in my truck, as I hate to see anybody having to walk on the highways where so many cars are rushing along making it dangerous for foot travelers. It is much harder walking over fresh graveled roads than over solid ground. I like to walk, but not on sand or gravel. Many car drivers hate to see foot travelers or horse drivers on highways—as they think that only cars should travel on the highly graded and graveled highways. Whenever I met or pass a horse-drawn vehicle of any kind or a horse rider I slow down and get as near the edge of the road as I can, as they have as much right to the highway as I have, or as any other car driver has—and horses are necessary to help produce human food on farms.

August 28

Am at the Wilbur Rhinehart farm on the east side of Clear Fork creek on a state graveled highway, No. 13. Mr. Rhinehart's father, John Rhinehart, came here 60 years ago and six years ago last winter he dropped dead while helping his sons, who were cutting and sawing wood on the Vermillion river bank, and being a great worker he always liked to help with all work. Four of his six sons are still living in this part of Marshall county. I am drilling a well here where many wells were dug and drilled in early days and the last one drilled six years ago. The one I am drilling now is 21 feet from the six-year-old well, and nine feet from the kitchen porch of the good big farm house, and

there is an extra big rock arch-built cave and all kinds of outbuildings on this good farm.

There is a small apple orchard in which several trees have a lot of bright colored apples and a lot of blossoms now in full bloom on this year's growth of limbs. It is a strange sight in this country to see fruit trees with blossoms and ripening fruit at the same time—makes one think of the tropical regions where such sights are visible the year 'round.

The Rhineharts have to carry water from an old dug well down in a slough quite a long way from the house, and they haul water in a barrel on a small sled with a horse team from the Clear Fork creek for their big band of hogs. Their cistern is now dry and it is only 16 days since we had four inches of rain down here—but it takes much more water for house use than many folks realize—washing, mopping, cooking, canning fruits and vegetables, etc. Mrs. Rhinehart has 100 Red Rock chickens.

Mrs. Rhinehart is a daughter of Dan Armstrong of Bigelow. Her sister, Grace, married Frank Rhinehart, so legally they are sisters-in-law as well as sisters, and their husbands both brothers and brothers-in-law. Each sister is the mother of two children—each has a girl the oldest and a son the youngest. This Mrs. Rhinehart is the oldest of the six daughters and one son of the Armstrong family and her daughter is married and has a son seven months old, whose front names are his grandfathers' names, Leslie Wilbur Olson. His father is G.E. Olson, who lives on his father's farm ten miles southeast of Manhattan and five miles from Zeandale. They drove up here this morning from their home. His grandfather, J.B. Olson, came from Sweden to Cottage Hill township 62 years ago and homesteaded four miles south and a half-mile east of Waterville. Later he married a young lady who came from Sweden and they raised a family of seven sons and three daughters. Albert Olson, one of the seven sons married a sister of George Dean, who owns and runs a big meat market in Waterville. 26 years ago he moved from Cottage Hill to Manhattan where his wife, Mr. Dean's sister, recently died—so he now lives with his son on their farm 10 miles south of Manhattan. George Elmer Olson, who with is wife, Thelma Rhinehart, and their infant son, who came up here today are the only descendant relatives of Albert Olson. Leslie Olson's great-grandfather, J.B. Olson, pioneer homesteader of Cottage Hill township, was an ocean sailor and had been around the world 21 times as a sailor before coming to Waterville in 1870. I met him when I was a

young lad—now I have the pleasure of meeting his great-grandson, who rode with his parents up here, 60 miles in two hours in a car. It would taken two days in a covered wagon.

August 29

Finished Rhinehart's well today. Got 21 feet of water at 64 feet that can't be pumped out with an engine. The location is high enough so the water can be run by gravity flow to the barn.

More folks go fishing now than I ever saw do so before. Yesterday four big carloads of folks came up here and drove through the fields to fish in a pond on Clear Fork creek.

August 30, in Nebraska

The past few days of hot dry weather has damaged the corn, but there is now a downward pressure and the third strata of clouds is now developing so there is going to be rain and cloudbursts.

Later, in Beatrice. A small cloudburst here—water running over the pavements in five minutes—then a lot of hail. Coming back it was dry from south of Beatrice 'til we got to Wymore, then we ran into a heavy wide high wind rain storm. I was riding with John Jones of Bigelow and it was hard to see the road while facing such a hard rainfall. Saw seven cars stopped at the roadside waiting for the severe storm to pass on. Passed a new Chevrolet truck with a stock rack that had gone into the ditch on the west side of highway 77, straight west of Oketo. Two men were sitting in the cab. They were lucky in not turning over. In 15 minutes after the rain commenced the roads and dry plowed fields were covered with standing and running water. It reached south of Marysville and from two miles south of Marysville on down here the ground is bone dry, but the skyline indicates a widespread steady rainfall is heading this way. The lower strata of clouds is coming from around Enid, Okla.. where the 11-inch cloudburst came down two weeks ago.

We had a good rain here--1¾ inches came down in nine hours and 20 minutes—most all going into the soil, so it will do a world of good in keeping corn fields green until the kernels are fully developed—making a much better quality and yield

than when killed by hot dry weather before the natural ripening time. Side roads are almost impassable, but sure glad to see the rain as it will keep the grass green, help late gardens, alfalfa, and put the wheat fields in good shape for fall sowing.

Most of the early potatoes were killed by hot weather in July, and the potatoes were under-sized so started rotting and many patches have been dug.

My sister-in-law, Katie Shaw, who is in a Kansas City hospital and was operated on twice for a bowel tumor, is reported as improving now.

Published September 28, 1932

Friday, September 2

Walked seven miles this afternoon over farms between highway No. 13 and the Vermillion river trying to find a way to get a well drill in to the George Brown home, which was started last March on the south part of the old John D. Wells homestead. This small part of the Wells ranch was all covered with timber, with no bridge to get across the Vermillion river, and no road south—a section ling having been abandoned as a road several years ago. By detouring over three farms and going a short distance along the Mo. Pac R.R. tracks, then through a corn field, among big stumps where trees were cut off last winter, we finally got the drill in here.

George Brown was born in Missouri. He came to Clay Center, Kan., where he was married, then went to the Missouri Ozark mountains where they lived for a few years, then back and lived and worked on the Sam Edwards ranch four miles southeast of Irving. Losing his job, they moved into Irving where they lived for a year in aunt Lena Murphy's old hotel building. Then work being so scarce and having a family of six children to support, they could not pay rent any longer, and as all farm homes were occupied, Mr. Brown got permission of Robert Wells to cut the timber off the land south of the Vermillion and make himself a cabin home and raise what he could on the stump land. He hauled a few of the small logs to Irving where Beilers sawed them into lumber, but did not get enough to build a cabin with. It is two miles northeast of Bigelow and nine miles to Irving, and he had an old team.

There being no road in here, he had to come in over the old Hollenberg farm, where the old Oregon Trail used to cross the Vermillion river—called the French Ford—then he turned up along the Mo. Pac. Right-of-way, and followed it for a mile—a bad bumpy trail close to the low telephone poles made a very dangerous trail to over with a team or a car. Not having much lumber, only a few boards and some slabs, Brown dug down into the ground on a gentle north slope 80 feet north of the railroad tracks, making a cave 18 feet square and four feet deep, then built the sides up four feet with slabs and poles, put poles over the top like the old style hay roof stables—then covered the poles over with light-weight canvas roofing. A piece of stove pipe sticking up through the roof acts as a chimney and connects to a big old-time cook stove.

There is a screen door at the northeast corner and two open places on the sides to let light inside—no windows, just some old screen wire over the holes. The floor is black gumbo and the walls the same material four feet up from the floor. They only have one bed in which the parents and an 18-month-old boy sleep, and the other five children sleep on two old comforters on the floor. Having no water there, they had to walk down a steep bank, wade across the Vermillion through the muddy water, then climb up the other steep bank, then follow a winding timber trail up to Bob Wells' residence, pump water from a well and carry it back over the same trail, about 300 yards. When the Vermillion rises from run-off rains, then the nearest place to get water was to walk down the Mo. Pac. R.R. track a mile to the Tom Rhinehart farm and carry the water back home.

The Clear Fork creek empties into the Vermillion just east of this dug-out slab cabin and they were advised last spring to use house water from that clear water stream, which they did for a week, then all eight of them were sick—caused by germs developed in the unsanitary water by horses, cattle and hogs wading and standing in the water up the creek. One of Brown's old horses died this summer, so he has to go on foot for miles to get work. They have two hogs and a few chickens. They raised a lot of garden vegetables and some corn on the stump land—but if they can't get their cabin fixed up it will be an awful thing, as snow can drift through the many holes in the slab walls and being short on clothing sure will suffer.

One of the boys going after water today was bitten on the calf of his left leg by one of Bob Wells' female fox hounds. I washed out the wound with gasoline—which is the best thing to do and purify the wound. I have used gasoline for that purpose ever since it was first made—but could not convince surgeons and scientists of its value as a wound purifier until the World War time when it was tried out on the battle lines.

Bob Wells has been in the fox hound raising business for 47 years, has raised as many as 100 hounds in some years gone by, but only has 47 now. A man came up from Wamego to get one and other men come long distances to buy descendants of the first fox hounds brought here from Bath county, Kentucky, 70 years ago. Bob has an \$800 stallion that is now sick with colic, but will recover in a day's time. Hope he has a good sale for his coyote-catching hounds this fall.

September 8

Finished drilling Mr. Brown's well this afternoon. Struck a good supply of water in a rock crevice at 56 feet from the surface. The water raised 21 feet and will stand a windmill pump without pumping out. Mr. Brown can't buy new casing—so he is going around over the country pulling a few feet of casing out of old abandoned wells. Will have to wait a week until he can find enough casing for the well, then it can't be finished so it will be a lasting job. If the right kind of casing is used and then completed right so it will be sanitary and no vermin, snakes or insects can go down around the casing, and so that all surface water will be filtered, then the well casing will last for 60 years. When a good supply of water is gotten a well should be completed right, so no trouble would come for a lifetime.

I got a big supply of water for John Dunlap at his home in the east edge of Bigelow, where John runs a garage on highway No. 13. John built a cement well platform five by six feet and two feet in depth, then on the platform under the pump spout he made a round depression 16 inches in diameter with a slope downward to the center where he made a two-inch hole that goes down and outward to the highway gutter—so that they can pump water out of the well to purify the water by getting the standing water out of the pump pipe and cylinder and around the base of the pump pipe screen. Just walk up to the well, grab hold of the pump handle and go to pumping and the water goes down and out through the big cement platform into the gutter, with no pipe or pails to bother with. It is like solid rock and will last for all time to come.

George Brown worked for three years as a section hand on the Rock Island railroad in Clay Center. He is a good worker and a kind-hearted man. Too bad to have to live in such a home with six nice children growing up under such unsanitary conditions. They have no cow—so the kiddies get no milk or butter—some bread and potatoes and poor water—does not develop children physically.

These still nights cause very cold dew here in the river bottoms, so it is very chilly by morning. I sleep on an army cot in my Ford truck. A thermometer test I made long years ago showed that at night and in winter mornings, it is five degrees colder in river bottoms than on the highlands, and it is five degrees hotter in the bottoms at noon time than on the

highlands, while flies, mosquitoes and bugs like the bottoms best.

Mrs. Brown killed two snakes in their cabin a few days ago and I killed a copperhead while moving some small slabs out of the way of getting the drill in close to the cabin. A pretty dangerous thing for the six bare-footed children.

It is now 67 years ago since the Mo. Pac. R.R. was being built along here and the Clear Fork creek came in from the southeast to within 50 yards of the Vermillion, then it turned west and went nearly a half mile west where it entered the Vermillion, close to the Oregon Trail. The railroad builders cut a channel through 50 yards of bottom land, so it shortened the Clear Fork creek bed a half mile and made it easier to build the railroad along the river valley edge where the creek used to flow. The hillsides south of the railroad used to be bare, but are now covered with good timber.

It was just a little ways west of here where the forgotten town of Elizabeth Station was established 67 years ago. They used a boxcar for a depot and a man named Bill Scroggs was the station agent and telegraph operator—so the pioneer settlers used to call it Scroggsville. In those pioneer days, when Waterville was the west end of the Mo. Pac. R.R., they used to have what they called a daily train—a general train for passengers, mail, express, freight and livestock. The train came up from Atchison to Waterville, 100 miles, one day and went back the next day. One train a day, one way—some difference from now. It was to Elizabeth Station where my folks had their household goods shipped to from Illinois when they homesteaded in Pottawatomie county, but there not being room to store them in the boxcar depot, the agent, Bill Scroggs, shipped them on to Irving where they had a board depot. The goods had to be hauled in a wagon through a deep ford in the Blue river down to Pottawatomie county, then later on hauled up over the Oregon Trail close by here, fording the Vermillion—no wagon bridges in those days while now there are six bridges from Barrett to northwest of Frankfort—a distance of 3½ miles, besides there are three bridges in two miles east and west on the south fork of Vermillion, south of Frankfort.

September 12

We had a half-inch rain here last night—just the right amount. Heard they had a five-inch rain out in western Kansas—hope so, as it was needed. A big

band of cavalry troops came by here this forenoon with two bands of covered supply wagons following the cavalry troops. Each wagon was drawn by four mules, driven by two drivers. The first band of wagons numbered 27. An army airplane flew up from Fort Riley and dropped messages down to the troops, who then started their horses on the run. Was quite a sight to see so many soldiers fully armed rushing ahead like in war times. Quite a sight for young men.

Claire Ewing is running a cream station in Blue Rapids—got 30 gallons of cream on Saturday. Glad to have cream and poultry producers give the young man a chance in his line of business.

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September 13

Was told today that there were 500 head of horses and mules in the U.S. army cavalry that went west by here yesterday forenoon, over highway No. 9. They camped at Blue Rapids overnight. All of the horses and mules were shod by heavy weight high class iron horseshoes, to protect their hooves from the gravel and glacial flint stones on the highway—which are very hard on both livestock and human foot walkers as well as on rubber tires.

Here on Flint Hill farm where some of the natural grass, bluestem, was mowed the last week in July, and though it was rather dry and hot in part of August, yet the second growth grew up so fast that the seed stems were headed out on September 1. Bluestem is one of the best pasture and horse hay grasses in the world—and it grows best through here in the center of the glacial drift area, where this is lots of lime and iron in the soil. In pioneer days when there was sufficient rain to make a good growing season, I have seen the bluestem prairie grass from five to seven feet high—that was before it was pastured down as it is now. The giant growth of dry bluestem made terrific prairie fires—fall, winter and spring time.

It is reported that a band of 40 geologists stopped at Marysville, Kan., last week, where they examined rock structures. Wish they had come down through this region where there is one of the most varied formations in the U.S. Would like to have had them see the drillings from a 100-foot hole down here, where there is Pennsylvania oil shale with some oil in it. There are twelve mineral and other earthly ingredients under the surface and two on the surface that are of value and which there is demand for. Have had nine oil well drillers work for me in past years—as water well drillers—and they all admitted that this was the most varied formation they had ever drilled through during their years of experience in drilling over several states. I would rather get good water than anything else, but whatever there is underground—of money value—should be gotten out and sold to aid landowners.

Flint Hill farm is just a half-mile west of the old Otoe Indian trail, over which the Otoe, Pottawatomie and Kansas tribes used to travel to visit each other on their reservations. The trail went by

father's homestead and the Indians used to stop at father's home frequently. One of the Otoes laughingly remarked, "This is what pale-faced men call God's country now." Meaning that when the white settlers came here with their Bible religion, that they and their God had overruled the native red men—meaning that we were overcoming the so-called heathen tribes. When bad grasshopper years came, and big property losses from wide-spread prairie fires—then many prairie homesteaders said, "In God we trust, in Kansas we bust." Many other states are worse busted than Kansas is now, so it's God's country yet.

Read in the daily paper of another ocean typhoon—sea cyclone—striking the gulf coast of Texas, causing cloudbursts, raising the Rio Grande river the highest in 50 years, washing the Great Northern R.R. off where it crossed the river at Laredo, Texas. There is no wagon bridge there, so a lot of folks walk over the railroad bridge and there were nine people on the bridge when it washed off and seven of them were drowned. Laredo is on second bottom land and Nevo Laredo on the Mexican shore is in low bottom land, so the big river overflow flooded that town, doing a million dollars damage. When I was there I walked up the river bank and could see no sign of high water and was told that the river came from such a dry region that it never got up high, but Texas has had damage from six typhoons in the past two months.

Read in local papers that our adjoining county of Washington has been out of debt for the past 20 years. Too awful bad that the cyclone came on the 4th of July, destroying the school buildings and county courthouse in the county seat city of Washington, making a half-million dollars loss to the county. Considering the past history of that good county, I know they will make good again—so here's hoping that the weather clerk won't give them any more back-sets.

The highest road tax on gasoline in the U.S. is in Florida, where seven cents per gallon is the present rate. Kansas has three cents per gallon, Nebraska three cents, and some states four cents, but the seven-cent tax causes lots of winter tourists to take gasoline with them when they drive their gas wagons through the swamp state.

September 14

It was 27 years ago today, September 14, 1905, that a cyclone formed at Linn, Kan., and came east by Waterville, damaged the top of the elevator and mill at Blue Rapids, destroyed the colored-folks' church just east of the mill, then went southeast of Blue Rapids, destroyed the big new barn on the Rodkey farm, then went northeast to my Cedar Ridge farm. Weather conditions had been right for three days to make a cyclone and I told folks that morning if it was May we would get a big cyclone here that evening, but the wind changed the wrong way after noon—but I knew we would get a small one, so I quit drilling in Irving, raced my big mule team home five miles and got there 15 minutes ahead of the cyclone. Small cyclones always bounce up and down and stay up a hundred feet or more from the earth than the larger ones. While it was coming straight up across the fields towards the house, I went out to a row of cedar trees, set down on the ground with my legs and arms around a cedar tree facing the twister. It raised up over the trees and house, then turned around and came back west—dropped down north of the house, tore down the blacksmith shop, pulled up a three-foot cottonwood trees, then raised up, went west a short distance, turned around and came back east—making three times it passed over the cedar tree I was hanging on to—so I had the privilege of looking up inside of the same twister three times. It went 150 yards southeast, dropped down into the old apple orchard on the Lew Weeks homestead where it pulled up 16 big apple trees—then raised up, went over the Weeks' farm buildings, then turned northeast, dropped down and wrecked a big corn crib for Wm. Netz on the old Ensign homestead. Then it went straight east over the Pleasant Valley schoolhouse, and a big thunderbolt came down through the roof and ceiling right where the teacher's chair sat beside her desk. The teacher and scholars were just out of the building a half-hour ahead of the lightning, which saved several lives. The twister then bobbed up and down and made freak turns, but went in a general direction due east until it faded out before it reached Missouri. It was a lucky thing for thousands of other people, as well as for myself that the wind went from the southeast to the northwest, same as it did last 4th of July, making a small cyclone instead of a large one.

September 15

This is a beautiful sunshiny day. It is my birthday—also that of Mrs. Bert Forbes, wife of the

owner and editor of the *Irving Leader*. Folks used to call her and I twins, because our birthdays were on the same date. I will be old enough to vote next November. Have only lived 32 years on ends of two centuries, and if I live on and go 32 years into the next century, I will be old enough to run for President—of the Anti-Horse Thief Association. There was a frost in northeastern Illinois the morning I was born. Father, in running out to the barn to get his saddle horse to ride to Cherry Valley, two miles distant, to get Mrs. Bailey, a nurse, slipped on the heavy-frosted bluegrass, fell and bruised a knee. I was born early—before breakfast—so always have to get up in time for breakfast. I always like September, but don't like to see the sun go south making short days and cooler weather.

The late Wm. Howard Taft, ex-President of the U.S., was born on September 15, 1857. I used to correspond with him when he was President and later on when he was the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. The last letter I had from him was three months before his death—in answer to my inquiry of how many unrepealed laws there were in the U.S. In 1927 a man argued with me about ex-President Taft's age. He said he knew Mr. Taft was not 70 years of age, so I wrote and asked him, to prove his age to the arguer. Mr. Taft had a summer resort up in Canada. Following is his answer:

Pointe-au-Pic, Canada
September 20, 1927

My dear Mr. Ewing:

Thank you for your kind note of congratulation on my birthday. You can be sure that I was born on the 15th of September, 1857, which makes my birthday the seventieth. I am glad to hear that the Kansas crops promise well.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. H. Taft

September 16

After waiting 10 days for my last water well customer to go around over the county pulling fragments of casing out of old abandoned wells, I came down here and had to work over a day to straighten out the casing, perforate 27 feet of it and rivet the different sizes together. Waded across the Vermillion river and went up to Bob Wells' home. I picked up quite a lot of acorns under the old oak tree,

under the shade of which Bob's father and mother camped in June of 1854. Liking this location, the Wells family decided to stay here—the first settlers in Wells township. Bob's home is surrounded by a big grove of extra tall oak trees—descendants of the old oak which is still standing, as in 1854—77 years ago.

September 18

We are having a very windy day—had a light shower last night. I am at George Brown's, two miles northeast of Bigelow. Got the casing in his well, but he has no pump yet.

It was just east of here, up on the south side of the Vermillion river, where the first white child was born in Marshall county. He was born September 14, 1853, and died up in Washington county two years ago last February.

A man named Peters, a World War veteran, who with his wife and five children, live in a tent on the Sam Edwards ranch, where the Vermillion enters into the Blue river. Mrs. Peters is worried about the high winds shaking their tent—so thinks Browns are safer here living in their dugout cabin. Both are imitators of pioneer prairie homesteaders.

September 19

We had another shower last night with a 50-mile wind which did a lot of damage to corn fields, hay stacks and apple orchards. The high wind ripped the corrugated sheet from off my truck, letting the rain wet me up in my cot. Have slept in the truck for 65 nights this summer.

Wilbur Rhinehart, who is having his prairie hay baled on a rented hay meadow several miles south of here, lost around six tons of baled hay last night by being struck by lightning.

September 20

This is my youngest son, Claire's, 16th birthday. He is running a cream station in Blue Rapids.

Brown made a deal with Bert Forbes, editor of the *Irving Leader*, getting a pump from him and we drove over this evening and took it out of an abandoned well. Stayed in Bigelow overnight—had a big rain last night and today.

September 21

Had two inches more rain. Over 20 trucks and a lot of cars went through Bigelow on graveled road No. 13. They had to detour way down here on account of No. 36 and No. 9 being oiled. A new approach is being built on the east end of the Vermillion bridge a mile west of Bigelow, so it is none too safe.

September 23

The Vermillion is 12 feet above normal—almost bank full and the roads are very muddy—awful bad weather for the kiddies to walk to school, some having to walk bare-footed over bad roads a distance of two miles. Bigelow has 41 scholars enrolled in their grade school, where two teachers are employed.

September 25

At home on Flint Hill farm. Professor Wm. Jennings Bryan Strange, who lost his school teaching job at Pleasanton, Kan., left here today. He will enter college as a student.

Highway No. 9 is being oiled, which puts it in bad shape. It was over graded a year ago and had just got settled so it was in fair condition. Now for a week they have been pouring oil over it—making it a very unsafe road to travel, slippery and at night so black that the best car lights made do not make it light enough to see just where you are driving. Oiling does no good to any road—all it does is to damage tires—making more money for the big oil companies and the rubber companies. If roads were benefited by oiling, the right time to do it would be in mid-summer. Now when children have to walk over the roads to school, and the county fair is on this week, and side roads are bad—it is a curse to taxpaying citizens. The idea of spending \$10,000 a mile on one stretch of road—destroying good culverts and bridges, and letting side roads, mail routes, etc., remain without any work—leaving them in a bad dangerous condition. I was told the contractor on this road made \$1,000 clear profit a mile for grading. I believe in road work—but it should be divided up over side roads and most of the work done by home help who live here and pay taxes and need help. Oiled roads are of no permanent benefit—and are the worst roads I ever drove over.

Sept. 26, at Flint Hill farm

Weather ideal for wheat sowing, but very few have planted their wheat yet as the instructions from agricultural department officers are not to sow wheat in this area until after October 3 to prevent Hessian flies from damaging the wheat plants. In pioneer days when the virgin soil was all here and the wheat grew twice as fast as it does now—many farmers commenced sowing their wheat as early as August 20, and they all wanted to be done sowing by September 1. The ground was plowed deep and the wheat sowed broadcast by a man with a sow bag looped so it could be hung on his left shoulder and throw the wheat with his right hand. Guide poles were set up for the sower to see the right direction to walk, so the wheat would be sown evenly over the ground. When the sowers came to one of the guide poles he would move it over five long steps to guide him back across the field. There were no disk harrows in those days, and most farmers didn't harrow their fields until the wheat was sowed—then dragged it twice, once each way, covering it well and smoothing the surface in good shape. There were no adjustable harrows in those days—most all were what was called Scotch drags, made of heavy hardwood timbers. Holes were bored through the timbers with a brace and bit—most all augers in those days—then the square iron teeth, 10 to 12 inches long, were driven down through the timbers until they were six inches below the frame. Most all hardware stores kept drag teeth in stock so the farmers could buy the teeth and some bolts, then hew out the square timbers from split oak logs—using a shaving knife and a shaving horse bench to complete the timbers, square and straight. Father made his drag eight feet long for one big strong team to pull. Early-sown wheat stands cold winters better—and as a rule makes a better yield than late-sown wheat—besides it makes some green feed for cattle in late fall and early springtime.

We had one-half-inch of rain here last night, and it is cloudy this morning, but indications are for fair settled weather for the Marshall county fair, which commences tomorrow. Highway No. 9 by here, and 36 up north, have both been oiled, so folks will have to detour over narrow, dangerous side roads, so it will hold many farmers back from bringing livestock and farm products to the fair—and fewer folks will come to the fair, than though they could travel over the main highways.

Carl Kuhl of Beatrice, Neb., was a caller here today. He is a big fine-looking young man and is in the employ of Trevett, Mattis & Baker Loan Co. of Beatrice. Mr. Kuhl is field man and knows his business, as he is a student of nature.

September 29

Will stay overnight here at the home of M.S. Bullock, three miles south of Vliets, where he has lived and farmed the 400-acre Shehan farm for four years. It is a good farm on the east side of Irish creek. There is a big two-story house with four lightning rods on the roof and plenty of barns and other outbuildings. The Bullocks have five children—three boys and two girls—and they are going to take their children up to the fair tomorrow—school day. They have to detour by way of Bigelow, making it 24 miles. It is seven miles to Frankfort, three to Vliets, and four to Lillis. Mrs. Bullock has over 500 White Minorca chickens. They milk 10 cows and a small son has a milking goat.

September 30, in Frankfort

I met a man here that had driven out from his home farm in Ohio. He said they had only had 1½ inches of rain in Ohio, where he lives, since July 1 and one inch of that fell two weeks ago—so their pastures have been dead since August 1 and their corn crop is light. He said the same conditions existed in Illinois and that this section of the U.S. had the best crops of any place along the roads he had driven over.

During the wide-spread drought of two years ago, tourists passing through here, some going east from California, others from the east going west, said this was the greenest spot in the U.S.—and airplane men who had been all over the U.S. said the same.

Was in the big wagon and blacksmith shop of James Murphy, where he has been at work for 20 years. Before that time—up 'til 1903—it was a saloon building, called the Island saloon. It is now of much more good to the human race as a machine shop.

Same day at the home of Thomas Hagerty and family, four miles west of Lillis. Tom and one of his sons were busy putting up prairie hay. It was ten years ago this fall since they built their house on part of the Murphy estate—Mrs. Hagerty's parents—and I drilled them a well that has never been pumped out. They

have a beautiful home, lots of young trees, plenty of buildings, and a nice flock of chickens, a nice herd of hogs and good milk cows. They are good workers.

There is lots of stock feed over Marshall county—alfalfa, cane, kaffir corn, milo maize, sudan, millet, etc. Farmers are busy cutting these crops and many farmers are disking their wheat ground while others are drilling in their wheat. There is less wheat being planted than last year—so there will have to be more millions of bushels of paper wheat sold on the grain gambling exchanges, as there will be less wheat next year and as the gamblers sell millions of bushels more wheat than grow each year, which helps pull the price down. Newspaper market reports often say, "Price of wheat lowered by profit taking." The anti-gambling law should be enforced along all lines.

Same day at Bigelow

Found that quite a lot of folks from here had gone to the fair at Blue Rapids and school children told me they sure enjoyed the school day at the county fair.

Saw in the *Marshall County News* last week the picture of Charles Deabenderfer, light-heavyweight wrestling champ, who is now doing mechanical work in the Baker garage in Marysville. There is not much interest in wrestling as there was 60 years ago, when most all classes of folks from small boys to aged men took part in that forceful struggle. I commenced wrestling at five years of age, after watching all ages of men and boys wherever they met and at all kinds of work was always wrestling contests on. Many boys and some girls while on the way to school would do so much wrestling that they would be late to school. At school I used to wrestle so much with older boys that I tried to down that when I went to school to Minnesota Belknap, he warned us not to wrestle any more, so we went from the school lot down to the foot of Mount Zion hill next to an emigrant trail and wrestled all recess and noon time, and sure enjoyed it. There was much more interest in wrestling then than in boxing. Indians were good wrestlers, but not much for boxing. Times change physical contacts as well as other things.

Most every day markets reports are cattle steady to lower—hogs lower—wheat lower—cash corn lower. Most all other things are slowly rising in price, but all farm products are going down lower, and as the depression will not change until farmers can get

enough for their products to buy manufactured goods and pay high taxes and interest.

Was up on Elm creek, over roads I had not been over for 20 years—and they are no better than 20 years ago—narrow roads, wooden culverts, etc. All the money is put on highways—so the side roads have to remain the same as in horse wagon days.

October 2

Heard that one of Elmer Mann's five sons—the youngest one, Freddie, four years old, has been away in a hospital where he was operated on for appendicitis. Too bad, hope he recovers. Also heard that an older son, Bob, 19 years of age, an extra good all-around athlete, and who is working in Wichita, while playing in a football game had the misfortune to have a blood vessel burst in a leg and is in a hospital.

I never liked football, because there are so many players killed and injured—many of them for life. I sure like to see young folks enjoy pleasure and health playing games, but don't like games that endanger their lives, as that is not right. There were 47 football players killed last fall, and a big lot crippled.

October 9

Fifteen years ago this morning it was three degrees below freezing on highlands and eight below in bottom land. There had been no frosts, everything was green and on Sunday we had a shower of rain and the wind came down from the northwest and blew hard—there was no frost, just a real freeze. On Monday folks were taking their products to the county fair and most of it was frozen stiff. The wind remained in the northwest for five days—cold and cloudy—the coldest fair weather ever experienced in Marshall county. Folks had to put on their winter clothes, then they were cold while on the fair grounds.

Monday morning, October 10

We had our first frost here on October 4. Didn't do much damage here on the upland. Last night we had our first snow here—about two inches fell here—most of it melting as it hit the ground. It is clearing off this morning, so we may have a freeze tonight. There was no freeze last night—just the snow—and warm enough to melt most of it.

October 11

After our light snow melted off yesterday morning, without freezing, it warmed up all day and at sunset the indications were that it would warm up over a wide area today—which I hope it will do. In the winter time it is more apt to clear up at night and cloud over in daytime—which is wrong for wintertime, as we need sunshine to warm up the earth and clouds at night would reduce freezing temperatures considerably. Normally, we should have a dry, open winter with very little severe cold weather, but the last few years have brought on so much freak weather that most any kind of a freak change can come at any time of year. It would be nice to have sunshine day and night in wintertime. Let's elect a new weather clerk.

One of the Nemechek brothers is cutting row crop cane and kaffir corn for Tom Fincham and they quit cutting—they are using a corn binder—and drove up to Blue Rapids to hear old Doc. Goat-Gland Brinkley spout on politics. He did not come—it being wash day—maybe he had to stay home and help Mrs. Doc do her washing, or he might have been arranging to put a thousand-dollar goat gland onto the weather clerk for his sending down the light misty snow Sunday night. Reports were, after the election two years ago, that Doc got fewer votes for 20 miles around his home town than in any other same-sized area in Kansas. Around home is where he should have got the most votes—where he had been in business for many years.

When Brinkley was doing his goat-gland surgical work, I met an Irish business man of Topeka, who said a friend of his had paid \$1,000 for a goat-gland transfer, but the jolly-minded Irishman said that if he was going to pay \$1,000 for animal glands, he would want elephant glands, as goat glands were too small for that amount of money.

Walter Bigham and family, who live across the road south of here, has a two-year-old purebred Polled Shorthorn bull that weighs 1,800 pounds. He is a descendant of a roan-colored sire that weighed 2,200 pounds. Mr. Bigham owns the late Frank Paul farm where they live and he owns my old Cedar Ridge 325-acre farm joining the Paul farm on the east, so they have lots of good pasture land and have a large herd of extra good cattle—and good horses and mules to farm with.

In early mornings and evenings we frequently hear coyote howling down on the Cottrell ranches south of the Bigham ranch. On Monday morning, September 26, while one of the Bigham boys was going out in their big pasture to drive in their work horses and milk cows, he saw three coyotes and one of their dogs captured an old mother coyote and hung on to it until the Bigham boy got there and killed the coyote with a club.

While the coyote killer rides out a long distance to drive in the horses and cows each morning, I frequently hear him singing some nice song with a good strong far-reaching voice. Sure glad to hear it as in pioneer days most all farmers and workmen went onto their daily chores and work singing or whistling, which both parents and school teachers taught them to do which was a great pleasure in those early-day hard times.

In those days most all school teachers opened their schools each morning by Bible reading, prayers and hymn singing—and there were many one-night-a-week singing school meetings held in the schoolhouses. Later on, when some settlers bought organs and school districts did the same, then music teachers drove over the prairie trails many miles to teach both old and young folks to play their organs correctly by note music. It was a great blessing to the rising generation to learn to sing and for working men to go to their jobs singing, and school kiddies walking over prairie trails singing while enroute to country schools, as it made them breathe deeper, thus strengthening their lungs and bronchial tubes and making them much stronger voices which is important for both health, strength and for getting certain jobs done where strong-voiced folks are a big help to the employers.

In those days cattle herders and many farmers tried strengthening their voices until they could yell so they could be easily heard a mile distance, and as a kid I have heard strong-voiced farm women call dinnertime a half-mile distance.

Another way to strengthen the lungs is to breathe deeply after going to bed. Draw your breath in slowly until you can't get any more, then hold the air in the lungs as long as you can, then let it out and when you can force no more out, then wait a few seconds, then repeat for 10 times or more—and if you have time in the mornings when you wake up, do the same thing. The best way to do this while in bed or

lying down, is to lay on your back—while deep breathing—so the chest will expand more. Then while sleeping, the best way is to lay on your right side, as it is better for the heart and always breathe through the nose.

Another time for easy deep breathing is while riding in a buggy or auto, but always remember to breathe through the nostrils to eliminate any fine dust from entering the throat. The important things for good health is deep breathing of pure air, drinking plenty of sanitary water and plenty of good milk, eat whole-wheat breads, whole rye gems and cornmeal bread and mush, eat plenty of vegetables, especially carrots and sugar beets, and eat all the fruit you can get, especially strawberries, grapes, peaches, apples and pears, which are a medicine as well as extra fine food. Eat raw onions or garlic to prevent flu or bad colds, also to cure the same ailments. Get out in the sunshine as much as possible, as the sunshine is the greatest germ killer there is in the world—costs nothing to use it.

Joe Zarchek has moved from the old Leeson farm onto one of Wm. Ungerer's up on Elm creek, and A.E. Allen bought the Leeson farm and has moved onto it. Mr. Allen has two sons who go to school in Blue Rapids, three miles distance. Mr. Allen has a big International truck with a big long horse box with windows on the sides and his advertisements on the sides. He sells and repairs radios, adding machines, and typewriters. He has been a traveling salesman for many years, but likes to live in the country so bought the 80-acre farm, has bought a fresh milk cow and expects to get more as there is plenty of pasture on the 80—some alfalfa, fruit trees, good garden ground and plenty of timber on the Drennen Spring creek. The farm is just across the road west of the old Ed Nevins nursery farm, now owned by Oscar Konz.

October 12

Was in Blue Rapids today and grain buyers are offering 13 cents a bushel for new corn, wheat down around 29 or 30 cents a bushel, Irish potatoes 35 cents a bushel, sweet potatoes 50¢ to \$1.00 a bushel. Daily newspaper market reports show all farm products and livestock going lower—cows 1 to 2 cents a pound. The lowest prices on cows and corn since the fall of 1896 when corn sold in the fields at 13 and 15 cents a bushel, buyers to come and haul it home. Some low-grade grass-fed cows sold for one cent a pound.

Market reports frequently say wheat and corn have gone down, by a slump on the stock market exchange on Wall Street, New York, which is just like the big Chicago grain gambling exchange where the big rich gamblers force the prices up and down just to make more money, regardless of supplies and demand. Gambling should be wiped off the earth.

Published November 4, 1932

October 14

Weather is warm as mid-summer with indications of showers of rain in the west and snow in the northwest. Hope we have no bad weather here as some farmers are not through sowing their wheat. Many who needed farm help could not afford to hire help and farmers whose sons aided them in their farm work have had to do most all their work themselves since the first of September, when school started.

Late frosts last spring shortened the apple crop in Missouri and other Midwest states, while insect pests and high wind storms destroyed a lot more, so there is a short crop, which is a bad thing, as apples are well liked by folks all around the world and are now too high priced for most folks to use.

In 1916 when Woodrow Wilson was nominated for President by the Democrat party, their main campaign project was, elect Woodrow Wilson president and he will keep us out of war. All their political newspaper ads contained those instructions and at a big Democratic meeting in Blue Rapids the night before election, that was the main subject of all the speakers and it had a lot of influence on mothers when they were warned to help elect Mr. Wilson so their sons wouldn't be battle-line victims over in France. After his election, the war material contractors urged Mr. Wilson to loan money to foreign countries, which was done to the amount of 10 billion dollars.

It takes money to make a big war, for without money or perfect credit, it would have to be a tribal spear war, as guns, ammunition, clothing, food, horses, mules, harness and all things for modern wars, cost vast sums of money. Reports were that 27,000 millionaires were made in the U.S. by the World War, and now the citizens are paying the long price of war which made so many millionaires by their getting four times as much profit as they should have had in their government war supply contracts—which is a sacrifice of healthy young men's lives to make more millionaires and more billionaires. Such is civilized wars.

The Democratic party was blamed for our 1861 Civil War and men who lived in the northern states and were in favor of the southern states' war action were classified as Copperheads. And now

Democratic leaders blame the Republican party for the financial depression and to show that in these modern times anything will be done to win out. I recall the bad depression that came on from 1893 to 1896, when Grover Cleveland, Democrat, was U.S. president, and he was defeated in 1896 as being the cause of the depression—so all games are now won, whenever possible, by laying all the blame onto the other fellow and his assistants.

One thing is sure—regardless of politics—that the Wall Street stock market exchange with its gambling, forcing prices up a trifle, then down, to make money is a big cause for continued depression. Gambling of all kinds is a curse to civilization and should be abandoned.

Almost every day's market report says cattle steady to a quarter off. Hogs lower; sheep steady; wheat lower; corn down. Corn is now the lowest price in the history of our big young nation—offers of 7¢ to 9¢ a bushel—wheat in many towns is down to 20¢ a bushel—flour is around \$1.20 for 48 pounds—corn meal 3¢ a pound. It would take over 30 bushels of corn to buy the meal from two bushels—and all other things in proportion.

Published November 25, 1932

October 30, at Flint Hill farm

Tom Fincham, owner of this farm, finished husking his corn crop here a week ago and is now husking some corn on rented land on the Strange farm, adjoining this farm on the west. Tom is being assisted in his corn husking by his nephew, Claire Ewing, who is a good corn husker for a 16-year-old boy, who has to go up to Blue Rapids each morning and deliver copies of the *Omaha Daily Bee* newspaper to 40 subscribers, then drive back home four miles and get busy in the corn fields.

Walter Bigham's two sons are husking corn on my old Cedar Ridge farm, now owned by Mr. Bigham. The boys are good workers and had good crops of all kinds on Cedar Ridge farm. While I owned it, kept quite a large herd of cattle, used lots of straw for stock bedding, so had an average of 500 seventy-bushel manure spreader loads a year to put over the farmland. I used to have good alfalfa fields on the farm. Tourists used to tell me it was the best alfalfa they had seen along what is now No. 9 highway. In 1910, I raised 140 tons of alfalfa hay, four cuttings off of 30 acres. I sold it for \$5.00 a ton to cattlemen—some went 30 miles southeast and some went six miles south of Waterville.

While in Marysville two days ago, I called at the James Barlow grocery store and he asked me when I had heard from my youngest sister, Sarah Ellen Benton of Harrison, Idaho. We used to call her Sadie. I sent her to college after she was out of the grade school and in connection with ordinary studies, she took the extra studies of telegraphy, shorthand and typewriting, and she graduated in six months less time than any other student that had ever attended the college. She taught three terms of school, then started out as a telegraph operator, was employed at Colorado Springs; Jacksonville, Florida; Seattle, Washington; then at Cour de Alene, Idaho—20 miles from where she now lives. She was classified as one of the best telegraph operators in the U.S. and made a record as the best shorthand writer in Idaho, when she was employed on a serious government case in the state supreme court. James Barlow went to the Scriber school, three miles north of here, when my sister taught school there forty years ago this winter.

Received a letter last week from our old neighbor, W.H. Cummings, who now runs a hotel in the town of Peyton, Colorado, which is 27 miles northeast of Colorado Springs, and which is three miles from the south edge of the Black Forest area. He reports a dry year—like they had last year—causing a very short crop of all farm products. Beans sold last year out there for \$2.00 a 100 pounds and this year they are \$1.75 per 100 pounds and a very light crop, only yielding from 100 to 400 pounds and acre. Matt Bigham, brother of our neighbor, Walter Bigham, lives out there. He had the best bean crop near Peyton—had 38 acres that made 650 pounds to the acre. Sure hard times in the plains region of Colorado and Kansas. Mr. Cummings is the father of Mrs. Charles Miller, who lives a mile northeast of here on the old James Self homestead, now owned by Mr. Miller, who has a good dairy herd from which he now delivers milk in Blue Rapids each day.

We are having nice weather here which is fine for the late-sowed wheat crop. Have seen several gardens where the carrots, parsnips, onions and cabbage are still growing. Most all varieties of deciduous forest trees have shed their leaves—except soft maple, mulberry and Bois de Arc, commonly called hedge, sometimes called Osage orange.

Around over the country in the past two weeks, I have seen quite a lot of farms where farmers had shucked out small fields of corn and turned their horses and some cattle into the stalk fields to get their feed. Not a very safe way—but some years it is much safer than others. Last year was the worst one in years. A vast number of horses and mules were poisoned and died in corn stalk fields. Hope it don't happen again.

Have read in newspaper where corn producers in many parts of the corn belt expect to use corn for stove fuel the coming winter as it is much cheaper to buy than coal. Corn makes a good hot fire, but I always hated to see any food crop burned, but when corn is down to a dime a bushel and coal over three times that price, the corn producers will have to use their own products for fuel. Blacksmith coal is \$21 a ton—over a cent a pound. Coal is very plentiful and should be lowered in price so more could be used.

No. 9 highway was oiled the latter part of August and has since then been regraveled with an

immense amount of sand and gravel, which has been scraped back and forth from side to side, making it a dangerous road with the high ridge of sand in the driveway. A big oil and sand mixing machine has gone over the ridge of sand mixing the sand with oil—it has been done three times and the sides oiled as well as the ridge sand. They are working days and nights and Sundays—making it the worst road to travel over in the county.

Fruit crops seem to be short all over the U.S. this year. Citrus fruits in Florida are one million and one hundred thousand boxes less than last year's crop. It is estimated that there will be 19,000,000 boxes of citrus fruits to be shipped out of Florida this year by trains and trucks. Texas grapefruit is reported to be 50 percent short of last year's crop. Sorry to see a fruit shortage, as it will mean higher prices, so not many folks can use fruits, which are a food and medicine.

It has been suggested that if the government would start to collect income taxes from all bootleggers, that it would not need the \$800,000,000 loan. There must be a pretty big profit from cheap corn juice.

The *Los Angeles Times* says it does seem harsh to make Europe pay war debts when she's so poor that she has only got 30,000,000 soldiers now in her armies.

The U.S. needs to soldierize 20,000,000 unemployed American men, even though they had to be paid with paper money, so they could eat some cheap cornbread.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon says everybody should pay an income tax. It might be a good idea first to see that everybody has an income.

It is reported that in England there is a tax of 10¢ on every gallon petrol sold to consumers. Worse than Kansas.

It is stated that the income of doctors is an average of \$5,000 a year—and of surgeons \$9,000 a year.

For every 100 marriages in 1929, there were 16 divorces—that gives the lawyers and district courts extra employment.

According to the *Education Digest* we spend each year for automobiles 3,500,000,000; for tobacco

\$2,000,000; candy \$1,000,000,000; soft drinks 750,000,000; church 469,000,000. Our dollars are spent as follows: living 24¢; luxuries 22¢; waste 14¢; miscellaneous 13½¢; investments 11¢; crime 8½¢; government 4½¢; schools 1½¢, churches ¾¢.

There is no report for what hard drinks cost our citizens, as there are no records since the enactment of the 18th amendment. Booze sellers should keep a record for the public.

So many drivers are afraid to pick up hitchhikers for fear of being robbed by them, while the facts are that at least 90 percent of them are good honest men out of work and starving for common food. Now comes a report of a car driver out in Oregon picking up a hitchhiker and robbing him, then dumping him out on the gravel road. Some change.

Wish that all hungry folks could at least have all the good cornbread and corn meal mush that they could eat—as that was the kind of food we had to eat in pioneer days.

November 5

Was up to Blue Rapids where the north Blue river bridge is being replanked. It is in charge of a state road commissioner. I asked him about selling me some of the old planks. He said, "No, we were instructed to salvage all that we could." Since then I have heard that they were ordered to employ home men to do the work and that his man went around to the men after they commenced work and asked each man, "Are you a Republican?" If the man said yes, he said, "You are fired." If the employee said, "No, I am a Democrat," the boss said, "Continue on your job." That is a disgrace and it is a thing he had no legal right to do. He ought to have been fired.

Read about Chris Netz getting severely injured in a car wreck and of two men getting severely injured by a sand truck wrecking their car. It is reported all over the country that the sand hauling trucks are the most dangerous to meet of all gas wagons, as they haul three tons of sand and drive very fast and stay as near the road center as possible and that they drive very fast while going back for more loads. Reckless gas wagon driving has caused lots of accidents. Better be more careful.

The big sand and oil mixing machine pulled down our telephone wire where it crossed the road and did the same thing in other places as it is higher than any other machine that ever went over the roads. After scraping the ridge of oiled gravel out over the road, they went over one side on Sunday, oiled it, and on Monday morning they oiled the other side—so there is no place for anyone to walk except in the deep ditches to keep out of the coarse oiled gravel or the smear of oil standing on each side of the road. Everybody that drives out on the highway gets a mess of sticky oil over their car.

While down around Wichita and Arkansas City three years ago, I never saw an oiled road in or near the oil fields and I was told while in Iowa a year ago last May, that they would never have any more oiled roads up there. This No. 9 is now the blackest, worst road to drive over I know of—dangerous to tires, clothing, etc., and as it is a South African coal black road, it is dangerous to drive over at night, as lights won't show up against the shiny black oil. It is a money-maker for big oil and rubber companies.

Published December 9, 1932

November 4

Gas wagons—trucks—are alright when they work alright, but when they go wrong they are as bad as a balky mule. I loaded two calves and two heifers in my old Model T Ford truck and started up to Leonard Ewing's home near Greenleaf. The truck had been worked on and repaired and it was supposed to be alright. I just got $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from home when it went wrong, so had to walk to the Drennen ranch and phone into Blue Rapids to get a truck man to come out and trail my truck into town where the trouble could not be located at once, so had to put the cattle into Paul Beatty's truck and take them on up near Greenleaf. Didn't see a green leaf—they were all brown, red and gold color. Mr. Beatty has been doing lots of trucking for several years—hauls livestock to city markets and brings back goods for merchants. He is an extra careful truck driver—slows up at all corners, curves and other dangerous places and does not drive his good Chevrolet truck up to its speed limit.

Tom Fincham, who owns this Flint Hill farm, and his brother Stephen, who owns his father's half-section Elm creek farm, were both election judges at the voting precincts of Blue Rapids City township, so they now go by the name of Judge Tom and Judge Steve—one-day judge jobs in two years. When Frank Roosevelt gets into his White House job, maybe he will give the Fincham brothers a job as beer judge when the U.S. again becomes a wet territory. Wets claim the booze-making will enrich the nation. Bunk.

Read in a daily paper that the farmers of central and eastern Missouri were laughingly happy because a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wet snow had fallen there—which the editors claimed assured the farmers of a good wheat crop next year. Nothing to that, as no one is sure of a crop until it is raised, sold and the money spent. Most all wheat was sown late in this county, and it has not got much of a start, like it does when sown earlier. Always like to see it get a good start—as it makes good winter pasture for livestock, and it goes through cold winters better.

A year ago last September my prediction was for a warm wet winter, and last September I predicted a dry open winter for this area from Atchison west to Concordia, and from St. Joseph, Mo., on east much more snow and colder, especially in York state and New England, and western Kansas, Colorado,

Wyoming, Montana, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Iowa should have a snowy winter. Got so much glacial quick-sand in my eyes in June, 1931, that I can't see microscopic nature signs as well as I used to see them. For both livestock and humans, we need a warm winter. Hope it is that kind.

Forty-eight years ago this evening, November 4, 1884, the first wild geese went south. The weather was warm and fair, but all night and the next day, Sunday, the sound of the quack of geese, ducks, brants, and cranes could be heard continually, and in daytime, flocks of the migratory water fowls could be seen all across the skylines, flying rapidly southward. The next morning a cold snowfall was coming down with a high northwest wind. Heard the first geese going south tonight that I have heard this fall. They are very scarce now. Wish they were as plentiful as 50 years ago.

It has been reported and published in newspapers that the state game warden says there is plenty of quail all over Kansas—more than ever before—which is not true, as quail are scarcer in this county than I ever saw before. Have only seen one flock this fall. They were in the road adjoining the Phil Sabin farm three miles northwest of Bigelow. Years ago, in driving along a road, there would be a flock of quail every few rods. All game birds and animals are getting scarce—even rabbits are scarce. Wish all kinds of game was as plentiful as they were 40 years ago.

November 17

Weather warm and fair. It was 59 years ago today since the big prairie fire that started up near Oketo, came down through here, jumped the Vermillion river just west of where Bigelow now is went clear on down to the Kaw river, burning off an area 80 miles long and 10 to 20 miles wide, destroying scores of homes and burning hundreds of head of livestock to death. Bluestem prairie grass was six to nine feet high and it had been dry all fall, and a 60-mile-an-hour gale came down from the northwest that morning, so the prairie fire was the worst one I ever saw.

The fire burned over corn fields and in those days there were extra large tumbleweeds that grew on the prairie—big as a wash tub—and the wind picked up many of those big floating weeds that were ablaze, carried them long distances across plowed fields and burned off prairie fire guards, and started

buildings-burning fires. Father had built a big new granary that fall and his small-grain crop had been threshed two weeks before the fire and a big crop of wheat, oats and rye was in the new granary—also a new corn cultivator and a 55-gallon barrel of sorghum molasses, and he had put the last load of the new corn crop in the corn crib that forenoon at 11 o'clock—had 300 bushels of old ear corn in a rail pan that he was going to start hauling to Irving the next day and a wash boiler full of water on a cook stove had the water about hot enough to scald two big fat hogs, which with 30 head of other hogs were burned to death, and 300 chickens were burned and smothered to death by fire and smoke. Everything was burned except the house, which father saved by throwing water up on the walls and roof. Not a corn stalk or spear of grass or hay was left on the farm.

Father had six acres of early-sowed wheat just west of his buildings. The wheat was up six inches high and thick on the ground, so mother took her six children, five sisters and me, put into the center of the field, set us down on the wheat, put a comforter over our heads to keep the smoke and dust off us. Our two dogs went with us. In a few minutes, six deer, one lobo wolf and several coyotes and rabbits came in a stood close around us—all scared by the vast fire in every direction. We were in the field from 4 o'clock until 8:30, when father thought it might be safe for us to go into the house—which we did. I was bare-footed, as it had been warm all fall. The next morning was warm and fair with a faint breeze from the southeast. There were only 12 ears of corn left on the farm—red colored ears—that I had taken into the house to play with and they came in handy as bait to trap prairie chickens to help feed the family. Kind-hearted people outside the fire line aided the burned-out homesteaders all they could. It was 1873.

November 23

Saw a man from Manhattan with a big truckload of sweet potatoes on the streets of Blue Rapids last night, selling them at 60 cents a bushel. We have good sweet potato growing soil, but it takes quite a lot of time to set out the plants, so not many farmers have the time to raise them. When I was a kid, we used to wrap the sweet potatoes up in paper, pack them in a wooden box, close it tight, and set the box on the upstairs floor, close to where the stove pipe went through the floor. In that way we kept them warm and dry. Then in the spring we made a crude hot bed, raised our own plants and raised quite a lot of

sweet potatoes, and father always raised an average of two acres of Irish potatoes each year and we kids raised lots of other garden vegetables, which was a big help along with our cornbread and sorghum molasses meals. Baked sweet potatoes are a good food product and a pleasure to eat them.

November 24

This is a beautiful Thanksgiving day—fair and warm. Am at the Bullock farm home 3½ miles south of Vliets. Mr. Bullock butchered and skinned a 200-pound hog this morning, then he and his good wife and two daughters and three sons went to Mr. Bullock's parents' home in Vermillion for dinner, while I had my dinner by myself in their home. This evening Mrs. Bullock played the piano and she and her husband sang a score of old-time church hymns which I sure enjoyed as I love music, both instrumental and vocal—and they are all good singers. The oldest daughter, a big strong 14-year-old girl named Laura, had a stroke of paralysis two years ago the 24th of last September and is now improving, though still lame in one leg, but she can walk to school a mile away. Sure hope she fully recovers, as she is a good girl and I hate to see young folks crippled up so it is hard for them to get around.

November 26, in Nebraska

I rode up here with my 16-year-old son in his Buick coupe. Most all corn fields are shucked out. Met Ira N. Downs in Beatrice, who has been a superintendent in the Dempster Mill Company plant for three dozen years. I have known him for over 30 years. There was an enormous crowd in Beatrice—hardly room for cars to pass each other on the streets. On the way home, while 4½ miles north of the Kansas-Nebraska line, a rear tire went down while just in front of a farm home, so he drove in off the highway to mend the tire. There was an extra big house and barn and good well on a 160-acre farm, which is owned by Tom Williams, who has lived on this farm for 21 years. His good wife's maiden name was Jones and a brother of hers married Miss Ella Jones of Barrett, who lived on the farm where school district No. 1 of Marshall county is situated. They now live in Wymore, Neb. There are two sons in the Williams family. Roger Williams is now going to high school and his older brother is working in Omaha, Neb. It is 15 miles to Marysville and 15 to Beatrice.

Alphabetical Listing of Names

Alderson, Ed	21	Conz, Oscar	66
Alderson, Ed	24	Cook, Mrs. Charles	47
Allen, A.E.	66	Cook, Hazel	54
Anderson, Mr.	4	Cottrell, Fred	30
Armstrong, Dan	37	Cottrell, Katie	15
Armstrong, Dan	41	Cottrell ranch	65
Armstrong, Dan	51	Crane, Frank	15
Armstrong, Dan	55	Cummngs, W.H.	68
Armstrong, Grace	55	Curtis, Charles	13
Baird, Dick	11	Deabenderfer, Charles	64
Baird, Grant	11	Dean, George	55
Baird, Grant	24	Dobrovolny, Frank	21
Barlow, James	68	Dobrovotny, Frank	5
Beatty, Paul	71	Downs, Ira N.	72
Belknap, Carl	14	Drennen family	30
Belknap, Minnesota	50	Drennen, Charles	15
Belknap Minnesota	64	Dunlap, John	58
Benton, Mrs. Chester	15	Edwards, Frank	44
Benton, Sarah Ellen	68	Edwards, James Bartley	43
Bigham, Walt	17	Edwarda, Sam	21
Bigham, Walter	65	Edwards, Sam	44
Bigham, Walter	68	Ellis	39
Boyakin, Dr.	35	Ensign, Charles	24
Boyd, John	23	Ensign, Charles	34
Boyd, Samual	23	Ensign, J.F.	10
Boyd, Wm.	10	Ensign, J.F.	13
Boyd, Wm.	23	Erickson, Fred	10
Brooks, Bertha	10	Ervin, Wm.	31
Brown, George	19	Ewing, Claire	13
Brown, George	57	Ewing, Claire	17
Brown, George	58	Ewing, Claire	27
Brown, George	61	Ewing, Claire	40
Brown, Martha	19	Ewing, Claire	51
Bullock, Laura	72	Ewing, Claire	53
Bullock, M.S.	63	Ewing, Claire	59
Burnett, Esther	39	Ewing, Claire	62
Burnett, John	39	Ewing, Claire	68
Cabaniss, J. Ed	7	Ewing, Cy	32
Caesar, Mrs. Perdue	10	Ewing, Ellen	3
Carlson, W.W.	37	Ewing, Ellen	19
Chandler, James	11	Ewing, Ellen	40
Chitty, Lymon	41	Ewing, Ellen	52
Coates, Mrs.	8	Ewing, John	10
Colton, Andrew	5	Ewing, John	32
		Ewing, John	42
		Ewing, John	49

Ewing, J.W.	13
Ewing, J.W.	19
Ewing, Leonard	3
Ewing, Leonard	4
Ewing, Leonard	19
Ewing, Leonard	40
Ewing, Leonard	52
Ewing, Levi	23
Ewing, Sadie	15
Ewing, Sadie	68
Ewing, William Alexander	19
Farrant, Wm.	47
Farrar, Alice	19
Farrar, Theron	9
Farrar, Theron	19
Farrar, Wayne	19
Fenwick, George	10
Fincham, Alice	53
Fincham, Ella	44
Fincham, Ike	44
Fincham, James	17
Fincham, James	53
Fincham, Kate	53
Fincham, Katie	53
Fincham, Lester	53
Fincham, Josephine	3
Fincham, Maggie	35
Fincham, Richard	4
Fincham, Russell	9
Fincham, Sarah	53
Fincham, Stephen	53
Fincham, Stephen	71
Fincham, Tom	3
Fincham, Tom	19
Fincham, Tom	44
Fincham, Tom	65
Fincham, Tom	68
Fincham, Tom	71
Finks, Lewis	39
Fitch, Morris	35
Fitzgerald, Frank	43
Folery, Vivian	37
Forbes, Mrs. Bert	61
Foye, Henry	52
Foye, Oliver	52
Gerard, Clifford	4

Gerard, Walter	4
Giled, Gerald	33
Green, Earl	35
Griffis, David	7
Griffis, David	23
Griffis, Mary	23
Gumm, Elmer	37
Gumm, Frank	37
Gumm, John	37
Gumm, Mary	37
Hagerty, Thomas	63
Hale, Robert	54
Harrison, Ed	41
Harrison, Ed	49
Hazen, Bessie	54
Heleker brothers	35
Hevering, Guy T.	44
Herman, Chris	34
Herman, Christ	53
Holbrook, Spencer	33
Hollenberg farm	57
Hollenberg, Rudolph	11
Howell, Anna	7
Hudson, Emma	54
Hunter, Sam	37
Hunter, Sam	54
Hurlburt, George	15
Ingman, Stephen	47
Irlant, Bert	10
Jones, Ella	72
Jones, John	55
Johnson, Axel	6
Johnson, Wm.	23
Judd, Jay L.	44
Kendall, Robert	33
Koch, A.A.	23
Koch, Sam	23
Kramer, John	44
Kramer, Louis	44
Kuhl, Carl	63
Lake, Mrs. Rod	35
Larson, Jack	53
Leeson farm	66
Leesenden, Irene	37
Loan, Elizabeth	37
Lynch, Andrew	23

Mann, Bob	64
Mann, Elmer	27
Mann, Elmer	64
Mann, Freddie	64
McAtee, Earl	17
McHugh, George	19
McKee family	43
McMillan, Ruby	19
McMillan, Wayne	53
Miller, Charles	39
Miller, Charles	68
Millgate, Robert	11
Moden, Joel	8
Modene, Joel	26
Montieth, Walter	17
Montieth, Walt	53
Moore, Oliver	4
Morgan, Edith	30
Morgan, Walter	30
Murphy, James	63
Murphy, Lena	57
Musil, Charles	33
Neal, Charles	54
Nelson, Gustaf	4
Nelson, Victor	4
Nelson, Walter	33
Nemechek brothers	65
Netz, Chris	69
Neumeyer, Albert	11
Nevins, E.F.	30
Nevins, Ed	21
Nevins, Ed	66
Nevins, James	21
Newbury, Mary Margaret	34
Olson, Albert	55
Olson, G.E.	55
Olson, George Elmer	55
Olson, J.B.	55
Olson, J.B.	55
Olson, Leslie	55
Olson, Leslie Wilbur	55
Patterson, Bob	14
Paul, Frank	17
Paul, Frank	65
Peters, Mr. and Mrs.	62
Piper, A.L.	11

Pishney, George	21
Plumber, Mr.	9
Porter, Hattie	54
Potter, Lena	41
Potter, Mattie	23
Potter, Harry	41
Potter, Harry	49
Potter, Harry	51
Potter, Harry	54
Potter, Mrs. Harry	37
Potter, Helen	51
Reigel, Robert	10
Rhinehart, Grace	41
Rhinehart, Frank	41
Rhinehart, Frank	47
Rhinehart, Frank	50
Rhinehart, Frank	55
Rhinehart, John	54
Rhinehart, Thelma	55
Rhinehart, Tom	57
Rhinehart, Wilbur	54
Rhinehart, Wilbur	62
Richard, John	12
Rodkey, Clyde	17
Roff, Patterson	6
Sabin, Ira	35
Sabin, P.B.	23
Sabin, Phil	71
Sabin, W.H.	3
Saville, Moses	10
Schooley, L.A.	30
Schooley, Levi	23
Schreiber, Anna	7
Schreiber, Anna	54
Schreiber, August	7
Schreiber, August	23
Schreiber, Mrs.	21
Scroggs, Bill	58
Sedivy, Wm.	6
Self, James	23
Self, James	39
Self, James	68
Shannon, Margaret	8
Shaw, Ben	53
Shaw, Howard	19
Shaw, James	9

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<u>Shaw, Kate</u>	19
<u>Shaw, Katie</u>	56
<u>Shaw, Mary</u>	19
<u>Shearer, Andrew</u>	5
<u>Shimmel, Bertha</u>	40
<u>Shimmel, Everett</u>	19
<u>Shimmel, Everett</u>	40
<u>Shimmel, Maud</u>	19
<u>Smith, Emma</u>	24
<u>Smith, Emma</u>	36
<u>Smith, Fred R.</u>	5
<u>Smith, Fred R.</u>	43
<u>Smith, George T.</u>	5
<u>Smith, George T.</u>	30
<u>Smith, George T.</u>	54
<u>Smith, Henry</u>	5
<u>Smith, Henry</u>	30
<u>Smith, Henry</u>	54
<u>Smith, Raymond E.</u>	43
<u>Smith, Robert</u>	51
<u>Smith, Wm.</u>	6
<u>Snook, Dr.</u>	5
<u>Spratt, Ralph</u>	24
<u>Stephens, James</u>	23
<u>Stewart, Jamie</u>	6
<u>Stewart, Mrs.</u>	10
<u>St. John, Charles Bernard</u>	24
<u>Stocks, Fred</u>	40
<u>Stoneman, Lilly</u>	10
<u>Strange, Mrs. Charles</u>	23
<u>Strange, Rachel</u>	50
<u>Strange, Tom</u>	17
<u>Strange, Virgil</u>	17
<u>Strange, Virgil</u>	23
<u>Strong, James G.</u>	44
<u>Strong, James</u>	47
<u>Tebbutt, Fred</u>	23
<u>Tebbutt, Fred</u>	54
<u>Thiele, George</u>	11
<u>Thomson, Hugh</u>	18
<u>Thorne, Frank</u>	10
<u>Thorne, Frank</u>	43
<u>Truxaw, Wm.</u>	10
<u>Turner, Mr. and Mrs.</u>	8
<u>Ungerer, Wm.</u>	66

<u>Wagor, Mr.</u>	54
<u>Walls, Frank</u>	50
<u>Walls, George</u>	31
<u>Walls, James</u>	50
<u>Walls, Wm.</u>	50
<u>Walters, Bill</u>	35
<u>Wanamaker, Dale</u>	49
<u>Watters, H.A.</u>	44
<u>Webb, David</u>	35
<u>Webb, John</u>	11
<u>Webb, Walter</u>	11
<u>Weeks, Abby</u>	10
<u>Weeks, Byron</u>	10
<u>Weeks, Lewis</u>	10
<u>Weeks, Lewis</u>	14
<u>Weeks, Milo</u>	35
<u>Weeks, Milo</u>	43
<u>Wells, Bob</u>	57
<u>Wells, Bob</u>	61
<u>Wells, John D.</u>	41
<u>Wells, John D.</u>	50
<u>Wells, John D.</u>	52
<u>Wells, John D.</u>	57
<u>Wells, Perry</u>	50
<u>Wells, Robert</u>	52
<u>Wells, Robert</u>	57
<u>Wentz, Dewayne</u>	19
<u>Wentz, Dewayne</u>	40
<u>Wentz, Dewayne</u>	44
<u>Wentz, Gloria</u>	19
<u>Wentz, Gloria</u>	40
<u>Wentz, Gloria</u>	44
<u>Wentz, Lou</u>	19
<u>Wentz, Louis</u>	40
<u>Wentz, Louis</u>	44
<u>Whiteside, Col.</u>	5
<u>Williams, Roger</u>	72
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<u>Winter, Rolly</u>	4
<u>Winters, John M.</u>	14
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